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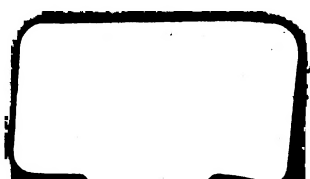
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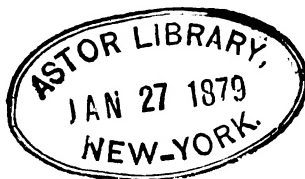
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XLIX. NEW SERIES.—JANUARY 1, 1871.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

SEVERAL English friends have invited me to state my opinion of the advantages to European civilisation which may be expected from the consolidation of Germany, and the comparative depression of France. I have the more pleasure in complying with this request, because no one would be more grieved than myself, that the prevalence of erroneous views on this subject should prevent a hearty understanding between England and my own country.

I may remark, by way of preface, that in consequence of the extent and the rapidity of the latest development of affairs in Europe, our political parties, as such, have not yet assumed a definite attitude in the main questions arising from it. Nay, it is extremely probable that they will for the most part be dissolved and assume new forms, under the influence of the altered circumstances. What I am about to say, therefore, can only be regarded as expressing my own individual opinions, and not as the programme of a large and united party. To make up for this, I have the advantage of being free to express my personal convictions unfettered by the trammels of party. And there exists at present such an unanimity of feeling in Germany that it is hardly possible to mistake its nature and direction.

When we are asked what effect the recent development of German power will have on the progress of civilisation in Europe, the answer will be, perhaps, most fitly introduced by the opposite question, What would have been the consequences to Europe, if Napoleon or the French Republic had remained master of the field, and, as in this case was inevitable, Germany and Prussia had been thrust back into their former condition of impotence and division? What political and religious tendencies would have been thereby fostered? Doubtless those which had kindled the war and carried off the victory. It is, indeed, true that *all* parties in France

had, in their turn, coquetted with Chauvinism and the lust of Rhenish provinces. But the actual outbreak of war was, after all, the work of the absolutist and clerical faction, which saw its future preponderance threatened even by the very moderate liberalism of the January Ministry, and sought in foreign victory, and especially in the humiliation of a Protestant power, the restoration of its internal prestige. It was the same man who recommended the Plébiscite—a measure in the highest degree fatal to Parliamentary Government—to the Emperor, and a few months afterwards congratulated him in the name of the Senate on his military preparations. It was the majority of the Arcadians who, in the Corps Législatif, drowned every voice which was raised in opposition to a warlike policy. It was the Catholic clergy who preached to the peace-loving peasants of Alsace and Bretagne, of Burgundy and Orleans, the holy crusade against the Prussian heretics, and who, even after the fall of Napoleon and the appearance of Garibaldi on the stage, have never for a moment relaxed their efforts. The victory of Napoleon would have been the victory of those principles throughout half Europe.

Not less clear and certain are the results which must have flowed from a triumph of Gambetta over the armies of Germany. He and his colleagues are fighting for their cause with all the weapons of the terrorising democracy of 1793. Living, as they do, in the nineteenth century, they have not made the same active use of the guillotine as their revered progenitors; but in cashiering and shooting officers and soldiers, in levying requisitions, in issuing paper money, in muzzling the press, and in setting aside all legal forms, they shew no less *élan* than did Danton and Robespierre. Their main support is the Proletariate, which, accustomed as it is to privations of every kind, does not feel so keenly the personal sufferings and hardships of war, believes every official lie announcing a victory, and in its fiery patriotism regards every disaster as the work of reactionary treason. Here, too, the triumph of such a government would imply the victory of their party through half Europe, the abolition of existing constitutions, and a revolution in all the existing relations of property. Is it too much to say that Napoleon's victory would have placed the young Alfonso and his confessor on the throne of Spain, or that the triumph of Gambetta would have been followed by the proclamation of an Iberian Federative Republic? Without any doubt, the former would have condemned Italy to the chronic atrophy of the September Convention; and the latter, to the acute convulsion of a Mazzinian Republic. The former would have encircled the eastern frontier of Belgium with the military forces of France, and conferred on the Parti Prêtre in Brussels, the blessings of Roman Catholic Imperialism; while the latter would have municipalised the left bank of the Rhine, and rallied round it all the radical elements

of Belgium. In Germany, as we know, the cause of national unity has had no more violent opponents than the Ultramontane party on the one hand, and the socialistic democrats on the other. The former party in Bavaria and the latter in Suabia, openly opposed the preparations for a war with France. The triumph of Napoleon, therefore, on the one hand, or of Gambetta on the other, would have ensured the predominance of either Ultramontanists or Socialists in the smaller States of Germany. The waves of Napoleonic influence would indeed have been stayed by the Russian frontier, for here the religious antagonism would have supported the political resistance, since in Russia Church and Nation are entirely one. Here, too, the relations of France and Russia to the Eastern question would have exercised their influence, since the two Powers make the protection of their co-religionists the main object of their Eastern policy. But what if the French Republic had triumphed? The Roman Catholics in the East could hardly have looked for protection to a Gambetta; but, on the other hand, we may easily believe that the Russian democracy, which is powerfully developing itself both in Russia itself and in Slavonian Europe, would have been ready and eager to fraternise with the Parisian Socialist, and in this case the Oriental question might have been solved in a very unexpected manner.

But whatever view we may take of these more remote contingencies, the main point seems to me beyond all doubt. As certainly as every tree grows according to the inner law of its kind—as certainly as every victory implies the development of the forces which prevail, so certain is it that the success of Napoleon would have strengthened the Jesuitical and clerical parties in Europe, and that of Gambetta advanced the cause of social democracy. Whoever belongs neither to the “Blacks” nor to the “Reds” may congratulate himself that hitherto victory has crowned the arms of Germany, and should hope that a glorious peace will consolidate the German Empire.

We have endeavoured to show from what this victory has saved the nations of Europe; and the friends of mental freedom and progress, constitutional liberty and national independence, will be satisfied by these negative results. The warding off of threatening evil is a positive gain, provided, of course, that the remedy is not in other respects worse than the dreaded malady. The second question is, have we reason to think the victorious arms of Germany may be more dangerous to the rights, the liberties, and the civilisation of Europe, than the consequences which, as we have shown, would have followed her defeat?

I know how much is now said about Prussian greed and lust of conquest—the annexation of Holstein, Hanover, and Hesse-Cassel—of the impending destruction of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland

—of a Prussian propaganda in German Austria, and the Baltic provinces of Russia. A complaint is raised in the name of the inalienable rights of man, that we will not let the peace-loving French Republicans go until they give up Elsass and German Lothringen. And now, especially, since the Luxemburg question has arisen, a perfect hailstorm of curses has fallen upon us, and we are told that all respect for international rights and treaties has vanished from our hearts. Should German policy finally triumph, it seems there would be no law in Europe but that of brute force! These and other terrible eventualities are held up before the public eye, portrayed in the most glowing colours. It is, however, with these bright hues as with those of the rainbow, when you approach them they dissolve away in mist. All these charges and apprehensions rest upon a few false conclusions and mistakes which should be patent to every unprejudiced observer.

We should laugh at any one in the present day who seriously brought a charge of insatiable lust of conquest against the kings of the House of Capet because, proceeding from their Duchy of Paris, they gradually brought the other provinces and baronies of France under their dominion, and that too, in the main, by force of arms. All the world would loudly reply, that it was not a question of forcible conquest, but of the union and consolidation of France, of the interests and the welfare of the whole French nation. Why, then, should we deny to the Hohenzollern the justification which we so readily award to the Capets? The conquests of the former, made with but few exceptions on German soil, what have they been but the reunion of the so miserably lacerated and divided German nation?

And if the means employed in these conquests have not always been gentle, were the obstacles easy to be overcome? Were the motives of resistance worthy of respect? Every effort was made to attain the great object of German unity by milder measures—by appeals to public opinion, by resolutions of the Frankfort parliament, by diplomatic negotiations; but all in vain. Nor is this to be wondered at. National unity is a mere delusion without the establishment of a national government—a sovereign, and, in case of need, coercing government. But how could it be expected that the reigning monarchs, and especially potentates so powerful as the Emperor of Austria, or so proud as the descendants of the ancient house of Guelph, would voluntarily submit to the supreme command of one who had been their peer? No one in England is surprised that a union with Scotland (we say nothing of Ireland) was only attained after centuries of contest. Now the rulers and inhabitants of Germany are, doubtless, civilised and worthy men, but they *are* men, like Englishmen and Scots, and subject to the same passions; and to them, too, the words of the poet may be applied—

“Blut ist ein ganz besonderer Saft.”

The kings of Prussia, it is true, were no unselfish idealists, but their success was a gain to the national cause, and it was well that the latter coincided with the desires and aims of royal egotism. In a word, the annexation of Hanover, the exclusion of Austria, the supremacy of the King of Prussia over the South-German armies, are questions, not of European, but of German, policy. All these things do but show that the German nation has felt the necessity of at length existing as a nation, or, which is the same thing, of including the whole German people in some one political form; but they have nothing at all to do with the question whether the love of quarrelling or ambition, whether lust of conquest, or disregard of the rights of others, enter into the composition of our German blood, which is generally supposed to flow so sluggishly. "But the Imperial dignity," say others, "with all its mediæval reminiscences, of universal dominion, and divine consecration! And the principle of nationality, with its dangerous indefiniteness!—and Luxemburg, and the community of soul between Bismarck and Gortschakoff!" I repeat that all these things are of the mist, misty and unreal, intended to cloud the vision of those who have as dark and vague conceptions of German things and people, as the *flâneurs* of the Parisian Boulevards of the geography of Pomerania, the land of the Prussian Turcos, where the semi-savage races of Uhlans dwell!

However deeply penetrated such observers may be with the conviction of the military despotism with which Count Bismarck drives the German people before him, like a flock of helpless sheep, even they cannot seriously believe, that a State, whose military power rests chiefly on an intellectual basis, on the personal service of all the educated inhabitants—a State which possesses a grand literature, a free press, and two debating Parliaments, could really, in the long run, maintain a political system which was repudiated by the vast majority of its population. It has been common in foreign countries to regard the German Liberals, who in 1862 vehemently opposed Count Bismarck on the question of military organisation, and, after the victories of 1866, received him with enthusiastic applause, as blind worshippers of success, as unprincipled devotees of a crude Chauvinism. Those who take this view of the case overlook the notorious fact that the conflict of 1862 was respecting the means and mode of proceeding, while the reconciliation of 1866 arose from the recognition of common aims. Count Bismarck was formerly a violent opponent of the anti-Austrian policy; and it was chiefly on this account that the Liberal party in 1862 refused him the means of increasing the army, because they believed that for the performance of vassal service to Austria, such as he recommended in 1848, the smallest army in Prussia was large enough. After the conclusion of the Danish war, however, they learned with joyful surprise that Count Bismarck was an altered man, that there was no need for them to join *him*, for the simple

reason that he had made the all-important object of their national wishes his own. And can any one be surprised that they now lavished upon him the means of carrying out a system which for twenty years had been the ideal of their hopes, the turning-point of all their efforts? They had been powerless without the guiding genius of the practical statesman, but this great statesman would be the last to deny that the foundation of all his successes was the essential identity of his aims with the wishes of the nation. Now this same nation repudiates all reminiscences of mediæval Imperialism, with its theoretic pretensions and its claims to universal empire. The very title is a half-reluctant concession to the vanity of South German kings, who, if they must render military service, would rather follow an emperor to the field than one of their equals in rank. The old provinces of Prussia are of opinion that their kingdom was better than any empire in the world. "It is a strange anomaly," we hear it said, "that a king who has overthrown two emperors should have their title offered him as an additional honour." The North-German Diet received the announcement with cool dignity. The vast majority of our people are possessed by the sentiments of the tiers état, by the views of the manufacturer, the bureaucrat, and the philosopher. A form like that of Frederic William IV., with its tinge of feudal and devout romance, stood alone and strange among his people. The age of crusades and pilgrimages to Rome is for ever past, in spite of the Imperial title.

Gone, too, still more irrevocably past, are the days of universal dominion—of the annexation of Burgundy and Italy, of the vassalage of France and Denmark, of Hungary and Poland. Germany has learnt, to her own destruction, to what such loose agglomerations lead. The heterogeneousness of their inhabitants rendered a well ordered polity impossible in those distant provinces, and the very endeavour to carry it out was fatal to the order and well-being of the ruling State itself. No one in Germany would wish to annex a territory, the population of which was not capable of real assimilation to the German State. We wish to conquer no land which is not German; and, be it well understood, we do not intend to reverse the proposition, or to annex every country which is German. Not a hand would have been stretched out towards Elsass and Lothringen, if France had been contented with the possession of a German borderland, and left us in peace. Now, indeed, we demand Elsass, that we may have in the Vosges mountains a securer frontier for the protection of South Germany, than the undefended stream of the Rhine can afford. Even there we should not ask for a single clod of ground beyond the limits of the German language, if the paramount necessity of tracing a defensible line of frontier did not compel us to do so. As it is, we shall leave many thousands of Germans beyond the Vosges to France, and, on the other hand, we demand two German

square miles (about forty-five English square miles) on the Moselle, beyond the language border, in order, in the former case, to place the mountains, and in the latter, the works of Metz, between ourselves and France. From other Germans, who neither seek us nor injure us, we ask for nothing but a friendly understanding. Count Bismarck expressed the feelings of every German heart in a celebrated dispatch, in which he said that he would compel no German State to join the Confederacy, but that he would defend the right of voluntary adhesion from all foreign interference. He spoke the feelings of every German heart, when he subsequently declared that it had never occurred to the Prussian Government, even in its dreams, to threaten the independence of Holland. And finally, as to the Russian Baltic provinces, which have also been spoken of as threatened by the principle of nationality. In these districts dwell a number of German nobles and savans in the midst of an entirely foreign population, far removed from their German home, and, hitherto, regarded as an invaluable agent for the civilisation of Russia. We feel the liveliest sympathy for them, when they are exposed to the persecutions of the fanatical Muscovite democracy. But if Russia makes it impossible for them to preserve their nationality, or even their existence, we can have no interest in preventing the great Slavonian Empire from weakening itself by a suicidal policy. Germany is satisfied with offering to every inhabitant of those districts an ever-open asylum, in which he would soon enough forget his Livonian birthplace. No one must expect more from us than this. To wish to conquer the desolate shores of this inhospitable sea would never enter the head of any German statesman. No one in Germany has any longing after extensive colonial possessions. The very last Reichstag answered a petition, recommending nothing more than the acquisition of a naval station in East India, by unanimously passing to the "order of the day." This, then, is our principle of nationality. It involves no positive claims, such as the union of all the Germans in the world in one vast empire. It seeks for no charter of extension, but rather for fixed limits which it *need* not pass. It wishes, as far as possible, to exclude all alien elements, which could disturb its internal harmony. In certain districts, indeed, we cannot carry our border-line round every Danish, Polish, or French house, but we have, once for all, not the slightest desire to alter for the worse the relative proportion in our population, of thirty-six Germans to three non-Germans; and we may boldly ask, whether any measure of our Government betrays a different intention?

But Luxemburg? I must confess that I find it difficult to believe that all the fustian which has been written on this subject is seriously meant, and still more difficult to undertake a serious refutation. Seldom has anything appeared to me more comical than the gravity

and unwearied zeal with which the writers in the English press have added 0 to 0; and then given forth to the astounded world, as the result of the calculation, that Prussia, in her insatiable greed, is disregarding her most sacred engagements, and, by her own and Russia's guilt, preparing for Europe a new era of lawless violence. In these days of unexampled excitement and calamity men live fast, and do not credit the world of newspaper readers, more especially, with a retentive memory. The treaty of 1867 is full three years old, and yet there are some profound people who still remember its existence. But who thinks any longer of its contents, or the explanatory interpretations which preceded it? When an international treaty contains mutual engagements, it has always been held that, in case of violation, the injured party has the option of demanding redress, or of withdrawing from the treaty. In the treaty of 1867 the Five Powers declared that Luxemburg was to be neutral territory; that it should, on its part, be bound to preserve a strict neutrality, and raze the fortifications of its capital. Accordingly, France and Germany mutually engaged to respect this neutrality as long as the other parties to the treaty did the same. That these engagements have not been observed, either by Luxemburg or—what is more important—by France, was made known to the English public by circumstantial and repeated reports of the Luxemburg correspondents of the *Times*, *Daily News*, &c., long before the appearance of Count Bismarck's dispatch.

The facts there detailed—the imperfect, nay, only pretended, demolition of the fortifications; the transport of large provision-trains to Thionville; the reception of perjured French officers, who were equipped in Luxemburg for military service and despatched to the Army of the North—all these facts are notorious, and no one will deny that they are breaches of the compact. Prussia, therefore, had the option of withdrawing from the broken treaty, or of seeking redress from the contracting parties. But for the latter alternative an answer had been prepared beforehand by the English Ministry, immediately after the signing of the treaty.

"This treaty," said Lord Stanley, publicly and officially in his place in Parliament, "contains a collective guarantee of the five Powers. Should any one of these parties withdraw from it, the guarantee will cease to exist, and the responsibility of the other Powers will be *ipso facto* annulled." The reader may, perhaps, remember the painful impression which this ingenious syllogism produced upon every straightforward though unlearned man, not only in Prussia, but throughout Europe. The garrison of Luxemburg, which offended the eye of Napoleon, was important to Prussia as a protection to her Moselle frontier. To induce Prussia to forego this safeguard, and thereby prevent the outbreak of hostilities, the guarantee of Europe was offered for the neutrality of Luxemburg.

The security afforded by her own bayonets was to be supplied by the plighted faith of Europe. But no sooner had she signed the treaty than Lord Stanley hastened to proclaim to the astonished world that *just in the very case in which Prussia would need the promised guarantee, England would disown all responsibility!* This very case has now occurred. Not only has Luxemburg violated the conditions of the treaty by her own acts of omission and commission, but Count Bismarck asserts that she has allowed her neutrality to be violated by the French—the French Eastern Railway, the French consul, and the French officers. France, by so doing, has withdrawn from the collective guarantee: ergo, according to the English official theory, the guarantee exists no longer, and the Powers are no longer bound to maintain it; ergo, as we read in the English newspapers, Count Bismarck is a perfidious, disloyal conqueror, since he renounces the treaty without first imploring the protection of the Powers! To such intrepid logic as this it is, of course, a matter of supreme indifference, that of Count Bismarck's real intentions: whether he proposes to annex the whole of Luxemburg, or only to re-occupy it by a garrison, or simply to compel it to preserve its neutrality, nothing at all is known.

I ought to apologise to the enlightened reader for dwelling so long on this *misère*. He will not need to be convinced that this charge against the loyalty of Prussia is a knife without blade or handle, a syllogism which has only three trifling faults—a non-existent major, a false minor, and a hasty conclusion. We may truly say, that rarely has the good name of a great nation been so frivolously assailed—a nation with which England is connected by many living ties—a nation with which, after all, she would probably rather live in friendship than at enmity. I will not dwell here on painful reminiscences of a more ancient date, attaching to the conduct of England towards Germany in the Limburg-Luxemburg question, or on the way in which we were treated when the boundary line of territory was drawn in accordance with Lord Castlereagh's predilections for his unfortunate bantling, the Kingdom of the Netherlands; nor will I enlarge on the reckless and perfidious way in which the German Diet was treated by the London Conference at the division of Luxemburg in 1831. These are, indeed, things of the past; and we have enough, and more than enough, to do with the present. Nor is it difficult to see whence these offences come. Germany is in a state of powerful development; and this fact, such is the nature of man, does not attract the sympathy of our respected neighbours. It is never a cause of pleasure to the statesman or politician of any country when another State, which he has been accustomed to treat as a convenient material of his diplomatic activity, suddenly grows up into a mighty factor which must be *taken into account*. We must bear the consequences of this relation as the inevitable results of our

good fortune. In spite of its inconveniences, we prefer the new state of things to the old. If we are wise, we shall not allow our views of our international interests to be clouded by any such marks of displeasure. The world has learned from manifold experiences to look with distrust on those whom fortune favours. It must be our care not to challenge Nemesis, but to justify our elevation by a beneficent activity. If I am not greatly mistaken, the very last stadium of our development will do much to preserve us from excessive centralisation, and consequently from an over-active and meddling foreign policy.

Our treaties with the South German⁷ States are now before the world. Baden, it is true, has unconditionally joined the North German Bund, and Würtemberg with slight and unimportant reservations. The numerous articles of the Bavarian Treaty, on the contrary, are so many limitations of the Federal, or Imperial, authority. Prussia has now no more votes out of sixty than she formerly had out of forty. Every change of the Constitution, and, consequently, every increase of the central power, must be sanctioned by three-fourths, instead of two-thirds as formerly, of these votes. The three kings, of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony, form a Committee for the control of the Imperial diplomacy. A declaration of war can only be made by a decree of the Federal Council, and not, as formerly, by the Presidency of the Diet alone. Bavaria has withdrawn a long category of subjects of legislation for her own territory from the competence of the Confederacy, and thereby secured, to a great extent, her national independence. It is self-evident that this example will re-act, indirectly but practically, on the entire relations of the Bund to each of its members; whereas formerly a thorough, all-pervading, central authority existed under the title of Bund, and Bundes-præsidium. The newly-created Confederacy has, indeed, received the name of Empire, but, in fact, has become less unitarian, and more federalistic, in its character. In Germany, therefore, not a little apprehension has been expressed, that the central power may have been too much limited and fettered, to the decrease of the defensive power of the whole State. But we may surely hope that this disadvantage will tend to free us from the suspicion of meditating an offensive foreign policy.

We see, at the same time, that the advantages which mental culture in Germany has derived from our former division into numerous sovereign states, are not at all endangered by the late revolution. The courts and civil lists of the different Princes are left intact, and when next we find a Göthe or a Schiller, the Ducal Mæcenas will not be wanting, and need not be summoned from Berlin. The several German States will still be able to direct their ecclesiastical and educational affairs according to their good pleasure.

The praiseworthy rivalry of two dozen Governments will still redound to the advantage, and secure the independence, of our Universities. And, at the same time, we shall rid ourselves, at once and for ever, of the crying evils resulting from our former divisions, by a uniform legislation in matters connected with Mails and Railways, naturalization, freedom of emigration, trade and manufactures. Whereas in Bavaria alone, if I am not mistaken, seventy-three different codes of civil rights existed side by side, we may now hope, after a short interval, to have the same law of persons, the same criminal law, and the same form of civil procedure, throughout the whole of Germany.

It would be strange indeed if, under such circumstances, the German nation did not make rapid and joyful progress in every direction. Our military system, by which every citizen of every class is obliged to serve in the army, tends powerfully to awaken a spirit of industry and order, and a lively sense of patriotic duty, in the humblest cottage of the land. The local business of our communes and circles is administered, partly by great landowners and partly by elected representatives, with an independence which is rarely interfered with by the central authorities. The defects of every system are openly and unreservedly discussed, and will soon, we trust, be remedied by legislation. There is no want in Germany, as we see, of fruitful germs of political development. Our finances, moreover, are in the best possible order; nor do we ever hear, in any of the larger States of the Empire, of deficits or illegal expenditure. The debates on the Budget are always long and searching; but only because so many desiderata and grievances are brought forward by the heads of every department, and very rarely indeed because of actual financial difficulties. Where there is so much light, there is of course no want of shade. The deepest is that which is cast by the still unsolved question of the relations of the Church to the State and the School. I feel, however, the less called upon to enter into this subject, because this relation is not in the least degree affected by the re-organisation of the empire, and is still to be regulated by each separate State.

But I already hear the main objection urged, "This is all very fine and good, but how about the all-important point—the political freedom of the nation; or, in French phraseology, the '*gouvernement du pays par le pays*'? Is not the rule of the king or the emperor, though judicious, mild, and successful, a *gouvernement personnel*?" It would be of no avail to answer that we have two parliaments, a German and a Prussian, to your one, and that both are elected by universal suffrage, and the former at least by equal and direct suffrage and the ballot; that the Government exercises a very small and decreasing influence on the elections; that, ever since the constitutional struggle of 1862, it has raised no taxes, incurred no expenditure, and, in short, enacted no laws, without the sanction of Parliament. No doubt these

facts render a system of administration directly opposed to the express will of the people impossible. But it is no less certain that the new empire will possess no responsible Ministers, and the Imperial Parliament no power of impeaching them, and no right of passing an annual Mutiny Bill. The Prussian Chambers, moreover, are still without the right of voting the yearly supplies; are still denied all direct influence on the government of the country. All direct means, therefore, of expelling an unpopular Ministry from office are wanting. If a Minister fails to obtain a majority for a Bill, that Bill of course is lost; but no Prussian Minister would on that account dream of resigning office, or of modifying the course of his policy. We have a constitutional monarchy indeed, but not a parliamentary government.

These are facts which do not tend to recommend our cause to the eyes of liberal parties abroad, and occasion no little sorrow to our people at home, and more especially to many of our deputies. Yet it would be a great mistake to see in them proofs of the existence of an all-controlling despotism. The royal prerogative is far greater, at the present day, in Germany than in England; it may in many respects be compared to that of the Tudors. But it is certainly not the royal prerogative alone which prevents the formation of a parliamentary government in our country. No one in England would understand an Opposition which attacked a Ministry without wishing to occupy its place—which impugned the acts of a Government without being ready to undertake the task of forming a better administration. Parliamentary government means the government of the majority, for the time being, of the Representatives of the People. It is essential, therefore, to its existence that there should be a homogeneous majority in parliament, and that it should be able to form a Ministry from its own members. Now both these requisites have hitherto been wanting in Germany, and I see no prospect, at present, of the want being speedily supplied. The German Diet, and the Prussian Parliament, are divided into six to eight fractions, of which only two or three have ever been able to form a coalition; and even these coalitions have not always formed a majority, and still less a compact or lasting majority. As long as this state of things continues, it is, of itself, sufficient to render a parliamentary Ministry impossible. While the House of Representatives consists of six contending parties, it is incapable of forming a Ministry of the majority. Moreover, parliamentary institutions have only existed for twenty years in Prussia, and only fifty in South Germany. Now experience has taught us that this time is too short to afford the population of a country a practical training for parliamentary government. Even now the majority of electors regard the criticism and control of the Government as the

most important part of a member's duty. They still look, not to the best exercise of the powers of government, but to the greatest possible limitation of them, as the greatest security of their liberties. A candidate who allowed it to be seen that he possessed both the power and the wish to become a minister, would immediately forfeit the support of a large number of the constituencies. I remember that in the year 1846 the Grand Duke of Baden entrusted the leader of the Liberal Opposition with the formation of a new ministry; upon which one of his best friends and supporters cried out, "It is a blessing for the country, but a heavy blow to the Opposition." And when, in the year 1863, the Liberal Minister in Baden, Baron Roggenbach, sent in his resignation (in consequence of the rejection of an important bill by a Liberal Chamber), and called on the Grand Duke to summon the leader of the Opposition to the Cabinet, the victorious party declared that they would submit to no such *unheard-of violence*, that it was the duty of Roggenbach to retain office, but to suit himself to the views and wishes of the representative body. The English reader will see at once, that while the majority entertain sentiments like these, parliamentary government is not to be thought of; that it is impossible, in the midst of these parliamentary parties, to form a school of practical statesmen, possessing the necessary capacity for governing a great empire. Should the next elections produce a compact liberal majority, which I do not expect, and the King should entrust their leaders with the formation of a ministry, they would probably be able to propose out of their own number fitting men, with the requisite technical knowledge, for the Home Office, and the ministries of Education and Justice; but nothing is more certain than that they would recommend the king to retain the ministers of Foreign Affairs, War, and Finance, not merely on account of their eminent services, but because the majority possessed no candidates for those offices. Is this state of things solely owing to the infancy of our liberal institutions? Will their natural development eventually give us a parliamentary government? I think it not impossible, but very doubtful. The rising stream of Democracy is overflowing Germany as well as the rest of the world. All offices are open to men of every class; all property is transferable and divisible. Compulsory education, and compulsory military service for all classes without exception, are gradually removing all distinctions between man and man. By the electoral laws of 1850 and 1867 the representation of the people has been placed on the broadest democratic basis. On the other hand, the resources of the country are being rapidly developed by the progress of manufactures and the technical sciences, by the ever increasing facility and rapidity of communication. The task of administration becomes every day greater and more difficult, and

demands of our officials more and more comprehensive technical knowledge, and a more special training. England has hitherto been the only great empire in the world, in which the parliamentary system of government has permanently stood its ground, and borne good fruit. In past times its foundations were thoroughly aristocratic, and the administration of the country could be carried on, under the form of self-government, by the same landed proprietors who sat in the House of Lords, and controlled the elections to the House of Commons. But what prudent man in England would now undertake to say what shape the parliamentary system will assume in future times, in which the administration of the most important departments will require paid and professional officials, depending on the crown; and in which, on the other hand, the elective franchise will be exercised by ever-increasing numbers of uneducated citizens? The centre of gravity of the parliamentary system has lain hitherto in this, that by self-government in all parts of the country, a ruling class has been formed, which created, by parliamentary elections, a great Central Legislative Board, and a controlling and responsible Executive Committee. Where these conditions were wanting, the efforts made to construct a parliamentary government have been only blind guesses at the future—a mere game of hazard. In France, as well as everywhere else, this system has made continual *fiasco*. In America, the pattern land of Democracy,—as England, hitherto, of the aristocratic constitution,—parliamentary government has never yet been tried.

If these remarks be true, we can hardly prognosticate a brilliant future for parliamentary government in Germany; but we need not see therein any absolute danger to our prosperity or freedom. If this system can only live under certain historical and local conditions, it cannot, on that very account, be the sole gospel of political salvation. All human things have their bright and their dark sides, and only children in politics will expect the one without the other. He who would enjoy the advantages of democratic institutions must pay their heavy price. Even in countries, like Germany and the United States of America, where the Representative Body does not possess the power to appoint and dismiss the Ministers, its very existence, its debates, its criticism of the Budget, its right of rejecting bad measures, are all highly important barriers against the absolutism of the Government; and to see the Government in strong hands, undisturbed by the waves of popular agitation, seems to us an inestimable blessing, when we look at the awful consequence of a contrary state of things in France. Germany, even after her great victories, will occupy a highly dangerous position in Europe, placed as she is between revengeful France, ambitious Russia, and wavering Austria. In this position what we most need is a firm and secure government. A presidential election, at the end of every four years, would be with

us a struggle of life and death. There may well be a more ideal condition than ours, but it is for us of vital importance, that the sound threads of our traditional policy should not be frivolously broken. Our sovereigns have learned from experience that their military system, which has led to unexampled successes, is founded on the broad basis of the wide-spread education, prosperity, and patriotism of the people. And this fact, which is clearly recognised by every member of our Government, gives a sure guarantee, not against occasional mistakes and failures, but at least of a steady effort on the part of our rulers to promote education, prosperity, and patriotism—in other words the liberty and happiness of the people.

Another consideration leads to the same conclusion. The old German Bund, as it existed from 1815 to 1848, was almost continuously a grievous hindrance to the political freedom and the constitutional progress of the several German States. It seems evident to me, for very simple and intelligible reasons, that our new empire will work in an opposite direction.

The political measures of the old German Diet were determined by the theoretically equal and unlimited independence of all its members, and by the rivalry of the two great Powers—Austria and Prussia. The two last were governed by absolute monarchs, while the smaller States had representative constitutions. Then kings, grand dukes, and dukes had nothing to fear for their sovereignty from the Diet, for they were protected by its fundamental law, and they could, moreover, always reckon on the support of one of the great Powers if the other attempted to oppress them. All the concern of these petty princes was directed towards their Chambers; the sum and substance of their policy was the limitation of the rights and functions of their parliaments. The two great Powers sympathised with their views because they were highly averse to the introduction of parliaments into their own States. They both wished to have as many princely adherents as possible, and they soon learned that the best means of conciliating the minor sovereigns was to support them against the constitutional, or, as it was then called, the revolutionary, tendencies of their people. And thus the Diet, from the utter want of a strong central government, became incapable of fruitful activity at home, and of a successful policy abroad. Its whole attention was therefore directed to the suppression of all liberal and constitutional efforts, so that it brought on itself the hatred of the great mass of the population throughout the whole of Germany, and the contempt of every statesman.

The circumstances of the newly-founded Empire are entirely different. At its head is a great Power, immeasurably superior to any other of its members. All the States of the new Bund are accustomed to constitutional systems, public discussion, and a free press. The princes of the smaller States no longer look on their Chambers

as dangerous enemies of their political existence. The chief question which now occupies their thoughts is, whether they shall succeed in escaping *mediatisation*, and the entire incorporation of their States into Prussia. The only power by which they can retard such a development of the new Bund, is derived from the support of their subjects. They have no other means of escaping from entire subjection, than the conviction of their peoples that the transformation of the Bund into an undivided and uniform Empire would be a public calamity. On the other hand, the central authority of the Empire, like every other earthly power, will endeavour to enlarge the borders of its influence, at the cost of the independence of the several States; and will also feel the importance of conciliating popular opinion, as the surest means of attaining its ends. We may, therefore, expect to see both parties competing for the respect and confidence of the people by active endeavours to promote their prosperity and happiness.

On the whole, then, I think we may rest assured that the establishment of the new Empire will bring with it no danger to German freedom and culture, or to the progress and civilisation of Europe. We shall not indeed astonish the world by rapid and dazzling successes in the field of our domestic policy. We shall not exhibit any revolutionary *coups d'état*, which may seem, for the moment, to announce to the wondering masses of the people a new era of unbounded felicity. But we, at least, do not consider this a matter for regret. The brilliant firework which wins the applause of the crowded theatre is as evanescent and useless as it is bright and dazzling; while the comparatively dull but steady fire upon the hearth affords us warmth and nourishment. * If we have seen reason to fear that French victories would foster priestly influence, and thereby retard the civilisation of Europe, or lead to revolution and the rule of the red democracy, we have grounds, on the other hand, for hoping that the consolidation of Germany will render possible a many-sided reform, which will gain in solidity what it wants in speed. And even for France we may hope that the fiery trials which her own aggressive spirit have brought upon her will but consume the dross of corruption, and thereby allow the nobler and more vigorous germs of her nationality to shoot forth in happier development. The war of 1870 has shown, both in its origin and course, how deeply seated in every French heart is the conviction that France is not only a prominent member of a community of equal states, but a superior and privileged land destined to lead and rule the world. If this supercilious conceit, and with it her self-adoration and love of bombast, could be banished by this war from the mind of France, it would be as great a gain for French art and science as for the peace of Europe.

HEINRICH VON SYBEL.

BALZAC'S NOVELS.

BALZAC exacts more attention than most novel readers are inclined to give; he is often repulsive, and not unfrequently dull; but the student who has once submitted to his charm becomes spell-bound. Disgusted for a moment, he returns again and again to the strange, hideous, grotesque, but most interesting world to which Balzac alone can introduce him. Like the opium-eater, he acquires a taste for the visions that are conjured up before him with so vivid a colouring, that he almost believes in their objective existence. There are some greater novelists than Balzac; there are many who preach a purer morality; and many who give a far greater impression of general intellectual force: but in this one quality of intense realisation of actors and scenery, he is unique.

Balzac, indeed, was apparently himself almost incapable of distinguishing his dreams from realities. Great wits, we know, are allied to madness; and the boundaries seem in his case to have been most shadowy and indistinct. Indeed, if the anecdotes reported of him be accurate—some of them are doubtless rather overcharged—he must have lived almost in a state of permanent hallucination. This, for example, is a characteristic story. He inhabited for some years a house called *les Jardies*, in the neighbourhood of Paris. He had a difficulty in providing material furniture, owing to certain debts, which, as some sceptics insinuated, were themselves a vast mystification. He habitually ascribed his poverty to a certain “deficit Kessner,” a loss which reposed on some trifling foundation of facts, but which assumed monstrous proportions in his imagination, and recurred perpetually as the supposed cause of his poverty. In sober reality, however, he was poor, and found compensation in creating a vast credit, as imaginary as his liabilities. Upon that bank he could draw without stint. He therefore inscribed in one place upon the bare walls of his house, “Ici un revêtement de marbre de Paros;” in another, “Ici un plafond peint par Eugène Delacroix;” in a third, “Ici des portes, façon Trianon;” and, in short, revelled in gorgeous decorations made of the same materials as the dishes of the Barmecides’ feast. A minor source of wealth was the single walnut-tree, which really grew in his gardens, and which increased his dream-revenue by £60 a year. This extraordinary result was due, not to any merit in the nuts, but to an ancient and imaginary custom of the village which compelled the inhabitants to deposit round its foot a material defined by Victor Hugo as “du guano moins les oiseaux.” The most singular story, however, and which we presume is to be received with a certain reserve, tells how he roused two of his intimate friends

at two o'clock one morning, and urged them to start for India without an hour's delay. The cause of this journey was that a certain German historian had presented Balzac with a seal, valued by the thoughtless at the sum of six sous. The ring, however, had a singular history in Balzac's dreamland. It was impressed with the seal of the prophet, and had been stolen by the English from the great Mogul. Balzac had or had not been informed by the Turkish ambassador that that potentate would repurchase it with tons of gold and diamonds, and was benevolent enough to propose that his friends should share in the stores which would exceed the dreams of Aladdin.

How far these and other such fancies were a merely humorous protest against the harsh realities of life, may be a matter of speculation; but it is less doubtful that the fictitious personages with whom Balzac surrounded himself lived and moved in his imagination as distinctly as the flesh and blood realities who were treading the pavement of Paris. He did not so much invent characters and situations as watch his imaginary world, and compile the memories of its celebrities. All English readers are acquainted with the little circle of clergymen and wives who inhabit the town of Barchester. Balzac had carried out the same device on a gigantic scale. He has peopled not a country town, but a metropolis. There is a whole society, with the members of which we are intimate, whose family secrets are revealed to us, and who drop in, as it were, in every novel of a long series, as if they were old friends. When, for example, young Victurnien d'Esgrignon comes to Paris, he makes acquaintance, we are told, with De Marsay, Maxime de Trailles, Les Lupeaulx, Rastignac, Vandenesse, Ajuda-Pinto, the Duchesses de Grandlieu, de Carigliano, de Chaulieu, the Marquises d'Espard, d'Aiglemont, and De Listomère, Madame Firmiani, the Comtesse de Sérizy, and various other heads of the fashionable world. Every one of those characters has a special history. He or she appears as the hero or heroine of one story, and plays subsidiary parts in a score of others. They recall to us innumerable scandalous episodes, with which anybody who lives in the imaginary society of Balzac's Paris feels it a duty to be as familiar as a back-stairs politician with the gossip of the House of Commons. The list just given is a mere fragment of the great circle to which Balzac introduces us. The history of their performances is intimately connected with the history of the time; nay, it is sometimes essential to a full comprehension of recent events. Bishop Proudie, we fear, would scarcely venture to take an active part in the Roman Catholic Emancipation; he would be dissolved into thin air by contact with more substantial forms; but if you would appreciate the intrigues which were going on at Paris during the campaign of Marengo, you must study the conversations which took place between Talleyrand, Fouché, Sieyès, Carnot, and Malin, and their relations to that prince of policemen,

the well-known Corentin. De Marsay, we are told, with audacious precision of time and place, was president of the Council in 1833. There is no tendency on the part of these spectres to shrink from the light. They rub shoulders with the most celebrated statesmen, and mingle in every event of the time. One is driven to believe that Balzac really fancied the banker Nucingen to be as tangible as a Rothschild, and was convinced that the conversations of Louis XVIII. with Vandenesse were historic facts. His sister tells us that he discussed the behaviour of his own creations with the utmost gravity, and was intensely interested in discovering their fate, and getting the earliest information as to the alliances which they were about to form. It is a curious question, upon which I cannot profess to speak positively, whether this voluminous story ever comes into hopeless conflict with dates. I have some suspicions that the brilliant journalist, Blondet, was married and unmarried at the same period; but, considering his very loose mode of life, the suspicion, if true, is susceptible of explanation. Such study as I have made has not revealed any case of inconsistency; and Balzac evidently has the whole secret (for it seems harsh to call it fictitious) history of the time so completely at his fingers' ends, that the effect upon the reader is to produce an unhesitating confidence. If a blunder occurs one would rather believe in a slip of the pen, such as happens to real historians, not in the substantial inaccuracy of the narrative. Sir A. Alison, it may be remembered, brings Sir Peregrine Pickle to the Duke of Wellington's funeral, which must have occurred after Sir Peregrine's death; and Balzac's imaginary narrative may not be perfectly free from anachronism. But, if so, I have not found him out. Everybody must sympathise with the English lady who is said to have written to Paris for the address of that most imposing physician, Horace Bianchon.

This startling realisation may be due in part to a mere literary trick. We meet with artifices like those by which De Foe cheats us into forgetfulness of his true character. One of the best known is the insertion of superfluous bits of information, by way of entrapping his readers into the inference that they could only have been given because they were true. The snare is more worthy of a writer of begging letters than of a genuine artist. Balzac occasionally indulges in somewhat similar devices; little indirect allusions to his old characters are thrown in with a calculated nonchalance; we have bits of antiquarian information as to the history of buildings; superfluous accounts of the coats of arms of the principal families concerned, and anecdotes as to their ancestry; and, after he has given us a name, he sometimes takes care to explain that the pronunciation is different from the spelling. As a rule, however, these irrelevant minutiae seem to be thrown in, not by way of tricking us, but because he has so genuine an interest in his own personagés. He is as anxious to set De

Marsay or the Père Goriot distinctly before us, as Mr. Carlyle to make us acquainted with Frederick or Cromwell. Our most vivid painter of historical portraits is not more charmed to discover a characteristic incident in the life of his heroes, or to describe the pimples on his face, or the specks of blood on his collar, than Balzac to do the same duty for the creations of his fancy. De Foe may be compared to those favourites of showmen who cheat you into mistaking a flat wall painting for a bas-relief. Balzac is one of the patient Dutch artists who exhaust inconceivable skill and patience in painting every hair on the head and every wrinkle on the face till their work has a photographic accuracy. The result, it must be confessed, is sometimes rather trying to the patience. Balzac's artistic instinct, indeed, renders every separate touch more or less conducive to the general effect; but he takes an unconscionable time in preparing his ground. Instead of launching boldly into his story, and leaving his characters to speak for themselves, he begins, as it were, by taking his automats carefully to pieces, and pointing out all their wires and springs. He leaves nothing unaccounted for. He explains the character of each actor as he comes upon the stage; and, not content with making general remarks, he plunges with extraordinary relish into the minutest personal details. In particular, we know just how much money everybody has got, and how he has got it. Balzac absolutely revels in elaborate financial statements. And constantly, just as we hope that the action is about to begin, he catches us, as it were, by the button-hole, and begs us to wait a minute to listen to a few more preparatory remarks. In one or two of the stories, as, for example, in the "Maison Nucingen," the introduction seems to fill the whole book. After expecting some catastrophe, we gradually become aware that Balzac has thought it necessary to give us a conscientious explanation of some very dull commercial intrigues, in order to fill up gaps in other stories of the cycle. Some one might possibly ask, what was the precise origin of this great failure of which we hear so much, and Balzac resolves that he shall have as complete an answer as though he were an accountant drawing up a balance-sheet. It is said, I know not on what authority, that his story of "César Birotteau" has, in fact, been quoted in French courts as illustrating the law of bankruptcy; and the details given are so ample, and, to English readers at least, so wearisome, that it really reads more like a legal statement of a case than a novel. As another example of this elaborate workmanship I may quote the remarkable story of "Les Paysans." It is intended to illustrate the character of the French peasant, his profound avarice and cunning, and his bitter jealousy, which forms a whole district into a tacit conspiracy against the rich, held together by closer bonds than those of a Fenian lodge. Balzac resolves that we shall have the whole scene and all the actors distinctly before us. We have a description of

a country-house more poetical, but far more detailed, than one in an auctioneer's circular; then we have a photograph of the neighbouring *cabaret*; then a minute description of its inhabitants, and a detailed statement of their ways and means. The story here makes a feeble start; but Balzac recollects that we don't quite know the origin of the quarrel on which it depends, and, therefore, elaborately describes the former proprietor, points out precisely how she was cheated by her bailiff, and precisely to what amount, and throws in descriptions of two or three supplementary persons. We now make another start in the history of the quarrel; but this immediately throws us back into a minute description of the old bailiff's family circumstances, of the characters of several of his connections, and of the insidious villain who succeeds him. Then we have a careful financial statement of the second proprietor's losses, and the commercial system which favours them; this leads to some antiquarian details concerning the bailiff's house, and to detailed portraits of each of the four guards who are set to watch over the property. Then Balzac remarks that we cannot possibly understand the quarrel without understanding fully the complicated family relations, owing to which the officials of the department form what in America would be called a "ring." By this time we are half way through the volume, and the promised story is still in its infancy. Even Balzac makes an apology for his "longueurs," and tries to set to work in greater earnest. He is so much interrupted, however, by the necessity of elaborately introducing every new actor, and all his or her relations, and the houses in which they live, and their commercial and social position, that the essence of the story has at last to be compressed into half-a-dozen pages. In short, the novel resolves itself into a series of sketches; and reading it is like turning over a set of photographs, with letterpress descriptions at intervals. Or we may compare it to one of those novels of real life, so strange to the English mind, in which a French indictment sums up the whole previous history of the persons accused, accumulates every possible bit of information which may or may not throw light upon the facts, and diverges from the point, as English lawyers would imagine, into the most irrelevant considerations.

Balzac, it is plain, differs widely from our English authors, who generally slightly despise their own art, and think that in providing amusement for our idle hours, they are rather derogating from their dignity. Instead of claiming our attention as a right, they try to entice us into interest by every possible artifice; they give us exciting glimpses of horrors to come; they are restlessly anxious to get their stories well under way. Balzac is far more confident in his position. He never doubts that we shall be willing to study his works with the seriousness due to a scientific treatise. And occasionally, when he is seized by a sudden and most deplorable fit of

morality, he becomes as dull as a sermon. The gravity with which he sets before us all the benevolent schemes of the *médecin de campagne*, and describes the whole charitable machinery of the district, makes his performance as dismal as a gigantic religious tract. But when, in his happier and wickeder moods, he turns this amazing capacity of graphic description to its true account, the power of his method makes itself manifest. Every bit of elaborate geographical and financial information has its meaning, and tells with accumulated force on the final result. I may instance, for example, the descriptions of Paris, which form the indispensable background to the majority of his stories, and contribute in no inconsiderable share to their tragic effect. Balzac had to deal with the Paris of the restoration, full of strange tortuous streets and picturesque corners, of swinging lanterns and defective drainage; the Paris which inevitably suggested barricades and street massacres, and was impregnated to the core with old historical associations. It had not yet lowered itself to the comprehension of New Yorkers, and still offered such scenery as Gustave Doré has caught in his wonderful illustrations of the *Contes Drolâtiques*. Its mysterious and not over-cleanly charm lives in the pages of Balzac, and harmonizes with the strange society which he has created to people its streets. Thus, in one of his most audacious stories, where the horribly grotesque trembles on the verge of the ridiculous, he strikes the keynote by an elegant apostrophe to Paris. There are, he tells us, a few connoisseurs who enjoy the Parisian flavour like the bouquet of some delicate wine. To all Paris is a marvel; to them it is a living creature; every man, every fragment of a house, is "part of the cellular tissue of this great courtesan, whose head, heart, and fantastic manners are thoroughly known to them." They are lovers of Paris; to them it is a costly luxury to travel in Paris. They are incessantly arrested before the dramas, the disasters, the picturesque accidents, which assail one in the midst of this moving queen of cities. They start in the morning to go to its extremities, and find themselves still unable to leave its centre at dinner-time. It is a marvellous spectacle at all times; but, he exclaims, "O Paris! qui n'a pas admiré tes sombres paysages, tes échappées de lumière, tes culs-de-sacs profonds et silencieux; qui n'a pas entendu tes murmures entre minuit et deux heures du matin, ne connaît encore rien de ta vraie poésie, ni de tes bizarres et larges contrastes."

In the scenes which follow, we are introduced to a lover watching the beautiful and virtuous object of his adoration, as she descends an infamous street late in the evening, and enters one of the houses through a damp, moist, and fetid passage, feebly lighted by a trembling lamp, beneath which are seen the hideous face and skinny fingers of an old woman, as fitly placed as the witches in the blasted heath in Macbeth. In this case, however, Balzac is in one of his

wildest moods, and the hideous mysteries of a huge capital become the pretext for a piece of rather ludicrous melodrama. Paris is full enough of tragedies without the preposterous beggar Ferragus, who appears at balls as a distinguished diplomat, and manages to place on a young gentleman's head of hair a slow poison (invented for the purpose), which brings him to an early grave. More impressive, because less extravagant, is that Maison Vauquer, every hole and corner of which is familiar to the real student of Balzac. It is situated, as everybody should know, in the Rue Neuve St. Geneviève, just where it descends so steeply towards the Rue de l'Arbalète that horses have some trouble in climbing it. We know its squalid exterior, its creaking bell, the wall painted to represent an arcade in green marble, the crumbling statue of Cupid, with the half-effaced inscription—

“ Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,—
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.”

We have visited the wretched garden with its scanty pot-herbs and scarecrow beds, and the green benches in the miserable arbour, where the lodgers who are rich enough to enjoy such a luxury indulge in a cup of coffee after dinner. The salon, with its greasy and worn-out furniture, every bit of which is catalogued, is as familiar as our own studies. We know the exact geography even of the larder and the cistern. We catch the odour of the damp, close office, where Mme. Vauquer lurks like a human spider. She is the animating genius of the place, and we know the exact outline of her figure, and every article of her dress. The minuteness of her portrait brings out the horrors of the terrible process by which poor Goriot gradually sinks from one step to another of the social ladder, and simultaneously ascends from the first floor to the garrets. We can track his steps and taste his agony. Each station of that melancholy pilgrimage is painted, down to the minutest details, with unflinching fidelity.

Paris, says Balzac, is an ocean; however painfully you explore it and sound its depths, there are still virgin corners, unknown caves with their flowers, pearls and monsters, forgotten by literary divers. The Maison Vauquer is one of these singular monstrosities. No one, at any rate, can complain that Balzac has not done his best to describe and analyse the character of the unknown social species which it contains. It absorbs our interest by the contrast of its vulgar and intensely commonplace exterior with the terrible passions and sufferings of which it is the appropriate scene.

The horrors of a great metropolis, indeed, give ample room for tragedy. Old Sandy Mackaye takes Alton Locke to the entrance of a London alley, and tells the sentimental tailor to write poetry about that. “Say how ye saw the mouth o’ hell, and the twa pillars thereof at the entry, the pawnbroker’s shop on the one side and the

gin-palace at the other—two monstrous deevils, eating up men, women, and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open and open to swallow in anither victim and anither. Write about that!" The poor tailor complains that it is unpoetical, and Mackaye replies, "Hah! is there no the heaven above them here and the hell beneath them? and God frowning and the deevil grinning? No poetry there! Is no the verra idee of the classic tragedy defined to be—man conquered by circumstances? Canna ye see it here?" But the quotation must stop, for Mackaye goes on to a moral not quite according to Balzac. Balzac, indeed, was anything but a Christian socialist, or a Radical reformer; we don't often catch sight in his pages of God frowning or the devil grinning; his world seems to be pretty well forgotten by the one, and its inhabitants to be quite able to dispense with the services of the other. Paris, he tells us in his most outrageous story, is a hell, which one day may have its Dante. The prolétaire lives in its lowest circle, and seldom comes into Balzac's pages except as representing the half-seen horrors of the gulph reserved for that corrupt and brilliant society whose vices he loves to describe. A summary of his creed is given by a queer contrast to Mackaye, the accomplished and able De Marsay. People speak, he says, of the immorality of certain books; here is a horrible, foul, and corrupt book, always open and never to be shut; the great book of the world; and beyond that is another book, a thousand times more dangerous, which consists of all that is whispered by one man to another, or discussed under ladies' fans at balls. Balzac's pages are flavoured, rather to excess, with this diabolical spice, composed of dark allusions to, or audacious revelations of, these hideous mysteries. If he is wanting in the moral elevation necessary for a Dante, he has some of the sinister power which makes him a fit guide to the horrors of our modern Inferno.

Before accepting Balzac's guidance into these mysterious regions, I must touch upon another peculiarity. Balzac's genius for skillfully-combined photographic detail explains his strange power of mystification. A word is wanting to express that faint acquiescence or mimic belief which we generally grant to a novelist. Dr. Newman has constructed a scale of assent according to its varying degrees of intensity; and we might, perhaps, assume that to each degree there corresponds a mock assent accorded to different kinds of fiction. If Scott, for example, requires from his readers a shadow of that kind of belief which we grant to an ordinary historian, Balzac requires a shadow of the belief which Dr. Pusey gives to the Bible. This still remains distinctly below any genuine assent; for Balzac never wishes us really to forget, though he occasionally forgets himself, that his most lifelike characters are imaginary. But in certain subordinate topics he seems to make a higher demand on our faith.

He is full of more or less fanciful heresies, and labours hard to convince us either that they are true or that he seriously holds them. This is what I mean by mystification, and one fears to draw a line as to which he was probably far from clear himself. Thus, for example, he is a devout believer in physiognomy, and not only in its obvious sense; he erects it into an occult science. Lavater and Gall, he says, "prove incontestably" that ominous signs exist in our heads. Take, for example, the *chasseur* Michu, his white face injected with blood and compressed like a Calmuck's; his ruddy, crisp hair; his beard cut in the shape of a fan; the noble forehead which surmounts and overhangs his sunburned, sarcastic features; his ears well detached, and possessing a sort of mobility, like those of a wild animal; his mouth half open, and revealing a set of fine but uneven teeth; his thick and glossy whiskers; his hair, close in front, long on the sides and behind, with its wild, ruddy hue throwing into relief the strange and fatal character of the physiognomy; his short, thick neck, designed to tempt the hatchet of the guillotine: these details, so accurately photographed, not only prove that M. Michu was a resolute, faithful servant, capable of the profoundest secrecy and the most disinterested attachment, but for the really skilful reader of mystic symbols foretell his ultimate fate—namely, that he will be the victim of a false accusation. Balzac, however, ventures into still more whimsical extremes. He accepts, in all apparent seriousness, the theory of his favourite, Mr. Shandy, that a man's name influences his character. Thus, for example, a man called Minoret-Levrault must necessarily be "*un éléphant sans trompe et sans intelligence*," and the occult meaning of Z. Marcas requires a long and elaborate commentary. Repeat the word Marcas, dwelling on the first syllable, and dropping abruptly on the second, and you will see that the man who bears it must be a martyr. The zigzag of the initial implies a life of torment. What ill wind, he asks, has blown upon this letter, which in no language (Balzac's acquaintance with German was probably limited) commands more than fifty words? The name is composed of seven letters, and seven is most characteristic of cabalistic numbers. If M. Gozlan's narrative be authentic, Balzac was right to value this name highly, for he had spent many hours in seeking for it by a systematic perambulation of the streets of Paris. He was rather vexed at the discovery that the Marcas of real life was a tailor. "He deserved a better fate!" said Balzac pathetically; "but it shall be my business to immortalise him."

Balzac returns to this subject so often and so emphatically, that one half believes him to be the victim of his own mystification. Perhaps he was the one genuine disciple of Mr. Shandy and Slawkenbergius, and believed sincerely in the occult influence of names and noses. In more serious matters it is impossible to distinguish the point at which his feigned belief passes into real superstition; he

simulates conviction so elaborately, that his sober opinions shade off imperceptibly into his fanciful dreamings. For a time he was attracted by mesmerism, and in the story of Ursule Mirouet he labours elaborately to infect his readers with a belief in what he calls "magnetism, the favourite science of Jesus, and one of the powers transmitted to the apostles." He assumes his gravest airs in adducing the cases of Cardan, Swedenborg, and a certain Duke of Montmorency, as though he were a genuine historical inquirer. He almost adopts the tone of a pious missionary in describing how his atheist doctor was led by the revelations of a *clairvoyante* to study Pascal's "Pensées" and Bossuet's sublime "Histoire des Variations," though what those works have to do with mesmerism is rather difficult to see. He relates the mysterious visions caused by the converted doctor after his death, not less minutely, though more artistically, than De Foe described the terrible apparition of Mrs. Veal; and, it must be confessed, his story illustrates with almost equal force the doctrine, too often forgotten by spiritualists, that ghosts should not make themselves too common. When once they begin to mix in general society, they become intolerably prosaic.

The ostentatious belief which is paraded in this instance is turned to more artistic account in the wonderful story of the "Peau de Chagrin." Balzac there tries as conscientiously as ever to surmount the natural revolt of our minds against the introduction of the supernatural into life. The *peau de chagrin* is the modern substitute for the old-fashioned parchment on which contracts were signed with the devil. M. Valentin, its possessor, is a Faust of the boulevards; but our prejudices are softened by the circumstance that the *peau de chagrin* has a false air of scientific authenticity. It is discovered by a gentleman who spends a spare half-hour before committing suicide in an old curiosity shop, which occupies a sort of middle standing-ground between a wizard's laboratory and the ordinary Wardour-street shop. There is no question of signing with one's blood, but simply of accepting a curious substance with the property — rather a startling one, it is true — that its area diminishes in proportion to the amount of wishes gratified, and vanishes with the death of the possessor. The steady flesh-and-blood men of science treat it just as we feel certain that they would do. After smashing a hydraulic press in the attempt to compress it, and exhausting the power of chemical agents, they agree to make a joke of it. It is not so much more wonderful than some of those modern miracles, which leave us to hesitate between the two incredible alternatives that men of science are fallible, or that mankind in general, like Sir Walter Scott's grandmother, are "awfu' leeers." Every effort is made to reduce the strain upon our credulity to that moderate degree of intensity which may fairly be required

from the reader of a wild fiction. When the first characteristic wish of the proprietor—namely, that he may be indulged in a frantic orgie—has been gratified without any apparent intervention of the supernatural, we are left just in that proper equilibrium between scepticism and credulity, which is the right mental attitude in presence of a marvellous story. Balzac, it is true, seems rather to flag in continuing his narrative. The symbolical meaning begins to part company with the facts. Stories of this kind require the congenial atmosphere of an ideal world, and the effort of interpreting such a poetical legend into terms of ordinary life is perhaps too great for the powers of any literary artist. At any rate, M. Valentin drops after a time from the level of Faust to become the hero of a rather commonplace Parisian story. The opening scenes, however, are an admirable specimen of the skill by which our irrepressible scepticism may be hindered from intruding into a sphere where it is out of place; or rather—for one can hardly speak of belief in such a connection—of the skill by which the discord between the surroundings of the nineteenth century and a story of grotesque supernaturalism can be converted into a pleasant harmony. A similar effect is produced in one of Balzac's finest stories, the "*Recherche de l'Absolu*." Every accessory is provided to induce us, so long as we are under the spell, to regard the discovery of the philosopher's stone as a reasonable application of human energy. We are never quite clear whether Balthazar Claes is a madman or a commanding genius. We are kept trembling on the verge of a revelation till we become interested in spite of our more sober sense. A single diamond turns up in a crucible, which was unluckily produced in the absence of the philosopher, so that he cannot tell what are the necessary conditions of repeating the process. He is supposed to discover the secret just as he is struck by a paralysis, which renders him incapable of revealing it, and dies whilst making desperate efforts to communicate the crowning success to his family. Balzac throws himself into the situation with such energy, that we are irresistibly carried away by his enthusiasm. The impossibility ceases to annoy us, and merely serves to give a certain dignity to the story.

One other variety of mystification may introduce us to some of Balzac's most powerful stories. He indulges more frequently than could be wished in downright melodrama, or what is generally called sensational writing. In the very brilliant sketch of Nathan in "*Une Fille d'Eve*," he remarks that "the mission of genius is to search, through the accidents of the true, for that which must appear probable to all the world." The common saying that truth is stranger than fiction should properly be expressed as an axiom that fiction ought not to be so strange as truth. A marvellous

event is interesting in real life, simply because we know that it happened. In a fiction we know that it did not happen; and therefore it is interesting only as far as it is explained. Anybody can invent a giant or a genius by the simple process of altering figures or piling up superlatives. The artist has to make the existence of the giant or the genius conceivable. Balzac, however, often enough forgets this principle, and treats us to purely preposterous incidents, which are either grotesque or simply childish. The history of the marvellous "Thirteen," for example, that mysterious band which includes statesmen, beggars, men of fortune, and journalists, and goes about committing the most inconceivable crimes without the possibility of discovery, becomes simply ludicrous. Balzac, as usual, labours to reconcile our minds to the absurdity; but the effort is beyond his powers. The amazing disease which he invents for the benefit of the villains in the "Cousine Bette" can only be accepted as a broad joke. At times, as in the story of the "Grande Bre-têche," where the lover is bricked up by the husband in presence of the wife, he reminds us of Edgar Poe's worst extravagances. There is, indeed, this much to be said for Balzac in comparison with the more recent school, who have turned to account all the most refined methods of breaking the ten commandments and the criminal code; the fault of the so-called sensation writer is, not that he deals in murder, bigamy, or adultery—every great writer likes to use powerful situations—but that he relies upon our interest in startling crimes to distract our attention from feebly-drawn characters and conventional details. Balzac does not often fall into that weakness. If his criminals are frequently of the most outrageous kind, and indulge even in practices unmentionable, the crime is intended at least to be of secondary interest. He tries to fix our attention on the passions by which they are caused, and to attract us chiefly by the legitimate method of analysing human nature—even, it must be confessed, in some of its most abnormal manifestations. Macbeth is not interesting because he commits half-a-dozen murders; but the murders are interesting because they are committed by Macbeth. We may generally say as much for Balzac's villains; and it is the only justification for a free use of blood and brutality. In applying these remarks, we come to the real secret of Balzac's power, which will demand a fuller consideration.

It is common to say of all great novelists, and of Balzac in particular, that they display a wonderful "knowledge of the human heart." The chief objection to the phrase is that such knowledge does not exist. Nobody has as yet found his way through the complexities of that intricate machine, and described the springs and balances by which its movement is originated and controlled. Men of vivid imagination are in some respects less competent for such a work than their neighbours. They have not the cool, hard, and

steady hand required for psychological dissection. Balzac gave a queer specimen of his own incapacity in an attempt to investigate the true history of a real murder, celebrated in its day, and supposed by everybody but Balzac to have been committed by one Peytel, who was put to death in spite of his pleading. His skill in devising motives for imaginary atrocities was a positive disqualification for dealing with facts and legal evidence. The greatest poet or novelist describes only one person, and that is himself; and he differs from his inferiors, not necessarily in having a more systematic knowledge, but in having wider sympathies, and, so to speak, possessing several characters. Cervantes was at once Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; Shakspeare was Hamlet and Mercutio and Othello and Falstaff; Scott was at once Dandie Dinmont and the Antiquary and the Master of Ravenswood; and Balzac embodies his different phases of feeling in Eugénie Grandet and Vautrin and the *père* Goriot. The assertion that he knew the human heart must be interpreted to mean that he could sympathise with, and give expression to, a wide range of human passions; as his supposed knowledge of the world implies merely that he was deeply impressed by certain phenomena of the social medium in which he was placed. Nobody, we would be inclined to think, would have given a more unsound judgment than Balzac as to the characters of the men whom he met, or formed a less trustworthy estimate of the real condition of society. He was totally incapable of stripping the bare facts given by observation of the colouring which they received from his own idiosyncrasy. But nobody, within certain points, could express more vividly in outward symbols the effect produced upon their sympathies and a powerful imagination by the aspect of the world around him.

The characteristic peculiarities of Balzac's novels may be described as the intensity with which he expresses certain motives, and the vigour with which he portrays the real or imaginary corruption of society. Upon one particular situation, or class of situations, favourable to this peculiar power, he is never tired of dwelling. He repeats himself indeed, in a certain sense, as a man must necessarily repeat himself who writes eighty-five stories, besides doing other work, in less than twenty years. In this voluminous outpouring of matter the machinery is varied with wonderful fertility of invention, but one sentiment recurs very frequently. The great majority of Balzac's novels, including all the most powerful examples, may thus be described as variations on a single theme. Each of them is in fact the record of a martyrdom. There is always a virtuous hero or heroine who is tortured, and, most frequently, tortured to death by a combination of selfish intrigues. The commonest case is, of course, that which has become the staple plot of French novelists, where the interesting young woman is sacrificed to the brutality of a dull husband; that, for example, is the story of the "*Femme de Trente Ans*,"

of "Le Lys dans la Vallée," and of several minor performances; then we have the daughter sacrificed to the avaricious father, as in "Eugénie Grandet;" the woman sacrificed to the imperious lover in the "Duchesse de Langeais;" the immoral beauty sacrificed to the ambition of her lover in the "Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisans;" the mother sacrificed to the dissolute son in the "Ménage de Garçon;" the woman of political ambition sacrificed to the contemptible intriguers opposed to her in "Les Employés;" and, indeed, in one way or other, as subordinate character or as heroine, this figure of a graceful feminine victim comes into nearly every novel. Virtuous heroes fare little better. Poor Colonel Chabert is disowned and driven to beggary by the wife who has committed bigamy; the luckless curé, Birotteau, is cheated out of his prospects and doomed to a broken heart by the successful villany of a rival priest and his accomplices; the Comte de Manerville is ruined and transported by his wife and his detestable mother-in-law; Père Goriot is left to starvation by his daughters; the Marquis d'Espard is all but condemned as a lunatic by the manoeuvres of his wife; the faithful servant Michu comes to the guillotine; the devoted notary Chesnel is beggared in the effort to save his scapegrace of a master; Michaud, another devoted adherent, is murdered with perfect success by the brutal peasantry, and his wife dies of the news; Balthazar Claes is the victim of his devotion to science; and Z. Marcas dies unknown and in the depths of misery as a reward for trying to be a second Colbert. The old-fashioned canons of poetical justice are inverted; and the villains are dismissed to live very happily ever afterwards, whilst the virtuous are slain outright or sentenced to a death by slow torture. Thackeray, in one or two of his minor stories, has touched the same note. The history of Mr. Deuceace, and especially its catastrophe, is much in Balzac's style; but, as a rule, our English novelists shrink from anything so unpleasant.

Perhaps the most striking example of this method is the "Père Goriot." The general situation may be described in two words, by saying that Goriot is the modern King Lear. Mesdames de Restaud and de Nucingen are the representatives of Regan and Goneril; but the Parisian Lear is not allowed the consolation of a Cordelia; the cup of misery is measured out to him drop by drop, and the bitterness of each dose is analysed with chemical accuracy. We watch the poor old broken-down merchant, who has impoverished himself to provide his daughters' dowries, and has gradually stripped himself, first of comfort, and then of the necessities of life, to satisfy the demands of their folly and luxury, as we might watch a man clinging to the edge of a cliff and gradually dropping lower and lower, catching feebly at every point of support till his strength is exhausted, and the inevitable

catastrophe follows. The daughters, allowed to retain some fragments of good feeling and not quite irredeemably hateful, are gradually yielding to the demoralizing influence of a heartless vanity. They yield, it is true, pretty completely at last; but their wickedness seems to reveal the influence of a vague but omnipotent power of evil in the background. There is not a more characteristic scene in Balzac than that in which Rastignac, the lover of Madame de Nucingen, overhears the conversation between the father in his wretched garret and the modern Goneril and Regan. A gleam of good fortune has just encouraged poor old Goriot to anticipate an escape from his troubles. On the morning of the day of expected release Madame Goneril de Nucingen rushes up to her father's garret to explain to him that her husband, the rich banker, having engaged all his funds in some diabolical financial intrigues, refuses to allow her the use of her fortune, whilst, owing to her own misconduct, she is afraid to appeal to the law. They have a hideous tacit compact, according to which the wife enjoys full domestic liberty, whilst the husband may use her fortune to carry out his dishonest plots. She begs her father to examine the facts in the light of his financial experience, though the examination must be deferred, that she may not look ill with the excitement when she meets her lover at the ball. As the poor father is tormenting his brains, Madame Regan de Restaud appears in terrible distress. Her lover has threatened to commit suicide unless he can meet a certain bill, and to save him she has pledged certain diamonds which were heirlooms in her husband's family. Her husband has discovered the whole transaction, and, though not making an open scandal, imposes some severe conditions upon her future. Old Goriot is raving against the brutality of her husband, when Regan adds that there is still a sum to be paid, without which her lover, to whom she has sacrificed everything, will be ruined. Now old Goriot had employed just this sum—all but the very last fragment of his fortune—in the service of Goneril. A desperate quarrel instantly takes place between the two fine ladies over this last scrap of their father's property. They are fast degenerating into Parisian Billingsgate, when Goriot succeeds in obtaining silence and proposes to strip himself of his last penny. Even the sisters hesitate at such an impiety, and Rastignac enters, with some apology for listening, and hands over to the countess a certain bill of exchange for a sum which he professes himself to owe to Goriot, and which will just save her lover. She accepts the paper, but vehemently denounces her sister for having, as she supposes, allowed Rastignac to listen to their hideous revelations, and retires in a fury, whilst the father faints away. He recovers to express his forgiveness, and at this moment the countess returns, ostensibly to throw herself on her knees and beg her father's pardon. He apolo-

gises to her sister, and a general reconciliation takes place. But before she has again left the room she has obtained her father's endorsement to Rastignac's bill. Even her most genuine fury had left coolness enough for calculation, and her burst of apparent tenderness was a skilful bit of comedy for squeezing one more drop of blood from her father and victim. That is a genuine stroke of Balzac.

Hideous as the performance appears when coolly stated, it must be admitted that the ladies have got into such terrible perplexities from tampering with the seventh commandment, that there is some excuse for their breaking the fifth. Whether such an accumulation of horrors is a legitimate process in art, and whether a healthy imagination would like to dwell upon such loathsome social sores, is another question. The comparison suggested with *King Lear* may illustrate the point. In Balzac all the subordinate details which Shakspeare throws in with a very slovenly touch, are elaborately drawn, and contribute powerfully to the total impression. On the other hand, we never reach the lofty poetical heights of the grander scenes in *King Lear*. But the situation of the two heroes offers an instructive contrast. Lear is weak, but is never contemptible; he is the ruin of a gallant old king, is guilty of no degrading compliance, and dies like a man, with his "good biting falchion" still grasped in his feeble hand. To change him into Goriot we must suppose that he had licked the hand which struck him, that he had helped on the adulterous intrigues of Goneril and Regan from sheer weakness, and that all his fury had been directed against Cornwall and Albany for objecting to his daughters' eccentric views of the obligation of the marriage vow. Paternal affection leading a man to the most trying self-sacrifice is a worthy motive for a great drama or romance; but Balzac is so anxious to intensify the emotion, that he makes even paternal affection morally degrading. Everything must be done to heighten the colouring. Our sympathies are to be excited by making the sacrifice as complete, and the emotion which prompts it as overpowering as possible; until at last the love of children becomes a monomania. Goriot is not only dragged through the mud of Paris, but he grovels in it with a will. In short, Balzac wants that highest power which shows itself by moderation, and commits a fault like that of an orator who emphasizes every sentence. With less expenditure of horrors, he would excite our compassion more powerfully. After a time the most highly-spiced meats begin to pall upon the palate.

Situations of the "Père Goriot" kind are, in some sense, more appropriate for heroines than for heroes. Self-sacrifice is for the present, at least, considered by a large part of mankind as the complete duty of woman. The feminine martyr can indulge without loss of

our esteem in compliances which would be degrading in a man. Accordingly Balzac finds the amplest materials for his favourite situation in the torture of innocent women. The great example of his skill in this department is *Eugénie Grandet*, in which the situation of the *Père Goriot* is inverted. Poor *Eugénie* is the victim of a domestic tyrant, who is, perhaps, Balzac's most finished portrait of the cold-blooded and cunning miser. The sacrifice of a woman's life to paternal despotism is unfortunately even commoner in real life than in fiction; and when the lover, from whom the old miser has divided her during his life, deserts her after his death, we feel that the mournful catastrophe is demanded by the sombre prologue. The book may indeed justify, to some extent, one of the ordinary criticisms upon Balzac, that he showed a special subtlety in describing the sufferings of women. The question as to the general propriety of that criticism is rather difficult for a male critic. I confess to a certain scepticism, founded partly on the general principle that hardly any author can really describe the opposite sex, and partly on an antipathy which I cannot repress to Balzac's most ambitious feminine portraits.

Eugénie Grandet is perhaps the purest of his women; but then *Eugénie Grandet* is simply stupid, and interesting from her sufferings rather than her character. She reminds us of some patient animal of the agricultural kind, with bovine softness of eyes and bovine obstinacy under suffering. His other women, though they are not simply courtesans, after the fashion of some French writers, seem, as it were, to have a certain perceptible taint; they breathe an unwholesome atmosphere. In one of his extravagant humours, he tells us that the most perfect picture of purity in existence is the Madonna of the Genoese painter, Piola, but that even that celestial Madonna would have looked like a Messalina by the side of the Duchesse de Manfrigneuse. If the duchess resembled either personage in character, it was certainly not the Madonna. And Balzac's best women give us the impression that they are courtesans acting the character of virgins, and showing admirable dramatic skill in the performance. They may keep up the part so obstinately as to let the acting become earnest; but even when they don't think of breaking the seventh commandment, they are always thinking about not breaking it. When he has done his best to describe a thoroughly pure woman, such as *Henriette* in the "*Lys dans la Vallée*," he cannot refrain from spoiling his performance by throwing in a hint at the conclusion that, after all, she had a strong disposition to go wrong, which was only defeated by circumstances. Indeed, the ladies who in his pages have broken loose from all social restraints, differ only in external circumstances from their more correct sisters. *Coralie*, in the "*Illusions Perdues*," is not so chaste in her conduct,

but is not a whit less delicate in her tastes, than the immaculate Henriette. Madame de la Bardraye deserts her husband, and lives for some years with her disreputable lover at Paris, and does not in the least forfeit the sympathies of her creator. Balzac's feminine types may be classified pretty easily. At bottom they are all of the sultana variety—playthings who occasionally venture into mixing with serious affairs of life, but then only on pain of being ridiculous (as in the "Employés," or the "Muse du Département"); but properly confined to their drawing-rooms, with delicate cajoleries for their policy, and cunning instead of intellect. Sometimes they are cold-hearted and selfish, and then they are vicious, making victims of lovers, husbands, or fathers, consuming fortunes, and spreading ill-will by cunning intrigues; sometimes they are virtuous, and therefore, according to Balzac's logic, pitiable victims of the world. But their virtue, when it exists, is the effect, not of lofty principle, but of a certain delicacy of taste corresponding to a fine organization. They object to vice, because it is apt to be coarse; and are perfectly ready to yield, if it can be presented in such graceful forms as not to shock their sensibilities. Marriage is therefore a complicated intrigue in which one party is always deceived, though, it may be, for his or her good. If you will be loved, says the judicious lady in the "*Mémoires de Deux Jeunes Mariées*," the secret is not to love; and the rather flimsy epigram is converted into a great moral truth. The justification of the lady is, that love is only made permanent by elaborate intrigue. The wife is to be always on the footing of a mistress who can only preserve her lover by incessant and infinitely-varied caresses. To do this, she must be herself cool. The great enemy of matrimonial happiness is satiety, and we are constantly presented with an affectionate wife boring her husband to death, and alienating him by over-devotion. If one party is to be cheated, the one who is freest from passion will be the winner of the game. As a maxim, after the fashion of Rochefoucauld, this doctrine may have enough truth to be plausible; but when seriously accepted and made the substantive moral of a succession of stories, one is reminded less of a really acute observer, than of a lad fresh from college who thinks that wisdom consists in an exaggerated cynicism. When ladies of this variety break their hearts, they either die or retire in a picturesque manner to a convent. They are indeed the raw material of which the genuine *dévôte* is made. The morbid sentimentality directed to the lover passes without perceptible shock into a religious sentimentality, the object of which is at least ostensibly different. The graceful but voluptuous mistress of the Parisian salon is developed without any violent transition into the equally graceful and ascetic nun. The connection between the luxurious indulgence of material flirtations and religious mysticism is curious, but unmistakable.

Balzac's reputation in this respect is founded, not on his little hoard of cynical maxims, which, to say the truth, are not usually very original, but on the vivid power of describing the details and scenery of the martyrdom, and the energy with which he paints the emotion, of the victim. Whether his women are very lifelike, or very varied in character, may be doubted; but he has certainly endowed them with an admirable capacity for suffering, and forces us to listen sympathetically to their cries of anguish. The peculiar cynicism implied in this view of feminine existence must be taken as part of his fundamental theory of society. When Rastignac has seen Goriot buried, the ceremony being attended only by his daughters' empty carriages, he climbs to the highest part of the cemetery, and looks over Paris. As he contemplates the vast buzzing hive, he exclaims solemnly, "*à nous deux maintenant!*" The world is before him; he is to fight his way in future without remorse. Accordingly, Balzac's view of society is, that it is a masquerade of devils, engaged in tormenting a few wandering angels. That society is not what Balzac represents it to be is sufficiently proved by the fact that society exists; as indeed he is profoundly convinced, that its destruction is only a question of time. It is rotten to the core. Lust and avarice are the moving forms of the world, while profound and calculating selfishness has sapped the base of all morality. The type of a successful statesman is De Marsay, a kind of imaginary Talleyrand, who rules because he has recognised the intrinsic baseness of mankind, and has no scruples in turning it to account. Vautrin, who is an open enemy of society, is simply De Marsay in revolt. The weapons with which he fights are distinguished from those of greater men, not in their intrinsic wickedness, but in their being accidentally forbidden by law. He is less of a hypocrite, and scarcely a greater villain than his more prosperous rivals. He ultimately recognises the futility of the strife, agrees to wear a mask like his neighbours, and accepts the congenial duties of a police-agent. The secret of success in all ranks of life is to be without scruples of morality, but exceedingly careful of breaking the law. The bankers, Nucingen and Du Tillet, are merely cheats on a gigantic scale. They ruin their enemies by financiering instead of picking pockets. Be wicked, if you would be successful; if possible let your wickedness be refined; but, at all events, be wicked.

There is, indeed, a class of unsuccessful villains, to be found chiefly amongst journalists, for whom Balzac has a special aversion; they live, he tells us, partly on extortion, and partly on the prostitution of their talents to gratify political or personal animosities, and are at the mercy of the longest purse. They fail in life, not because they are too immoral, but because they are too weak. They are the victims instead of the accomplices of more resolute evil-doers. Lucien de Rubempré is the type of this

class. Endowed with surpassing genius and personal beauty, he goes to Paris to make his fortune, and is introduced to the world as it is. On the one hand is a little knot of virtuous men, called the *cénacle*, who are working for posterity and meanwhile starving. On the other is the vast mass of cheats and dupes. After a brief struggle Lucien yields to temptation, and joins in the struggle for wealth and power. But he has not strength enough to play his part. His head is turned by the flattery of pretty actresses and scheming publishers: he is enticed into thoughtless dissipation, and, after a brilliant start, finds that he is at the mercy of the cleverer villains who surround him; that he has been bought and sold like a sheep; that his character is gone, and his imagination become sluggish; and, finally, he has to escape from utter ruin by scarcely describable degradation. He writes a libel on one of his virtuous friends, who is forgiving enough to improve it and correct it for the press. In order to bury his mistress, who has been ruined with him, he has to raise money by grovelling in the foulest depths of literary sewerage. He at last succeeds in crawling back to his relations in the country, morally and materially ruined. He makes another effort to rise, backed up by the diabolical arts of Vautrin, and relying rather on his beauty than his talents. The world is again too strong for him, and, after being accomplice in the most outrageous crimes, he ends appropriately by hanging himself in prison. Vautrin, as we have seen, escapes from the fate of his partner because he retains coolness enough to practise upon the vices of the governing classes. The world, in short, is composed of three classes—consistent and, therefore, successful villains; inconsistent and, therefore, unsuccessful villains; and virtuous persons, who never have a chance of success, and enjoy the honours of starvation.

The provinces differ from Paris in the nature of the social warfare; but not in its morality. Passions are directed to meaner objects; they are narrower, and more intense. [The whole of a man's faculties are concentrated upon one object; and he pursues it for years with relentless and undeviating ardour. To supplant a rival, to acquire a few more acres, to gratify jealousy of a superior, he will labour for a lifetime. The intensity of his hatred supplies his want of intellect; he is more cunning, if less far-sighted; and in the contest between the brilliant Parisian and the plodding provincial we generally have an illustration of the hare and the tortoise. The blind, persistent hatred gets the better in the long run of the more brilliant, but more transitory, passion. The lower nature here, too, gets the better of the higher; and Balzac characteristically delights in the tragedy produced by genius falling before cunning, as virtue almost invariably yields to vice. It is only when the slow provincial obstinacy happens to be on the side of virtue

that stupidity, doubled with virtue, as embodied for example in two or three French Caleb Balderstons, generally gets the worst of it. There are exceptions to this general rule. Even Balzac sometimes relents. A reprieve is granted at the last moment, and the martyr is unbound from the stake. But those catastrophes are not only exceptional, but rather annoying. We have been so prepared to look for a sacrifice that we are disappointed instead of relieved. If Balzac's readers could be consulted during the last few pages, I feel sure that most thumbs would be turned upwards, and the lions allowed to have their will of the Christians. Perhaps our appetites have been depraved ; but we are not in the cue for a happy conclusion.

I know not whether it was the cause or the consequence of this sentiment that Balzac was a thorough legitimist. He does not believe in the vitality of the old order, any more than he believes in the truth of Catholicism. But he regrets the extinction of the ancient faiths, which he admits to be unsuitable ; and sees in their representatives the only picturesque and really estimable elements that still survived in French society. He heartily despises the modern mediævalists, who try to spread a thin varnish over a decaying order ; the world is too far gone in wickedness for such a futile remedy. The old chivalrous sentiments of the genuine noblesse are giving way to the base chicanery of the bourgeois who supplant them ; the peasantry are mean, avaricious, and full of bitter jealousy ; but they are triumphantly rooting out the last vestiges of feudalism. Democracy and communism are the fine names put forward to justify the enmity of those who have not, against those who have. Their success means merely an approaching "descent of Niagara," and the growth of a more debasing and more materialist form of despotism. But it would be a mistake to assume that this view of the world implies that Balzac is in a state of lofty moral indignation. Nothing can be further from the case. The world is wicked ; but it is fascinating. Society is very corrupt, it is true ; but intensely and permanently amusing. Paris is a hell ; but hell is the only place worth living in. The play of evil passions gives infinite subjects for dramatic interests. The financial warfare is more diabolical than the old literal warfare, but quite as entertaining. There is really as much romance connected with bills of exchange as with swords and lances, and rigging the market is nothing but the modern form of lying in ambush. Goneril and Regan are triumphant ; but we may admire the grace of their manners and the dexterity with which they cloak their vices. Iago not only poisons Othello's peace of mind, but, in the world of Balzac, he succeeds to Othello's place, and is universally respected. The story receives an additional flavour. In

a characteristic passage, Balzac regrets that Molière did not continue *Tartuffe*. It would then have appeared how bitterly Orgon regretted the loss of the hypocrite, who, it is said, made love to his wife, but who, at any rate, had an interest in making things pleasant. Your conventional catastrophe is a mistake in art, as it is a misrepresentation of facts. *Tartuffe* has a good time of it in Balzac: instead of meeting with an appropriate punishment, he flourishes and thrives, and we look on with a smile not altogether devoid of complacency. Shall we not take the world as it is, and be amused at the *Comédie Humaine*, rather than fruitlessly rage against it? It will be played out whether we like it or not, and we may as well adapt our tastes to our circumstances.

Ought we to be shocked at this extravagant cynicism; to quote it, as respectable English journalists used to do, as a proof of the awful corruption of French society, or to regard it as semi-humorous exaggeration? I can't quite sympathise with people who take Balzac seriously. I cannot talk about the remorseless skill with which he tears off the mask from the fearful corruptions of modern society, and penetrates into the most hidden motives of the human heart; nor can I infer from his terrible pictures of feminine suffering that for every one of those pictures a woman's heart had been tortured to death. This, or something like this, I have read; and I can only say that I don't believe a word of it. Balzac, indeed, as compared with our respectable romancers, has the merit of admitting passions whose existence we scrupulously ignore; and the further merit that he takes a far wider range of sentiment, and does not hold by the theory that the life of a man or a woman closes at the conventional end of a third volume. But he is above all things a dreamer, and his dreams resemble nightmares. Powerfully as his actors are put upon the stage, they seem to me to be, after all, "such stuff as dreams are made of." A genuine observer of life does not find it so highly spiced, and draws more moderate conclusions. Balzac's characters run into typical examples of particular passions rather than genuine human beings; they are generally monomaniacs. Balthazar Claes, who gives up his life to search for the philosopher's stone, is closely related to them all; only we must substitute for the philosopher's stone some pet passion, in which the whole nature is absorbed. They have the unnatural strain of mind which marks the approach to madness. It is not ordinary daylight which illuminates Balzac's dreamland, but mere fantastic combination of Parisian lamps, which tinges all the actors with an unearthly glare, and distorts their features into extravagant forms. The result has, as I have said, a strange fascination; but one is half ashamed of yielding, because one feels that it is due to the use of rather unholy drugs. The vapours that rise from his magic caldron and shape

themselves into human forms smell unpleasantly of sulphur, or perhaps of Parisian sewers.

The highest poetry, like the noblest morality, is the product of a thoroughly healthy mind. A diseased tendency in one respect is certain to make itself manifest in the other. Now Balzac, though he shows some powers which are unsurpassed or unequalled, possessed a mind which, to put it gently, was not exactly well regulated. He took a pleasure in dwelling upon horrors from which a healthy imagination shrinks, and rejoiced greatly in gloating over the mysteries of iniquity. I do not say that this makes his work immoral in the ordinary sense. Probably few people who are likely to read Balzac would be any the worse for the study. But, from a purely artistic point of view, he is injured by his morbid tendencies. The highest triumph of style is to say what everybody has been thinking in such a way as to make it new; the greatest triumph of art is to make us see the poetical side of the commonplace life around us. Balzac's ambition was, doubtless, aimed in that direction. He wished to show that life in Paris or at Tours was as interesting to the man of real insight as any more ideal region. In a certain sense, he has accomplished his purpose. He has discovered food for a dark and powerful imagination in the most commonplace details of daily life. But he falls short in so far as he is unable to represent things as they are, and has a taste for impossible horrors. There are tragedies enough all round us for him who has eyes to see. Balzac is not content with the materials at hand, or rather he has a love for the more exceptional and hideous manifestations. Therefore the *Comédie Humaine*, instead of being an accurate picture of human life, and appealing to the sympathies of all human beings, is a collection of monstrosities, whose vices are unnatural, and whose virtues are rather like their vices. One feels that there is something narrow and artificial about his work. It is intensely powerful, but it is not the highest kind of power. He makes the utmost of the gossip of a club smoking-room, or the scandal of a drawing-room, or perhaps of a country public-house; but he represents a special phase of manners, and that not a particularly pleasant one, rather than the more fundamental and permanent sentiments of mankind. When shall we see a writer who can be powerful without being spasmodic, and pierce through the surface of society without seeking for interest in its foulest abysses? That, I suppose, will happen when we have another Shakspeare.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

TO WHAT EXTENT IS ENGLAND PROSPEROUS?

ON the 17th of June, in the past session, Mr. Torrens, the member for Finsbury, brought forward a motion, the object of which was to compel the Government to do something for the unemployed. The proposal was strenuously resisted on behalf of the Government by Mr. Goschen.¹ Both of these gentlemen spoke with great ability; and their speeches, as being typical of directly antagonistic opinions, deserve attentive consideration. The member for Finsbury sought to prove that pauperism was increasing, that vast numbers of able-bodied labourers were unemployed, and that the normal condition of a considerable proportion of our population was one of abject misery and deplorable destitution. Mr. Goschen met these statements by a positive and indignant denial. He quoted a number of statistics to prove that the iron trade, the cotton trade, and other important branches of industry, were reviving; he was jubilant over the fact that the number of paupers had only increased by ten thousand in a twelvemonth; and he became quite elated when recounting that the working classes were using more tea and sugar, and that their average consumption of beer and spirits was augmenting. The speech was loudly applauded, especially by the commercial members. There are still many who think that the well-being of a country can be measured by its exports and imports. The President of the Poor-law Board for a time succeeded in making his hearers think that everything was progressing most satisfactorily, and he was congratulated upon having achieved an oratorical triumph over his opponents. We have heard of those ingenious courtiers who pleased their royal master by creating all the signs of plenty and happiness to delight his eyes as he journeyed through his impoverished provinces. Stacks of corn were placed in his path, and peasants, dressed up for the occasion, were instructed to beam upon him with radiant and happy smiles. It is not our intention to dispute the accuracy of Mr. Goschen's statistics. There is, however, too much reason to fear that they only tell a small part of the truth; and that, if not judiciously considered, they may conceal awkward and ugly facts, which it will be perilous to ignore.

In making these remarks, we are anxious to express our disapproval of the remedies suggested by Mr. Torrens. State emigration is the panacea upon which he, and the large party who think with him, mainly rely as a cure for the evils he describes. Finding that there is surplus labour in England, and that this labour is wanted in the

(1) The debate, after a brief discussion, was adjourned, and in consequence of the pressure of business was not resumed.

colonies, it is at once proposed that the Government should provide, or assist in providing, the requisite passage-money to those who desire to emigrate. The arguments upon which State emigration can be supported are so plausible, that we cannot be surprised to find it has become a most popular expedient. Want of employment, it is said, produces pauperism; and how much more economical would it be for the Government to pay £3 or £4 as passage-money to Canada, than to maintain people at home in permanent and costly idleness. The annual outlay incurred in supporting one pauper exceeds by three or four times the cost of sending him to Canada; and when he has emigrated, all further expense ceases. It would be impossible to speak too strongly in favour of State emigration, if it were one of those remedies which, once applied, need not be repeated.

It will be well to investigate some of the consequences which might ensue if the State were to assume the responsibility of assisting all those who are desirous to leave this country. Such a policy would lead to one of two results, either of which would be sufficiently mischievous. If State assistance were granted to all who might apply for it, a direct inducement would be offered to our most energetic, skilled, and intelligent labourers to leave these shores. Those who are the most disposed to emigrate are the active and the enterprising. The most able and efficient labourers would depart, and would leave us burdened with those who are either too young or too old to work, or who are too lazy to accept honest toil. The elements of national prosperity would thus be destroyed. The most efficient producers of wealth would have been drawn away, whilst the amount required to support those who are incapable or unwilling to maintain themselves would be constantly augmenting. But it may be replied that it is intended to restrict State assistance to those whose resources are inadequate to enable them to emigrate. This, however, would be the most mischievous of all the methods of granting State assistance. Could anything be more unjust or more impolitic than still further to extend the principle of our Poor Law, which virtually decrees that those alone are certain to be helped who have made no effort to help themselves? Poverty is mainly due to improvidence; and a fatal encouragement would be given to improvidence, if it were announced that the State would render no aid to the thrifty and the prudent, but would provide a free passage to all who were impoverished either by imprudent marriages or by intemperate living. It must, moreover, be remembered that State emigration would require money, which would have to be supplied either from local or imperial taxation. A considerable portion of all taxes are paid either directly or indirectly by the labourers, and thus it would come to pass that an industrious artisan who was striving hard to save sufficient to emigrate, would have a portion of his earnings

taken from him to provide the passage-money of those whose only claims for such bounty are improvidence and indolence. It would of course be at once admitted that a policy which leads to such results is indefensible. But people are drawn away from the real issue, by the proposal that the money required for free emigration should be obtained from the Consolidated Fund, and should not be supplied by the levying of any special tax. An opinion sometimes seems to be entertained, both in and out of Parliament, that the Consolidated Fund is a fountain of wealth so perennially supplied by the bounty of nature, that riches may be drawn from it, and no human labour is ever needed to replenish its inexhaustible stores. The Consolidated Fund, however, simply represents so much money collected by taxes, all of which offer impediments more or less serious to industrial development. It must also be borne in mind that it is as true now as it was when the "Wealth of Nations" was written, that every tax takes out of the pockets of the people a great deal more than it yields to the revenue of the State.

It is obvious that these comments upon State emigration apply to our system of parochial relief. It is, in fact, our intention to connect the two subjects. The Poor Law has such an important bearing upon every social question, that any discussion relating to popular distress, from which it is excluded, must be vague and unsatisfactory. It is remarkable that in the two speeches to which reference has already been made, the Poor Law was only incidentally alluded to. Mr. Torrens referred to the increase of pauperism, but specially stated that he did not desire to consider the influence of the Poor Law. Mr. Goschen only used the experience he obtains from the office over which he presides, with the object of arraying a vast number of statistics, collected by the Poor-law Board, to prove the growing prosperity of the country. Statistics not unfrequently do more to confuse than to instruct, and it surely would be more practically useful to attempt to discover the causes of the poverty which undoubtedly exists, than to embark upon an elaborate disquisition to prove that the amount of pauperism is somewhat less than it is usually supposed to be. Let it at once be admitted that some branches of industry are reviving from the depression which has paralysed them since the panic of 1866. Let it be conceded that the revenue returns are satisfactory, that more money is paid away in wages, and that there is a greater consumption of the prime necessities of life. Let the accuracy of all these assertions be at once assumed, and facts still remain which are ever reminding us that the wealth annually accumulating in England is so distributed, that a million of our fellow-countrymen are paupers. A far greater number, probably, have to endure a more acute misery; for it is impossible to conceive the severe distress of those who have from day

to day to struggle hard for a bare livelihood, and who know that they have no savings to withstand the trials of old age and sickness. It is idle to congratulate ourselves upon increasing exports and imports, it is a cruel irony to be ever boasting about our vast national wealth, when we know that as each winter recurs there are in the richest metropolis in the world 150,000 paupers. In addition to those actually in receipt of parochial relief, there are a countless number who cannot obtain a sufficiency of food, fuel, and clothing. With the return of inclement weather, the account of some poor creature being starved to death unfolds the terrible truth that there are those who are never reached either by the Poor Law or by charity, and who sink to the grave because they are too independent to accept the pauper's dole, or because they are too manly to beg, or too honest to practise the hypocrisy which so frequently imposes upon the charitable.

It is often said that the metropolis is exceptional, and is not typical of the general condition of the country. Admitting that this is to a certain extent true, we shall presently, in order to corroborate some of our conclusions, point to the fact that where most wealth has been accumulated, there most poverty has been gathered together. Although the distress in London may exceed the average, yet remarks may be made with regard to the condition of our labouring population which apply to the whole country. Probably the surest test of the well-being of a people is to ascertain how many there are who have made a proper provision for inevitable contingencies, and are in a position to discharge the responsibilities they have assumed. In order to apply this test, it would be necessary to discover how many amongst us have made any provision against old age or sickness, or how many there are who, in the event of death, would not leave behind them a wife and family absolutely unprovided for. Any one who has studied the social condition of the agricultural districts must be aware that, except in a few counties, such as Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, the labourers rarely save even as much as a few shillings. I once ascertained from a careful personal inquiry in a locality with which I am intimately acquainted, that there was not a labourer who, if unable to work, had set aside sufficient to maintain himself and his family for a fortnight. I could point to man after man who through life had toiled with the most steady industry, and who would be obliged to come upon the parish the very moment old age or sickness deprived them of the power to work. Can any other result be anticipated, when it is known that throughout the greater part of England agricultural wages vary between 10s. and 12s. a-week ? Assume 12s. to be the weekly wage, and suppose that upon this sum a man has to support a wife and two children. Reckon 1s. a week for house-rent, and it will be found that,

after allowing the very smallest amount possible for food, fuel, and clothing, this scanty wage is exhausted. In the winter before last I was told that an agricultural labourer, whom I knew to be an honest and industrious man, and who had worked upon the same farm for many years, was unable to obtain, day after day, for himself, his wife, and his children, anything but dry bread. The only addition to this miserable diet was half a pound of butter, purchased for their Sunday meal. In order to prove the accuracy of the case, I verified what was told me, by first ascertaining what were the man's wages, and then finding from the village shop how much he each week expended in bread. The land may be better cultivated, a greater amount of produce may be raised, rents may be advancing; but what is the use of talking about agricultural prosperity, when our rural economy is such, that the vast majority of the labourers are unable to obtain a sufficiency of the necessaries of life—constant toil in the end yielding no other result than a miserable old age, dragged out in penury and pauperism. If it is urged that the agricultural labourer is exceptionally badly off, the question then arises, Why should he be so? It surely cannot be ordained by an unalterable law that the produce raised from a fruitful soil should be so distributed, that those whose labour creates its productiveness should for ever be doomed to live in misery and want, uncheered by hope.

Although those who are employed in agriculture may earn less wages than other labourers, yet it may be doubted whether the condition of a large proportion of those who live in many of our large towns is more satisfactory. House-rent is higher, and the rural labourer often obtains considerable assistance from his garden. Nothing can be more terrible than the accounts given by clergymen and others best acquainted with the poor, of the manner in which vast numbers of our town population live. Families are often huddled together in miserable cellars, and in some of our wealthiest cities street after street may be visited, in which it will be found that a man, his wife, and children, occupy only two rooms, sometimes only one. Dr. Whitmore, the medical superintendent of Marylebone, in a recent report, states that in his district there are hundreds of houses with a family in every room; he also says that the number of the poor is increasing, and the manner in which they are housed is becoming worse and worse. But perhaps the most striking evidence that only a narrow margin separates many of our industrial classes from destitution is obtained from observing what takes place when any particular trade becomes depressed. Every industry is liable to fluctuations, and these are more severe and frequent in the industries connected with foreign commerce. Agriculture is the most steady and unvarying of all occupations; the amount of labour employed on a farm scarcely varies from year to year. But

such a trade as the cotton manufacture may be suddenly paralysed, as it was a few years since, by losing a great proportion of its supply of raw material; other branches of industry, such as the iron trade, are constantly liable to be affected by a great variety of adverse circumstances. When Mr. Goschen was congratulating the House of Commons upon reviving trade, it was thought by our shrewdest statesmen that Europe was likely to continue in profound peace. Before a month had passed a war of almost unprecedented magnitude had commenced, and gloom has again settled down upon many of those trades to which we were told prosperity was returning.

Again, it must be remembered that business carried on as it is in this country, upon an elaborate and extended system of credit, must always be precarious. Periods of confidence, when every dishonest schemer is trusted, are sure to be succeeded, as experience has again and again shown, by periods of distrust and suspicion. At such times, credit being withdrawn, speculative undertakings rashly commenced have to be abandoned. The honest trader also finds that he must contract his business, money having become dear; in consequence of so many having been deceived, advances of capital, which before were readily made, are refused. That this is no imaginary description is proved by the circumstance that financial panics occur at frequent intervals. At such periods public attention is so much concentrated upon the failure of well-known firms, upon the losses incurred by friends, and upon the depreciation of all securities, that it is too frequently forgotten that the most severe suffering has probably to be borne by the labourers. It would, for instance, be difficult to overestimate the acute suffering which was caused to tens of thousands of artisans by the vicious system of speculation fostered by such a firm as Overend and Gurney. One undertaking may be cited as an example. The Millwall Iron Ship Building Company obtained from the great Lombard Street discount house advances exceeding half a million. For a time a large business was carried on, and the company gathered together from different parts of the country many hundreds of artisans. These poor fellows exhausted a considerable portion of their hard-earned savings in removing their families to Millwall. At first everything seemed to flourish; the company, however, gradually became so deeply involved that the discount house, afraid that the nature of its business should be exposed, was compelled to continue the advances. The company was never really solvent; the crash at length came; hundreds of shareholders were ruined; the real offenders were, of course, not punished. But amidst all our sympathy for too-confiding investors, there has scarcely been an attempt made to trace what has become of these artisans, many of whom were attracted from long distances to embark their labour in this unsound undertaking. They have no

legal claim for redress ; their savings have been sacrificed, but they cannot appear as creditors ; they were left helpless and stranded, so completely ruined that they had not the means to return to localities where their labour might be wanted. Such a case as this should make us remember that numbers of our labouring population are living in a most precarious condition. They may be any week deprived of employment by the collapse of credit, by the closing of some foreign market, or by the breaking out of war.

As I am writing these pages I observe it stated that in consequence of the blockade of the German ports a hundred and fifty labourers in the Grimsby docks are thrown out of employment. How many of these men will be able to live even for a few weeks without applying for parochial relief ?

The state of Lancashire during the cotton famine afforded a painful illustration that the savings accumulated by our highest-paid labourers are rapidly exhausted when trade becomes depressed. A few years since we were never tired of describing the great wealth yielded by our cotton manufactures. The cotton lords were men who were so inexhaustibly rich, that more homely folk were startled by hearing accounts of the wonderful luxury in which they lived. Only one year previous to the breaking out of the American civil war the cotton trade was described as being in the zenith of its prosperity. Every cotton-mill was a mine of wealth ; all available labour was pressed into the industry, and agents were despatched far and wide into the rural districts seeking for labour, which, though untrained, could still be profitably employed. Lancashire was suddenly deprived of its supply of American cotton, and before many months had elapsed all this prosperity was succeeded by the gloom of dire distress. A great proportion of the mills were closed ; employment ceased. But the fact to which we wish to direct particular attention is, that a short time after this highly-paid population ceased to work, a demand was made for parochial relief, which the local rates were unable to meet, and an appeal had to be made to the charity of the whole nation. Would it not, therefore, be well, instead of recounting the quantity of cotton that is spun, if we ask ourselves whether the conditions upon which industry is carried on can be satisfactory when our greatest manufacture yields this result,—that the few who supply the capital realise gigantic fortunes, whilst the thousands who supply the labour are so poor that if they cease to be employed for a few weeks they have to submit to the disgrace of pauperism, or have to be supported by the bounty of the charitable ?

It is little satisfaction to be told that our highly paid artisans, unlike our agricultural labourers, have the power to save if they had the inclination to do so. It is strange that some people should derive comfort from the fact that the very moment wages advance

there is a corresponding increase in the consumption of beer and spirits. Progressive improvement would appear to be hopeless if higher wages, instead of causing greater saving, simply induce more improvident living. There is probably no statistical fact which suggests so many melancholy reflections, as that the number of marriages varies inversely with the price of wheat. This, combined with the increased consumption of beer and spirits, alluded to by Mr. Goschen, proves that the social condition of a large portion of our population is such that, as prosperous times recur, the seeds of future adversity are sown; for early marriages simply mean that in a few years there will be a greater number competing for employment, and consequently the struggle for existence will become more severe. A larger amount expended in drink too surely indicates that labour will be rendered less efficient, and consequently there will be more difficulty in contending against adverse times. Unless, however, we are prepared to resign ourselves to blank despair, we must seek the silver lining to these dark clouds. Our search must begin by tracing the causes which have produced the evils just described.

In explaining the causes to which must be attributed the widespread poverty existing in our midst, a prominent position ought to be given to the Poor Law. By the celebrated Act of Elizabeth every one in these islands possessed a legal right to claim maintenance from parochial rates. No amount of indolence, intemperance, or vice leads to the forfeiture of this right. It has, moreover, been always considered essential to prove destitution before obtaining any assistance from the poor-rates. Hence it is evident that those only are aided who have not saved sufficient to maintain themselves and their families. The pernicious results which follow from this arrangement may be readily understood. Two men, A and B, have had the same opportunities to save. They have worked in the same employment; they have earned the same wages; they have had the same number of people dependent on them. A, by the exercise of great thrift, has set aside sufficient to purchase for his old age a small annuity of 5*s.* a week. B, on the other hand, has saved nothing, spending every spare shilling at the public-house. When old age comes upon him, and he is unable to work, he applies to the parish for maintenance. The parochial authorities, having ascertained that he has nothing, grant him a weekly allowance. The thrifty man, A, makes an application to the same authorities, asserting that a small addition of a shilling or two a week to the annuity which he has secured for himself would be a great advantage to him, and would make his life much more happy. The authorities at once refuse his application; they say that as he has just sufficient to live upon, they cannot render him the smallest assistance. It is no use for him to urge that his fellow-workman, B, who could have saved if he liked, is receiving

4s. or 5s. a week from the parish. Can the ingenuity of man devise a scheme which offers a more fatal discouragement to providence ? The imprudent and the intemperate are helped ; the careful and thrifty are sent empty away. Not long since there appeared a report of a meeting that was held by some Somersetshire colliers for the purpose of establishing a friendly society. A very general opinion was expressed at this meeting that there was no advantage in forming such a society, because those who joined it would be regarded as disqualified from obtaining any assistance from the parish, whilst those who did not become members of such a society would secure an equivalent amount of aid from parochial rates.

The discouragement of prudence is not the only mischief produced by the Poor Law. The principle has up to quite recent times been rigorously maintained that each parish was responsible for the support of its own poor. Our statute-book is filled with a series of complicated enactments, known by the general name of the laws of settlement, the object of which has been to define what constituted a man's parish. At one time it was decreed that a person always belonged to the parish in which he was born. The natural result of this rule was that strenuous efforts were made to prevent the settlement of any new-comers, because it was feared that their children might become chargeable upon the rates. Under such a system there could be no free migration of labour. Men were often compelled to remain in localities where they could not obtain employment, being prevented from settling in places where their labour was wanted. Adam Smith, commenting upon this state of things, remarked that probably no artisan had attained the age of forty-five without suffering some grievous wrong from the law of settlement. At the beginning of the century there prevailed, especially in the rural districts, a method of administering parochial relief to which may be attributed no inconsiderable portion of the poverty now existing amongst our agricultural labourers. What is known as the allowance system was simply a rate in aid of wages. A man, in addition to his wages, obtained an allowance from the parish, which was proportioned to the number of children he had. Early and improvident marriages were thus directly promoted by a pecuniary bribe, and to this day we are suffering, not only from the redundant population which was thus fostered, but also from the habits of recklessness and imprudence which the system engendered. If space permitted we might continue page after page recounting other examples of the disastrous influence exercised by the Poor Law. Thus it has come within my own knowledge that the owner of a large estate pulled down almost every cottage on his property in order to free himself from poor-rates. The labourers who were employed on his land were driven into a neighbouring town ; they

were compelled every day to walk three or four miles to their work, and the town population, already heavily burdened with rates, had a number of poor people thus thrown upon them. This particular form of injustice has been to some extent prevented by the Union Chargeability Bill. By this measure the area of rating now extends over all the parishes comprised in a union.

It would be the height of rashness to propose the sudden and immediate abolition of the Poor Law. People who from their childhood have been told that they have a legal right to be maintained, ought not, without warning, to be deprived of this right. Much, however, may be done to mitigate the worst evils of our Poor Law, without any violent disturbance of existing arrangements. England may for once take a lesson from Ireland, and may with advantage inquire how it happens that although we are accustomed to hear so much about the poverty of Ireland, there are in that country only half the number of paupers that there are in London. The explanation of this striking fact may be easily discovered. Until quite recently it was a fundamental principle of the Irish Poor Law that no out-door relief should be granted. Residence in a workhouse is regarded as a disgrace, and the Irish consequently make efforts to escape from pauperism which our English poor might with advantage imitate. For instance, an Irishman in his own country is considered by his friends and neighbours to be acting as basely as if he committed a crime, were he to permit his parents to go into the workhouse if he could possibly keep them out. Any one who is intimately acquainted with our own poor knows that one of the most lamentable results of parochial relief is the extent to which it weakens the sentiment of filial obligation. Obtaining out-door relief, unlike residence in a workhouse, is not regarded as a disgrace, and consequently all that might be done is often not done to escape from pauperism; many aged parents, moreover, are supported by the rates whose children have the means to aid them. In London the out-door paupers exceed by 300 per cent. the in-door paupers; and it is a most startling fact that the amount expended in out-door relief in the metropolis has, during the last nine years, increased by 130 per cent. What an amount of demoralisation, what a destruction of the most valuable industrial qualities is implied in this vast augmentation of out-door relief!¹ It is of vital importance that a

(1) The following striking instances of the effects produced by out-door relief are taken from a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"Not long since the out-door paupers in the neighbourhood of Holborn were detected selling the parish loaves under their value, to invest the proceeds in fancy bread. On another occasion, an old claimant on the relief lists of St. Pancras or of St. Marylebone, we forget which, was summoned to the county court by his daughter's music-master. It came out in evidence that the pauper and his family had been in receipt of an income much above that which many of the poorer class of ratepayers enjoy. According to the police reports in the *Times*, a

decided effort should at once be made to discourage out-door relief, so that the country may be gradually prepared for its entire abolition. A step was taken in this direction during the past session by a measure which was passed by Mr. Goschen, and which at the time did not excite the attention it deserved. It has now been enacted that in London the charge for in-door paupers should be borne by a common metropolitan rate, whereas the cost of maintaining out-door paupers should be borne as before, by each parish or union. The result of this will obviously be that the authorities of each locality will have a direct interest in compelling as many as possible of those who apply for assistance to accept in-door relief. The Act at present only applies to London; but as a first step towards a great reform the principle of the measure may with the utmost advantage be extended to each county. The facility with which out-door relief is granted has become almost as great an evil in the rural districts as in our large towns. The following official return is obtained from a union casually selected :—

PLOMESGATE UNION, EAST SUFFOLK, AUGUST, 1870.

The workhouse is built to accommodate . . .	411 paupers.
Number of paupers now in the workhouse . . .	94
Number of paupers now receiving out-door relief—	
Able-bodied . . .	158
Not able-bodied . . .	607
Children	352
	<hr/> 1,117

After the recent discussions upon education it is almost superfluous to remark that the condition of a nation cannot be satisfactory whilst large sections of its population receive no mental training. It is idle to expect social, moral, or material advancement, until at least elementary instruction has been guaranteed to every child. Human nature may be regarded as the seat of a constant conflict; a war is ever being waged between those animal passions which degrade man, and those qualities which make him a reasonable and responsible being. Let the latter qualities remain undeveloped, and the issue of the contest can be only too surely predicted. The passions which prompt men to gratify every desire will prove predominant; self-restraint and prudent foresight will be abandoned, and as they are

man and his wife were brought up to Worship Street for having obtained relief from the parishioners of St. John, Hackney, under false pretences. It appeared that for the last four years the prisoners had been in receipt of 4s. 10d. a week in money and kind from the parish. It was given to them on the faith of their representations, that without assistance they would starve. Early in July it was discovered, that so far from being in necessitous circumstances, they had good means of subsistence. The man had been a labourer in the Chartered Gas Works, and is now in receipt of a pension of 12s. weekly; his wife earns from 10s. to 14s. a week by washing and ironing. They have two sons living with them, both of whom are earning wages from a Bible society."

abandoned, there will arise the misery and poverty which are now the opprobrium of our so-called civilisation. Experience has, moreover, shown that it is only those who have enjoyed some intellectual and moral training, who can undertake those schemes from which human progress may be most confidently anticipated. It has already been indicated that one of the gravest defects associated with our industrial economy may be traced to the circumstance that those who labour have generally no direct interest in the success of the work in which they are engaged. The capital and labour which industry requires are provided by two distinct classes, between whom, instead of a partnership of interest, there is too frequently such an antagonism as arises between two parties keenly struggling over a bargain. The animosity which is thus engendered, and the loss inflicted, not only upon employers and employed, but also upon the whole community, are known to all who have considered the influence of trade-unions and strikes. A country cannot be regarded as really prosperous until this industrial antagonism ceases, and is succeeded by that union of effort which is the result of a complete co-operation between capital and labour. The experience derived from the few co-operative societies which have obtained permanent success, clearly proves not only the inestimable advantages to be derived from a union of capital and labour, but also shows that these societies cannot become general until the moral qualities which now remain dormant have been stimulated into activity by the careful intellectual training of the nation.

But it may be thought that the recent Bill has solved the problem of education. The English people so much love a feeble and timorous compromise, that they are prone to delude themselves into the belief that a great problem of State policy has been solved when its main difficulties have scarcely been attacked. Recent legislation, it is true, will provide the country with schools. But again and again has it been conclusively proved that the very best schools will do little to promote the education of a locality, unless there is some power to compel the attendance of those children who are permitted to grow up in ignorance, either through the apathy, the selfishness, or the poverty of their parents. Remarks which we have made on emigration sufficiently indicate our general hostility to State intervention. From the opinions often expressed by representative working men there is reason to fear that from a democratic suffrage there may arise this danger—that the State will be coerced to do for people what they have the power to do for themselves. Grown-up persons are beginning to urge the State to treat them as children. Men who find that they cannot resist the temptation of the public-house desire that it may be closed in order that they may be protected against their own weakness. State intervention, however, on behalf of children

rests on entirely different grounds. A child is powerless to protect himself, and if a wrong is inflicted upon him the State becomes his natural protector.

The main object we have had in view in our observations upon emigration and the Poor Law, is to insist upon the cardinal social maxim that the condition of a people cannot be advanced if self-reliance and providence are discouraged; and that the policy of the State on all social questions should be guided by the principle that it is no use helping those who show no desire to help themselves. The Poor Law has produced incalculable mischief by giving men a legal right to look to others, not only for their own support, but also for the support of as many human beings as they may choose to call into existence. The improvidence and recklessness thus engendered would receive a powerful stimulus from the adoption of State-emigration, for then a man would feel that he had not only a right to look to others for his maintenance, but that he could also claim from the general body of tax-payers the money which he might require to go to any locality where he desires to seek employment. In trade congresses and other such assemblies ominous sounds are beginning to be heard that the State should find work for the unemployed. What does this mean, but that upon the prudent and the thrifty should be thrown an ever-increasing burden, created by improvidence? Our whole policy should be reversed. Hitherto the most has been done by the State and by private individuals for those who have done the least to help themselves. It is no doubt true that a man whose childhood has been neglected, and who has consequently to bear the curse of ignorance, does not start life with a fair chance, either of securing maintenance, or of obtaining advancement. On behalf of such a one it may be urged that, as in his youth an injury was inflicted upon him which he had no power to ward off, he can in later years with reason appeal to others for aid. Therefore, as an indispensable preliminary to all such changes as those which have been suggested in our Poor-Law system, it should be regarded as a primary duty of the State, that elementary education should as far as possible be guaranteed to every child.

HENRY FAWCETT.

THE RESULT OF FRENCH DESIGNS UPON GERMANY.

I REMEMBER a conversation I had, about a fortnight before the declaration of the present war, with an eminent Frenchman, one of the least prejudiced of his nation, the brother of a famed historical writer and ex-member of the Provisional Government of 1848. He asked me about the state of public instruction "in Prussia." I told him there was no German land without a system of compulsory education; that Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden stand in this matter on an equal footing with the various states of the north; that in Austria even the same institution now prevails; and that we consider this the simplest thing in the world.

He threw up his hands in amazement. He had never heard of that before. He could not help exclaiming, "How far behind *la Prusse*" (that was still the word he used after the explanation that had been given him) "is our poor France!" With touching sadness, he then spoke of the famous Map of Knowledge, on which the ignorance of French provinces is marked by more or less dark tints, and he related how sombre that map had appeared to him altogether when Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, showed it to him in his private cabinet. He seemed on that day full of gloomy presentiments. Shortly afterwards, immediately before the outbreak of hostilities, I met that friend again with a number of his compatriots, when he expressed his indignation at the insulting language which Girardin continually used in the *Liberté* against Prussia. "No German," I replied, "minds the *gamineries* of Monsieur de Girardin. What we only mind is, the hankering after the Rhine frontier, which is an absurdity and a crime in itself."

"Ah," he interposed, somewhat hesitatingly, "that is another question. I confess I did not intend alluding to that. After all, we have possessed the Rhine provinces (*nous les avons eues*), and we may therefore revindicate them!" Upon which I had to give on the spot a short and sharp lecture on history and international right, which our friend, perhaps with more politeness than hearty persuasion, declared to be highly satisfactory to him.

What German Republican that has mixed with French Democrats has not had to fight in private the same battle over and over again, seemingly to no purpose? What subtle talk have we not had to contend against. How little were the fairest warnings heeded. The spirit of aggression seemed to have taken hold even of many of the best: it oozed out in the very sarcasms they launched against "this sham-Napoleon." Had this not been so, the ex-Emperor

would not have found it so easy to make a diversion against the home movement of liberty by means of a foreign war; nor would we hear, even now, some revolutionary organs of Paris and Marseilles repeat the sorry cry of "*A Berlin! à Berlin!*" A want of respect for other nations, a want of knowledge of the conditions in which they live, is at the bottom of this deplorable impetuosity, and of the misfortunes which it has generated. Or else, how could it be explained that even a majority of French popular leaders, including men like Armand Carrel, Godefroi Cavaignac, and the whole school of the *National*; Barbès, Tocqueville,¹ Victor Hugo, and others, have at various times put forth the plea of "a revindication of the Rhine frontier"?

Now, a terrible retribution has come, swift and strong-handed; and deeply as we grieve at the bitter enmity it has for a time created between two aspiring and progressive nations, some good may be expected even from that full measure of evil. The triumph of Germany will have a sobering effect on many in France that needed such harsh schooling. It will check that rampant Chauvinism, which has so often come athwart a sound Democratic development. It will repress an overweening pride and effectively teach international equality. Among equals, truer feelings of fraternity will arise than could possibly grow out of the French claim of supremacy in Europe. Germany is at this moment supreme; but by-and-by, things will find their level. Let France once fully realise the fact that our country is no longer the field on which glorious expeditions may be safely projected whenever home affairs require some vent, and freedom itself will gain an immense advantage. If the war-dances into foreign countries cannot any more be tripped on the light fantastic toe, liberty will make a deeper imprint on the soil of France. A strong Germany, consolidated for defence, will actually prove a means of steadying the French movement of progress.

The lesson will be all the more impressive because Germany, in the present instance, has not even put forth her whole power. In 1815, the French could say that they had been crushed by a coalition of nations. In 1870 they were beaten and driven at bay single-handed, nay, by a part of Germany only; one-third of our former

(1) When the writer of this article was imprisoned at Paris, whilst on a diplomatic mission to Louis Bonaparte, then President of the Republic, to whom he was accredited with a member of the German Parliament in the name of the Democratic Governments of Baden and Rhenish Bavaria, Mons. de Tocqueville, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, endeavoured to justify this violation of the law of nations by exclaiming:—"The party which had obtained the upper hand in Baden and Rhenish Bavaria was the same which had for years opposed that tendency of the French nation to extend itself towards the Rhine (*cette tendance du peuple Français à s'étendre vers le Rhin*)."¹ It was a crime for a German not to favour the annexation of further German territory to France! And a French Republican Assembly declared itself satisfied with the plea of the Minister by passing to the order of the day.

Confederation (the Austrian part) not being represented among her military forces. More than this. Germany had to buckle on the sword almost on the morrow after an internal dynastic war, which I continue to believe, had criminally torn asunder the national body of Germany for the aggrandisement of a royal house. In spite of these drawbacks, our people proved themselves imbued with a feeling of German dignity that scattered to the winds the calculations of foreign statecraft. In a moment, all home feuds were placed in the background. One voice rang from the Alps to the Belt. This was to France a perfect revelation, which she will not easily forget, though, in learning it, she has had to unlearn that which, for the last three centuries, she was accustomed to regard as an axiom in her dealings with Germany.

The hearty brotherhood, the faithful companionship in arms, the strong sentiment of cohesion which the Germans have manifested in the repulsion of the aggressor, is of good augury for the popular cause all through the Continent. It promises to stop up the source of future wars. It compels revolutionary France to forego a path which has led her on to disaster. It frees the popular parties of Germany from uneasy apprehensions which always haunted them in times of French commotion.

Ever since our ancient national union began to decay, it had been the aim of France to make use of our divisions, as well as of every danger and difficulty into which we were drawn, for the furtherance of her own encroaching designs. So early as the fifteenth century the plan was avowed by French royalty to annex "the whole country as far as the Rhine."¹ The great Reformation struggle, in which Germany spilt her life-blood, furnished the occasion for a crafty interference. Under the guise of aiding religious emancipation, which in France itself was put down by the massacres of St. Bartholomew night, and by *dragonnades*, tracts of territory were ruthlessly torn from our Empire. When our petty princes, originally mere provincial governors, strove to erect sovereign thrones for themselves by dissolving national union into a medley of monarchies, France was there to espouse their despicable cause. Herself a despotism, she feigned playing the protector of German liberty against the central authority of the emperor. When the Turk, then the danger of Europe, stormed at our gates, the most Christian kings of France, the defenders of the faith, were in secret league with the Mohammedan, and treacherously used the opportunity for further weakening us. Gradually a State maxim grew up in France that it was right to profit by, and even to create, divisions and dangers for Germany, so as to be able to advance, step by step, towards the Rhine. To set German against German was considered fine sport—all the more

(1) See Henri Martin's "*Histoire de France*."

enjoyable because even the vilest French despots knew how to throw around their brutal proceedings a theatrical halo of liberal championship.

The great Revolution itself could not get rid of this aggressive taint. It began, in its relations to Germany, with the fairest professions. But soon it overstepped the necessary bounds; fell into the track of the policy of Louis XIV.; drew upon itself dangers with which it was unable to cope without giving rein to the military element; became the prey of an ambitious soldier, and finally provoked a chastisement for France, which was felt as an insufferable humiliation—so much so that it led to a revival of Napoleonism, and to that renewed spirit of aggression, which now, we trust, has received a castigation that will lay it low for ever.

I know the accepted version is, that Republican France in 1792 was attacked by a coalition of kings, without having herself given the slightest cause for offence. That statement is an incomplete, not to say a perverted one. There are many more such abroad. The mischief they create simply incalculable. It would be well to revise the customary description of the origin of the hostile complication which, arising between France and Germany during the first Revolution, has led to such colossal and deplorable consequences. The truth is, that the Revolution unfortunately gave a handle to its enemies by opening a scarcely-healed wound of the German nation. We who condemn the infamous crime our kings committed in planning, by the Convention of Pilnitz, an interference in the internal affairs of France, may point out this fact without becoming liable to be misunderstood.

In the early stage of the Revolution, there were still a number of German enclaves within the territory of France; tattered remnants of provinces that had been torn from us. Some were under the suzerainty of the French crown. Others continued owing allegiance to the German Empire. The remembrance of the wrong done to our nation by a succession of French kings was then still fresh. No wonder that every step of the Revolution in the direction of the Rhine was jealously watched, not only by our privileged classes, the harsh rulers of the people, but also by patriotic Germans, the enemies of these aristocratic oppressors; the belief being much spread, and, as subsequent events showed, not without ground, that the annexation of these remnants of German soil would only whet the appetite for the whole Rhine frontier.

A first test of French intentions was offered when the formation of departments out of the ancient provinces was discussed. There was some hesitation in the beginning; long debates took place as to whether some of the enclaves mentioned, in which not a mere abolition of feudal privileges, but an abolition of German ownership, was

at issue, should be included in the new division of the kingdom. But after all, a decree was recorded, ostensibly including them all. Still, a protest was afterwards raised in the Assembly, and a fresh impression of the protocol was demanded by a member, M. Demeunier, because the decree in question, as he said, seemed to subject to the new *régime* of the French administration "territories possessed in *full sovereignty*" by Germany. The Assembly thereupon decreed that "the secretaries should correct the protocol and report it." However, subsequently more hot-headed counsels once more prevailed. M. Merlin, the spokesman of the parliamentary committee, did not scruple to wound the patriotic feeling of Germany to such an extent as to declare that every bit of German territory forms a separate body, a special nation as it were (*un Corps de Nation séparé*), and that, in order to convert these territorial strays and waifs into portions of France, no consent of the German Empire was necessary. This happened in 1790. Finally, the Assembly swept away every trace of international equity in this annexation matter, and thus provoked bitter feelings of hostility which were not diminished when its leaders formally took their stand at last on the doctrines of Louis XIV.

All through 1789, 1790, 1791, and the early part of 1792, this affair formed the subject of continual quarrel. Alsatian historians,¹ men holding positions in their own country, declare that these bickerings "contributed very largely to increase the misunderstanding between the French people and Germany;" that they were "a source of division and alarm since 1789 and 1790." Then only came the Convention of Pilnitz, August, 1791. It was followed by a declaration of war on the part of France. The Feuillants and Girondins had for some time before, on mere grounds of their own expediency, carried on a propagandism in favour of a warlike policy, whilst the advanced Republicans at first resisted it. When the war was declared, the Paris Assembly solemnly asserted that "we shall scrupulously keep our oath to make no conquest." And when France at last was victorious, how was that oath kept? France, whilst still under the Republican form of government, then annexed all the Rhinelands, with 4,000,000 Germans as their inhabitants. Ever since, all French parties have gone on speaking and acting as though their country had suffered a terrible wrong because this unlawful conquest was afterwards retaken from them.

A better historical reading than the fabricated legendary one has been furnished of late years to their compatriots by Charras, Barni, Lanfrey, and a few others. The events of contemporary history will complete the *cursus*. These may seem bitter words. To none can the necessity of their utterance give greater pain than to the writer.

(1) See Strobel and Engelhardt's "History of Alsace."

A deep sympathy for the French republican cause, unabated by sad personal experiences ; a friendship of long standing with some of the best leaders of the country with which Germany has been forced into war, fill the heart with a strange sentiment, whilst the hand seems coldly probing wounds. But if that probing is necessary, there must be no shrinking from a duty, however unwelcome.

True democracy and international amity can only thrive on mutual esteem. The principles of the French Revolution are acknowledged by the popular parties all over the world. But a claim of leadership for France is not to be founded thereon. It is an error to regard that Revolution as the starting-point of modern popular history. After all, the French Revolution was preceded by the American Revolution with its noble declaration of the Rights of Man. The American Revolution was preceded in the seventeenth century by the English Commonwealth, from whose proceedings, as well as from the principles of the Transatlantic republicans, the French Revolution took its cue. Many are not aware that the English Revolution was preceded by a German Revolution, or rather, by two successive movements of a revolutionary character in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. I allude to the republican *Eidgenossen* rising — a solitary practical result of which is to this day to be found in the Swiss Confederacy ; and to the so-called (rather miscalled) *Bauern-Krieg*, or War of the Peasants, which was involved in the general Reformation movement. For justice' sake it should not be forgotten that all these movements of Germany, of England, of America, of France, were preceded by the republican Towns' Leagues of Italy, whose spirit, even after they had been crushed, transfused itself into the cities of neighbouring nations.

These facts really dispose of any claims of revolutionary leadership. In France, that claim is, so to say, a bad inheritance from monarchical policy. It is on a par with Henry IV.'s project of a European Confederation under French supremacy. It is a Universal Dominion view. There are men, I know, even in this country, to whose eyes France appears as the chosen Soldier of God, who can scarcely do wrong, and who is always to be supported, openly or tacitly, never mind on what expedition he starts. In the end, they reckon, all will come straight through the establishment of a European unity, of which they regard France as the natural guiding spirit. France, they assume, is to knead Europe into a general democratic paste. It is her mission ; therefore her right. All I can say is, that this mission cant is a very obstacle to the spread of Democracy. It is as repulsive as any garrison cant. It is garrison cant itself ; for this pretension of "marching at the head of civilization," and "letting the sword of France sparkle forth in all the capitals of Europe," savours of the *tambour-major* and of the lieutenant

eager for advancement. So long as there are nations with distinctive traits, with a language and a noble literature of their own, with powers of invention and forces of industry that are rightly their pride, such a claim of hegemony, by whomsoever started, will not be listened to, and whenever an attempt is made at enforcing it, only prove a cause of well-merited ruin.

France has to divest herself of her military traditions. France has to lay the first basis of a sound popular education. Thus only can she hope to retain any conquests of home liberty which a concurrence of favouring circumstances may have thrown into her lap. As for ourselves, I know too well what up-hill work we have yet to perform. But those who regard the German nation, whose doings have within the last few months astonished the whole world, as an eminently Conservative power, are as wide of the mark as those who consider France the very type of revolution, even though she lay helpless and docile for nearly twenty years, under the heel of a usurping trickster—open to every corruption, and averse to all progress even in matters of science, literature, and general knowledge.

The German arms have broken the power of the December Cæsar. Victorious, his conquering policy would have been ratified at home, even as his declaration of war was. Defeated, he was overthrown; overthrown because he was defeated. Thanks to Jules Favre's uncompromising announcement that France will not part with a stone of her fortresses, the scarcely founded republic was forthwith imperilled, and a war went on which has re-conferred a kind of political unity upon us in the Imperial shape. The question now is, whether by this new phase we have reached our final destiny?

I, for my part, consider the revival of the title of Kaiser a mere temporary make-shift. Since the beginning of this century, our nation has been under a wonderful variety of constitutions. In 1806, when Napoleon stood on the pinnacle of his power, our Empire fell. Francis II. of Germany surrendered a dignity which had lasted for nearly a thousand years. Then followed a term of foreign dominion, until the nation recovered its independence in the giant battle of Leipzig. The Empire was thereupon replaced by a League of Sovereign Princes and Free Towns. Patriotic yearnings were not satisfied by this product of diplomacy. For many years after 1815, conspiracies were rife, especially among the youth, tending to the abolition of petty dynastic rule, and to the establishment of national union and freedom either under the Imperial or the Republican system. The *Bund der Geächteten*, the *Bund der Gerechtigkeit*, the *Bund der Deutschen*,¹ and kindred occult associations, clearly belonged to the

(1) See *Geschichte der politischen Untersuchungen* (1819—1827, 1833—1842); von Dr. L. F. Ilse. Frankfurt am Main: 1860.

republican category. The *Burschenschaft*, or League of German Students, was in course of time equally divided into an Imperial and a Republican camp. Both wanted to do away with the division of Germany. Both used the black-red-gold colours as the distinctive symbol of a united nationality.

Vast numbers of victims fell in those years a prey to political persecution. An inquisitorial tribunal, under the name of the *Central-Untersuchungs-Commission*, at Mayence, was instituted by the confederate monarchs, in order to catch the dissatisfied patriots in a large and closely-knitted net. The prisons of Germany were full of them. The Prussian Government, before all, distinguished itself by the zeal of persecution. Many a horrible tragedy was enacted within the dungeon walls. This system of terrorism alone supported the unpopular Diet of Frankfort, the executive of the princely confederacy.

In the wake of the French Revolution of 1830, there occurred some popular risings. These had the effect, in one instance, of sending a petty monarch into exile, whom even the Bund did not think fit to restore, and of making a few of the smaller states adopt a more liberal policy, especially in matters of the public press. At the same time, the minor kingdoms and principalities in general were the scene of active constitutional struggles. Soon after the overthrow of Napoleon I., most of them had adopted or restored the constitutional form of government—not so much from any enthusiastic preference of their rulers for that mode of administration, as from a necessity of courting favour with their subjects. Several of these kingdoms and principalities had been fashioned out into their present shape during the Napoleonic rule. From fear of being encroached upon by the two leading powers, Austria and Prussia, various minor courts thought it necessary, after 1815, to grant constitutions as a sop to Liberal aspirations. These tactics had some effect. By and by, the smaller German states were regarded as valuable bulwarks of a struggling Liberalism; and the Unionist sentiment itself was thus placed in an awkward dilemma.

In 1848, the monarchical structure of the Bund suddenly collapsed under the revolutionary onslaught. The courtly envoys of the Diet of Frankfort had to decree their own extinction, and to declare the black-red-gold banner, for which the life of many a patriot had been blighted, to be the national tricolour. It was hoisted on the Federal Palace itself, in the Eschenheimer Gasse. A *Vor-Parlament*, that is to say, a provisional patriotic assembly of Liberals and Democrats from all parts of Germany, met in the Church of St. Paul, to frame a decree for the convocation of a National Constituent Parliament, and to elect a provisional executive, the so-called Committee of Fifty. In those days, the power of monarchs was nowhere.

I will not go in detail over our revolutionary history of 1848-49. I will not speak of the barricade struggles in the capitals of Prussia and Austria; of the dethronement of King Ludwig of Bavaria; of the repeated Republican insurrections in Baden; of the terrible siege of Vienna by the Imperial generals Windischgrätz and Jellacic; of the *coup d'état* at Berlin; of the Saxon Revolution of 1849, and the flight of the dynasty of that country, which was only restored by Prussian bayonets; of the renewed upheaval in Rhenish Bavaria and in Baden, where the whole army rose against the reigning house, and drove it from the throne; of the many battles in which the Democratic Revolution of South-western Germany had to be vanquished by the then Prince (now King) of Prussia, until he could safely institute his court-martial fusillades; of the masses that were driven into exile, reaching, in the case of Baden alone, the number of 40,000 out of a population of not quite a million and a half; of the transfer of the National Assembly from Frankfort to Stuttgart; of the election of a German revolutionary executive; of the dispersion of the Rump Parliament by force of arms; or of the Schleswig-Holstein war, which lasted for more than three years, when Prussia and Austria interfered against the popular and national cause, which they identified with the democratic aspirations, and handed over the Schleswig-Holsteiners to the Danish yoke.

In the midst of all this turmoil a new German Constitution had been elaborated. It had a Democratic aspect by its *Grundrechte*, or declaration of the fundamental rights and liberties of all German citizens. It had a monarchical aspect by the revival of the German Imperial title, which was to be conferred on the Prussian house. The Parliament which framed this mixed Constitution was nearly equally divided on the question of a restoration of the Empire. By a majority of four only, the Imperialist cause had the upper hand. The other so slightly smaller half of the Assembly was mainly composed of Democrats and advanced Liberals, who had the establishment of a more popular Commonwealth in view. The offer of the German crown, which a deputation brought to Frederick William IV., was, however, spurned by that king, in whom the craze of Right Divine was so strongly developed that his reason at last gave way under it. He "would not accept a diadem on which the dirt and the blood of a revolution clung."

After the sanguinary defeat of the revolutionary movement and the inoperative issue of the new Constitution which had been projected, it required some time before the old Federal Constitution could be restored under the presidency of Austria. Such was the rivalry between the two great dynasties of Germany that even then, on the occasion of a new popular movement which had occurred in Hesse-Cassel, they were on the point of measuring swords. Thanks

to the timidity of Frederick William IV., the quarrel ended in a farce. The Bund was thereupon revived. Then came some years of dead stillness. The nation which, shortly before, had of its own free will "made halt before the thrones," now lay prostrate and fatigued before the triumphant kingly reaction.

Towards 1859, after the House of Habsburg had been humbled in Italy, there came a renewal of popular aspirations. By the mouth of most of its leaders, it took the form of a call for Prussian leadership. The reign of persecution against Democracy was too strong for its adherents to be able then to come out openly with a formulated programme. But even as Frederick William IV. would not accept a German crown from the hands of a revolutionary Assembly, so also the self-elected champions of Prussian leadership were treated rather scurvily by his brother and successor. The notion of William I., at that time, was, not to obtain the headship of Germany by the aid of a popular movement, but to place all Northern Germany under Prussian military rule, whilst Austria was offered a similar hegemony in all the South. At the Court of Vienna, this offer was treated as an insult, as the presumption of an ambitious upstart. Upon this point, the two dynasties were near falling out, when the death of the last Danish King of the Oldenburg race suddenly brought the national Democracy of Germany into the foreground. On perceiving that common danger, the Courts of Berlin and Vienna hastily joined hands for a while, in order to ride the storm together.

I will not stop to show the fallacy of those who assert that the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1864 was craftily planned by Prussia with an ulterior view. The very contrary is the case. No great national aims moved the Court of Berlin in that matter; its endeavours for a long while were to smother the Schleswig-Holstein movement. Had the insensate ultra-party at Copenhagen not refused all concessions, the German Duchies might still, with the consent of Prussia and Austria, have been left joined to Denmark by "the golden link of the Crown." That ultra-party fortunately rendered their full deliverance an unavoidable necessity. The popular programme was thus fulfilled against the will of the Prussian Court. It is true, when the Duchies were freed from foreign dominion, royal Prussian policy suddenly turned round and made use of the occurrence for the furtherance of its own hegemonic views in the North.

The Austrian plan of a reform of the Federal Constitution had come to grief through Prussia's refusal. Prussia herself now tried her hand. The Court of Berlin was impelled to this course by the rising strength of the Liberal and Democratic movement, which occasionally found an almost revolutionary utterance on great national commemoration festivals and in the meetings of the newly-formed *Schützen-Vereine*, or volunteer corps of sharpshooters. The stormy

debates in the Prussian House of Commons added to the tension. The names of Strafford and of Charles I., openly applied to the ruling minister and the king, were a warning and an incentive. There is a despatch extant from Count Bismarck, dated May 27, 1866, in which he declares that the Prussian Government must act quickly and sharply, in order to forestal the revolutionary dangers growing upon it from the Democratic movement of unity and freedom.

The events of the last few years are fresh in the public memory. Prussia, after her victorious onslaught on the Bund, found herself checked in her further career by the unwilling disposition of the populations of the South. There, as well as in some parts of the North, the popular parties began to reorganise themselves on the Republican or Socialistic principle, when suddenly an attack was made by France, which forced all parties to stand shoulder to shoulder. In the course of this common danger the Empire has now been revived.

Germany, then, has during the last seventy years passed through a great variety of stages. First, she has seen the collapse of her ancient, but latterly somewhat shadowy, Holy Roman Empire. Of the *interim* of foreign interference which marked its downfall, the Rhine-bund was the outward expression. Then arose, after the recovery of our national independence, the *Deutsche Bund*, a Confederacy of princes, under the honorary presidency of Austria. Then came a revolutionary period, when the Diet of Frankfort, hitherto the executive of the Bund, was abolished, and a National Parliament, claiming absolute sovereignty, held sway. Then there occurred a still-born attempt at reviving the Empire under the House of Hohenzollern. Then we had a *Provisorium*—the rival dynasties of Austria and Prussia wrangling over the reorganization of the country. Then the Federal Constitution was restored, such as it had existed before 1848. Then an internecine war introduced the *Nord-Bund*, to the entire exclusion of German Austria, and the temporary removal of the smaller Southern States from their connection with the States on the right bank of the Maine. And now we have a re-junction, on conditions varying in degree, of the minor kingdoms and principalities of the South with the League of the North; the appellation of *Deutsches Reich* and of Emperor of Germany being decreed in favour of the Prussian king; whilst Germany shows, on her south-eastern side, a sadly diminished shape and an impossible frontier!

Does any one see the imprint of finality in such a constitution? Who believes that the craving for union and freedom will be satisfied by this renewed agglomeration of a motley group of principalities; by this restoration of the Bund, *minus* 14,000,000 inhabitants of some of our finest provinces; by this revival of the title of Kaiser through princes whom William of Prussia, four short years ago, forced down

on their knees, and who therefore are not, even on the aristocratic principle, his free electors, but his mere satellites; lastly, by this assumption of a German national crown on the part of a monarch who systematically spurns all popular origin of the tenure of power?

No; there are, in the long run, only two systems possible. Either a thoroughly Imperial one, with a corresponding destruction of all local sovereignties; in other words, a German Empire with a single monarchical ruler: or else a Republican system; that is, real, unalloyed self-government. Each of these systems can only be carried into existence by the co-operation, in a smaller or larger degree, of the popular element. Each of these means, in some way, Revolution—for the benefit of kingcraft, or for the benefit of the people.

The whole tendency of the time goes towards the destruction of the local sovereignties. In so far, it may be said that the ground is being cleared for a Democratic development by the very conflicts which rage among German princes, one of whom brandishes the battle-axe in the strife for the lead. Nor are men wanting among us who press that view.

But the majority of German republicans look with ill favour, and, I believe, rightly so, upon that Louis XI. and Richelieu policy which some say is destined to pave the way for our future Democratic unity. The soundest thinkers know what deep taint monarchical statecraft has left on French republicanism. They are not eager for a repetition on German soil. They refuse to give it their sanction, whether expressed or tacit. They will not see the doctrines of Machiavelli applied in the nineteenth century with the *approbatur* of popular leaders. They do not surrender the hope of coming once more near the straightforward accomplishment of their desires, as in 1848-49, when they trust the experience of those unwisely spent years of commotion will not be lost upon the people. They think it would be easier to beat a number of princes in detail than to contend against a sole Imperial monarch, whose very existence, as representing complete national union, is calculated to convert a large portion of the middle-class into Conservative *satisfais*. They are loth to give up those constitutional rights which in the smaller States are far more developed than in Prussia, and which at present can be used as instruments of agitation. They shrink from applauding acts of high-handed royal policy, as, by doing so, they would practically teach the people two contradictory codes of political conduct, and thus lay themselves open to suspicion. They declare that a Republican cannot, at one and the same time, work and strive for his own views and for those of Imperialism; that the two things must be held apart as antagonistic, lest the attempt to make both meet should lead to individual corruption and the confusion of party-marks. They will not listen to that high philosophical view which means to evolve, at

the distance of a century or two, a Democratic state of things out of a unitarian monarchical movement. They say they are men of their own time, and do not wish to bury themselves alive.

There are a thousand and one reasons why Republicans should eschew the Imperialist path, even as a mere tactical route. Nevertheless, some have entered it. I will not speak here of certain trimmers, who, having objects of personal ambition, would fain keep a foot in each camp. In Germany, also, we have of late had that worst bane, a clique of masked confederates of ambitious Royalty, professing ultra views of "social liquidation," whilst bent upon persuading the masses into an acceptance of dynastic leadership. Lassalle was one of these double-faced demagogues. He purposely, hatefully, widened the breach between the working and the middle classes, so as to give a chance to royal reaction. Under the borrowed language of socialism, he recommended a *coup d'état* by the Court. Whilst expounding to the suffering masses the "iron law" of political economy, and declaring that nothing but State aid could better their condition, he suggested to the Hohenzollern dynasty that it should draw the sword for an overthrow of the constitution, and give Liberalism a kick by introducing universal suffrage in Napoleonic December fashion. Without this pernicious, collusive agitation, Bismarckism would never have made its way so very fast. Lothar Bucher, one of Lassalle's associates, subsequently entered into Prussian Government employ. The pseudo-socialist agitator himself—fortunately for his renown among a confiding, misguided section of the working class—died a premature death at the beginning of his intended Persigny career.

However, I will not speak of self-seeking intriguers and converts. There are others who honestly endeavour to persuade themselves, since 1866, of the temporary usefulness of the principle of *laissez faire*, as applied to the doings of the house of Prussia. Remarkable enough, there are many of this opinion among the vast number of German emigrants to America. On the contrary, those of our exiles who have settled in Switzerland mainly keep to the severer Republican line. Perhaps the more ambitious Empire notions, which are somewhat too prevalent in the Union, have slightly influenced our kinsfolk beyond the ocean. Perhaps the desire of trumping a native Spread-eagleism and an offensive Know-nothingdom may have gained even upon a population which has otherwise shown such hearty sympathy for the good Union and Abolition cause, in which it fought bravely during the slaveholders' rebellion.

The applause given, in and out of the Fatherland, by this class of revolutionary tacticians, has at any rate not been offered by them unconditionally to royal Prussian action. These men wanted the

work of unification to be done more effectively, more rapidly. They enjoyed the dethronement game, as played against the crowned heads of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau. They did not relish the subsequent game of alliances, in which the remainder of the petty princes were simply to be bound to a triumphal car. The mere addition of an Imperial crown, over and above the other crownlets, has not much charm for them. Signs of disappointment are already visible among them, as well as among the more *naïve* Liberals who looked for a restoration of Reich and Kaiser by more popular agencies.

Yet one characteristic fact is undeniable. The shaking which has been given to monarchs, the fate of extinction which has befallen some of them during the last few years, has shaken the monarchical principle itself among classes otherwise not easily accessible to theory and doctrine. Their feelings of loyalty give way to considerations of expediency. The "subject," the Unterthan, boldly faces questions of a transfer of allegiance. He looks with doubt upon his native local prince, his *angestammte Fürst*, whom he had been wont to regard with awe and obeisant reverence. A new leaven is thus introduced. A common ground of understanding is being prepared between the more educated, or politically speaking more movable, classes, and those whose sluggishness had hitherto served as the main resource of Conservatism. Inevitable consequences will flow from this change. The same process of reasoning, the same facile view of expediency, which is ready to replace one dynasty by another, will, in course of time, render those formerly dormant classes amenable to the consideration whether dynasties are necessary at all.

KARL BLIND.

SHELLEY IN 1812-13:

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, AND OTHER PARTICULARS.

IN the course of last summer I was informed by a gentleman that certain documents regarding Shelley, of which he gave me a general idea, were, to his knowledge, extant in the Record Office. I have caused them to be traced out, find them of considerable interest, and now present them to the reader.

The papers are kept in the new Record Office Dépôt, Clifford's Inn, and are marked "Domestic, George III.," Nos. 239 and 240. I will preface them with a very brief reference to Shelley's position at the time.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born on the 4th of August, 1792, eldest son of Mr. Timothy Shelley, M.P. for Shoreham (afterwards Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart.). In August or September, 1811, having previously been expelled from Oxford for writing and circulating an atheistic pamphlet, he married Harriett Westbrook, daughter of a retired hotel-keeper. His family discarded him; but, from early in 1812, an allowance from his father, at the rate of £200 per annum, was renewed to him, and he received a further allowance, nominally (if not really) of the like amount, from his father-in-law. As yet he had written no poems of any value whatever. Towards the end of February, 1812, he went to Dublin, animated by wild hopes, and wilder expectations, of furthering Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Union. His wife and her elder sister, Miss Westbrook, accompanied him. He published in Dublin an Address to the Irish People, and "Proposals for an Association of those Philanthropists who, convinced of the Inadequacy of the moral and political State of Ireland to produce benefits which are nevertheless attainable, are willing to unite to accomplish its Regeneration;" he also came forward as a public speaker in advocacy of the Irish cause. These proceedings were naturally not quite acceptable to the British Government, and Shelley received a hint from the police to retire. Moreover, the philosopher Godwin, whom he revered and corresponded with, was extremely urgent to the like effect. Towards the middle of March, therefore, the Shelleys and Miss Westbrook left Ireland. They tried to make a home in Wales; but, not succeeding to their satisfaction, moved off to Lymouth, in Devonshire, where they settled, or fancied they had settled, about the beginning of July, 1812. As Mr. Jefferson Hogg tells us, Shelley was always intending to dwell "for ever" at each and any of the numerous spots which he reached like a wraith, and passed from like a will-o'-the-wisp.

Here then, in Lymouth, we find Shelley, with his wife and sister-in-law, at the date of the correspondence deposited in the Record Office. The first letter is from

The Town Clerk of Barnstaple, Devonshire, to Lord Sidmouth, Secretary of State for the Home Department.

MY LORD,

I am directed by the Worshipful the Mayor of this town to address your lordship on the following circumstances.

Last evening a man was observed distributing and posting some papers about this town, intituled "Declaration of Rights;" and, on being apprehended and brought before the Mayor, stated his name to be Daniel Hill, and that he is a servant to P. B. Shelley, Esq., now residing at Hooper's Lodgings, at Lymouth, near Linton, a small village bordering on the Bristol Channel, and about seventeen miles from Barnstaple. On being asked how he became possessed of these papers, he said, on his road from Linton to Barnstaple yesterday, he met a gentleman dressed in black, whom he had never seen before, who asked him to take the papers to Barnstaple, and post and distribute them; and on Hill consenting, the gentleman gave him five shillings for his trouble. On interrogating him more particularly respecting his master, he said he principally lived in London, but in what part of it he did not know, but that he had lived with him in Sackville Street;¹ that he married a Miss Westbrook, or Westbrooks, a daughter of Mr. Westbrook, of Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square; and that two sisters of Mrs. Shelley are now with her at Lymouth, and Mr. Shelley, his master's father, is a member of Parliament. This is all the information the Mayor could get from Hill; but he has been informed that Mr. Shelley has been regarded with a suspicious eye since he has been at Lymouth, from the circumstance of his very extensive correspondence, and many of his packages and letters being addressed to Sir Francis Burdett. And it is also said that Mr. Shelley has sent off so many as sixteen letters by the same post. The Mayor has also been informed that Mr. Shelley has been seen frequently to go out in a boat a short distance from land, and drop some bottles into the sea; and that at one time he was observed to wade into the water, and drop a bottle, which, afterwards drifting ashore, was picked up, and, on being broken, was found to contain a seditious paper, the contents of which the Mayor has not yet been able to ascertain, but will apprise your lordship immediately on examining further particulars.

Daniel Hill has been convicted by the Mayor in ten penalties of £20 each for publishing and dispersing printed papers without the printer's name being on them, under the Act of 39 George III. c. 79; and is now committed to the common gaol of this borough for not paying the penalties, and having no goods on which they could be levied.

I have taken the liberty of transmitting to your Lordship a copy of the

(1) This must mean "Sackville Street, Dublin;" but the town clerk of Barnstaple had probably failed to observe the distinction. Shelley lived awhile at No. 7, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin: up to this date, August, 1812, there is no reason to think that he could have been in London with a servant whom he had engaged in Ireland.

paper intituled "Declaration of Rights," and also another intituled "The Devil's Walk," which was also found in Daniel Hill's possession.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's very obedient and humble servant,

HENRY DRAKE,

Barnstaple, August 20th, 1812.

Town Clerk.

On comparing the present set of papers with an account of one "Dan" given by Mr. Hogg (and of which more anon), we shall find beyond doubt that the arrested man Daniel Hill was an Irishman—probably, not to say certainly, one whom Shelley had brought over with him from Dublin. It is equally clear that Hill's story about a gentleman dressed in black whom he met, and who paid him to post up the "Declaration of Rights," was an untruth; and that the only person who had given him this commission was his master, Shelley. The statement of the town clerk of Barnstaple (or of Hill, as reported by the town clerk) that two sisters of Mrs. Shelley were then residing with her, is another undoubted inaccuracy: Mrs. Shelley had only one sister, whom I have already mentioned—the "Eliza" who is made to figure so grotesquely in Mr. Hogg's irresistibly amusing book. But in all likelihood it is true that another lady, besides Eliza, was staying with the Shelleys. This would, I have no doubt, be Miss Hitchener, whom we shall find named further on in a different connection. She was a schoolmistress settled at Hurstpierpoint, in Sussex, a deist and republican, with whom Shelley had kept up an active correspondence from Dublin and elsewhere. She is known to have paid the Shelleys a prolonged visit at Tanyrallt, their next residence after quitting Lymouth—a visit which was indeed intended to be "for ever:" and the present indication is, I think, sufficient (with what was known before on the subject) to prove that the visit had already begun in Shelley's Devonshire home. He had admired Miss Hitchener hugely, and to an absurd excess, from the safe distance of Cumberland and Dublin: on a nearer acquaintance, she proved less satisfactory, and he soon got to term her the "Brown Demon," and to sever the connection.

Let us now read the paper which brought Daniel Hill into trouble—Shelley's "Declaration of Rights." This utterance of Astræa and Themis is not mentioned in any publication concerning Shelley with which I am acquainted (other than a bookseller's catalogue and a recent number of "Notes and Queries"); and it is only since I was told of the copy in the Record Office that I have heard of two persons who had seen it somewhere else. The copy which the town clerk of Barnstaple sent up to London is a folio-shaped poster.

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

1. Government has no rights; it is a delegation from several individuals for the purpose of securing their own. It is therefore just, so far as it exists by their consent; useful, only so far as it operates to their well-being.

2. If these individuals think that the form of government which they or their forefathers constituted is ill adapted to produce their happiness, they have a right to change it.

3. Government is devised for the security of Rights. The Rights of Man are liberty, and an equal participation of the commonage of Nature.

4. As the benefit of the governed is, or ought to be, the origin of government, no man can have any authority that does not expressly emanate from *their* will.

5. Though all governments are not so bad as that of Turkey, yet none are so good as they may be. The majority of every country have a right to perfect their government. The minority should not disturb them; they ought to secede, and form their own system in their own way.

6. All have a right to an equal share in the benefits and burdens of the government. Any disabilities for opinions imply, by their existence, barefaced tyranny on the side of the government, ignorant slavishness on the side of the governed.

7. The rights of man, in the present state of society, are only to be secured by some degree of coercion to be exercised on their violator. The sufferer has a right that the degree of coercion employed be as slight as possible.

8. It may be considered as a plain proof of the hollowness of any proposition if power be used to enforce instead of reason to persuade its admission. Government is never supported by fraud until it cannot be supported by reason.

9. No man has a right to disturb the public peace by personally resisting the execution of a law, however bad. He ought to acquiesce, using at the same time the utmost powers of his reason to promote its repeal.

10. A man must have a *right*, in a certain manner, before it can be his *duty*. He *may*, before he *ought*.

11. A man has a right to think as his reason directs; it is a duty he owes to himself to think with freedom, that he may act from conviction.

12. A man has a right to unrestricted liberty of discussion. Falsehood is a scorpion that will sting itself to death.

13. A man has not only a right to express his thoughts, but it is his duty to do so.

14. No law has a right to discourage the practice of truth. A man ought to speak the truth on every occasion. A duty can never be criminal; what is not criminal cannot be injurious.

15. Law cannot make what is in its nature virtuous or innocent to be criminal, any more than it can make what is criminal to be innocent. Government cannot make a law; it can only pronounce that which was the law before its organisation; viz., the moral result of the imperishable relations of things.

16. The present generation cannot bind their posterity: the few cannot promise for the many.

17. No man has a right to do an evil thing that good may come.

18. Expediency is inadmissible in morals. Politics are only sound when conducted on principles of morality: they are, in fact, the morals of nations.

19. Man has no right to kill his brother. It is no excuse that he does so in uniform: he only adds the infamy of servitude to the crime of murder.

20. Man, whatever be his country, has the same rights in one place as another—the rights of universal citizenship.

21. The government of a country ought to be perfectly indifferent to every opinion. Religious differences, the bloodiest and most rancorous of all, spring from partiality.

22. A delegation of individuals, for the purpose of securing their rights,¹ can have no undelegated power of restraining the expression of their opinion.

23. Belief is involuntary; nothing involuntary is meritorious or reprehensible. A man ought not to be considered worse or better for his belief.

24. A Christian, a deist, and a Jew, have equal rights: they are men and brethren.

25. If a person's religious ideas correspond not with your own, love him nevertheless. How different would yours have been had the chance of birth placed you in Tartary or India!

26. Those who believe that heaven is, what earth has been, a monopoly in the hands of a favoured few, would do well to reconsider their opinion; if they find that it came from their priest or their grandmother, they could not do better than reject it.

27. No man has a right to be respected for any other possessions but those of virtue and talents. Titles are tinsel, power a corruptor, glory a bubble, and excessive wealth a libel on its possessor.

28. No man has a right to monopolise more than he can enjoy; what the rich give to the poor, whilst millions are starving, is not a perfect favour, but an imperfect right.

29. Every man has a *right* to a certain degree of leisure and liberty, because it is his *duty* to attain a certain degree of knowledge. He *may* before he *ought*.

30. Sobriety of body and mind is necessary to those who would be free; because, without sobriety, a high sense of philanthropy cannot actuate the heart, nor cool and determined courage execute its dictates.

31. The only use of government is to repress the vices of man. If man were to-day sinless, to-morrow he would have a right to demand that government and all its evils should cease.

Man! thou whose rights are here declared, be no longer forgetful of the loftiness of thy destination. Think of thy rights, of those possessions which will give thee virtue and wisdom, by which thou mayst arrive at happiness and freedom. They are declared to thee by one who knows thy dignity, for every hour does his heart swell with honourable pride in the contemplation of what thou mayst attain—by one who is not forgetful of thy degeneracy, for every moment brings home to him the bitter conviction of what thou art.

“Awake!—arise!—or be for ever fallen!”

I shall not at any length discuss Shelley's “Declaration of Rights:” it is conceivable that this manifesto does not reunite within itself *every* axiom and resource of practical statesmanship; indeed, Shelley does not profess that it does. We may, however, feel some interest in comparing the “Declaration” with the two most famous of similar documents in the history of the great French Revolution—the one adopted by the Constituent Assembly in August, 1789, and the other proposed in April, 1793, by Robespierre, the

(1) “*Their rights*” means, no doubt, “the rights of the people at large—of those who have commissioned the delegates.”

incarnate mind of the Revolution, so far as the Revolution was expressible in propositions of an extreme scope and predicated form. In this comparison we find, out of Shelley's thirty-one axioms, twelve which bear a considerable likeness to some dictum in one or both of the French documents. Shelley's No. 2 resembles Robespierre (16). No. 3 has its parallel in the Constituent thesis (2) that the rights of man are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression; Robespierre (2) confines himself to self-preservation and liberty. No. 4 resembles the Constituent No. 3, and the Robespierrean No. 15; and, in a minor degree, No. 6 resembles Nos. 1 and 17 respectively. No. 7 is analogous to the Constituent Nos. 8 and 9. No. 9, Never resist a law, but work for its repeal, is practically anticipated by the Constituent (7): Robespierre (21 and 22) concurs in enjoining strict obedience to the lawful magistrate, but adds that any attempt on your liberty, security, or property, however legal its colouring, ought, if not absolutely in conformity with law, to be resisted, even by force. No. 14 resembles Robespierre (4 and 16). No. 15 has some analogy to the Constituent (5), and to Robespierre (5 and 6); No. 21 to the Constituent (10). No. 27 resembles, but goes beyond, both the Constituent (6) and Robespierre (18): each of the French axioms names virtue and talents simply as the sole proper qualifications for office. The benevolent maxim No. 28, expressed by Shelley with his boundless large-heartedness, and in a felicitous form, is an ideal equivalent to the more practical terms of Robespierre (11 and 12); who sets forth that society is bound to provide for all its members, whether by work, or by the means of existence to those incapable of working: "*Les secours nécessaires à l'indigence sont une dette du riche envers le pauvre*"—so atrocious were the sentiments of the leading man in the Committee of Public Safety. No. 29 is also to some extent implied in Robespierre's No. 3. If the reader will take the trouble of looking at the remaining propositions of Shelley—those that are *not* distinctly comparable with any in the French Declarations—he will observe that they bear mainly upon the great fundamental and final right of free, irresponsible opinion; of all rights, the one which Shelley most cherished by nature and conviction. The opening thunder-clap is also Shelley's own, "Government has no rights;" and the neat definition (19) of the shade of difference between a murderer and a soldier.

The Declaration of Rights has now perhaps detained us long enough. As we have already seen, Daniel Hill was not only found diffusing the Declaration: he had likewise on his person a composition termed *The Devil's Walk*. This also was printed in the form of a poster—double-crown paper, I believe it is termed: on the back of the copy in Hill's possession was written, "Samuel Brembridge, of Barnstaple, 19 August, 1812"—being, I presume, the

name of the person to whom Shelley intended this copy to be delivered.

Many readers will remember that there is a poem by Southey named "The Devil's Walk," and also a poem by Coleridge named "The Devil's Thoughts," the two being to a great extent identical. The original authorship of this joint composition has been much discussed; one statement is that Porson was the real inventor. However, I suppose that Southey's distinct assertion ought to be accepted: Southey himself started the idea, and wrote the larger part of the poem, in 1799; Coleridge wrote various stanzas; Porson had nothing to do with it. Shelley's poem is obviously, undisguisedly, founded on that of Southey and Coleridge: he has borrowed the idea, and written a different composition to develop it. There is only one stanza (that which begins "Satan saw a lawyer a viper slay") that is directly appropriated from the earlier work,—as I gather, from Coleridge's portion of it; and even this is differently worded. Coleridge's production, read apart from Southey's, is no doubt better than Shelley's; but I think Shelley's compares creditably with the completed joint original. There are certainly some good points in his Devil's Walk; and it may safely receive this extremely qualified meed of praise, that it is the best now extant piece of poetry produced by the future author of Prometheus Unbound prior to the printing of Queen Mab (1813). Probably The Devil's Walk was written only a short time before Daniel Hill was commissioned to distribute it, in August, 1812; if so, Shelley had now already begun the writing of Queen Mab.—There is likewise a poem of Byron's, The Devil's Drive, modelled upon the same popular production of Southey and Coleridge: this cannot have been composed earlier than the close of 1813, and is consequently later than Shelley's.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

A BALLAD.

ONCE early in the morning
 Beëlzebuth arose;
 With care his sweet person adorning,
 He put on his Sunday clothes.

He drew on a boot to hide his hoof,
 He drew on a glove to hide his claw;
 His horns were concealed by a *bras chapeau*;
 And the devil went forth as natty a beau
 As Bond Street ever saw.

He sate him down, in London town,
 Before earth's morning ray.
 With a favourite imp he began to chat,
 On religion and scandal, this and that,
 Until the dawn of day.

And then to St. James's Court he went,
And St. Paul's church he took on his way ;
He was mighty thick with every saint,
Tho' they were formal and he was gay.

The devil was an agriculturist :
And, as bad weeds quickly grow,
In looking over his farm, I wist,
He wouldn't find cause for woe.

He peeped in each hole, to each chamber stole,
His promising live-stock to view.
Grinning applause, he just showed them his claws ;
And they shrunk with affright from his ugly sight
Whose work they delighted to do.

Satan poked his red nose into crannies so small
One would think that the innocents fair,
Poor lambkins ! were just doing nothing at all,
But settling some dress, or arranging some ball ;
But the devil saw deeper there.

A priest, at whose elbow he during prayer
Sate familiarly, side by side,
Declared that, if the tempter were there,
His presence he would not abide.
" Ah ! ah ! " thought Old Nick, " that's a very stale trick ;
For without the devil, O favourite of evil,
In your carriage you would not ride."

Satan next saw a brainless king,
Whose house was as hot as his own.
Many imps in attendance were there on the wing ;
They flapped the pennon and twisted the sting,
Close by the very throne.

" Ah ! ha ! " thought Satan, " the pasture is good,
My cattle will here thrive better than others ;
They dine on news of human blood,
They sup on the groans of the dying and dead,
And supperless never will go to bed :
Which will make them fat as their brothers.

" Fat as the fiends that feed on blood,
Fresh and warm from the fields of Spain,—
Where ruin ploughs her gory way,
Where the shoots of earth are nipped in the bud,
Where Hell is the victor's prey,
Its glory the meed of the slain.

" Fat as death-birds on Erin's shore,
That glutted themselves in her dearest gore,

And flitted round Castlereagh,
 When they snatched the patriot's heart, that his grasp
 Had torn from its widow's maniac clasp,
 And fled at the dawn of day.

"Fat as the reptiles of the tomb
 That riot in corruption's spoil,
 That fret their little hour in gloom,
 And creep, and live the while.

"Fat as that prince's maudlin brain
 Which, addled by some gilded toy,
 Tired, gives his sweetmeat, and again
 Cries for it, like a humoured boy.

"For he is fat; his waistcoat gay,
 When strained upon a levee day,
 Scarce meets across his princely paunch,
 And pantaloons are like half-moons
 Upon each brawny haunch.

"How vast his stock of calf! when plenty
 Had filled his empty head and heart,
 Enough to satiate foplings twenty
 Could make his pantaloon-seam start."

The devil (who sometimes is called Nature)
 For men of power provides thus well,
 Whilst every change and every feature
 Their great original can tell.

Satan saw a lawyer a viper slay
 That crawled up the leg of his table;
 It reminded him most marvellously
 Of the story of Cain and Abel.¹

The wealthy yeoman, as he wanders
 His fertile fields among,
 And on his thriving cattle ponders,
 Counts his sure gains, and hums a song;
 Thus did the Devil, thro' earth walking,
 Hum low a hellish song.

For they thrive well whose garb of gore
 Is Satan's choicest livery;

(1) Coleridge's corresponding stanza runs as follows:—

"He saw a lawyer killing a viper
 On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
 And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
 Of Cain and his brother Abel."

And they thrive well who from the poor
Have snatched the bread of penury,
And heap the houseless wanderer's store
On the rank pile of luxury.

The bishops thrive, tho' they are big ;
The lawyers thrive, tho' they are thin ;
For every gown and every wig
Hides the safe thrift of Hell within.

Thus pigs were never counted clean,
Although they dine on finest corn ;
And cormorants are sin-like lean,
Although they eat from night to morn.

Oh ! why is the Father of Hell in such glee,
As he grins from ear to ear ?
Why does he doff his clothes joyfully,
As he skips and prances, and flaps his wing,—
As he slides, leers, and twirls his sting,
And dares as he is to appear ?

A statesman passed :—alone to him
The Devil dare his whole shape uncover,—
To show each feature, every limb,
Secure of an unchanging lover.

At this known sign, a welcome sight,
The watchful demons sought their king ;
And every fiend of the Stygian night
Was in an instant on the wing.

Pale Loyalty, his guilt-steeled brow
With wreaths of gory laurel crowned ;
The hell-hounds Murder, Want, and Woe,
For ever hungering flocked around ;
From Spain had Satan sought their food,—
'Twas human woe and human blood !

Hark ! the earthquake's crash I hear ;
Kings turn pale, and conquerors start ;
Ruffians tremble in their fear,
For their Satan doth depart.

This day fiends give to revelry,
To celebrate their king's return,
And with delight its sire to see
Hell's adamantine limits burn.

But, were the Devil's sight as keen
As Reason's penetrating eye,
His sulphurous Majesty, I ween,
Would find but little cause for joy.

For the sons of reason see
 That, ere fate consume the pole,
 The false tyrant's cheek shall be
 Bloodless as his coward soul.

It would seem that the town clerk of Barnstaple was regarded as having deserved well of his country in sending to head-quarters these two formidable literary projectiles of the still legally infantine Shelley, the Declaration of Rights, and Devil's Walk. Lord Sidmouth endorsed the town clerk's letter thus:—

"Acknowledge receipt, with Lord Sidmouth's thanks. Recommend that Mr. Shelley's proceedings be watched if he is still at Linton. It would also be desirable to procure the address of his different correspondents, to whom he writes, from the post-office. Lord S. will be obliged by any further information respecting Mr. S., and, in the meantime, inquiries will be made about him here. Lord S. quite approves of the steps that have been taken respecting Daniel Hill.—August 22."

But it was not enough that one department of State should be set on the *qui vive* by the Declaration of Rights. On the same day that Lord Sidmouth¹ was directing "that Mr. Shelley's proceedings be watched," or, in other words, I suppose, that Mr. Shelley himself should be spied upon, the postmaster of Barnstaple was sending up to his official chief another copy of the same *pronunciamiento*. Here is his letter, addressed to Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Freeling, the Secretary of the Post Office:—

Post-Office, Barnstaple, August 22nd, 1812.

SIR

I have taken the liberty of enclosing to you a handbill that has been circulated through this town by a servant-man of P. B. Shelley's, Esq., who resides at Linton, about eighteen miles from this. The man is taken into custody, and confined in the prison of this town for six months, unless he pays the fine of £200 for distributing bills without the printer's name. The man says he was met between this and Linton by a gentleman, who desired him, if he was going to Barnstaple, to stick some of these bills up about the town, for which he gave him five shillings. He says he does not know who the gentleman is, never having seen him before. The bill is thought to have a seditious tendency, for which reason, sir, I have presumed to enclose it to you.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD JONES.

The Secretary of the Post Office made a minute on this letter as follows:—

"For Lord Chichester—who will recollect the newspapers he [Shelley] sent

(1) We may recall to memory the lines Shelley wrote on this minister years afterwards, in 1819, in the "Masque of Anarchy:"—

"Clothed with the Bible, as with light
 And the shadow of the night,
 Like Sidmouth next, Hypocrisy
 On a crocodile came by."

to Miss Hitchener some time since, one of which contained a copy of the enclosed paper.¹

"Might it not be advisable to communicate with the Secretary of State—Mr. Shelley is so active in disseminating his principles?—24 August, 1812."

Lord Chichester (I presume he was the Postmaster-General in 1812) added the following note after Mr. Freeling's:—

"I think it right to communicate the circumstances to the Secretary of State. It will have no effect to speak to Mr. Shelley's family, they suffer enough already for his conduct."

As the Shelleys were a Sussex family, it is probable that Lord Chichester knew them personally. The Secretary of State referred to by his lordship was no doubt the Secretary for the Home Department, Lord Sidmouth, whom we find thus charged with a second copy of this paper of a supposed seditious tendency. But he was equal to the occasion.

The town clerk of Barnstaple, having no doubt received meanwhile Lord Sidmouth's "acknowledgment with thanks," proceeded to re-address that nobleman a few days afterwards:—

Barnstaple, September 9th, 1812.

MY LORD,

Referring your Lordship to my letter of 20th ult., and in addition to the information therein contained, I beg to inform your Lordship that, not being enabled to obtain here sufficient information respecting Mr. Shelley, I went to Lymouth, where he resided, and returned yesterday. On my arrival there, I found he, with his family, after attempting in vain to cross the Channel to Swansea from that place, had lately left Lymouth for Ilfracombe; and, on my following him there, found he had gone to Swansea, where I imagine he at present is.

The day after his servant Daniel Hill was apprehended in Barnstaple, Mr. Shelley came here to apply for his discharge; and, on visiting him in gaol, did not, I apprehend, express any astonishment at his situation, or reprove him for his conduct, which appears rather extraordinary.

In my letter of the 20th ult. I mentioned that Mr. Shelley had been observed to drop a bottle into the sea, which, on being picked up and broken, was found to contain a seditious paper. On inquiring into this circumstance at Lymouth, I found that *that* paper was a copy of one which I sent to your Lordship, entitled "The Devil's Walk," and which was taken from Daniel Hill on his apprehension. I have also learnt that Mr. Shelley has been often observed on the beach in company with a female servant (supposed a foreigner), and that

(1) The "Declaration" and the Irish pamphlets had been seized at Holyhead in March, 1812, when sent to Miss Hitchener. Mr. Freeling and Lord Chichester had then also looked into the matter.

(2) I do not know who this supposed foreigner may have been: there is no reason, from other accounts of Shelley, to think that he then had any foreign woman in his service. Possibly the person indicated was in reality Miss Hitchener: her nickname, "the Brown Demon," may have applied to her dark complexion, which, at any rate, is mentioned by Hogg, and which might have given her a foreign look. Harriett was bright-tinted; Eliza, Jewish-looking.

he frequently, in her presence only, has been observed to push out to sea, from the rocks, some small boxes; and one day, being observed by a man more curious than the rest to put some of these small boxes to sea, the man went out in a boat, and brought it in, and, in opening it, he discovered a copy of the other paper which I sent to your Lordship, intituled "Declaration of Rights." This little box I have seen, and observed it was carefully covered over with bladder, and well rosined and waxed to keep out the water, and, in order to attract attention at sea, there was a little upright stick fastened to it at each end, and a little sail fastened to them, as well as some lead at the bottom to keep it upright.¹ This box I have ordered to be safely taken care of. From these circumstances there can be no room for doubt but that the papers found on Daniel Hill were given him by his master. I also learnt at Lymouth that Mr. Shelley had with him large chests, which were so heavy that scarcely three men could lift them, which were supposed to contain papers.

Mr. Shelley is rather thin, and very young; indeed, his appearance is, I understand, almost that of a boy.

Any further intelligence which your Lordship wishes me to procure I will immediately attend to, on hearing from your Lordship.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

HENRY DRAKE,
Town Clerk.

All this last passage about Shelley's floating boxes, big with the fate of the Declaration of Rights, and consequently (as his all-credulous enthusiasm may have supposed) with the issues of a sublime moral revolution, is exceedingly rich. A box, covered with bladder, rosined and waxed, with lead to keep it upright, sticks to attract attention, and sails for the same purpose probably, as well as for a prosperous and rapid voyage—all this preparation (one can scarcely conceive the unhandy Shelley doing it for himself) was no more than fitly bestowed on the Declaration of Rights. For that more light-textured work, *The Devil's Walk*, a bottle, it seems, did well enough. We may recollect that, besides the momentous objects to be subserved, the mere floating off of his boxes and bottles, and learning from time to time that somebody had picked them up, must have been a genuine luxury to Shelley, the argonaut of paper boats. It was about this period (if Mr. Peacock's surmise on the important subject is correct) that the poet first began to operate upon the paper boats. If so, the whole class of adventure, whether with the paper, the wooden, or the vitreous fleet, would just now have possessed for Shelley the interest of a new propensity discovered, as well as amply indulged. Would it be conceivable that the box which the town clerk ordered to be safely taken care of might still be in existence among the properties and lumber officially kept

(1) We may remember, by way of coincidence,

"Near them a most inexplicable thing,
With lead in the middle."

SHELLEY'S *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, 1820.

at Barnstaple? It is too much for a Shelley enthusiast to hope for; but if this relic *were* still extant, it would possess a value in the eyes of some people little dreamed of by the legal worthy to whom Mr. Shelley's "appearance was almost that of a boy." Who indeed would have guessed that, in the course of a generation or so, the youth who launched these boxes and bottles, and indited this Declaration of Rights, and Devil's Walk, would come to be recognised as the sublimest poetical genius of his age and country?

The official minute made upon Mr. Drake's letter was—"Refer to former papers: consult Mr. Litchfield." The last-named gentleman would appear from the sequel to have been a legal authority—perhaps the standing counsel employed by the Home Office. His reply brings the correspondence to a close.

Lincoln's Inn, 18th September, 1812.

Mr. Litchfield presents his compliments to Mr. Addington, and begs leave to acquaint him that he had some conversation with Mr. Becket upon the subject of the enclosed letters from the town clerk of Barnstaple; and that it did not appear either to Mr. Becket or himself that any steps could with propriety be taken with respect to Mr. Shelley, in consequence of his very extraordinary and unaccountable conduct; but that it would be proper to instruct some person to observe his future behaviour, and to transmit any information which may be obtained respecting him.

The Right Honourable J. H. Addington.

This memorandum is minuted with the words, "Write to the Mayor of Barnstaple accordingly;" and so we leave Mr. Percy Shelley satisfactorily provided for by a beneficent government in as far as espionage is concerned.

But Shelley was already beyond the jurisdiction of the Mayor of Barnstaple, and he never returned within it. As stated in Mr. Drake's letter of the 9th of September, he "had lately left Lymouth," and the place in which he next became domiciled was Tanyrallt, in Carnarvonshire. The correspondence now printed explains for the first time one of the many small surprises in Shelley's life: it tells us *why* he left Lymouth hurry-scurry. No doubt the arrest of his servant, Daniel Hill, and the suspicions arising against himself in consequence, made Lymouth an unpleasant, if not even an unsafe, residence for him. He accordingly lost no time in vanishing. Mr. Drake's letter might lead one to suppose that his flitting had taken place only some four or five days before the 9th of September; but Godwin, writing on the 19th of the same month, said that Shelley had then been gone these three weeks. This period, literally interpreted, would bring us back to 28th August as the day of his departure, being the seventh day after he had called upon Daniel Hill in durance. According to Lady Shelley (in the "Shelley Memorials"), the precise date was the 31st of August.

Readers of Hogg's book will probably recollect the diverting passage about the visit which the philosopher Godwin, after reiterated urgencies, paid to the Shelleys in Lymouth—or rather to the house lately tenanted by the Shelleys. He arrived on the 19th September, and found them gone.

"How much longer," says Mr. Hogg, "than the 18th of August, the date of the last remaining letter for Lymouth, the juvenile party tarried there in their sweet seclusion, is not known; *nor why or how they left that remote retirement, or whither they betook themselves.* It should seem that they departed very abruptly, after their fashion, and without communicating their hasty determination even to those favoured persons who were at that period in the fullest enjoyment of their entire confidence."

Godwin's letter, printed in the "Shelley Memorials," says:—

"The Shelleys are gone! have been gone these three weeks. . . . I have been to the house where Shelley lodged, and I bring good news. I saw the woman of the house, and I was delighted with her: she is a good creature, and quite loved the Shelleys. They lived here nine weeks and three days. They went away in a great hurry, and in debt to her and two more. They gave her a draft upon the Honourable Mr. Lawless, brother to Lord Cloncurry, and they borrowed of her twenty-nine shillings, beside £3 that she got for them from a neighbour; all of which they faithfully returned when they got to Ilfracombe."

There is another and much more mysterious transaction in the poet's life, upon which also the present correspondence has *some* collateral bearing undoubtedly, and possibly a very important bearing. I refer to the attempt at assassinating Shelley perpetrated, according to his own account, on the 26th of February, 1813, at Tanyrallt.¹ In order to make the matter clear, I must here enter into some little detail, and shall begin by citing the narrative which Harriett Shelley gave of the affair (the only detailed version of it known) in her letter of the 11th of March, addressed to Mr. Hookham, the publisher in Bond Street:—

"On Friday night the 26th of February we retired to bed between ten and eleven o'clock. We had been in bed about half an hour when Mr. S[helley] heard a noise proceeding from one of the parlours. He immediately went down-stairs with two pistols, which he had loaded that night, expecting to have occasion for them. He went into the billiard-room, where he heard footsteps retreating; he followed into another little room, which was called an

(1) Mr. Garnett (the editor of the "Relics of Shelley") remarked this possible connection, as soon as I had informed him of the general tenor of the correspondence, and before either of us had seen the correspondence itself. He says, writing to me in June last: "The part which Dan seems to have played suggests that there may be reason for Hogg's conjecture of his having been at the bottom of the affair at Tanyrallt,—i.e. if he gave the papers up; but, if they were forcibly taken from him, this may account for Shelley's precipitate departure from Lymouth." As the reader will see, I think it possible that Dan had to do with the Tanyrallt transaction, even although it is now apparent that he did not voluntarily surrender the "Declaration of Rights" and

office. He there saw a man in the act of quitting the room through a glass door which opened into the shrubbery. The man then fired at Mr. S., which he avoided. Bysshe then fired, but it flashed in the pan. The man then knocked Bysshe down, and they struggled on the ground. Bysshe then fired his second pistol, which he thought wounded him in the shoulder, as he uttered a shriek, and got up—when he said these words: ‘By God, I will be revenged! I will murder your wife! I will ravish your sister!’¹ By God, I will be revenged!’ He then fled, as we hoped, for the night. Our servants were not gone to bed, but were just going, when this horrible affair happened. This was about eleven o’clock. We all assembled in the parlour, where we remained for about two hours. Mr. S. then advised us to retire, thinking it impossible he would make a second attack. We left Bysshe and *one man-servant, who had only arrived that day*, and who knew nothing of the house, to sit up. I had been in bed three hours, when I heard a pistol go off. I immediately ran down-stairs; when I perceived that Bysshe’s flannel gown had been shot through, and the window-curtain. Bysshe *had sent Daniel to see what hour it was*, when he heard a noise at the window. He went there; and a man thrust his arm through the glass, and fired at him. Thank heaven, the ball went through his gown, and he remained unhurt. Mr. S. happened to stand sideways; had he stood fronting, the ball must have killed him. Bysshe fired his pistol, but it would not go off; he then aimed a blow at him with an old sword which we found in the house. The assassin attempted to get the sword from him; and, just as he was getting it away, Dan rushed into the room—when he made his escape. This was at four in the morning.”

So much for the facts, as related by Harriett—evidently, for the most part, repeating the account given by Shelley, who alone could vouch for the incidents. Next let us read the remarks made by Hogg upon the servant Dan.

“Dan was an emancipator and a philanthropist.² . . . He had been apprehended for posting, distributing, or publishing, printed papers wanting the name of the printer; convicted, and imprisoned. A good angel, although possibly a rebel angel, delivered Daniel from the lions’ den. By paying the penalty for him, or by other humane interposition, he was set free; and, marvellous to relate, Bysshe took the released bill-sticker into his service. Dan was a short, thickset, hard-featured man, of a pure Celtic type. He could not, or would not, speak or understand the English language, or comprehend anything whatever. They brought him to London with them in the following spring [1813], when I saw him at a hotel, soon after their arrival. Here the stupid, starved savage over-ate himself to such a degree as to bring on a very severe, if not dangerous, illness. It was necessary to remove him to a hospital; and there, after much suffering, he was at last cured, chiefly by the change of hospital diet from hotel fare. Bysshe was persuaded, with some difficulty, to part with him, Harriett declaring he was ‘so faithful.’ For his health’s sake, he was remitted to his accustomed potatoes and butter-milk. . . . What part this ruffian may have played in the strange scenes at Tanyrallt—for he was in

(1) *I.e.*, Shelley’s sister-in-law, Miss Westbrook.

(2) No doubt Hogg means that Dan was connected with Shelley’s proposed “Association of Philanthropists.” See the first page.

the thick of them—it is hard to conjecture. Whether he had any strictly Hibernian objects of plunder and ordinary villany in view, which were accidentally frustrated: or got up a nocturnal row for the purpose of displaying his fidelity; or created the disturbance through a barbarian panic; or was set on and instructed by some moving power, to whom it was at heart to quit Wales, and, for some private end, to go again to Ireland,—we may soon lose ourselves in conjectures, in vain and bootless conjectures.”

It is apparent from the above that Hogg was never well-informed, or else his memory had become hazy, about the facts of Daniel's career. He evidently supposed that Daniel had suffered imprisonment in connection with Shelley's or some other *Irish* enterprises; that Shelley somehow obtained his release; and that then, not before, the poet had taken the “savage” into his service. We now, from the papers in the Record Office, know that this is not correct; that Daniel was in Shelley's service *before* he got into prison; and that, to all appearance, he served out his full term of confinement, six calendar months from the 19th of August, 1812. This term would end on the 18th of February, 1813; which would just allow reasonable time for him to make his way from Barnstaple to Tanyrallt, and return to the service of a master upon whom his sufferings in the cause had unquestionably given him a solid claim, arriving (as Harriett's letter says) “only that day,” the 26th of February. Hogg's account of Daniel's ignorance of the English language would also seem to be overcharged; otherwise the documents about his arrest would be likely to refer to the same fact.

This mystery of the attempted assassination has never yet been in any degree cleared up; but the very prevalent tendency, among those who have pondered it, is to believe that it was a mere invention of Shelley's—whether wilful and culpable, or delusive and unaccountable. I will subjoin the brief summary on this subject, contained in my memoir prefixed to the re-edition of Shelley's *Poems*, 1870.

“The Shelleys went to ‘the Solicitor-General of the County,’ and had an investigation set on foot. No trace could ever be found of the assassin. The Shelleyan theory was that a certain Mr. Leeson, a man whom they avoided as ‘malignant and cruel to the greatest degree,’ was at the bottom of the affair. The Leesonian and irreverent theory was at least as tenable *primâ facie*—viz., ‘that it was a tale of Mr. Shelley's to impose upon the neighbouring shopkeepers, that he might leave the country without paying his bills.’ People in general, along with Messrs. Hogg, Madocks,¹ and Peacock, and Mr. Browning among later analysts, have disbelieved the story, and attributed it to an excited imagination, or nerves unstrung by laudanum: Hogg suggests [as we have seen] that the Irishman Daniel may possibly have had something to do with it. The night was one of rain, and ‘wind as loud as thunder,’ which may have started, in Shelley's perturbed brain, the notion of pistol-snappings; it is

(1) Shelley's landlord at Tanyrallt.

a fact, however, that *some* pistol was really fired.¹ One singular point (hardly hitherto dwelt on) is that Shelley *expected*, on going to bed, to need his fire-arms; ² if the expectation was a mere fantasy, the subsequent assumed actual need of them may have been the same. But Lady Shelley and Mr. Thornton Hunt discover no ground for scepticism; 'Miss Westbrook was also in the house at the time, and often, in after-years, related the circumstance as a frightful fact.' This last evidence is of great weight, and must give us pause before we dismiss the whole story as delusive. Miss Westbrook became one of Shelley's bitterest enemies, and certainly would not, out of consideration for him, have upheld 'in after-years' his account of the matter. But it is conceivable that, having at first committed herself to a figment, she found it impossible afterwards, for her own sake if not for Shelley's, to recant."

Such was my highly indeterminate view of the matter, before the tracing out of these papers in the Record Office. It now appears to me (as to Mr. Garnett before me) that the papers in question have very considerably increased the hypothetical likelihood that Daniel Hill may have had something to do with the affray; and, consequently, that the affray itself was a reality, so far as its reported incidents are concerned, whether or not we infer that so atrocious a crime as assassination was truly intended. If so, one of the chief grounds, indeed, the chief one, on which Shelley has been by many accused of mendacity, is removed. I will suggest to the reader two separate and distinct lines of consideration, either of which, as it seems to me, would confirm the surmise that Daniel was connected with the affair.

1st. Hitherto we have known of no *motive* that Daniel could have had for acting as darkly guessed by Hogg; that writer himself sets down four or five possible motives—plunder, panic, and so on—each of them as purely conjectural as the others. But now we can see that Daniel's recent experiences in life were such as might not unnaturally have furnished the motive sought for. He had just been suffering six months' imprisonment on account of Shelley's humanitarian-revolutionary ideas, and the abnormal means he took for diffusing them; and he may possibly have thought that a little salutary terrorising, something to frighten the propagandist out of his wits, even though unconnected with the incidents of the propaganda itself, might make him more cautious and less adventurous in future. Or even, without any such ulterior prudential views, he may have felt inclined to "pay Shelley out" for the scrape into which he, the servant, had been brought by his master. Under any

(1) Mr. Peacock verified this fact by personal examination.

(2) Now that we know that Daniel, who had only this day reached Shelley's house at Tanyrallt, was just come forth from prison after suffering for a semi-political offence, it seems to me just possible that Shelley may have had some wild idea of the "myrmidons of law" tracking him, and interfering with the "rights of man," in the person either of Daniel or of Shelley himself; and that *that* may have been the reason why he expected to need his pistols. But this is the merest conjecture.

theory which fastens the responsibility of the outrage on Daniel, it must, I suppose, be assumed that he had a confederate; for Shelley and the would-be assassin were actually engaged in struggling for a sword at the moment when Daniel re-entered the room, not to speak of other incidents, all telling in the same direction. Now Daniel had just come out of the very place, a prison, where he would be most likely to find a confederate for any such blackguardly exploits; whether of heinous criminality, such as a real attempt at burglary or assassination, or of mere illegal violence having little serious aim and purpose. A confederate, thus prompted by Daniel, would naturally, though a perfect stranger in the neighbourhood, be aware, as his reported speech shows him to have been, that Shelley's wife and sister-in-law (or "sister") were living in the same house; and the facts of his being a stranger, arriving only that day, and probably decamping after the events of the night, and of the interest which one of the principal witnesses, Daniel himself, had to thwart any researches after him, would go far to explain his never being traced out. Another reason conducing to this negative result is stated in Harriett Shelley's letter to have been the belief of the neighbours, consequent on Mr. Leeson's abuse, that the whole affair was a concoction of Shelley's own; hence, as she says, "none of them attempted to do anything towards" the discovery of the assailant.

2nd. It may be possible, even without assuming that Daniel had any direct or intentional share in the outrage, to connect it with his recent prison experiences. Some fellow-prisoner, discharged about the same time as himself, might have accompanied him to Tanyrallt, or might have gone thither by himself, tempted by hearing from Daniel of a quiet, small family, and possible plunder in a lonely house. In either of these cases, the same considerations as above-stated would hold good, regarding the difficulty of tracing the offender; he would be a total stranger, come and gone unobserved; and Daniel, if he had consciously, even though with no bad motive, brought him to the spot, might naturally dread his master's displeasure, and would thus have an interest in throwing justice off the scent.

I am far from saying that the information derivable from the papers in the Record Office is such as to prove any of the preceding surmises to be correct; or to convince us beyond a doubt that Shelley's story was strictly true, and the midnight assault upon his house and person a reality. But I certainly do think that these papers, taken in conjunction with Hogg's suspicions regarding Daniel, raise a strong presumption to the above effect, and offer a consistent chain of confirmatory motives and incidents.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

FRANCE, 1870.

I.

We look for her that sunlike stood
Upon the forehead of our day,
An orb of nations, radiating food
For body and for mind alway.
Where is the Shape of glad array ;
The nervous hands, the front of steel,
The clarion tongue? Where is the bold proud face?
We see a vacant place ;
We hear an iron heel.

II.

O she that made the brave appeal
For manhood when our time was dark,
And from our fetters struck the spark
Which was as lightning to reveal
New seasons, with the swifter play
Of pulses, and benigner day ;
She that divinely shook the dead
From living man ; that stretched ahead
Her resolute forefinger straight,
And marched towards the gloomy gate
Of earth's Untried, gave note, and in
The good name of Humanity
Called forth the daring vision ! she,
She likewise half corrupt of sin,
Angel and Wanton ! can it be ?
Her star has foundered in eclipse,
The shriek of madness on her lips ;
Shreds of her, and no more, we see.
There is a horrible convulsion, smothered din,
As of one that in a grave-cloth struggles to be free.

III.

Look not on spreading boughs
For the riven forest tree.
Look down where deep in blood and mire
Black thunder plants his feet and ploughs
The soil for ruin : that is France :
Still thrilling like a lyre,

Amazed to shivering discord from a fall
 Sudden as that the lurid hosts recall
 Who met in Heaven the irreparable mischance.

O that is France !

The brilliant eyes to kindle bliss,
 The shrewd quick lips to laugh and kiss,
 Breasts that a sighing world inspire,
 And laughter-dimpled countenance
 Whence soul and senses caught desire !

IV.

Ever invoking fire from Heaven, the fire
 Has seized her, unconsumable, but framed
 For all the ecstasies of suffering dire.
 Mother of Pride, her sanctuary shamed :
 Mother of Delicacy, and made a mark
 For outrage : Mother of Luxury, stripped stark :
 Mother of Heroes, bondsmen : thro' the rains,
 Across her boundaries, lo the league-long chains !
 Fond mother of her martial youth ; they pass,
 They are spectres in her sight, are mown as grass !
 Mother of Honour, and dishonoured : Mother
 Of Glory, she condemned to crown with bays
 Her victor, and be fountain of his praise.
 Is there another curse ? There is another :
 Compassionate her madness : is she not
 Mother of Reason ? she that sees them mown
 Like grass, her young ones ! Yea, in the low groan,
 And under the fixed thunder of this hour
 Which holds the animate world in one foul blot
 Tranced circumambient while relentless Power
 Breaks at her heart and claws her limbs down-thrown,
 She, with the plunging lightnings overshot,
 With madness for an armour against pain,
 With milkless breasts for little ones athirst,
 And round her all her noblest dying in vain,
 Mother of Reason is she, trebly cursed,
 To feel, to see, to justify the blow ;
 Chamber to chamber of her sequent brain
 Gives answer of the cause of her great woe,
 Inexorably echoing thro' the vaults,
 ' 'Tis thus they reap in blood, in blood who sow :
 ' This is the sum of self-absolv'd faults.'
 Doubt not that thro' her grief, with sight supreme,

Thro' her delirium and despair's last dream,
 Thro' pride, thro' bright illusion and the brood
 Bewildering of her various Motherhood,
 The high strong light within her, tho' she bleeds,
 Traces the letters of returned misdeeds.
 She sees what seed long sown, ripened of late,
 Bears this fierce crop ; and she discerns her fate
 From origin to agony, and on
 As far as the wave washes long and wan
 Off one disastrous impulse : for of waves
 Our life is, and our deeds are pregnant graves
 Blown rolling to the sunset from the dawn.

V.

Ah, what a dawn of splendour, when her sowers
 Went forth and bent the necks of populations,
 And of their terrors and humiliations
 Wove her the starry wreath that earthward lowers
 Now in the figure of a burning yoke !
 Her legions traversed North and South and East,
 Of triumph they enjoyed the glutton's feast :
 They grafted the green sprig, they lopped the oak.
 They caught by the beard the tempests, by the scalp
 The icy precipices, and clove sheer thro'
 The heart of horror of the pinnacled Alp,
 Emerging not as men whom mortals knew.
 They were the earthquake and the hurricane,
 The lightnings and the locusts, plagues of blight,
 Plagues of the revel : they were Deluge rain,
 And dreaded Conflagration ; lawless Might.
 Death writes a reeling line along the snows,
 Where under frozen mists they may be tracked,
 Who men and elements provoked to foes,
 And Gods : they were of God and Beast compact :
 Abhorred of all. Yet, how they sucked the teats
 Of Carnage, thirsty issue of their dam,
 Whose eagles, angrier than their oriflamme,
 Flushed the vext earth with blood, green earth forgets.
 The gay young generations mask her grief ;
 Where bled her children hangs the loaded sheaf.
 Forgetful is green earth ; the Gods alone
 Remember everlastingly : they strike
 Remorselessly, and ever like for like.
 By their great memories the Gods are known.

VI.

They are with her now, and in her ears, and known.
 'Tis they that cast her to the dust for Strength,
 Their slave, to feed on her fair body's length,
 That once the sweetest and the proudest shone ;
 Scoring for hideous dismemberment
 Her limbs, as were the anguish-taking breath
 Gone out of her in the insufferable descent
 From her high chieftainship ; as were she death,
 Who hears a voice of justice, feels the knife
 Of torture, drinks all ignominy of life.
 They are with her, and the painful Gods might weep,
 If ever rain of tears came out of Heaven
 To flatter Weakness and bid Conscience sleep,
 Viewing the woe of this Immortal, driven
 For the soul's life to drain the maddening cup
 Of her own children's blood implacably :
 Unsparing even as they to furrow up
 The yellow land to likeness of a sea :
 The bountiful fair land of vine and grain,
 Of wit and grace and ardour, and strong roots,
 Fruits perishable, imperishable fruits ;
 Furrowed to likeness of the dim grey main
 Behind the black obliterating cyclone.

VII.

Behold, the Gods are with her, and are known.
 Whom they abandon misery persecutes
 No more : them half-eyed apathy may loan
 The happiness of the pitiable brutes.
 Whom the just Gods abandon have no light,
 No ruthless light of introspective eyes
 That in the midst of misery scrutinize
 The heart and its iniquities outright.
 They rest, they smile and rest ; they have earned perchance
 Of ancient service quiet for a term ;
 Quiet of old men dropping to the worm ;
 And so goes out the soul. But not of France.
 She cries for grief, and to the gods she cries,
 For fearfully their loosened hands chastise,
 And mercilessly they watch the rod's caress
 Ravage her flesh from scourges merciless,
 But she, inveterate of brain, discerns
 That Pity has as little place as Joy

Among their roll of gifts ; for Strength she yearns,
 For Strength, her idol once, too long her toy.
 Lo, Strength is of the plain root-Virtues born :
 Strength shall ye gain by service, prove in scorn,
 Train by endurance, by devotion shape.
 Strength is not won by miracle or rape.
 It is the offspring of the modest years,
 The gift of sire to son, thro' those sound laws
 Which we name Gods, which are the righteous cause,
 The cause of man, and Manhood's ministers.
 Could France accept the fables of her priests,
 Who blest her banners in this game of beasts,
 And now bid hope that Heaven will intercede
 To violate its laws in her sore need,
 She would find comfort in their opiates.
 Mother of Reason ! can she cheat the Fates ?
 Would she, the champion of the open mind,
 The Omnipotent's first gift—the gift of growth—
 Consent even for a night-time to be blind,
 And sink her soul on the delusive sloth
 For fruits ethereal and material, both,
 In peril of her place among mankind ?
 The Mother of the many Laughters might
 Call one poor shade of laughter in the light
 Of her unwavering lamp to mark what things
 The world puts faith in, careless of the truth :
 What silly puppet-bodies danced on strings,
 Attacked by credence, we appear in sooth,
 Demanding intercession, direct aid,
 When the whole tragic tale hangs on a forfeit blade !

She swung the sword for centuries ; in a day
 It slipped her, like a stream cut from its source.
 She struck a feeble hand, and tried to pray,
 Clamoured of treachery, and had recourse
 To drunken outcries in her dream that Force
 Needed but to hear her shouting to obey.
 Was she not formed to conquer ? The bright plumes
 Of crested vanity shed graceful nods :
 Transcendent in her foundries, Arts and looms,
 Had France to fear the vengeance of the Gods ?
 Her Gods were then the battle-roll of names
 Sheathed in the records of old war ; with dance
 And song she thrilled her warriors and her dames,
 Embracing her Dishonourer : gave him France

From head to foot, France present and to come,
So she might hear the trumpet and the drum—
Bellona and Bacchante! rushing forth
On those stout marching Schoolmen of the North.

Inveterate of brain, well knows she why
Strength failed her, faithful to himself the first,
Her dream is done, and she can read the sky,
And she can take into her heart the worst
Calamity to drug the shameful thought
Of days that made her as the man she served,
A name of terror, but a thing unnerved:
Buying the trickster, by the trickster bought,
She for dominion, he to patch a throne.

VIII.

Behold the Gods are with her now, and known:
And to know them, not suffering for their sake,
Is madness to the souls that may not take
The easy way of death, being divine.
Her frenzy is not Reason's light extinct
In fumes of foul revenge and desperate sense,
But Reason rising on the storm intense,
Three-faced, with present, past, and future linked;
Informed three-fold with duty to her line.
By sacrifice of blood must she atone,
(Since thus the foe decrees it) to her own:
That she who cannot supplicate, nor cease,
Who will not utter the false word for Peace,
May burn to ashes, with a heart of stone,
Whatso has made her of all lands the flower,
To spring in flame for one redeeming hour,
For one propitious hour arise from prone,
Athwart Ambition's path, and have and wrench
His towering stature from the bitter trench,
Retributive, by her taskmasters shown,—
The spectral trench where bloody seed was sown.

IX.

Henceforth of her the Gods are known,
Open to them her breast is laid.
Inveterate of brain, heart-valiant,
Never did fairer creature pant
Before the altar and the blade!

X.

Swift fall the blows, and men upbraid,
 And friends give echo blunt and cold,
 The echo of the forest to the axe.
 Within her are the fires that wax
 For resurrection from the mould.

XI.

She snatched at Heaven's flame of old,
 And kindled nations: she was weak:
 Frail sister of her heroic prototype,
 The Man; for sacrifice unripe,
 She too must fill a Vulture's beak.

XII.

Once more, O earthly fortune, speak!
 Has she a gleam of victory? one
 Outshining of her old historic sun?
 For awhile! for an hour!
 And sunlight on her banner seems
 A miracle conceived in dreams,
 The faint reflux of orient beams
 Thro' a lifting shower.

XIII.

Now is she in the vulture-grasp of Power,
 And all her sins are manifest to men.
 Now may they reckon with punctilious pen
 Her list of misdemeanours, and her dower
 Of precious gifts that gilded the rank fen
 Where lay a wanton greedy to devour.

XIV.

Now is she in the vulture-grasp of Power.
 The harlot sister of the man sublime,
 Prometheus, she, though vanquished will not cower.
 Offending Heaven, she grovelled in the slime;
 Offending Man, she aimed beyond her time;
 Offending Earth, her Pride was like a tower.

XV.

O like the banner on the tower,
 Her spirit was, and toyed and curled
 Among its folds to lure the world—

It called to follow. But when strong men thrust
 The banner on the winds, 'twas flame,
 And pilgrim-generations tread its dust,
 And kiss its track. Disastrously unripe,
 Imperfect, changeful, full of blame,
 Still the Gods love her, for that of high aim
 Is this good France, the bleeding thing they stripe.

XVI.

She shall rise worthier of her prototype
 Thro' her abasement deep; the pain that runs
 From nerve to nerve some victory achieves.
 They lie like circle-strewn soaked Autumn-leaves
 Which stain the forest scarlet, her fair sons !
 And of their death her life is : of their blood
 From many streams now urging to a flood,
 No more divided, France shall rise afresh.
 Of them she learns the lesson of the flesh : —
 The lesson writ in red since first Time ran
 A hunter hunting down the beast in man :
 That till the chasing out of its last vice,
 The flesh was fashioned but for sacrifice.
 Cast hence the slave's delights, the wanton's lures,
 O France ! and of thy folly pay full price ;
 The liminary nature that immures
 A spirit dulled in clay shall break, as thrice
 It has broken on a night of blood and tears,
 To give thy ghost free breath, and joy thy peers.

Immortal mother of a mortal host !
 Thou suffering of the wounds that will not slay,
 Wounds that bring death but take not life away ! —
 Stand fast and hearken while thy victors boast :
 Harken, and loathe that music evermore.
 Slip loose thy garments woven of pride and shame :
 The torture lurks in them, with them the blame
 Shall pass to leave thee purer than before.
 Undo thy jewels, thinking whence they came,
 For what, and of the abominable name
 Of her who in imperial beauty wore.

O Mother of a fated fleeting host
 Conceived in the past days of sin, and born
 Heirs of disease and arrogance and scorn,
 Surrender, yield the weight of thy great ghost,

Like wings on air, to what the Heavens proclaim
With trumpets from the multitudinous mounds
Where peace has filled the hearing of thy sons :
Albeit a pang of dissolution rounds
Each new discernment of the undying Ones,
Stoop to these graves here scattered thick and wide
Along thy fields, as sunless billows roll ;
These ashes have the lesson for the soul.
' Die to thy Vanity, and to thy Pride,
And to thy Luxury : that thou may'st live,
Die to thyself,' they say, ' as we have died
From dear existence, and the foe forgive,
Nor pray for aught save in our little space
To warm good seed to greet the fair earth's face.'
O mother ! take their counsel, and so shall
The broader world breathe in on this thy home,
Light clear for thee the counter-changing dome,
Fire lift thee to the heights meridional,
Strength give thee, like an ocean's vast expanse
Off mountain cliffs, the generations all,
Not whirling in their narrow rings of foam,
But like a river forward. Soaring France !
Now is Humanity on trial in thee :
Now may'st thou gather humankind in fee :
Now prove that Reason is a quenchless scroll ;
Make of calamity thine aureole,
And bleeding lead us thro' the troubles of the sea.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE CLAIMS OF WOMEN.¹

GREAT authorities have spoken, from time to time, in favour of equality of the sexes ; but argument, however logical, falls so powerless when it is met by the ponderous battery of feeling, that we must try to enlist this great engine on our side by showing those women who are at present contented, how great is the misery to which the present state of society can give rise.

I will endeavour to show them in what way they can assist their less fortunate sisters, and thereby hasten, not, alas, a millennium, but at least a time when every woman will have free scope to cultivate and employ all her faculties and energies, and will be further taught that it is her duty to cultivate them, and a time when, in the eye of the law, she will be the equal of man. Let us bear in mind, when tempted to turn in disgust from the consideration of these claims, for fear that the lovely ideal of woman as she is would disappear were they granted, that "the useful is noble, and the hurtful base."

As I have said, it is not possible to meet and convince some of our sensitive friends on the field of logic ; let us try to meet them on their own ground, namely, that of feeling. I shall appeal more especially to women ; for if this battle is to be won, women must be roused from their indifference. When they are united on the subject, the opposition on the part of men would soon cease.

How does an ordinary man of the world answer when he is asked if he is in favour of women voting ? He does not say, "I am afraid of their influence in the elections : they would all be Tories." He does not say, "It would subvert the political and social order of things now existing : they might all be Radicals." No ; he generally smiles benignly and says, "I do not think ladies wish for it ;" and turning, if he can, to some pretty, doll-like girl, he will appeal to her to confirm his statement ; which I regret to say she usually does, and he considers the matter settled. "Why should such fair angels be converted into political drudges ?" he will say ; and yet till all, or at all events a large number of them are ready to claim a larger share of freedom, we can hardly expect the mass of men to give up the exclusive right to those privileges which they now possess.

The history of each reform tends to show us that no class will ever give up any advantage or privileges it may have without a pressure from without. Let the question be political reform, or abolition of

(1) The substance of the following paper was given as a lecture at Stroud on May 25, 1870.

slavery, or religious equality, we seldom find those interested in maintaining the abuses clear-sighted enough to help in their removal; and the line of opposition they generally pursue is to descant on the incapacity of the aspirants to power. The distinguished American preacher, Theodore Parker, points this out in his discourse on the Public Function of Woman. He says, "You know what haughty scorn the writer of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus pours out on every farmer 'who glorieth in the goad,' every carpenter and blacksmith, every jeweller and potter. 'They shall not be sought for,' says this aristocrat, 'in the public councils; they shall not sit high in the congregation, they shall not sit in the judges' seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment; they cannot declare justice.' Aristotle and Cicero thought no better of the *merchants*: they were only busy in trading. Miserable people, quoth these great men, what have they to do with the affairs of state—merchants, mechanics, farmers? It is only for kings, nobles, and famous rich men, who do no business, but keep slaves! Still, a great many men at this day have just the same esteem for women that those haughty persons of whom I have spoken had for mechanics and for merchants."¹ We have no right to expect any difference in the progress of this reform, which there is not only one class, but a whole sex, interested in opposing. As in those reforms just mentioned, it is not in reality any more advantageous to the possessors of power in this instance to maintain the inequality. Interest and possession, however, so dim the eye of reason, that it cannot see the greater good which looms in the distance to the disinterested vision.

Every argument which has been used during the agitation for reform would apply now. The working-men of this country must have been tired of being told that they were uneducated, unfit for the franchise, that they were virtually represented, or that their interests were safe in the hands of M.P.'s. I am happy to say, though this language was addressed to them scores of times they did not believe it, and persevered quietly and constitutionally till they gained their point. I hope that their access to power will not at once make them conservative in the sense of wishing to keep everything as it has been, and lead them to think that the past, instead of the future, is the thing to rest on and live in.

Interested motives, contempt, general dislike to change, and fear of competition, certainly enter into the objection felt by many men for this equality of the sexes, but do not exhaust their reasons against it. There is a large class amongst men who would be justly indignant at any mercenary idea being attributed to them, and who object on the score of sentiment. They dread the disappearance of the gentle,

(1) T. Parker's Works, vol. viii. p. 91.

loving, yielding woman, and seem to expect the whole fair sex to be turned into unfeminine monsters. Mr. Mill might be a magician in the dark ages, to judge by the terror often expressed of the effect of his wand. These alarmists seem to think that, should his incantations succeed, Rip Van Winkle might now take his long sleep, and on waking find all the world peopled by male beings. If this indeed were to be the consequence, I should sympathise heartily with his opponents. But have none of us known women who have, from youth up, been educated with their brothers, nurtured in the feeling of complete equality; others who have taken part publicly in the affairs of the day, and even preached in churches,—none the less true women for this training? I refer to some in the Society of Friends, who have consistently carried out this idea of human equality, because they considered it as part of the essence of Christianity. Among these, to allay the fears of our sentimental opponents, we might point to one who is a perfect type of woman as she can be; one who had no false shame or timidity in advocating in public all that liberty and humanity dictated; one whose voice has been raised for near fifty years in the cause of freedom and equality, of all races and sexes, in public meetings, in the privacy of her home, in crowded places of worship; one who, clothed in the neat and simple dress peculiar to the Quakers, joins to their courteous, gentle, and loving demeanour which she possesses in a pre-eminent degree, that calm and peace of a mind at rest with itself, that liveliness and even playfulness of a cheerful disposition, that quick and warm sympathy which is one of the cherished attributes of the gentler sex; a loving wife and honoured mother. I am speaking of Lucretia Mott. Hers is a name that will be long remembered in her own country, though little known as yet in this.

Another reason why some men oppose any step in this direction is that they are so anxious for the comfort and welfare of the softer sex, that they must protect it from the world and all its hardships and competitions; a worthy wish, no doubt, but one arising from a mistaken principle, and which would be of more use if these protectors were enlightened as to the theory of free trade in labour, and trusted to its effects on the welfare of the protected class.

Much more might be said of the objections brought forward by men as reasons for these claims being withheld; but we will pass on, to see why, as a matter of feeling, the sympathies of all womankind should be with us. I appeal to their feelings; not that feeling is the safest guide at all times, but because until women have undergone some mental training they will be guided more by emotion than by reason.

Too often we are told by them, "I should be no better off if I

had my own property or a vote;" or, "I like trusting to myself better than to rights;" "What do women want with colleges? why cannot they be happy and quiet at home?" or, again, "I should hate to be a doctor or a lawyer, women are not fit for it; they had better look after their husbands and children!"

The people who argue in this way fail to perceive that in so doing they are only asserting their own happiness, or their own comfort, and are entirely forgetting the thousands, I might say millions, of women who are alone in the world, who have neither parents, nor home, nor friends, nor fortune of their own, and who are driven to seek these for themselves or to die.

Imagine for a moment the case of a slave woman as she used to be in the Southern States of America, surrounded by the inevitable horrors of that degraded state of society; she may happen to be the petted and pampered darling of a fond master, living in luxury and sure of his indulgence; and when the cry of anguish arising from her fellow-slave strikes on her ear she is only annoyed that any harsh sound should disturb her peace, and impatiently exclaims, "Why cannot that woman be happy as I am instead of complaining and trying to change her lot?" Perhaps the lot of that other was to work incessantly for a mere morsel of food. Perhaps she was past work, and was about to be sold off away from her hut and her children. Was it wonderful she should raise her voice and wish for some change? Was it not rather wonderful that one woman could so selfishly and indolently enjoy life, because the evil she saw working all around did not touch her individually?

We are apt to forget that the priest and the Levite who looked and passed by on the other side are not the examples we would wish to follow; let us look, then, at these sores, and see if we cannot aid in binding them up. To descend to details. Have, for instance, these happy mistresses of comfortable homes ever spared a few moments from their bliss to cast their eyes on a report of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution? It is hardly possible, or we should not hear them urge as an answer to this movement that woman's work is at home. Home is very well where there is one; but what becomes of the work of the fifteen thousand governesses who have no money wherewith to get that home? It is to attain that coveted end, to possess either for themselves or for young brothers and sisters or aged parents, that loved home that so many seek employment in the world. From the way in which some of these "home" advocates talk, an inhabitant from another sphere might fancy it was a free gift to every human being, to be had by wishing for it; instead of a luxury hardly earned by the labour of its possessor or of its predecessors. The remuneration given to women who enter this career, nearly the only one open to them, is a salary varying from £20 to £100 per

annum; out of this they have often to keep relations from absolute destitution. The smallness of the pay comes from the market being so over-stocked, often, indeed, with inefficient workers. But where can they get a good education? What else can they turn their energies to? How are they to get bread? The fact that fifteen thousand women are driven to seek work for themselves is argument enough that by opening more professions, more educational advantages to them, we shall not be guilty, if guilt it is, of alluring them away from their homes to the deadly temptations of the outer world. These benevolent institutions and parallel ones are of use, no doubt, in their day; but those who support them must see that their help, generous and useful as it is to individuals here and there, is but a palliation of an evil, whose root lies deeper and must be cured from the foundation to be effectually eradicated.

This is the number seeking work in one direction; but if we turn to the census of 1861 we shall see that there were in Great Britain, in round numbers, six millions of women over twenty years of age. Half of these were wives, widows, and daughters having no occupation, and so, we presume, well off; one million wives of farmers, shopkeepers, &c., and two millions were engaged in independent industry.

I think these figures speak for themselves, and that the cause of two millions is not to be overlooked.

This brings me to the saddest argument that can be addressed to people of feeling and refinement on behalf of the rights of women. Could they be convinced that out of the more than fifty thousand homeless women who lead, in the towns of this country, an existence of moral suffering, of abject helplessness and sin, thousands are certainly driven to it by real want, by the absence of any opening for their industry, their energy, and their capabilities; by the cheerlessness, the hopelessness of their lot; by the absence of education which we have neglected to provide for them; could, I say, women be convinced that this is so, would they again lightly say, "What is that to me? I should be no better off with this, that, or the other?" No, rather would a life of devotion to that cause seem a small gift to atone for the indifference they had ever felt. This is no place nor time to enter into particulars or to prove the grounds for my convictions; but for the sake of those who will candidly consider the subject I will refer to facts adduced by those who have studied it—by Mademoiselle Daubié, in her recent work on "The Condition of Women among the Poor in the Nineteenth Century;" also to the books by Acton and Parent Duchâtelet. They have furnished us with such illustrations of existing evils as must appeal to the compassionate feelings of every fellow-woman; and in the struggles depicted in them to get food and occupation she will see the sign that there is need of amelioration

in the industrial position of women, and that we require the justice that can remove causes, as well as the charity that palliates effects.

One of the advantages I hope for in the admission of women to political power is, that, their sympathies being strong, they will bring their interest and energy to bear on many injustices of social life, and not so readily acquiesce in the idea that these evils must be borne, and that legislation is powerless to make any impression on them. I think we have experienced in a certain degree the fact that when women see evils they set to work practically to cure them in the limited way open to them. We may be proud of the work done by Miss Rye in emigration ; by Miss Carpenter in workhouses, reformatories, and Indian education ; by Miss Octavia Hill among the dwellings of the poor in London ; and by many others. Would not these ladies be qualified to vote for a member, and to judge of the social and political questions of the day ?

I have dwelt mostly on the good to be gained by the women of the industrial classes of society ; and as they are at least six times as numerous as those of the upper or idle classes, their cause deserves to be heard first, and what is an injury to them should be removed even at the expense of some of the pleasures or seeming advantages which are supposed to be consequences of our actual state of society. I said that the change should be made, if necessary, for the good of the many ; but I do not doubt that there will be no exceptions to those who will reap benefit from this equality of the sexes ; for, be the woman rich or poor, married or single, idle or working, it will bring her an increase of happiness by raising her as a moral and intellectual being ; and in her improvement, how can man as her companion, and man as her child, fail to taste its fruit ? In confirmation of this view it is a pleasure to have the authority of so eminent a man as M. de Tocqueville, whose advocacy is the more valuable as he does not consider that men and women have by any means the same destiny, and consequently he cannot be suspected of partiality. After giving very high praise to Americans, he says, "If I am asked to what I attribute the singular prosperity, and the increasing strength of this people, I should say it is to the superiority of their women."¹ He finds the good effects of democracy in destroying to a great extent this inequality of the sexes as it has destroyed other inequalities ; and he thinks it has made woman the equal of man in that country. The Americans, he says, have applied to the two sexes the great principle of political economy which at present regulates industry. They have carefully divided the functions of man and woman, so that the great social work may be better done. I must venture to question the second part of M. de Tocqueville's

(1) "*De la Démocratie en Amérique.*" Par A. de Tocqueville, vol. ii. chap. 12.

assertion; for I think that, though the Americans are unfortunately behindhand usually on the great free-trade doctrine, in this case they have been better in their actions than their professions, and instead of "carefully dividing the functions of men and women," they have opened, or rather not shut, many careers to them which used to be considered the sole province of men. Thus in the United States we find nearly the whole Treasury department worked by female clerks; we find many female doctors, female ministers of the Gospel, and even a female judge. As it is more than thirty years since M. de Tocqueville went to America, perhaps in his time the rapid march of democracy was not as much felt in this department of social life as it is now. They are still fighting there for the political franchise, the denial of which is a badge of inferiority and a real grievance which they still share with their English sisters. It is hardly likely that it will continue; a nation of men who really consider the other half of the nation their equals will not long maintain an inequality when aware of its existence. M. de Tocqueville's strong and emphatic praise of American women will be, I trust, some little reassurance to those who dread that any increase of liberty, knowledge, or power must make that dreaded being known as a blue stocking or a *femme savante*.

Miss Martineau has also pointed out admirably in her "Household Education" how absurd is the argument that knowledge unfits women for their work, and asks us if we find men attend less well to their counting-house or their shop for having their minds enriched and their faculties strengthened. She gives her testimony to the worst-managed households being those of the most ignorant women. It seems, indeed, so obvious that the improvement in the social condition of any persons must increase their self-respect, their independence, and that if more is expected of them they will produce more, that the only marvel is how the opposite idea should ever have arisen.

Woman, as well as her stronger partner, is a human being first, and has the nature, rights, and duty of one; free scope, equal privileges, and the same standard is all that they require.

It is not expected that this will turn the world upside down, or that we shall often see a husband put in the position of Hooker, the divine, who, when receiving a visit in 1585, from two old college friends, had to excuse himself in the midst of the discourse as he was obliged to go and rock the baby's cradle, while a series of similar household disturbances brought the visit to a speedy conclusion. That some women neglect, like Mrs. Hooker, their peculiar sphere, has happened before any talk of emancipation took place, and may, no doubt, happen again; but more education generally makes a more intelligent workman, so we shall not expect to find many Mrs.

Hookers who, for the sake of my argument, it is right to say, was a very ignorant and uneducated helpmate.

For this improvement in female education we have much to do. The same means of University training should be open to them, and many of the endowments at any readjustment of their funds should be shared by girls. As a practical instance of the disadvantage they now labour under I will mention Miss Pechey, one of the ladies who have been studying at the University of Edinburgh. They were admitted to the University last November with the distinct statement that they should be subject to all the regulations as to matriculation, attendance on classes, examinations, or otherwise. The lectures for ladies were, however, to be given at a separate hour. Miss Pechey fulfilled all the regulations, passed the same examination, and came out third in a class of 236 in chemistry. There were four Hope scholarships for this class, to be held by the first four students. Miss Pechey most naturally expected to get hers; but, wonderful to relate, it was refused to her because the instruction, by order of the University, had been given at a separate hour. An appeal to the Senatus only confirmed this refusal, though it decided that the women were entitled to the usual certificates. Is this fair play? And, again, is it a thing to be proud of that Miss Garrett, an English lady, should have been obliged to go to Paris, and get from a foreign University a degree for medicine refused to her here?

In the opinion of many, *labour* is undesirable for women; in the opinion of many others, it is unnecessary. But, if both these opinions were true, and even if we made it our object that labour for money were never forced upon women (which is far from being the case at present), an improvement in their general position would still be needed, in order that they might be better fitted to labour in the fields of art, science, sociology, politics, literature, and society, according to the powers and tastes that all admit them to possess.

If in this change woman lose some of those hitherto peculiarly feminine attributes, she will have gained others; what she loses in timidity and sensibility, she will gain in courage and endurance; what she loses in intenseness but narrowness of sympathy, she will gain in breadth. If she lose her fervent religious realisations, she will embrace a calmer but not less noble faith. Her attributes may vary a little; but they will still be feminine attributes, or they will not cling to her. What is beautiful in her nature must be true, and what is true need not fear the inroads of any new opinions or new heresies. If these new attributes are untrue, they may have their day, but will die out; and in the experiment we may hope to have elicited some truth as to what this complex feminine nature is really capable of.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I must refer once more to

the unsexing argument. Is idleness the one crowning beauty of woman, that work is an object so much to be dreaded for her? Or is it useful work only that is dreaded, or remunerative work, or possibly work that must be performed outside her home? If this be so, how can we tolerate the 779,000 domestic servants that work in Great Britain, for are they not all women working for their living away from home? Is remunerative work the bugbear of our protectors? I fear there is some jealousy of the competition of women on the part of men; for an eminent medical man lately advised ladies to take to pharmacy when they wished to be doctors, and had the requisite education for the profession. Now, in pharmacy or in hospital nursing there is nothing intrinsically different, as to the fatigue of the life or the delicacy of the work, from doctoring, except that the latter requires a higher education, and consequently commands better pay. If the education is obtained, I do not see why the pay should not follow; and why the woman capable of it should not earn her thousand a year when she can, instead of being content with a hundred in the pharmacy, or possibly forty as a nurse. I will agree with my opponents if they say it is not the work done nor the education given that unsexes a woman, but some kinds of labour, some kinds of misery and want of education that unsex her. I believe that those who are afraid of this she-monster, the unsexed woman, are often thinking of such cases as that of the women working in coal-mines, crawling nearly on their knees, with scanty clothing and begrimed in dirt; or perhaps of the sad specimens of female humanity that haunt the police-courts and bad neighbourhoods of towns. If these specimens are in their minds, I will agree with them that a woman can indeed appear most unwomanly; but we must differ again as to what was the cause of this degradation. It is not from work, not from mixing with men, nor with the world, that this change is effected, but from the same causes that deteriorate the men whom they mix with—ignorance, idleness, poverty, recklessness, vice, and the crimes that follow in their train. These are the causes that unsex women, and make a monster of the being who is capable of shedding such a halo of softness and feeling over the frigid world. But it is not the equality of women with men that is responsible for these degraded forms of womankind; and it is precisely to sweep away these results of our present system that I wish to see women in a higher position in the world.

Miss Parkes,¹ after saying that she would like to see many more means of livelihood open to women, expresses a hope that it will be but a temporary arrangement; and that the idea will never be established that women can shift for themselves, and thereby make men less mindful to provide for the women of their family. Mr. Theodore

(1) *Essays on Woman's Work*, p. 216.

Parker¹ says that the large class of unmarried women is peculiar to classic and Christian civilisation alone, and that in Christian countries this class is increasing rapidly, and to them the domestic function is very little, often nothing. He does not think that this state will last, as marriage is necessary to the soul and body of man; consequently he hopes this is a state of transition from the time when every woman was a slave and dependent on some man, to a state of independence, where there will be no subordination, but the two will be co-ordinated together.

I cannot be so sanguine as to imagine that the balance of the sexes will be so equal, but the temporary stage is one of such great suffering, and must be of such long duration, that we are bound to do all in our power to alleviate it, not dimming our eyes to the facts as they at present exist.

We have neither harems nor Mormon homes, on the one hand, for the surplus women who look to matrimony as an occupation; nor, on the other hand, the convents of the Roman Catholic countries, which so admirably filled in their day that longing felt by women for work, a home, a noble life, and devotion to a cause.

It is not work, then, in itself which unfits people for their proper function in life, but a work that is not adapted to their capacity. Perhaps it will be said that this is all very well for the poor, but that ladies in the upper and middle classes of life are the ideals of what women should be, and that you will have no iconoclasts breaking this beautiful image which we have hitherto worshipped. The lady, *par excellence*, is then to be kept from work and the world, to preserve all those maidenly and matronly charms which are so much prized by men; in plain English, the rich woman is to have no profession but marriage offered to her, that those who do marry may be of the stamp hitherto approved by men. Granted that this is their first profession, what is to become of their energies before this happy crisis, a period often of some duration, owing to the difficulties in the way of early marriage? What is to become of the childless, of the widows, of the spinsters? Are all these to sit at needlework, and dawdle out their day visiting, reading without purpose, and envying their happier companions? But I will not admit that even for the wife and mother a limited sphere of action is desirable, or that the Greek wife described by Mr. Grote in his book on "Plato," is to be our ideal. Mr. Grote says:—"We must remember that the wives and daughters of citizens were seldom seen abroad; that the wife was married very young; that she had learnt nothing except spinning and weaving; that the fact of her having seen as little and heard as little as possible was considered as rendering her more acceptable to her husband; that her sphere of duty

(1) Miscellaneous Discourses by T. Parker. Sermon iv. p. 8¹.

and exertion was confined to the interior of the family. The beauty of the woman yielded satisfaction to the senses, but little beyond." Can we wonder, if this was the kind of companion destined to engross the affections of men, that her destiny was a failure, and that among the Greeks marriage was looked upon as essentially commonplace, and that, as Mr. Grote tell us, the wife was quite unable to call up "that pitch of enthusiasm which overpowers all other emotions, absorbs the whole man, and aims either at the joint performance of great exploits or the joint prosecution of intellectual improvement by continued colloquy?"¹ Where the mental inequality exists unfelt and uncomplained of, it is generally because the great aims and intellectual improvement have disappeared under the deadening influences of perpetual contact with a common-place mind.

It is strange that there should not be a greater difference between the lives of women existing at such different periods and in such different surrounding circumstances; for in the life of the married lady held up to us often as the ideal type there is much similarity to the Greek picture we have just considered. She has much spare time. If she live in luxury and wealth, servants, nurses, schools, governesses, in fact, all that money can give, take all the small cares and duties of household life off her hands. Let us recall the old hymn which tells us who finds work for idle hands to do. Her mind is empty, her hands are not required to work; there are no great interests for her; and she is doomed to the life of inactivity, mental and physical, which is thought fitting by the public opinion of her class. Could not this ample leisure be employed in some political, scientific, or social work, according to her aptitudes?

Any attempt made or felt by women to be desirable in the direction of new work is too often crushed in the bud by that fatal advice inculcated so strongly in the education of most girls; that the highest merit of woman is not to be spoken of for good or for evil. A glorious contradiction was given to this theory of womanly excellence in the past, when the first female martyr died for her faith in the sight of thousands of spectators. And to come to modern times, is the life of the Queen one that is devoid of the great interests of political work, official work, and social work? Has this constant public career, these public ceremonies in which she was the central figure, this cultivation of mind which she brings to bear on the duties she has to perform, made her one whit less a real woman, a loving mother, a sorrowing widow, and a ready sympathizer with all forms of sorrow and suffering that come to her notice? She has been held up as a model for English women; and that this has been done shows that the beauty of her domestic life has not been impaired by

(1) Vol. ii. p. 207 of Grote's "Plato."

the public life she has led, and by the great national interests that she has made her own, nor by the shouts and acclamations of multitudes who always rush to welcome her wherever she appears.

I trust now that the time is passed when idleness is a thing desired, and that work will evermore be looked upon as a good thing in itself. If needful and good for the mass, surely each one is the better for contributing to that general good. Remember a saying of an ancient philosopher :—"What is good for the swarm, is good for the bee."

Taking now for granted that the deterioration of women will not be the effect of this change, let us see how materially they can benefit. In the case of the married woman, the right to her own property and earnings will be a great boon in unhappy unions. Where the marriage is happy there will be no need for interference on the part of the law ; and, except as regards property, guardianship of children, and divorce, on the same conditions for both, the law cannot enforce equality in marriage ; the rest must be left to the private arrangement of each couple, and enters into another sphere. In the case of those desirous of being married, but waiting many years from absence of sufficient means, surely the woman would be happier, better off, if she were able to employ that time in amassing money to hasten the end in view, than pining in idleness through the best years of her life.

The original cause and the cause of the long duration of the present subordinate position of women has been sometimes, and perhaps truly, considered from the Darwinian point of view to be owing to the struggle for existence in which the weaker beings must always be subdued, and, in some cases, even trampled out ; and it is asserted that our position is only an effect of that law. Let us grant it is so, for the sake of argument. In former times force was the only power in the world. As civilisation has gone on, the heroic and military virtues have given place to the more amiable ones, and each age has had its type of virtue. The present type is one to which woman can aspire as well as man. In the age of military heroism a woman could seldom distinguish herself equally, though Joan of Arc was an exception to the rule ; the field was generally given up to the physically strongest. With the growth of the more refined virtues she took a higher place, and struggled into intellectual existence. That she has been fit for this existence cannot be denied by those who make possession a test of fitness, nor by others who look to the fruits of this moral development of woman in such instances as Mrs. Fry, Madame Guyon, Hannah More, Madame Roland, Madame de Stael, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Carpenter, Miss Cobbe, and an innumerable host, who have done work in various spheres.

Now that Government, the arts and sciences, have all thrown a

gentler glow over the aspect of modern life, the sphere of action is still further enlarged, and by her power to gain admission to that which is still withheld from her, she will prove her right to political existence even to the mind of a thoroughgoing Darwinian. That this emancipation may be accomplished, it is certainly necessary there should be some struggle, in the sense of agitation and of efforts made to remove existing grievances; hence have arisen societies, discussions, bills, debates, and petitions. The more women help in this agitation the sooner will they all start fair in the race; and till women have votes, those things which concern them alone are sure to be made to give way to those that are pressed for by the constituents who have power at elections. If we believe in representative institutions we must be convinced of the material advantage to women in the acquisition of a vote. Political power is a protection, and it is in that sense, and not as a right, that we demand it for women. Much has been done in the last few years in the education of the public on this subject through the means of literature, the press, and speeches.

We often hear a feeling expressed that a polling-booth would be no fitting place for a lady. But I confess that my experience teaches me that a polling-booth, in the early morning, is a far quieter place than the hustings on nomination day, or the public market-place on polling day; yet these two places have been sanctioned by public opinion as quite suitable for the wives and friends of candidates at elections. Even if it be a little unpleasant, a trifle noisy, and if an occasional flour-bag or egg finds its way to the sacred precincts, the lady is supposed to be able to bear it with equanimity for her husband's sake. I ask her to go through much less inconvenience for her own sake and that of her country.

Mr. Mill first proposed to give the political franchise to women in 1867; when seventy-five members voted for it in a house of two hundred and seventy-three. Amongst the seventy-five were found two most distinguished members of the present Government, Mr. John Bright and Mr. Stansfeld. Mr. Jacob Bright brought in his Bill for removing the electoral disabilities of women this year, and the second reading was carried by a majority of thirty. On the motion for going into committee it was, however, thrown out.

The ignorance of women of any movement in the world of politics is often mistaken for apathy; but once show them that any practical grievance would be attended to at once, if they were the holders of political power, and had authority to question their members and make their vote depend on his answer, and they would become as keen politicians as the men they live with. No sooner was the municipal vote granted to women than, in the small town of Leicester,

between two and three thousand put themselves on the municipal register. Does this look like indifference?

An immense step has just been taken by women in connection with the election of School Boards. The keen interest taken by them in this matter of education, led not only to their voting, combining, and canvassing, but also to their becoming candidates. Miss Davies and Miss Garrett, M.D., owed their wonderful success in a great degree to the desire felt by women to entrust their interests to one of their own sex; but as women alone could not have made up the 47,000 votes given in Marylebone for Miss Garrett, we have a sign that men have no objection to be represented by a woman.

The elections were carried on so much on the plan of the parliamentary elections, that it has served as a test of the capacity in women for the function of voter or candidate, and must have disposed of the objections urged on the score of incapacity and unfitness. It is to be hoped that women all over the country will come forward as candidates for School Boards; and by the way in which they carry on their contests, will show that in assuming this public attitude they do not adopt the well-known male electoral vices, but bring the feminine virtues they are credited with to their aid. If this be so, and we have less lying and humbug, less treating, less intimidation, less unscrupulousness, and less rowdiness, with our female candidates, we shall all rejoice in the day when women began to share the wider interests and larger life of men.

Great steps are also being taken in the higher education of women; a college, giving the same education as that of Cambridge, has been opened at Hitchin, and various courses of lectures in London and Edinburgh by University professors. This, however, is too large a subject to enter on here. Many, moreover, are willing to go with us in the education question, but say that, when education is what they call finished, women should not seek to go further through the golden gate of knowledge. But to expect a woman to cultivate all her faculties and her mental powers, and then to acquiesce in a life of inactivity, "a life of nothings, nothing worth," would be unreasonable. If she asks that the same opportunities be open to her as to men, her demand is only just and rational; nor is it a loss to herself only, but the community also sustains a loss of force, labour, and energy by barring the door to every external occupation to one half of the human race. Have these timid people so little faith in nature, so little faith in their power to win a woman, or in her instinct to be a true wife and mother, that they must hedge this rebellious creature round so that she may have no outlet except into matrimony? When she enters into it, cannot you trust her to find out how far it engrosses her whole being? Precisely in proportion to their enlightenment will women on the whole see more clearly

what their true work is, and that that work need not always be identical with that of men, nor yet so opposed that the men must work, and the women must weep.

With progress, men break into varieties in their employments. Why should not women follow the same law of social economy? When all is open to them, it does not follow that they will become soldiers and sailors, iron-workers and blacksmiths. The law of natural selection will operate here as throughout creation, and what they are fitted for they will perform; if they do not perform it, they will soon be replaced by the fitter instrument for that particular work: but in the new order of things we have never yet had fair trial. It still remains to be seen if they cannot fulfil the offices of doctors, of preachers, of educators, of clerks, of poor-law administrators, of printers, of reporters, of shop-keepers, of book-keepers, as well as these offices have been filled already. The relief of the poor has been considered as a fit sphere for woman for some time, and the reason that, amidst all the good they have done, there has been so much mischief in charity, is the absence of the sense of responsibility in their dealings, and their ignorance of political economy. These two defects would, I hope, be remedied in a state of society such as we wish for. It will be noticed that in the spheres of work I have indicated for women, I have not mentioned any that can be objected to on the physiological ground that long-continued muscular exertion is injurious to them.

Having now passed in review, certainly in the most cursory manner, the various obstacles to those changes, both in public opinion and in the law, which we, who are supporters of the claims of women, are anxious to effect, I will briefly sum up the measures which we conceive to be required in order to secure that equal justice, which is all that we demand.

1st. We desire that there should be a great improvement in the education of girls, and a restoration to them of those endowments originally intended for both sexes, but which in some instances have been appropriated exclusively to boys.

2ndly, and as a natural sequence to the first requirement. That equal facilities should be granted to women for the attainment of the highest education and of University degrees, in order that their special faculties may not be consigned to compulsory idleness, but may be turned to the benefit of society.

3rdly. That all professions should be open to them, and especially that no new Act, medical or otherwise, should actually exclude them as they are excluded now.

4thly. That married women should no longer be debarred from the separate ownership of property, on the same terms as married men.

5thly. That a widow should be recognised by law as the only natural guardian of her children.

6thly. That the franchise should be extended to women as a means of power and protection in all matters affected by legislative action.

7thly. That political and social interest and work should be open equally to them, so that if there be talent or aptitude in any of them the State may not be the loser, alike by the exclusion of those qualities which they share with men, and of those which are characteristic of themselves.

8thly. That public opinion should sanction every occupation for women which in itself is good and suited to their strength.

9thly. That there should be no legal subordination in marriage.

10thly. That the same wages should be given for the same work.

But I hear some of you ask—"All this being granted, *cui bono*? I answer you simply—We hope and wish to try if an infusion of justice, of new vigour and new life, of warmer sympathies and larger hopes into women's lives, will not alleviate some of the suffering of this struggling life. If it alleviate but few, it is well; if it have the effect I anticipate, it will do more. At all events let us hope.

"Die Welt wird alt und wieder jung,
Doch der Mensch hofft immer Verbesserung!"

and the day will be sad when we become sceptical of individual and social progress.

In conclusion allow me to refer to the chapter on the family in a beautiful book on "The Duties of Man," by the great Italian patriot, M. Mazzini; where, after dwelling on the beauty of family life, he says:—

"Like every other element of human life, it is of course susceptible of progress.

"Seek in woman not merely a comfort, but a force, an inspiration, the redoubling of your intellectual and moral faculties. Cancel from your minds every idea of superiority over woman—you have none whatsoever. Long prejudice, an inferior education, and a perennial legal inequality and injustice have created that apparent intellectual inferiority which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression.

"Man and woman are varieties springing from the common basis—Humanity. There is no inequality between them, but—even as is also the case among men—diversity of tendency and of special vocation.

"Are two notes of the same musical chord unequal or of different nature? Man and woman are the two notes without which the human chord is impossible.

"Consider woman, therefore, as the partner and companion, not merely of your joys and sorrows, but of your thoughts, your aspirations, your studies, and your endeavours after social amelioration. Consider her your equal in your civil and political life.

"Be ye the two human wings that lift the soul towards the Ideal we are destined to attain."

K. AMBERLEY.

ANNE FURNESS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"It is not for me to betray confidence," said Mr. Lacer, colouring.

"Betray confidence! Surely not. But I have told you that my cousin expressly declared that he cared not a jot who knew of his goings and comings. You have betrayed nothing. It was from another source that I heard of Sam Cudberry's visits to the training-ground."

Mr. Lacer turned his head quickly, and looked at me very curiously. "Was it from your father you heard it?" he asked. But, although he had looked round quickly, he did not speak quickly. On the contrary, he uttered his question after a pause, and with apparent deliberation.

The words sent a pain to my heart. For they seemed to confirm one of my worst fears; namely, that my father was mixed up with whatever mysteries were going on at the training-ground of which Dodd had spoken. I had been able to solace myself, so long as this fear remained in my own breast, with counter-hopes that I was wrong, that my father had not added *this* net to the tangle of troubles he had coiled around him. But directly I heard Mr. Lacer's words the hopes vanished altogether, and I wondered how I could ever have entertained them.

"Father knows all about it, then?" said I sadly.

Mr. Lacer shrugged his shoulders, and gave a melancholy smile, as who should say, "Can you doubt it?"

Could it be my father, I wondered, who had been seen to accompany Sam, and to linger about the village? But no! My father's person was too well known throughout the neighbourhood. All at once a light flashed into my mind. I stopped—we were walking in the garden—and said, with a sudden vehement impulse, "It is you! You go with Sam Cudberry to this place! Why do you do so? It is not right. It can come to no good."

He was quite amazed by my breathless vehemence, and was silent for a few moments. Then he asked me how I knew this, and said that he did not mean to deny it. I told him that I had *guessed* the truth at that moment; and that I wondered at my own dulness in not having done so long before.

He seemed a good deal troubled; and I was so also, now that the flush of excitement had begun to die away. What right had I to take Mr. Lacer to task for his conduct? I stammered out that I was full of anxiety and sorrow on my father's account, and that my heart was wrung by thinking of how much misery seemed to be in store for mother, and was beginning an excuse, when he stopped me.

"Yes, I know. Your father and mother! I know it all, Anne. Do not fear that I shall attribute your emotion to any interest in me. I know you too well for that."

He *had* partly read my thought, and I felt a little confused. But I made an effort to conquer the shy feeling, and told him that it would be ungrateful in me not to feel any interest in him after the friendship he had shown for my parents—and for me. Feeling that he was about to interrupt me again, I added hurriedly, that naturally and of course my chief care was for my father and mother; and that I was greatly distressed to find my vague suspicions confirmed. "I am, of course, very ignorant of all these things," said I. "Less ignorant though than I would fain be, Heaven knows! But, of course, I cannot help seeing that it is some speculation connected with the secret training of a race-horse which is luring my father on, and which prevents him from taking any energetic step to free himself from his embarrassments—from his *debts*," I added, changing the phrase; "for it is worse than useless to disguise the bitter truth, by wrapping it up in vague words. And see now what a misfortune this new infatuation is! If it had not been for that, I do believe my father might have been persuaded, some months ago, to give up Water-Eardley, and break free. Do you not believe that, too?"

"Y-yes; I—don't know."

"I believe it—am sure of it. And Oh, it all grows so clear! father is constantly harping on September, clinging to September. In September that incomprehensible piece of luck is to happen that is to change everything like a fairy's wand! *Why, Horsingham races are in September!*"

Mr. Lacer turned away his head and made no answer.

"Oh," said I, clasping my hands and pressing my fingers hard into the flesh, "what is it he has entered into? Can nothing be done to prevent his losing everything, his good name, I mean; for I don't cheat myself with hopes of saving anything else! I implore you to tell me the truth!"

"Anne, Anne, don't be so distressed!" he cried. The tears were running down my cheeks, and I was trembling from head to foot. "I can't bear to see you take it to heart like this. If I had known—if I had thought beforehand——. For mercy's sake, don't cry and shake so. Your mother!—your mother may come to the window of her room at any moment. We are within sight from the house."

This suggestion enabled me to command myself, better than anything else could have done. I turned my face from the house, and tried to compose myself, and wiped my eyes with a hand that trembled still.

Gervase Lacer stood looking at me with a face full of pain and perplexity.

"You are so—so—innocent and unworldly," he murmured, still gazing at me with a kind of compassionate surprise. "These things happen so often—every day—and——. But you and Mrs. Furness take it all so terribly to heart."

"Is that wonderful? Do you expect us to be unmoved by ruin—and, what is worse, disgrace?"

"Ay, there it is! Disgrace! But you do not seriously think that there is anything really wicked in training a horse to run a race, do you?"

"What is the use of speaking in that way? You well know what all this racing, and betting, and gambling has brought my father to! Is it no disgrace to be in debt, to incur fresh debts with no reasonable hope of paying them, to risk self-respect, peace of mind, the happiness of those that are dear to you, to plunge into crooked ways, and stealthy schemes, and false pretences?"

His face flushed a deep red, and he frowned more angrily than I had ever seen him frown. I understood why. He had, by his own confession, entered to some extent into the stealthy schemes I spoke of. I did not doubt that he felt some self-reproach, which did not, however, make the reproaches of others more endurable.

"Look here, Miss Furness," he said, "I tell you plainly that you must keep a better guard over yourself, unless you want to do great mischief—irrevocable mischief—to your father."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that as the knowledge of the——" he hesitated so long for a word that I was about to speak, when he brought out the word "*scheme*," which I had used, and brought it out with some bitterness,—"*the knowledge of your father's scheme has partly reached you, you will do well to be dumb about it to others. Do not breathe a syllable in reference to it to any one. Try to forget it. That would be best of all. For any chance of success, secrecy is essential. I suppose your righteous indignation will not go so far as to make you cry the matter aloud on the highway!*"

"Why," said I, much pained, although I entirely believed that irritated temper alone made him speak thus, "I thought you fully shared my feeling on this subject; and yet you seem to be sneering at it now!"

His face softened, and the frown gradually cleared away from his brow; but he made two or three turns up and down the path before he spoke again. We had both mechanically resumed our walk from the garden to the shrubbery and back again, passing each time through a little wicket-gate that stood open.

"I do share your feeling to a great degree," he said. "I sympathise with you entirely. I would do any thing to spare Mrs. Furness pain. But—but—it is a little hard to be blamed for doing

what I have done in friendship. To be blamed by *you*. It is not every one's blame I should care for. You know that; you must know it."

"Forgive me, if I have done you injustice. But, since we are speaking thus plainly, let me ask you *why* you have mixed yourself up with this miserable affair? Why, instead of dissuading father from it, you seem to have joined him in it? And, above all, why, in a matter to which you tell me secrecy is essential, you have admitted Sam Cudberry to your confidence?"

After a little pause, Mr. Lacer answered, that if I would walk onward with him a little towards the river-side meadows, he would reply to all my questions. "That is, if you will have patience to hear me out. I have great faith in your sense and courage, and I believe, after all, it will be best to trust you."

I agreed to his request, and we walked on beyond the shrubbery, and then he began to speak. At first he spoke hesitatingly, and with difficulty; but he warmed as he proceeded. He told me that father had set his heart on buying a race-horse from some famous stable. Flower had incited him to the purchase. Father's means not being sufficient for the purpose, even although he raised money, reckless of consequences, in every possible way—he had (again by Flower's advice) put the advertisement I had seen in the sporting paper. Some man had been found to join him; a Londoner, Mr. Lacer said he was. At this point, and not before, he (Gervase Lacer) had been told under a promise of solemn secrecy, and offered a share in the benefits of the speculation. This of course, he said, answering my face, not my voice, for I said nothing, he had not accepted. I observed that he well knew what amount of *benefit* might be anticipated from such a scheme. And he answered frankly, yes; truly. It was not a very safe one. Not but that there *was* a chance, there *was* always a chance, of realising a large sum. Of course, if there were *no* chance there would be an end of betting. Nothing was sure. Well, what was he to have done? To betray my father's trust, and make his wife and daughter wretched by telling them of things they were entirely powerless to prevent? He laid great stress on that. To break with my father and leave him to his fate without a friend to speak to or confide in? He could not do it. He made no merit of this, he said. He was bound to the inmates of Water-Eardley by ties too strong for him to sever voluntarily. I might judge by my own feelings whether it were a pleasant task to carry such a secret about with him. This burden he had wished to spare me. He still wished to spare my mother from fruitless anxiety. As for my cousin's being taken into confidence, they had had no choice. Sam Cudberry had spied and spied, scenting some mystery, and had kept a watch over his (Gervase Lacer's) movements, and had at last traced him to the training-

ground, whither he had gone at my father's request, and on my father's errand. "And I wish," added Mr. Lacer, with hearty vehemence, "that the heir of Woolling had been up to his neck, if not a little deeper, in one of the Woolling horse-ponds, before he had thrust himself upon me!" There was no mistaking the genuine nature of Mr. Lacer's disgust and irritation with Sam as he said the words. "Or I wish," he added a little more gently, "that he had been any one else's cousin. *That* would have sufficed to make our acquaintance of the briefest!"

"And on the success of this horse my father has staked——?"

"*Everything*. You are so pale! Take my arm for a moment. I almost was afraid to tell you, and yet you wished it."

"I did wish it. It was best to tell me. Indeed it was. And when—when will this—when will our fate be decided? At the next Horsingham races?"

"Yes."

"They are near at hand. And my father has risked *everything*?"

"Everything that he could risk. Your mother's settlement is, of course, untouched."

"Nothing could dissuade him from this, even now at the eleventh hour? Is there no hope, no chance?"

"Impossible! What could he do? How do you suppose he is to get rid of the responsibilities he has incurred? No, no, the horse *must* run! Why he has been backing him heavily"—he checked himself. He had been speaking with impatience, almost with anger. Then he resumed in an encouraging tone, "But you know it *may* turn out well! It may prove the road to fortune. I confess that although I see risk—of course there is risk, there must be!—yet I am very far from despairing. Great strokes of luck *have* happened, and may happen again!"

I shook my head. This tone depressed me almost more than any other, although I knew it was kindly meant. What if the best that they could expect should befall, and a great stroke of luck, as Mr. Lacer phrased it, were to make my father a winner? The result would be to lead him on to further ventures, and to confirm him for ever as a frequenter of the turf. How terrible that prospect was to me, and how unshakeable was my conviction that it must prove a mere road to ruin growing ever smoother and steeper, I have no words to say.

"Shall I tell you what I think in my heart?" said I to Mr. Lacer, when he had finished the speech intended to cheer me. "I think that, if we have a living faith in the wisdom of doing right, come what may, and if we believe what conscience tells us, my mother and I ought to pray, not for the success, but the failure, of this speculation. It would be better to be ruined outright whilst

there is something left to meet the just claims of creditors, and for father to be driven back from the course he has entered on, at any cost of present distress, than to go on, on, on, losing health, and hope, and honour, and finish in deeper ruin at last."

Mr. Lacer was quite startled, and almost shocked, at the suggestion.

"Pray for failure!" he cried. "Good heavens! you don't know what you are saying."

He went on to impress upon me the paramount necessity of caution and secrecy. He was sure, he said, quite sure that I would not willingly be the means of destroying all chance of a fortunate result on the race-day, by making any imprudent speeches. I did not know how much depended on it. I must be staunch and silent for *all* sakes.

I told him that he need not fear me. I would be silent. But I could not help observing how strange it seemed to me that all this mystery should be necessary. If the whole county knew the state of the case, what difference would it make? Such knowledge would not lame the horse, nor slacken his speed on the race-day!

"Pshaw! you talk like a baby. What difference would it make? Think of the betting! Think what odds we—your father, would be likely to get, if——. But I beg your pardon for speaking hastily. You don't understand these things. Of course you cannot. Only pray believe—take my word for it—that an imprudent syllable may ruin everything."

"And how do you propose to secure Sam Cudberry's secrecy? What inducement do you think will avail with him?"

"A bribe," replied Mr. Lacer deliberately.

"A—bribe?"

"Did you think your second-cousin inaccessible to one? I am very frank, you see. Perhaps too frank. Yes; Mr. Sam Cudberry has been offered a bribe—a tangible bribe in coin of the realm; and for that consideration (the mention of it did not shock him, as it does you, I assure you) he promised to hold his tongue."

"What a web of falsehood, and meanness, and baseness!"

"It is bad enough," he answered impulsively.

I have said that Gervase Lacer's emotions were easily excited. Now as he spoke the tears came into his eyes, and the colour rose in his face. "It is bad enough, God knows. If I could clear myself from it all I would; upon my soul, I would! If I had known such good, pure-hearted creatures as you long ago——. Don't think all evil of me, Anne."

He spoke very earnestly. I felt almost ashamed to hear his fervently expressed wish to extricate himself from this slough; for was it not my father who had led him into it? I gave him my hand. He

took it in both his own, and, looking stedfastly at me, said once more, "Don't think *all* evil of me, Anne. Beside your whiteness I show dark enough; but I am not all selfish: I keep back words that I am longing to utter. I press them back into my heart. My heart is very full, Anne Furness, because I will not risk adding to your anxieties just now; because I wish you to be free to speak to me as a friend at all events. Come," he added, after a short pause, abruptly relinquishing my hand and turning away, "Come, they will be looking for us. Let us go back to the house."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A WEEK or two later the Arkwrights fell into great trouble. One of the tradesmen who served them—a butcher—became very importunate for his money, and, finally, they being unable to pay him at once, took out a summons against Mr. Arkwright. The poor clergyman made shift—Heaven knows by what scraping and sacrifices—to pay the money. But the misfortune did not end there. Other creditors, seeing the butcher's success, grew impatient and surly. Duns besieged the dark little house in Wood Street, and their shadows on the threshold made it darker than ever. Alice Kitchen was full of sympathy for the Arkwrights, and it was from her that I learned these facts. But she could not be so much at the clergyman's house as formerly, for she had consented to marry Dodd. The wedding was to take place in the autumn, and Alice was busy preparing her clothes. Besides she was backwards and forwards between Horsingham and Brookfield a good deal in those days, seeing to the arrangement and furnishing of a couple of rooms for her father in the latter place; for as soon as his daughter's marriage was settled, old Mr. Kitchen declared he would not remain in Horsingham, and he easily obtained the situation of foreman with Messrs. Hobson, of Brookfield. This arrangement was very displeasing to his son. Old Kitchen was an excellent workman, and had had an almost life-long experience of the coach-making business, to which his son had succeeded. His absence would make a gap which would be difficult to fill up.

"Mat's just like a bear wi' a sore head," said Alice to me. Whereby she intended to express that he was in a very sulky and ill-tempered condition, and ready to growl at every one. "And it ain't misfortunes as sours his temper," she pursued. "If money could sweeten folks' dispositions, Mat ought to be like a lump of sugar-candy; but I reckon that lucky folks is sometimes like a spoiled bairn—more they have, more they want. When there's no real trouble, they just cry for the moon. Father wants to be near me

and Dodd. That's nat'ral enough, Miss Anne; not to speak of the good wages and lighter work as he'll have at Hobson's. And if Mat *has* to pay a strange foreman more 'n he paid father, why he's rich enough to afford it. Rich! There's no end, it seems to me, to Mat's riches. It turns out as he's the owner of a lot o' houses as Grandfather Green bought cheap a very little before he died. Scarce a day goes by but what we hear of some fresh property belonging to Mat. I don't grudge it him, Miss Anne. No; really and truly I do not. After the first disappointment about grandfather's will, I made up my mind as I wouldn't fret, and grow jealous and angry about it. As it is, you know, we are no worse off than we was before—which we should be if we'd taken to grizzling over what can't be mended. But I will say as it worrits me to hear Mat and Selina going on as if it was all their own merit as had got 'em the money. I know as Mat always had a pious turn; of course I don't mean to say to the contrary. But what's Selina got to be so set-up about? looking around in chapel as proud as if her money could buy her a private road to salvation all to herself, like the right-o'-way through Woolling Park, as Sir George went to law about."

It was in vain to try to stem the flow of Alice's copious speech; but when she paused a moment of her own accord, I tried to bring her back to the subject of the Arkwrights' troubles.

"Ah, dear me, yes, poor bodies!" exclaimed Alice, starting off again with exactly the same cheerful volubility. "Poor Mrs. Arkwright came to me last Wednesday, and, says she, 'You'll be surprised to see me out of my own home at this hour, Alice'—and for the matter o' that, so I should ha' been to see her out o' doors at a'most any hour, unless it was at market—'but,' she says, 'we're in great straits, and maybe you can help us; and I'm sure you will if you can,' she says. And then she told me as their quarter's rent was due that day fortnight, and couldn't I persuade their landlord to give 'em a little grace?' '*Me* persuade!' I says, 'Why, my dear good soul, who is your landlord, as you think I can persuade him?' 'Don't you know?' says she, looking at me with that suspicious kind of a shine in her big black eyes—you know the look I mean, Miss Anne.' 'No,' says I, 'I don't know, unless it may be old Ashby, for half Wood Street did belong to him once upon a time?' 'No,' says Mrs. Arkwright, very quietly, 'our landlord isn't old Ashby now. Our landlord is Mr. Matthew Kitchen.' 'My brother Mat?' says I, 'Niver in this world, sure.' But it's true, Miss Anne. The Arkwrights' house is one of them as grandfather Green bought, and it's Mat's property as certain as the day. But, eh, dear me, Miss Anne, I haven't any power to persuade Mat. It's no good *my* speaking."

"You might try, Alice," said I, "for Mr. Arkwright's sake."

"Well, I did try," returned Alice, bringing out the statement a little unwillingly, I thought. "But Mat cut me as short as short could be. I tell you he's been out of humour with me and father lately to that degree, as if I was to say the moon wasn't made of green cheese, he'd be ready to declare he knew for certain as it was."

"But you don't think that your brother will really be very hard on the Arkwrights, Alice, do you?"

"Oh n-no! I don't exactly expect as Mat will be—*very* hard on 'em. I hope not, I'm sure," she answered doubtfully. "Of course you know property's property, and rent's rent. A landlord has a right to get his due, same as everybody else. But I—I don't suppose Mat 'll be—*very* hard on 'em. The way would be," added Alice, after an unusually long pause for her, "the best way and best chance would be for some one to say a good word for them to Selina. Mat don't refuse her anything scarcely. It's a curious thing, as I've often noticed, Miss Anne, the more a woman thinks of herself, the more a man 'll think of her too. I think sometimes as men are with their wives some way like a many mothers are with their bairns: the fractionest gets the most cockered up."

I was truly concerned for the Arkwrights. Not the less so, that I had very little belief in the forbearance or charity of Matthew Kitchen. I had made up my mind to go and see Mrs. Arkwright. I had hesitated a little before doing so, because I was not sure whether her jealous sensitiveness might not make her averse to receive any visit that could be construed into an intrusion on their private troubles. But I had finally resolved to go to her, when my intention was frustrated by the very unexpected appearance of Mrs. Arkwright herself at Water-Eardley.

On entering my mother's little sitting-room one day about noon, bringing from the garden some flowers which mother loved, to fill a vase with, I found Mrs. Arkwright, sitting grim and stiff by the window, and my mother opposite to her, looking greatly disturbed. Mrs. Arkwright was yellower than ever, and had grown very thin. There were dark rings round her large bright eyes, and her strong black brows were gathered into a fixed frown, which, however, expressed painful anxiety, rather than anger. She was very, very shabby, and seemed to have lost the exquisite neatness which formerly had, in a measure, graced her poor apparel. The hot autumn sunshine streamed in pitilessly upon her rusty shawl, and scanty gown, and discoloured straw bonnet. She was very dusty too, and looked fagged and jaded. But she sat bolt upright in her chair, with her hands clasped before her, in an attitude that singularly expressed the eager, energetic nature of the woman, and her pitiless, stern, disdain for the smallest self-indulgence.

She had come, she said, after barely acknowledging my greeting

with the pre-occupied air of one who is impatient of having his attention diverted from some point of absorbing interest, to ask my mother a favour.

"I am sure," said mother, casting a glance almost of dismay upon me, "that my will is good to serve you, Mrs. Arkwright; but I very much fear that few people can have less power of doing so than I."

Seeing that mother, as it were, appealed to me to come to her assistance, and that Mrs. Arkwright had turned her eager eyes on my face, as though she were desirous of making me a party to the conference, I ventured to ask what favour it was she sought of my mother, knowing Mrs. Arkwright well enough to feel sure that she would prefer even abrupt directness, to any more politely circuitous forms of speech.

"I want Mrs. Furness to go and plead our cause with our landlord's wife," she returned promptly.

"But I—I—don't know her," stammered forth my mother timidly.

"Yes, you do."

"Mrs. Arkwright means Selina, mother, Matthew Kitchen's wife."

"Ah, *you* know who our landlord's wife is!" exclaimed Mrs. Arkwright sharply, and as though she had detected some attempt at deception.

I explained that I had only recently heard the fact, speaking as gently as I could. I was too genuinely sorry for Mrs. Arkwright, to think of taking offence at her manner.

"Mr. Arkwright only requires a little time," she said, speaking still in the same sharp, dry manner, although, every now and then, the tears welled up into her eyes, and her mouth twitched. "We have had a good many difficulties to contend with lately. The children fell ill. It is true the doctor cost us nothing—your father is a good man, Mrs. Furness; but illness is always costly in one way or another. Then, some little time ago, Mr. Arkwright raised a small sum of money to pay off the last that remained of some old college debts. He got so tired and wearied with squeezing the money out, drop by drop—it was such a never-ending work—that he thought it would be best to borrow the sum here, and owe it all in one lump; and the man that lent it was a Horsingham person, and Mr. Arkwright thought he would be more patient, seeing that we were living in the place, and he was safe to be paid, principal and interest, in the end. Perhaps it was a mistake; but if you ever have had to carry a weight for a long time, you will know that it eases you to shift it from one hand to another, though the burden remains just as heavy as before."

"Yes ; I can understand that," said my mother, with a little sigh.

"In short, all this threw us behind-hand, and we are not ready with the rent, and we want Mr. Kitchen to give us time. It's only a question of two or three months," said Mrs. Arkwright abruptly. She had been softening somewhat, when, on my mother's little word and sigh of sympathy, she suddenly resumed her dry, hard manner. It was ungracious certainly. But it awoke in me unspeakable pity. As I looked at her, the thought came into my head how, if this woman had been a pilgrim in old times, she would have struggled and staggered on, with bleeding feet and close-shut lips, over sharp pebbles and barbed thorns, and never have relieved her bursting heart by a word or a moan of complaint ! There was stern stuff in this prosaic-looking English curate's wife, and a spark of sombre fire that had been haply transmitted to her from some fierce Norseman through a long line of yeoman ancestors.

Mother rather shrank back into herself on seeing Mrs. Arkwright's unflinching eyes fixed on her. She did not know Mrs. Arkwright so well as I did, and it was natural that she should feel herself to be in some sort rebuffed by the latter's sternness.

"I should think there is no doubt that Matthew Kitchen will not distress your husband, Mrs. Arkwright," said mother timidly.

"No doubt ? Why do you suppose I am disquieting myself, then ? It is not my fancy, I assure you. I am not a fanciful woman."

Mrs. Arkwright had her fancies, too. But conceiving, like many other people, that fancy was necessarily an airy, idle, leisurely sort of faculty, she disdainfully disclaimed it. Ah ! Mrs. Arkwright, was there no fancy in your jealous preservation of that poor necklace, treasured side by side with the old faded love-letters ?

"But—what can I do ?" said my mother.

Mrs. Arkwright repressed an impatient shrug, and pulled her shawl over her shoulders to conceal the movement. She put a strong constraint upon herself to explain distinctly that Alice had told her to apply to Mrs. Matthew Kitchen ; that she (Mrs. Arkwright) had reason to believe that her landlord's wife looked on her with personal disfavour ; that she had heard Mrs. Matthew boast with much complacency of having been "called upon" by the ladies of Water-Eardley manor ; and that it seemed to herself and to Alice highly probable that mother's intercession might avail to influence Selina to influence her husband.

"I don't ask you to go on purpose to the woman's house, Mrs. Furness," she said, in conclusion, "but when you see her—she will come here, I suppose, won't she, to return your visit ?"

Mother winced a little, and said perhaps ; she didn't know ; she supposed so.

deliberately, "I should hope it is the reverse, Anne, of Mr. Kitchen. If Mrs. Arkwright boasts about colleges, I'd have her to know that we should be able to send that boy of ours to any college in the land—if we liked to have him brought up on ungodly books, and hear Popish services, and join in the revels of the wicked; for Matthew tells me that the colleges are hot-beds of iniquity—and that's more than she'll manage to do for her little lad, I'm pretty certain!"

The baseness of the woman's exultation sickened me. Mother tried to say another word or two, but Selina coolly cut her short.

"Now, Mrs. Furness," said she, settling her shawl about her as if to go, but not rising from her chair until she had finished her speech (and as she sat there with her feet on a cushion, her back well supported, and her whole attitude expressive of a deliberate care for her own comfort, as an object of almost paramount importance, I thought of the widely-contrasted figure of the poor clergyman's wife, who had occupied that place so short a time previous) —"Now, Mrs. Furness, I'll tell you what it is. It's meant very kind, I don't make any doubt, your speaking up for the parson, but if you want to do them a service, you'd better talk to your own husband than to me or to mine. And you needn't look so surprised, for I dare say you understand me, and if you don't, Anne does. Matthew is a prosperous man, but he has his trials, as I said. He has a deal of money owing to him, has Matthew. He has advanced, and advanced, time and again, and he don't much know when he's to see the colour of his money back again. If some of Matthew's debtors would pay up, why he might be able to give others a little more time. You just get Mr. Furness to square accounts with Mr. Kitchen a bit. And it may be as Mr. Kitchen'll be kind and charitable enough to have patience with the parson. But Mr. Kitchen he has his own payments to make. His men don't work for nothing, and there's expenses as well as profits in his business. And his own father a-going to desert him, as it'll cost Matthew I don't know what and all, for a new foreman from London. And his sister a-taking up with a publican as has no more religion than a pint pot!"

It was thus that Selina spoke of her old sweetheart and fellow-servant, Dodd.

And then she took her departure, not ruffled, or heated, or in any outward way disturbed. Her most malignant and unfeeling speeches were invariably uttered with elephantine imperturbability; and she was wont to boast that it was impossible to put her out, for she had always had a "wonderful good temper."

She left disturbed feeling enough behind her, though. Mother was bitterly distressed by her parting speech, and I had little or no consolation to offer her.

As the time of the autumn races drew near, and the usual signs which preceded that busy period began to be seen in Horsingham, father's feverish restlessness rose from day to day until it reached a pitch when he scarcely had any more command of himself than an insane person. Indeed, at times I was visited by painful darting apprehensions for his reason. Gervase Lacer, too, showed traces of intense anxiety. He and father made frequent absences together now. Sam Cudberry came to Water-Eardley, and was regaled with food and drink, but he complained of its being "infernal dull" there now. And he dropped vague words to the effect that had he known Lacer was going to leave the army, he (Sam) would never have bestowed so much of his patronage and society on him as he had done; for since Lacer had become a civilian, he had grown awfully slow company, and had no longer the opportunity of presenting Sam Cudberry, junior, of Woolling, to any choice military gentleman who might have been able to value his society as it deserved. Sam was, in a word, growing sulky. Heaven knows I studied his humours, and watched his moods with breathless attention. I felt like one at sea, to whom the pilot has confided that the ship is drifting amongst shoals and quicksands, but who knows only this vague danger, and is ignorant of any chart or guide to show whether the vessel's progress be towards hope or despair. How much Sam Cudberry could do towards ruining my father I knew not. Whether or not he would be capable of betraying that which he had accepted a bribe to keep secret, I felt no degree of certainty. "And then, after all," thought I, "it *must* mainly depend on the horse's running whether father wins or loses!"

Mother had not ceased to cherish her plan of going away from Water-Eardley, nor to work for it as far as possible. She found an unexpected ally in Uncle Cudberry. He was in the habit of going into Horsingham occasionally on market-day; and consequently heard some gossip about the state of affairs at Water-Eardley. Mr. Cudberry did not say a word of this in the bosom of his home circle. He was not communicative by nature; and he knew well that no power on earth could have insured his daughters' discretion as to another person's secret, and he knew, too, that there were manifold reasons which rendered it undesirable that rumours of my father's being about to leave the neighbourhood should get abroad in Horsingham before the time was ripe. But he went to see my grandfather, and talked matters over with him, and then came and told my mother (much to her surprise) that he had done so.

The result was that he highly approved of the plan my mother was so anxious to forward. In answer to a timid hint of hers, Uncle Cudberry said dryly, "No, no, no; we won't let George fancy he's following any body's way but his own. Musn't let him think as the

reins are being took out of his hand. Let me alone for that. I shan't say a word to him, you may depend."

"George *quite* approves the plan," returned my mother, colouring. "We have talked it over together. I hope you don't imagine that I would for an instant think of—of—deceiving George, do you?"

"Well, I reckon that all you womenkind are pretty well alike for that; only some does it for evil, and some for good," Mr. Cudberry made answer in his slow, impassable way. But, after a minute, he added, with that glimmering remembrance of having once been a gentleman, which my mother alone seemed to possess the spell to awaken, "Any way, George has reason to be proud—and the family has reason to be proud—of the new member he brought into it when he married you, Mrs. George."

And he made mother the strangest stiff little bow—a bow that gave one the idea of being made across a pompous fence of cravat, starched and voluminous; and yet a wisp of frayed black silk was all that encompassed Uncle Cudberry's lean throat at the moment.

I suppose he had left off making bows in the days of the Regency, and the disused courtesy conjured up a reminiscence of the disused garments also; as all well-authenticated ghosts are wont to appear in their habit as they lived.

"The family!" Uncle Cudberry had, in his own peculiar way, almost as great an idea of the family importance as had his daughters; and despite his fitful visitings of politeness towards my mother, he did not scruple to let her understand that his chief reason for urging his nephew's departure, was his wish to avoid a public crash of ruin, which could not fail to be disgraceful to "the family."

I was watchful to discover, if possible, whether Uncle Cudberry had any suspicion of the new venture my father had embarked in, and which was so soon to be tried. Apparently he had none: for, on my mother's meeting his arguments against further procrastination with the constant reply, "After September—George has promised to take some decided step directly September is over," he as constantly protested against the unreasonableness of delay, and concluded with the demand, "Why? What in the world for? When September's done, why not go on to the end of October? Why not go on the twelve months through, at that rate?"

To which my mother had no answer to make. Her spirits fluctuated a good deal. She would be sometimes despondent, sometimes hopeful. These latter moods of hers, when she would sit and hold my hand, or stroke my hair, planning what we should do in the new life, and how we must study to make father forget his troubles like a feverish dream, and to bring him back to his old fond kindness, by our patience, and tenderness, and duty: these moods, I say, depressed me more than her sad ones. I felt so gaily, with the weight

of my secret knowledge of the risk that was to be run, and the stake that was to be played for, at the dreadful autumn races. And they drew near swiftly: they were close at hand.

We did not see my grandfather often, as I have said. Donald came sometimes. My father had met him, and had received him with cold indifference, but still not in such a manner as to preclude Donald's visiting the house. In truth, father at this time was too intensely pre-occupied with one subject to exhibit strong feeling on any other whatsoever. He ate his meals with the little leather notebook on the table beside him, or a sporting newspaper in his hand. Nothing roused him, nothing touched him, but the one absorbing topic. It was pitiful to behold: all his old, frank, manly manner was gone. We never heard his ringing hearty laugh, or saw him come bursting into the house from a long tramp in the fields, bringing with him a healthy atmosphere of fresh air and good humour. Those things were past. I remembered them sometimes incredulously, as one thinks of the June sunshine in dark December.

One afternoon Donald came to Water-Eardley, and asked for me. "Will you mind putting your hat on and taking a turn in the water-side meadows, Anne?" he said. "I want to speak to you."

Donald had not altogether lost his old boyish shyness. Often, in talking to me, he would be as constrained as though we were strangers; and would fall into fits of awkward silence, which I, with my more glib woman's tongue, had perforce to break: though often I was shy enough too, Heaven knows. But on this occasion Donald forgot to be shy. His manner was full of suppressed eagerness, and his eyes grew bright and blue, as the sky over our heads, as he took his way with me towards the river-side meadows, smiling to himself every minute. Roger Bacon, grandfather's Skye terrier, had accompanied Donald, and followed us into the fields, with a self-denying air, panting very much, lolling his tongue out, blinking up at us now with one bright eye, now with the other, from under his slate-coloured mane, and saying, very plainly, "Oh dear me, dear me, dear me! What a deal of business I have on hand! Not a moment to repose myself in the shade, nor even to take a hasty lap of water. But duty is duty, and I must look after these young creatures. Quite impossible they should get on for ten minutes without me."

"What is it, Donald?" said I, when we had got on to the sward of the meadows. "Is it good?"

"Very good! At least I hope it is. Look here, Anne. I didn't want to startle Mrs. Furness, or—or—put her out: so I thought that if you would read that, and say what you think, and then tell your mother in your own way——."

He put a letter into my hand. It was from Colonel Fisher, that

comrade and far-away cousin of Captain Ayrlie, to whose Scotch home Donald had gone when he left Mortlands, in his school-boy days. I learned from the letter that Donald had written to this gentleman to interest himself in finding a situation for my father. Colonel Fisher stated that, after losing some time, and with a little trouble, he had heard of something which might suit "Dr. Hewson's son-in-law." This circumstance of his being Dr. Hewson's son-in-law, was obviously and naturally the sole reason why Donald's friends cared to interest themselves for my father. A stranger had recently purchased a Highland estate in Colonel Fisher's neighbourhood. The said stranger knew nothing of farming or the rearing of cattle—Colonel Fisher spoke of him as "some Cockney tailor or other"—and would be glad to meet with a competent person to manage his estate. The scenery was beautiful, the situation healthy, and the salary would be sufficiently liberal, to any one coming with such ample testimonies to his skill and experience as Mr George Furness.

"Is it good, Anne?" asked Donald, watching my face.

"Good!" I exclaimed, between crying and laughing. "Oh, Donald!" I put out my hand, which he took and held in a close clasp.

"I'm very glad," he said simply. "Mr. Furness won't mind the man's being a Cockney tailor, will he?"

I shook my head, and cast my eyes once more over the letter, which I held in my disengaged hand.

"Besides, that's only the Colonel's form of speech. He has a rooted idea that everybody from the south of the Tweed is a Cockney, and that every Cockney is a tailor! But I don't think that need distress us, eh?"

I laughed, and shook my head once more. And as I shook it a big tear fell on the paper in my hand. Roger Bacon, who had sat himself down in an attitude of vigilant waiting as soon as we had stopped to talk, rose up, walked round me, raised himself on his hind legs, and snuffed uneasily at the letter I held. Apparently being satisfied that it contained nothing of a dangerous or disquieting nature, which could account for my emotion, he gave a stifled *woof*, as though to express his regret at finding me so weak-minded, and sat down again.

"You have quite a colour in your face, Anne," said Donald, speaking in a very low voice, although there was certainly no need for his doing so. "How dear it is to see the roses there again! Do you know you have been looking so pale and wan all these months?"

I thought of another pale, wan face into which this news would bring light and colour.

"Oh let me go and tell mother!" I exclaimed, hastily wiping the tears from my eyes—still with the hand which held the letter, for

Donald kept possession of the other. He did not speak, but looked up at me in a strange, wistful way, and then dropped his eyes again. Roger Bacon got up once more, perceiving, in some occult way, that there was an intention of moving from the spot, and stood on three legs, with the fourth poised in a pawing attitude, looking back at us as who should say, "Now *are* you coming? Here I am kept in a state of nervous tension by my conscientious anxiety to do my duty. and see you safe back to the house."

It flashed on me that I had not said a word of thanks to Donald, Was he waiting for that? I did not in my heart of hearts think that he was asking, or expecting, to be thanked at that instant. But an inscrutable, subtle instinct—a strange, wayward movement of the mind, made me choose to assume that it was so.

"I have not thanked you a bit for your goodness, Donald. In my selfish delight, I did not say a word of your part in this. But you know I feel it very deeply; and so will mother. Thank you a thousand times! Indeed I am very grateful."

He released my hand.

"I don't want you to be grateful," he said, and began to walk slowly towards the house. Roger Bacon darted off before us like an arrow from a bow; stopped with astonishing suddenness; looked back; hesitated; finally returned; gazed up into Donald's face; hastily licked his hand as it hung down by his side, and walked soberly back with us, keeping close at Donald's heels all the time.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW ON THE LAND QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

THE opening article in the last number of the *Westminster Review* on "The Land Question in England," is one so remarkable as to call for some attention.

The writer laments the severance which has taken place in England of the people from the land. He sees with alarm that "the people have been driven from the soil;" and for this wrong the remedy he proposes is, "let them be restored to it." His plan for restoring the people to the land is briefly as follows:—viz., the compulsory purchase by the State of all the cultivatable land in England, in order that it may be let out again by the State, in farms of from 10 to 200 acres, on leases renewable every thirty years, at rents liable to be increased at the end of each period by one-half of the actual increase in the annual value of the land during the period.

And, strange as it may seem at first sight, this plan of restoring the people to the land is advocated under cover of Mr. Cobden's demand for "*free trade in land*." What Mr. Cobden meant by free trade in land, or corn, or any other commodity, surely was the removal of all artificial legislative restrictions upon its free purchase or sale; so that it may circulate freely, and find its natural level in the market under the untrammelled action of the laws of supply and demand. Hence his objection (1) to strict settlements, and whatever else unduly may restrain the power of the landowner in giving leases, and otherwise dealing with the land for the best under changing circumstances; (2) to laws or customs which unduly divert land from its natural agricultural and commercial uses, and turn it into an artificial means of bolstering up families, and gratifying the lust of political power or sport; (3) to needless complications and expenses in the legal transfer of land, and whatever else impedes its free sale or mortgage, according to the needs of commerce. This is surely what Mr. Cobden meant by free trade in land. But at first sight the *Westminster Reviewer* seems to be advocating the exact opposite of this. When he urges that the State should buy up all the land, and become the sole owner of it, what is he doing but urging the abolition of all trade in the ownership of land, instead of the establishment of *free trade in it*?

But it is, however, upon further consideration, perhaps not impossible that the reviewer may be advocating the abolition of free trade in the *ownership* of land, as in his view the only means of

establishing free trade in the *occupation* of land. It might be plausibly argued that this is what he means when he writes thus :—

“This plan, we think, would meet all the requirements. The cultivator would have what is so necessary to him, security of tenure and ample encouragement afforded him to effect all necessary improvements; the man of small capital would have an opportunity of acquiring a holding suited to his means, while the landlord (the State) and tenant would each receive his fair proportion of the value that might accrue to the land during occupation (p. 257). The social advantages of this arrangement would be incalculable. . . . Society in England is now divided into two well-defined classes. On the one side there are those who receive wages, and on the other side those who pay them. . . . The wages class numbering 22,500,000 in a population of 29,058,888 persons, being more than two to one of the entire population. . . . The people have been driven from the soil; let them be restored to it, and they will become identified with the progress and prosperity of the country.”

And a little further on, the reviewer enumerates the economic advantages of his plan virtually as follows :—

1. The subdivision of the large farms into small ones.
2. Security of tenure to the landholder.
3. The ease with which capital could be obtained on such a tenure to be invested in improvements.

It is conceivable then that the reviewer might argue: Abolish the oligopoly in the ownership of land, and establish a state monopoly of it, in order that its occupation may henceforth be thrown open to free trade and unrestricted competition. Then you will find the people will rush back to the land; men of small capital will acquire holdings suited to their means; there will be security of tenure, and free investment of capital in land; and the people will thus become restored to the land, and identified with the progress and prosperity of the country.

A writer who had perfect faith, not only in free trade, but also in its tendency to favour small holdings as against large ones, might consistently argue thus; and the only way to answer this argument might then be, to point out that it is by no means evident that free trade in the occupation of land would in England, where capital is abundant, and there are so many other avenues for enterprise than the land, favour small holdings, as in some other countries.

If, apart from this doubt, the reviewer could show that his plan would restore the people to the land, it might be reasonably argued from his point of view, that it would be worth while to sacrifice free trade in land-ownership for the sake of establishing the far more beneficial free trade in the *occupation* of land.

It may be well then to examine the scheme on its merits, and to ask how far it would be likely in practice to answer the reviewer's own expectations, and those which his words would be likely to raise

in the minds of the landless millions, who, he says, ought to be "restored to the soil."

Assuming then for the moment that free trade in land *would* favour small holdings, it may be well to consider carefully how far the plan would be likely, First, to restore the people to the soil; Secondly, to give the occupiers of the land security of tenure. If the reviewer's plan would fail to do these, it would, on his own showing, fail to cure the evils of which he complains.

First, How many of the people would it restore to the soil?

The reviewer estimates (at p. 245) that—

"Out of the 77½ millions of acres in the United Kingdom only 45½ millions are under cultivation, or in permanent grass, the remaining 32 millions lying waste, though fully one-half is capable of cultivation."

Assuming then ($45\frac{1}{2} + 16$), *i.e.* $61\frac{1}{2}$ millions of cultivatable land to be bought up by the State, and leased out in blocks of from 10 to 200 acres, how many farms and farmers would this agrarian revolution provide for? No doubt if the whole 61,500,000 acres were divided into 10-acre farms, farms would be found for 6,150,000 families; which, at $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 to a family, would account for the whole population of 29,000,000; so the whole people would be restored to the land. So far so good. But the blocks are to vary from 10 acres to 200 acres, and therefore if the average were to be 20 acres, only half the people would be restored to the land; if 50 acres, only one-fifth; if 100 acres, only one-tenth. It is impossible to gather exactly what proportion the reviewer supposes would, under *free trade* in land, turn out to be the actual average. But however strong the economic tendency towards small farms, I think it can be shown that not more than one-fifth or one-tenth would be at all likely in England to be restored to the land.

Under the present system the land of England is tilled by about one million of agricultural labourers, representing with their families about one-fifth of the whole population of England. More people could hardly be restored to the land than are required to till it; and *all* who till it can hardly become tenant-farmers. Is it likely that after the land revolution there would be as many, or even half as many, tenant-farmers as there are now labourers on the farms? If not, then he would be a bold prophet who should predict that the reviewer's land revolution would restore more than one-fifth or one-tenth of the whole people of the land.

To this it might with reason be replied, by any one else but the reviewer, "Of course we do not want to turn mechanics and tailors and colliers into tenant-farmers. What is wanted is to turn the *agricultural labourers* into farmers; and if this could be done as regards even only half of them, the plan would still be a great success, even though the class affected were only one-fifth or one-

tenth of the whole community." But the reviewer himself could hardly consistently use such an argument; for when in one breath he speaks as he does of the wages class as being 22,500,000 out of 29,058,888—the population of the United Kingdom,—and speaks of it as being "an alarming feature of modern society," and then, in the next breath, says, "the danger can only be averted by restoring the balance of society. The people have been driven from the soil: let them be restored to it, and they will become identified with the progress and prosperity of the country:"—one naturally concludes that "the people" who are to be restored to the soil are to be the whole 22,500,000 who are estranged from it, and not the fraction of them only who are farm labourers. One naturally asks—Will the danger be averted by one-fifth or one-tenth of the whole population being restored to the soil?

But let this, too, pass. Let it be assumed that to make the plan successful all that is required is that it should restore to the soil the whole or one-half of that fifth of the population who are agricultural labourers. I fear that these agricultural labourers are exactly the class which the plan would *not* succeed in restoring to the land, however much free trade may be assumed to favour peasant holdings.

Let Government buy up the land to-morrow, and offer it all in ten-acre farms: how many of the farm labourers of England would be able to produce the £50 or £100 requisite to farm a ten-acre farm? Is it not a notorious fact, that the vast majority of them have not a week's wages in their pocket—have not the price of a pig, much less of a cow? By what process of spontaneous generation is the capital to grow in the pockets of the people who are to be restored to the land? There must be a revolution in capital as well as in land. Government must buy up the pigs, and the cows, and the carts, and the ploughs, and lease *them* also to the ten-acre tenants, if the plan of this reviewer is to turn any large proportion of farm labourers into tenant-farmers under Government leases.

It seems to me that under such free trade in land as this plan of the reviewer would establish, it would be capitalists, and not labourers, who would come in and lease it, and that the masses of the people, who, as they own no capital can hire no land, must then, as now, be left out in the cold. And is it not the experience of peasantries in countries, where land is widely diffused, that the *landless* labourers, though not so numerous, are worse off than anywhere else?

So far, then, as the restoration of the peasantry to the land is concerned, I fear the labouring mountain would produce only a mouse.

Secondly, how far would the plan be likely to give to the occupiers of the land security of tenure and its attendant advantages? This question may be answered by asking another. What would prevent the

tenant under the Crown from sub-letting the farm to a sub-tenant from year to year only, and thus withholding from the real occupier and cultivator of the land all security of tenure, just as landowners can and too often do now? The answer is, that there is nothing in the reviewer's plan, as he has stated it, which would prevent the Government lessees from acting as owners do now. And if it be argued that there must be legal restraints upon the tenants' power of sub-letting or selling their leases, then let it be fully admitted that the plan might, by such restrictions as these, be made to give security of tenure, just as similar restrictions might be made to do now without any Government monopoly of the land; but after all, what, in plain English, would these restrictions be but restrictions upon the freedom of trade in the *occupation* of land, just as the State monopoly of the ownership of land would be an infringement of free trade in the *ownership* of land? So that whether as regards the ownership or the occupation of the land equally, what the reviewer seems really to aim at is not free trade in land at all, such as Mr. Cobden wanted, but *restrictions* upon the trade in land. What the *Westminster Reviewer* wants is the opposite of free trade. Let him, then, say so. Let him tell working-men so. Let him argue that the principles of free trade do not apply to land, and give his reasons for thinking so.

Let him boldly undertake to prove that a Government monopoly of land would be for the good of the nation (which is a perfectly fair question to be discussed on its merits), and justify this infringement of free trade on the only principle on which it could be justified, if at all, viz.:—That land is limited in amount, and involves a monopoly of some sort, and that it would be better to have it monopolised by the *State* than left under the chances of "free trade," to fall into the ownership of a few aristocratic landlords, who might turn it into deer parks if they chose.

Let him undertake to prove that security of tenure cannot be got with perfect free trade in land, and, therefore, that the occupation of land must no longer be left to free contract, but must be protected by special restrictions because of its special circumstances. Let him fairly admit that he differs from Mr. Cobden, and giving up once and for ever the popular cry of free trade in land, adopt the unpopular motto of Protection, instead. In the meantime, as we have shown, the plan as it stands will neither restore the masses of the people or even the peasantry to the land, nor, any more than present tenures, give to the tenants security of tenure.

Possibly, if he could have shown that the plan would certainly produce these results, then it might be conceded to him that it would be no objection to it that it is revolutionary, as he frankly acknowledges it to be. A revolution is, as he states, "but another name for a thorough reform," and it may be admitted that "a thorough

reform of our land system is urgently required." But if there is to be a revolution, it must, in the first place, accomplish the end it has in view, and in the next place it must be shown that the general good it will attain will far more than compensate for the injury done to those who have vested interests.

As I cannot but believe the reviewer has vastly overstated the good his proposed revolution would do, so I think also that he has also vastly understated the hardship and wrong it would occasion. He "denies that the landowners of this country as a body are entitled to much consideration." It may be so; but he surely does not, and dare not deny that the occupiers also have rights which ought to be considered. He appears to forget the rights of the present occupiers altogether. To buy up all the land of England and to establish a State monopoly of it so that it may be let out in small farms, involves not only the forcible purchase of the interests of the landowners, but also the *forcible eviction of the present tenants*. Is it that the rights of the ideal tenants of the future have so engrossed his attention that he has forgotten that the present tenants are entitled to consideration? This cannot be the reason, for he seems equally oblivious to the fact that the concession by the State of thirty years' renewable leases to these ideal tenants of the future would entitle them to any remarkable amount of consideration. Amongst the collateral advantages to be derived from the State being owner of the land, he assumes that when there is but "one landlord for all properties," "there need be no difficulty about carrying out improvements." "Population need not be cooped up in unhealthy nooks and corners because the adjoining proprietor forbids the extension of the town in the only direction in which it is possible. Manufacturers need not be compelled to build their mills in unsuitable localities because landowners object to tall chimneys; but may select those places where labour is cheap and raw material convenient." As though the State landlord would be the only party to be consulted, and as though, after granting renewable thirty years' leases, it could do just as it likes with the land, and turn out the tenant as easily as present landlords can do with their tenants at will. Is this the security of tenure which the land revolution is to establish? The State even now can turn out landlords and tenants and make way for railroads and improvements, and mill-owners, too, if it chooses, only it has to regard the rights of occupiers as well as of landlords. And to buy up a thirty years' lease, renewable for ever, is about the same thing, I should think, as to buy up the freehold.

And now let me ask in conclusion :—

Is it in the interests of the working classes of England that the air should be filled by wild schemes such as this? Is it wise that they *should* be taught to believe that in such useless agrarian

revolutions as this lies the cure for the evils from which they are suffering?

Would it not be better to teach them that their sore lies too deep for such quack medicines to reach it? The vice in our modern society is something deeper than the severance of the people from the land. They have not only been severed from the land, but also from capital. They have no capital, and therefore they cannot invest it in land. The wealth of England has increased; they have not got or kept their fair share of it. The knowledge of the world has increased; they have not got their fair share of it. They have been culpably allowed to grow up from childhood without that training, physical, mental, and moral, which alone could fit them for the battle of life. Unless the intrinsic value of the workman is kept high, it is impossible that he should get high wages. Unless he has forethought, common-sense, habits of self-control, and some healthy ambition, however high his wages may be, he will never grow richer. The principles of political economy themselves rest on, and pre-suppose, the existence of certain qualities in average human nature. The law of supply and demand pre-supposes intelligence and elasticity, and enterprise to bring forth the supply when the demand increases. We have faith in the laws of political economy, but in a nation wholly without the requisite moral qualities, these laws would cease to act. Let us not, indeed, disguise from our view that the crisis is an anxious one. There is doubtless much to be done, even by legislation, to secure the future happiness and welfare of the people of England. But let us keep our eyes open also to the fact that no agrarian or other revolution, no possible schemes for the redistribution of land or of property, can possibly in themselves secure the object in view, inasmuch as the laws which regulate the distribution of wealth in a nation are not arbitrary laws which its Parliament can make, but laws connected with human nature, which make it dependent upon the character of the men of which the nation is composed. In proportion as civilisation advances, less and less artificial interference is required, because the laws of political economy work more and more truly. In proportion, therefore, as the character of a people becomes higher and higher, will its interests best be secured by leaving the laws of political economy alone to work out its problems. The legislation of the past generation has been in great part the removal of arbitrary restrictions and interferences. The untying of the laws of political economy—the establishment of freedom and Free Trade—and much still remains to be done “to make the bounds of freedom wider yet.” But the constructive legislation of the future must mainly be directed towards unloosing the powers, and raising the character, of the free men of whom the nation is composed.

F. SEEBOHM.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE third volume of Mr. Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop"¹ contains several essays highly characteristic of the author's mind, and of far more general interest than most of the writings by which he is best known. The volume contains, amidst a mass of heterogeneous matter, a number of previously unpublished letters of Bunsen, addressed to Mr. Max Müller, between the years 1848 and 1859. These letters are mainly concerned with the numerous philological, historical, and literary enterprises, with which Bunsen's hands were so incessantly occupied. There is the same interfusion of the correspondent's domestic interests, pious reflections, and enthusiastic aspirations, which distinguishes all the letters hitherto published. The following remarks of Bunsen's on Mr. Max Müller's translations of the Vedic songs are worth extracting, as they are so instinct with the very life and being of the writer. "I now first perceive what a difficult but also noble work you have undertaken, and how much still remains doubtful: even after one has got beyond the collectors, and near the original poets. It is as if of the Hebrew traditions we only had the Psalms, and that without an individual personality like David, without in fact any one; on the contrary, allusions to Abraham's possible poems, and the cosmical dreams of the Aramæans. But yet, how strong, is the feeling of immediate relation to God and nature; how truly human, and how closely related to our own. What a curious similarity to the Edda, Homer, and Pindar, Hesiod, and the Hellenic primitive times! Nothing, however, gave me greater delight than the dignity and solemnity of the funeral ceremonies, which you have made so really clear and easy to be understood. This volume contains three essays devoted to questions arising out of philological and antiquarian explorations in Cornwall. In the essay styled, "Are there Jews in Cornwall?" in which Mr. Max Müller supports the negative, some interesting philological theories are enunciated. It seems that the argument in favour of a very primitive migration of Jews to Cornwall mainly rests on the fact of the name *Marazion* for the town opposite St. Michael's Mount, also called *Market Jew*, and on the fact that old smelting-houses are still called "Jews' houses" in Cornwall. In each of these cases, Mr. Max Müller thinks the prevalence of the expression is due to a process constantly exhibited in the history of language, and which he calls the "metamorphic process." "Words, as they cease to be properly understood, are slightly changed, generally with the object of imparting to them once more an intelligible meaning." This new meaning is generally a mistaken one, yet it is readily accepted, but the word in its new dress and its new character is frequently made to support facts, or fictions, which could be supported by no other evidence. This kind of metamorphosis takes place in every language, yet it is most frequent in countries where two languages come in contact with each other. The original word in the present case was *Marchadiew*, which to a Saxon ear might convey the idea of Market Jew, though the Cornish word for "Jew" is quite different.

(1) "Chips from a German Workshop." By F. Max Müller, M.A. Vol. III. "Essays on Literature, Biography, and Antiquities." London: Longmans. 1870.

As to "Jews' houses," the word Jew he alleges is due to nothing else than the corruption of a Cornish name for house; and the confusion is to be accounted for by the habit that people have who live together in the same country and yet speak different languages, when adopting a foreign term, of adding to it, by way of interpretation, the word that corresponds to it in their own language. Hence the names, Portsmouth, Dumbarton, and Penton. In his essay on German Literature, written as a preface to his "*German Classics*," in 1868, Mr. Max Müller has occasion to comment on the existing political difficulties of Germany, which he holds to be owing to the absence of a powerful middle class. "No third estate exists powerful enough to defend the interests of the commonwealth against the encroachments of the sovereign; and public opinion, though it may pronounce itself within certain limits, has no means of legal opposition, and must choose, at a very critical moment, between submission to the royal will and rebellion."

There is something always rather desolating and harassing to the sane mind in having put before it a number of essays, even of the most able thinking written on entirely different subjects, for different purposes, and at greater or less intervals of time. In Professor Seely's republished "*Lectures and Essays*,"¹ will be found many old friends, some well deserving of being re-decked again (as they are) with a new and very handsome face. A medley of writings like this is of much use in estimating the real bias and character of the author's mind, though even these data scarcely suffice in the present case. Professor Seely is never tame or servile, and yet he is rarely fervid, though when he is so, he is at white heat. He is invariably fresh, and exquisitely lucid in expression, and yet the expression appears quite as much the result of a fine and laborious education as the spontaneous creation of a self-contained and irrepressible soul. He is at once the most heterodox of the orthodox, and the most orthodox of the heterodox. He alternately charms, teases, stimulates, provokes, enlightens, and, in a certain very dry way of his own, now and then even amuses. Thus, as to the partial and bad teaching of the classics in schools:—"If you are a parent, and think your son is not fit to go to Cambridge, you send him into the City, or into the army, you do not send him part of the way to Cambridge; you do not send him to Royston or Bishop Stortford."

The Lectures of Mr. Digby Wyatt,² delivered in the course of the past year before the University of Cambridge, in his capacity of Slade Professor of Fine Art, may be treated as an important event in the history either of Art itself or of general education. Mr. Wyatt deals successively with the subjects of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, distinguishing in each case—(1) their history, (2) their theory, (3) their practice. He concludes with two lectures devoted to "Fine Art applied to Industry—(1) Ancient, and (2) Modern." He thinks the cultivation of Art, as a branch of university education, important, because (1) of the humanising influence of the study; (2) of the probable reflex influence of the study on the excellence of works of Art produced in this country; (3) of the relation of the laws investigated by other studies to the

(1) "*Lectures and Essays*." By J. R. Seely, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. London: Macmillan. 1870.

(2) "*Fine Art: A Sketch of its History, Theory, Practice, and Application to Industry*," being a Course of Lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1870. By M. Digby Wyatt, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art. London: Macmillan. 1870.

laws of Art; and (4) of the indirect effect of such an academic study on the masses of the population. In his tenth lecture (on the Theory of Painting) Mr. Wyatt has a severe criticism on a late appointment in the region of Art made by the present Government. "It seems hard to conceive how a Premier, gifted, as our Premier unquestionably is, with a veneration for all which the Greeks of old venerated, could have tolerated, far less made, so indiscriminating an appointment."

The Protestant and unphilosophical habits of thought by which even intelligent Englishmen are distinguished or infected, render them almost incapable of apprehending the true nature of the questions in dispute between the two great divisions of the Catholic world. The terms "Infallibility," "Dogma," "Papacy," and "Primacy," either suggest such merely offensive reminiscences, or else seem to touch matters of such mere child's play, that English people generally are indolently content to remain in placid ignorance of the very meaning of a controversy which, for many of the greatest European minds, unhappily possesses the most vehement and burning reality. The work entitled the "Pope and the Council," by Janus, written on behalf of that part of the Catholic body which resents the advances of the Papal assumptions in the matter of so-called "Papal Infallibility," has been replied to by a work¹ of the highest merit in the way of research, erudition, and controversial capacity, entitled "Anti-Janus," and of which the author is E. Hergenröther, Professor of Canon Law and of Ecclesiastical History at the University of Würzburg. It is translated from the German by Mr. J. B. Robertson, Professor of Modern History and English Literature at the Catholic University, Dublin. Professor Hergenröther meets his opponent at every point—historical, theological, ethical, and logical. It is not probable that even such stray Englishmen as care to master the whole controversy will be persuaded by one of the disputants more than by the other. To them the infallibility of a General Council would be a poor exchange for the alleged infallibility of the Pope. The value of authority in matters of opinion, or even of a standard of doctrine in matters of religious belief, will be tested by far more refined and complicated processes than those made use of by Janus and his antagonist. Nevertheless, it is well to have a clear and precise view, instead of a vague and hazy one, of what to many is so momentous a problem. The charges of Janus rested on such grounds as—(1) the dangerous consequences to civilisation and the moral sentiments of Europe, in the event of the Pope making the recently published Syllabus a matter of dogmatic belief; (2) the inherent monstrosity, absurdity, or mischievousness of the very notion of Papal Infallibility; (3) the historical facts of the errors and impositions of the Pope; (4) the actual mode in which the pretensions of the Popes have gradually revealed themselves; (5) the successive forgeries made in favour of the Bishop of Rome; (6) the superior claims of General Councils over Popes to infallibility. As to the Syllabus, Anti-Janus replies that it is a false hypothesis to assert that propositions contrary to all the theses condemned in the Syllabus can ever become real articles of faith. These theses are designated in *globo* as errors, but by no means as heretical propositions.

(1) "Anti-Janus: An Historico-Theological Criticism of the work, entitled 'The Pope and the Council,' by Janus." By Dr. Hergenröther. Translated from the German by J. B. Robertson, Esq. Dublin: Kelly. 1870.

Among them are such as "in a special qualification would be characterised only as false, temerarious, and so forth." It is only the contrary of a *propositio hæretica* that can be regarded as a dogma. "But of all this Janus seems never to have heard. The civilisation, the progress, with which the Pope cannot be reconciled and cannot ally himself, is naught else but that reprehensible system which, under the mask of civilisation and progress, assails and strives to root out the Church, as has been evinced in so shocking a way in Italy, and which is not the true, but the false, civilisation, meriting rather the name of barbarism." "The Church must, from her dogmatic point of view, reject *on principle* many things which *in life* she cannot and will not abolish; and this on the ground that this seems the lesser evil." As to the popular misconceptions of the theological meaning of the term "infallibility," the Professor distinguishes between "*infallibility*, as the product of mere assistance," and *inspiration*. Again, it is not claimed by the defenders of the dogma that the Pope should be the sole and exclusive organ of divine truth, but infallibility is attributed to the entire body of the episcopate also. Limits, again, are assigned both to the infallibility of the Church and of the Pope; "limits which are found in their very object, the *depositum revelationis*." This "inerrancy" is, furthermore, by no means attributed to the Papal manifestoes without distinction. Not every Papal expression, still less action, can be taken to be a *definitio ex cathedrâ*—mere mandates of the Pope for special cases, and for particular persons; judgments on individuals resting on the testimony of third persons, and in general on human evidence; declarations and answers to the inquiries of individuals; private expressions in learned works and in confidential letters—even mere disciplinary decrees—belong not to this category: "and hence," says the Professor, "it follows that most of the cases enumerated by our adversary are quite irrelevant." The whole of the argument is of extreme interest and importance.

Under the innocent and disarming title of the "Four Cardinal Virtues considered in Relation to the Public and Private Life of Catholics,"¹ is presented rather a startling little work (in red and gold ornamental binding), by the Rev. Orby Shipley, containing, besides sermons on purely ethical topics, an elaborate enunciation and defence of the ecclesiastical politics of the extreme Church revivalists in this country. The views of this party are, on many grounds, matters of no small concern to the general politician. They also may, without injustice, be held to represent the only portion of the whole English Church which is coherent and resolute, erudite and intelligent, without being the less assiduous and enterprising in ministering to the poor, educating the young, and propagating with the most intense personal conviction their own beliefs. The attitude assumed by this party is very different from that of the Oxford Tractarians, or even the ordinary High Churchmen. Calling themselves Catholics, and persistently resenting any imputation of Protestantism, they profess the greatest repugnance to the assumptions of the Roman Church, with which Church, however, as with the Eastern, they wish to live on terms of the closest intercourse and communion. They believe that the ecclesiastical

(1) "The Four Cardinal Virtues Considered in Relation to the Public and Private Life of Catholics." Six Sermons for the Day. By the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Longmans. 1871.

and political action of the "Catholic Church" in England is to be determined partly by reference to the fact of "development," and partly to existing circumstances outside her own body. This action is at the present moment directed to measures of an unprecedented character in this country. Up to this time the High Church priest has ever exhibited an obsequious deference to his bishop, and the alliance of Church and State has by him been warmly cherished, or at any rate patiently acquiesced in. But to continue in the same path now would be to hazard the whole cause of the Catholic revival, in its several departments of ritual, discipline, and doctrine. The imperfect representation of the priesthood in the Church's own assemblies and the Privy Council's (lay) jurisdiction in matters of ecclesiastical appeal point to the glaring necessity of liberating the Church from her "bondage" to the State. As to the bishops, "they are, or may be, good administrators, judicious counsellors, active diocesans. They are, or may have been, elegant Greek scholars, or widely read in German metaphysics, learned Hebraists or acute New Testament critics, successful schoolmasters or popular college tutors. They are, or may have been, accomplished musicians or patient observers of natural history, notorious essayists or impartial historians, useful educationalists or cultivated ecclesiologists, well born or well connected, or polished and graceful courtiers. But as Churchmen, as ecclesiastics, as bishops in the Church of God, what can we say of them as an order? We can say but this—that one and all accept the present condition of our disorganised Church as, on the whole, justifiable. . . . They are, it may be, good results, but still they are results of a bad, vicious, immoral system; of a system which is utterly un-Catholic; of a system which they do absolutely nothing to amend, because they hold that, as a system, it may not be amended. And this is one reason why we cannot permit illimitable authority to bishops."

In the present era of religious doubt, belief, anxiety, despair, conflict, and indifference, the soothing accents of the mystic and the romantic idealist fall on the ears of men like a tranquillising strain of magic music. Those who are familiar with the speeches and writings of Mr. Moncure Conway need not to be told that he is not as other men are, but that he lives wholly apart from the thronging crowd of sectaries, partisans, champions of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, Christians and unbelievers. In the first essay, "How I left the World to Come for that which Is," the story of many a religious reactionist of this day is told with vivid and almost ghastly colouring, by means of a sort of inversion of the story of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The author describes himself as having satisfactorily escaped the City of Destruction and reached the Celestial City, and, after some sojourn there, as having become heartily wearied with it. The title of the potentate of the city was "The Prince of Otherworldliness," and his own sole occupation was to sit upon a purple cloud with a golden trumpet, through which he was to utter perpetually glorification of the prince's magnificence, and inform him how much reason he had to be satisfied with himself. He longed to get back to the city he had left, where "there were innocent children passing with laughter and dance into the healthy vigour of maturity, and Reason, Liberty, Justice,

(1) "The Earthward Pilgrimage." By Moncure D. Conway. London: John Camden Hotten. 1870.

Wealth were advancing, and Science was clearing from the sky of Faith every cloud of fear and superstition." He effected his escape while the prince's liveried servants pursued him, crying, "Infidel! Atheist! Neologist! Pantheist! Madman!" The solution of the problem was contained in the words of the interpreter, "that the city which, from being the domain of the lowly friend of man, the Carpenter's Son, has been given over to those who care more for bishoprics and fine livings than for mankind, has become the City of Destruction; while that which has cared rather for man whom it can, than for God whom it cannot, benefit, has become the City of Humanity, which shall endure for ever." There is a romantic antiquarianism which curiously sets off the Emersonian philosophy of Mr. Conway, while a native piety and reverence mixes itself up strangely with pitiless abomination of sham, tyranny, superstition, and social injustice of all sorts.

The study of original documents is now getting enforced on all sides as the only true or possible mode of coming face to face with past history. This persuasion is more relevant to the case of English than of any other modern history. The history of England is eminently a "constitutional" history; in fact England is the only modern State that, in any precise sense of the words, has a constitutional history. In England, every great national movement has left its impress on the form of government, and the mere caprice of kings or nobles, the influence of individual men, the accidents of war, and those due to foreign interference, have told far less on the permanent framework of the State than the like facts have told in the other nations of Europe. Professor Stubbs,¹ in collecting the early public documents which are at once the key-stones and the key-notes of the English Constitution, has rendered as great a service to politics as he has conspicuously rendered to education. *Magna Charta*, *Domesday Book*, and even the rather less familiar monuments of early English policy, as the "*The Dialogus de Scaccario*," the statute of Mortmain, the statute *De tallagio non concedendo*, and numerous others, are in every boy's mouth, and yet the real contents of them are seldom explored. Professor Stubbs now affords to every one the opportunity of closely studying them in the original, for which study the connecting historical links supplied by the editor are of the greatest value.

It is a great service towards the complete discussion of an important political topic to transform the matter buried in a voluminous report of a Royal Commission into a clearly arranged and compendious volume of very moderate size. This service Mr. Kebbel² has rendered for the topic of agricultural labour. With the help of his book any one can, almost at a glance, ascertain the true bearing of all the evidence on the several points to which the Commissioners addressed themselves. Such points were (1) the extent and effect of field-work for women and for children of both sexes; (2) food and wages; (3) cottages and allotments; (4) education; (5) hiring; (6) injurious influences—as the public-house, and temptations to poach; (7) wholesome influences—as benefit

(1) "Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History, from the Earliest times to the Reign of Edward the First," Arranged and Edited by William Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1870.

(2) "The Agricultural Labourer. A Short Summary of his Position, partly based on the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture." By T. E. Kebbel. London: Chapman and Hall. 1870.

societies, co-operative farms and stores; (8) large and small farms, and peasant proprietorship. The evidence, as summarised by Mr. Kebbel, gives a more favourable view of the condition and prospects of the farm-labourer than is generally held. The main difficulties yet to be grappled with, either by legislation or some moral instrumentality, are the modes of hiring and the temptations to drink. The statute fair is said to be on the decline, but yearly hiring can be managed without the statute fair. The objection to yearly hiring is that it encourages constant change and creates a vagrant population. The man hired by the year feels himself bound, somehow or other, to change at the end of it. The disadvantages of the weekly system are that the labourers are less certain of employment, and are always liable to lose their incomes by sickness. The main remedy for the public-house nuisance is said to be the substitution of a system of free beer-houses, to be licensed by the local magistrates, and nothing to be allowed to be drunk on the premises. The enemies of such a system are classified as (1) the country brewers, (2) the enemies of local self-government, and especially of aristocratic or clerical self-government, and (3) those who wage a general war against all alcoholic drink. Mr. Kebbel truly says that there is no question "if we except religious ones," which requires to be approached with a mind so attuned to impartiality as that of the agricultural labourer.

In the present era of active political excitement, finding its counterpart, as it does, in a morbid literary taste, craving for the strange, the extravagant, and the inhuman, it is a high moral function to direct men's minds to the contemplation of a life and character such as those of Clement Marot. Professor Morley,¹ in vividly picturing before the English people of these days all that Clement Marot, the French poet of the fifteenth century, the reformer, the cavalier, the courtier, and the popular favourite, was and did, has done just one of those literary services to his countrymen which are so peculiarly natural to his own refined and elevated character. Clement Marot, we are told, was born in 1496, and was therefore the contemporary of Rabelais. He was educated in Paris, and began to write before he was seventeen years of age. He lived as page in a noble household, and wrote "like a good Frenchman, social, generous, and courteous, gay, loving France, fame and fair ladies, but God more than all." He went to the wars under Francis I. against Milan, and was subsequently taken into the household of the Margaret d'Alençon, afterwards of Navarre. One of his earliest poems is a satire on the Friars. When, at the Reformation, Rabelais hid from the storm, Marot would not hide; but the change is described as having been to him more social and intellectual than theological; and he was orthodox as to the worship of the Virgin, and certain other like critical points. He was, however, suspected of Huguenot leanings, and was imprisoned for a while by the six inquisitors deputed for France in 1525. He wrote gay remonstrances, and was released through Margaret's influence. While in prison, he prepared a scholarly and exact edition of the "Romaunt of the Rose," with a preface suggesting that it should be read with a spiritual meaning. The poem, addressed to his friends on his imprisonment,

(1) "Clement Marot and Other Studies." By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature, University College, London. In Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1871.

—"in its title [and a tender tone of its contents, suggesting the *Inferno* of Dante,"—is called '*L'Enfer*. Lively, earnest, and plaintive, it helps us to understand the poet, now a prisoner, in the full vigour of his manhood. The burden of his song is against the tyranny of greed, whether among laity or clergy, and that man should labour in right fellowship to the right end. Without following Marot's persecutions "even unto strange cities," to his death in 1544, suffice it to quote the words of his modern biographer:—"He was not only an amuser of the Court. Where there was a town life, liberal and energetic, the people, so far as they were able to read, read him. He expressed the purest aspirations of France in his time, was always a true Frenchman. His works suggest to us what France might have been, and may yet be, with better kings, or calmer powers to adjust the limits of authority."

Amidst the mass of authorities which are constantly presenting themselves on the modes of thought, life, and action in Canada and the United States, it is not always quite easy to distinguish the sagacious and scientific observer from the loquacious and impressionable tourist. To the former class Mr. White¹ eminently belongs, and he has written a work under the modest title of "Sketches from America," which, treating familiar subjects in an original and independent spirit, and dealing with many other subjects not handled before, is an important accession to our sources of information about a country as to which national ignorance is emphatically the parent of national crime. One of the special topics brought to light by Mr. White is the actual condition of the Canadians, Upper and Lower, especially in relation to Church and Land problems, the question of annexation to the States, confederation policy, and sentiment towards England. Another topic to which a large section of the work is devoted is the condition of the Irish in America, both in Canada and the States. The different treatment of the Irish in the neighbouring countries is very striking. Mr. White describes the Irish in the States as having settled into a sort of caste, claiming exclusive possession of the poorest and least honourable occupations, and resenting intrusion, therefore, as an invasion of their natural rights. An American will tell you, "We, the Americans, shove off our rough work on others. We rise into the position of masters over Chinamen, Negroes, Irishmen. But the Irishman never raises himself, nor will he permit us to raise him. Put a nigger or a Chinaman to his drudgery; and he breaks the head of the new-comer at once as a trespasser on his proper domain." As to Canada, Mr. White says that the state of politics there neither manifests nor encourages a healthy public spirit; and it is just the want of such a spirit that makes the weak point in Canada's political condition, as contrasted with that of the Union. The belief in the possibility of a separate future for Canada is said to be steadily lessening for Canadians. Whatever pride of country a Canadian feels, has, for the most part, its object outside Canada, and is, indeed, merely another name for respect and affection for England.

SHELDON AMOS.

(1) "Sketches from America." By John White. London: Sampson Low and Son. 1870.

ERRATUM.—In Mr. Mahaffy's paper on Trinity College, Dublin, in the last number of the Review, on p. 714, 8th line from foot of page, for "not two-thirds," read "not one-third."

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. L. NEW SERIES.—FEBRUARY 1, 1871.

THE EFFACEMENT OF ENGLAND.

THE true question which this war presents for Englishmen to answer, is not whether France or Germany have done most to provoke each other, nor whether France or Germany have the larger sum of wrongs to avenge, nor whether it is desirable for Germany to be one and to be powerful, nor yet whether much that is vicious be not mingled in French policy and the French character. The real question is none of these; and it is sophistry only which can lead us off upon these issues. The true question is a very plain one. It is this. *Is it for the interest of civilisation, or of England, that France should be trampled on and dismembered by Germany?*

I say the former are all false issues, and have little to do with the matter before us. Let us grant that the larger share in provoking this long-preparing struggle must be laid at the door of France; as I certainly shall grant she wantonly commenced it. Is it enough for a nation to have wrongfully entered upon war, to make us rejoice at seeing it torn in pieces; rejoice over a policy which must hand over Europe to discord and hate? To sum up the historical wrongs of Germany may exercise the ingenuity of biographers; but are politicians ready to make retaliation the new key of international relations? A man may devoutly desire the unity of Germany, without finding it precisely in the smoking ruins of Paris. It may be the best guarantee of peace that Germany should be powerful. It is a bold leap from that to welcoming six months of pillage, fire, and slaughter. We may wish to see Germany both safe and strong, without caring to see France mangled and frantic with despair. We never deny that the French temper has many a blot, and French history many a foul page. We may even hate French folly and vice. What nation has not its own follies and its own vices? What puling Judas is he who would sneer away the life of a nation by these hypocrite's laments? We have never yet admitted that the vices of national character entitled

one race to come forward as the executioner of another, to wreak its hate and fill its greed in the name of national morality. We have ceased to regard a conquering horde as the chosen avenger of God, or national disaster as the same with national guilt.

We may admit all these propositions of the apologists of Prussian invasion, and yet the case is not answered, nor even touched. Suppose France wrong at first, to have been wrong in the past, to have been and to be, as a nation, foolish and guilty. Suppose that the unity of Germany is the greatest of human goods, and its supremacy the best hope of mankind; what has all this to do with the long-drawn torture of France, with the firing of her citizens, and the trampling on her provinces and her children? The greatness of Germany is not secured, the guilt of France is not cured, by dragging out a brutalising and fiendish war, until agony itself seems to sustain life and to inspire defiance. All the specious grounds on which some still try to justify all this, no more justify this war than they justify Pandemonium. There is but one true question. What good end requires all this fire and this blood? *Is it for the interest of civilisation that France should be trodden down and dismembered by Germany?*

To say that France is being trampled on and dismembered, is to use words far short of the truth. For six months one third of France has been given up to fire and sword. For 300 or 400 miles vast armies have poured on. Every village they have passed through has been the victim of what is only an organised pillage. Every city has been practically sacked, ransacked on system; its citizens plundered, its civil officials terrorised, imprisoned, outraged, or killed. The civil population has been, contrary to the usage of modern warfare, forced to serve the invading armies, brutally put to death, reduced to wholesale starvation and desolation. Vast tracts of the richest and most industrious districts of Europe have been deliberately stripped and plunged into famine, solely in order that the invaders might make war cheaply. Irregular troops, contrary to all the practices of war, have been systematically murdered, and civil populations indiscriminately massacred, solely to spread terror. A regular system of ingenious terrorism has been directed against civilians, as horrible as anything in the history of civil or religious wars. Large and populous cities have been, not once, but twenty, thirty, forty times bombarded and burnt, and the women and children in them wantonly slaughtered, with the sole object of inflicting suffering. All this has been done, not in license or passion, but by the calculating ferocity of scientific soldiers. And, lastly, when the last chance of saving Paris was gone, and it became a matter of a few weeks of famine, they must needs fire and shatter a city of 2,000,000 of souls, and grind its palaces and churches to powder in mere brutality. Of a truth this citizen-army system of Prussia has nursed a spirit more devilish than anything

which this nineteenth century has yet begotten. Von Moltke cannot rest till his name lives in history beside those of Tilly and Alva. And King William yearns for the immortality that centuries have given to a yet more pious sovereign, whom history has canonised, King Philip the Second.

Let us remember that all this was done and carried on for five months after France had sued for peace in the dust; and had offered what was practically everything except her national independence, and the honour and self-respect of every Frenchman. It is well known that there were no serious terms which France would have rejected short of dismemberment. To give up 2,000,000 of the best citizens of France, and make them permanent prisoners to Germany, is what no nation in Europe would do whilst breath remained. Let Englishmen quietly contemplate surrendering Sussex and Hampshire to an invader, to be permanently annexed to France. This is what Frenchmen are coolly exhorted to do. But it was much more than this. To give the possession of Metz and Strasburg, the Moselle and the Vosges, to united Germany, is simply to make France her prisoner, to make France what Piedmont was with Austria in the Quadrilateral, what England would be if the whole coast from Dover to the Isle of Wight were made permanently French soil.

And because Frenchmen rejected these terms, terms which the vilest of Englishmen would, in their own case, turn from with scorn, Prussia has poured on, revelling in this orgy of blood. In politics there are no abstract rights. All matters between nations are a balance of advantages. And even if there were, on the side of Germany, some decent claim for what they sought, humanity will brand the people that insisted on that claim through all the hideous cost which it involved. A gambler (to pursue their favourite metaphor) may have a fair claim to the stakes he has won; but we still call him a murderer who deliberately kills the loser that he may seize them. The language-boundary may seem such an obvious arrangement to a pedant at his desk; and the strategic frontier may run glibly off the journalist's pen. One nation may be most moderate in its demand; and the other may be most blind in its resistance. But if, in the hard proof of facts, this natural boundary or this moderate claim can be won solely by desolating a million homes, and by turning provinces into one vast charnel-house, it is only the tyrant with the heart of steel who seeks that end at such a cost.

But I had forgotten "the security" and "the permanent peace" of Germany! The security of Germany which, unapt for war, with only a few poor fortresses on the Rhine, and but a million of mere armed citizens, will never be able to rest for fear of France, without a new line of French fortresses, strongholds, and mountain passes. She will never be really safe till she has 2,000,000 of Frenchmen writhing

under her grasp on her French border. The poor wolves must have a fold to protect them from the greedy sheep. And how can the great German and the great French nations ever dwell, side by side, in unity and peace hereafter, until every French field has been trampled by the Uhlan, till every French home has given up its one or two dead, or at least smelt the petroleum of our highly-cultivated troopers? Once plant in every French heart a feeling that a German is a red Indian savage on a scalping party; sow a blood feud which the very infants may suck in with their mothers' milk, and we shall have ample security and a permanent peace evermore! Prussian soldier-statesman! we know you to be brutal, but do not take you for a trifier! Hypocrite, oppressor, calumniator, we need not argue with such as you!

But of the wanton cruelty of the Prussian warfare in its present phase I have already sufficiently spoken. I have little to add and nothing to withdraw. Two months more of calculated terrorism, the burning of a long list of cities, ending in the last atrocity of setting fire to Paris and reducing its monuments to ashes, have convinced men in England that Germany has revived, in modern Europe, the worst savageries of war, and outraged the hopes of civilisation. Of that the great majority of Englishmen are now assured. On that subject I have done. The question I now discuss is this:—is it for the good of England or of civilisation that France should be dismembered by Germany?

Can we doubt that the real object of Germany is the dismemberment of France? I know that the apologists of Prussia here, straining out the last dregs of captious objection, ask us sometimes, with an air of honest doubt, how we know that Bismarck insists on the dismemberment of France; and one of these advocates has told us, almost indignantly, that if he thought the prisoner at the bar had taken Metz (for instance) with any intention of appropriating it for himself, he for one would be the last, &c., &c. To this point is the case of Prussia reduced! How do we know, forsooth, that Germany insists on incorporating all Alsace and at least half Lorraine, the Vosges, the Moselle, Strasburg, Metz, and a string of French fortresses, the whole "language-boundary," as the cant runs, and *something more*, to be settled by Count Moltke? We know it because, whatever journalists here may find it convenient to say, every utterance in Germany, official and semi-official, combines to tell us so. We all know now how completely Count Bismarck controls and inspires the whole well-affected press of Germany, and muzzles the ill-affected; how officials and aspirants to office watch his every look; how journalists and professors truckle to his nod. With one consent they all tell us that Germany must have at least all this, and an indefinite something more. If the words of official journals and publicists in high favour are worth anything when

they assure us that Count Bismarck wants nothing but a united and peaceful Germany, we may trust them not to misrepresent him when they tell us he wants Alsace and Lorraine. To such a length has the belief of this run, that Count Bismarck cannot afford to disappoint it. And yet, seeing the set of this current, and the concurrence of all who were supposed to represent him, he has never directly or indirectly attempted to check it. Whether Count Bismarck demands Alsace and Lorraine or not, it is plain that Germany does, and believes them to be hers as completely as if peace were signed. Men of sense judge matters of politics by what seems reasonable on a balance of probabilities, and cannot be stopped to answer every wild suggestion of an advocate whose case is desperate.

Whatever Count Bismarck may find it at present convenient to say, or not to say, it is plain to any one of common sense that Germany most undoubtedly does demand large provinces of France, several of her chief fortresses, and a long line of strongholds. If not, if Germany is continuing the war for only some small object, even let us say for Strasburg, the invasion assumes a still more wanton character. Practical politicians will not strain the excited words of M. Jules Favre quite literally, pronounced as they were in September; nor can they doubt that after an unbroken succession of fresh calamities, Frenchmen would have been inclined to terms had the Germans really been content with anything short of the dismemberment of their country. Had Germany no such end, then the last four months of horror have had no purpose but to satisfy the lust of military glory. But as every utterance of those Germans who had the best right to know has declared, so every act in the dealing with the conquered provinces has proved, that the wrenching off most vital members of the French nation is the very least of the demands of Germany.

It may well be that Count Bismarck's ultimate intentions are not yet fully known. But it is not that he will ask less, but a great deal *more*, than has yet been claimed for him. When did he ever yet stay his hand in open violence, except that he saw his way to his end by artifice? If he gave up forcing on the Prussian people his system of army extension, it was only to rouse their military passions more fiercely by corrupting them with baits to their vanity. When he closed the war against Denmark, it was only that he saw his way to seizing her territory by treachery and fraud. When he made peace after Sadowa, it was because he saw that secret diplomacy could thenceforth effect the rest of his programme. Peace or war, fraud or force, are with him only different means to the same end—the military aggrandisement of Prussia. He uses both alternately, always in the same onward path. Like the lion in the fable, if he is great in bringing down the prey, he is yet greater in securing the whole of it to

himself by chicanery or threats. And it is to this man, as false and as insatiate as the ideal of Macchiavelli, that Europe is to confide for wisdom and moderation.

It is but too true that we have not Count Bismarck's real demands. For my part, I should wonder if the world has yet heard the half of them. His enemies as yet have found that to make peace with Count Bismarck is as hard a bargain as to continue war with him; perhaps even a harder. The greatest of the German chiefs loudly declare that they will be satisfied with nothing short of reducing France to a second or a third-rate Power. One of the foremost long since explained this to mean that she was to be placed in the position of Spain. Others use the phrase "of annihilating the power" of France. The "Red Prince," as they delight to call him in the Mohican dialect of the camp, announced his intention of "destroying the power" of France. Now, when have these military chiefs not kept their threats? Morally speaking they are men on the level of the Black Prince, Wallenstein, or Charles the Twelfth—relics of a past age; strong, able, born soldiers; of an insatiable ambition, and scorning everything but military honour. To them the annihilation of France is just as worthy an object as it was to Catherine of Russia to destroy Poland or to crush Turkey. They honestly believe themselves capable of it. What is to prevent their attempting it? The Prussian soldier-caste conceives the destruction of France to be the most glorious of all achievements; and the Prussian soldier-caste is absolute master for the present of the German people. Count Bismarck is but the organ of that caste, its one man of genius who has seen how to dress up that singular mediæval figure as the champion of modern ideas, and the leader of the people. But Count Bismarck has not changed the lanz-knecht heart within that caste; it beats fiercely within him, too. And though he can force its tongue to talk in the language of modern statesmen, its true nature is to be found in men to whom pity is unknown, and progress a by-word, men between whom and modern civilisation there is a feud as deep as between backwoodsmen and Sioux. These are the men—no boasters, and no madmen—who have declared in tones not loud but deep, for the annihilation of France as a great Power.

What is to stand between these men and their end? The intelligence of Germany? But every one who knows Germany has seen—for my part I have seen for twenty years—gathering up in the minds of the literary and military classes of Prussia a hatred of France, Frenchmen, and French ideas more deadly than anything we know of in race-feuds. And with this hatred there went a deep, fierce thirst to humble France one day in the dust. I do not pretend that this feeling existed outside the soldier and the academic class. In both, I believe, it was based on mortified pride. Prussians,

conscious of their wonderful power both for war and in thought, were stung with rage when they saw how little their unapproachable pre-eminence was recognised in Europe, and how much French egotism and versatility had carried off from them their legitimate honours. Be the cause what it may, men who have long watched this intense hatred, existing, I admit, in only two classes, and of course not in all members of them, such men have felt and insisted for years that the most gigantic war in history must be the issue of it.

It has come; and this hatred has filled its maw, and has swollen to incredible proportions. What, then, is to stop it from working out its avowed end—the annihilation of France as a great Power? The Crown Prince? And men can build all their hopes on a life, which a stray Chassepot bullet may end, to give us for twenty years the regency of the Red Prince. The Crown Prince, whom all his good intentions have led only to the hell of burning a city with a civil population of two millions, and reducing to powder, for very wantonness, the monuments of six centuries! Who is to stop it? The intelligence of Germany, now employed in inventing apologies for every act of aggression, and the barbarian outrage of bombarding Paris? The good sense of the German people?—But the German people are now only the German rank and file, and public opinion is insubordination. The Great Powers of Europe?—But they are employed in doing reverence to the new Emperor, with the ministers of “Happy England” at their head. Let us rest assured that the Prussian chiefs will give up their project of annihilating the power of France for one cause only—that they find it impossible. Till they find it impossible they will try, in spite of the conviction of honest burghers in Fatherland that they are a quiet home-loving race, and in spite of goody-goody platitudes from courtly professors.

Count Bismarck has certainly not told us his ultimate demands. They will include all that has yet been asked for in territory with a large addition (perhaps that of Nancy and the whole of Lorraine). But there will be other demands not necessarily of territory and perhaps not immediately disclosed, the effect of which will be to leave France absolutely at the mercy of Germany. The fortress of Luxemburg, as a matter of course, will be included in German hands, if not immediately, at least in due time. Some one lately spoke of this matter as a *misère*, whereas it really is the strongest place in Europe, and as such indispensable to Bismarck. He is a statesman who squeezes as much out of negotiations as he forces out of war. Austria is now of less account in Germany than she was at the moment of peace, and Denmark is also of less account in the Baltic than when she gave up the struggle. Count Bismarck is a swordsman who gives wounds from which his adversaries do not recover; but from which they grow weaker and weaker. And when he wipes from his sword

the blood shed in this great war, it will be to leave France permanently crippled. Who or what is to stay him?

Let us take merely the already announced demands of Prussia, and see how France will stand at the end of the war. There will first be an enormous war indemnity. Its sum-total will, in truth, be something as yet unconceived. It will be measured, however, not by the demands of Germany, but by the limit of what it is possible by direct or indirect means to squeeze out of France. There will then be the prostration of France by the exhaustion of the war, and the desolation and famine of about one-third of her area. She will probably be compelled to cede her navy and some of her colonies, and may possibly be restricted in her standing army. Metz, Luxemburg, Strasburg, with the whole chain of fortresses on the Moselle and Vosges line from Longwy to Belfort will form the rampart, the guns of which are directed upon her heart. The whole of the French will thus be added to the whole of the German strongholds along the left district of the Rhine, and consolidated into a complex chain more tremendous than anything in Europe. It will be the Austrian Quadrilateral multiplied tenfold; a line for defence preposterously overdone; for offence almost irresistible. This vast line of forts will hold the east of France in a vice. Within their walls 100,000 men may easily in peace be housed, and around them 500,000 may easily in war be sheltered. They are ten days' march from Paris. And between them and Paris not a single fortress, not a single military dépôt, and scarcely a single defensible line of country exists. Now, without giving too much importance to strategic frontiers, it is impossible to be blind to what follows when a strong power posts itself in a menacing position. If we were told that Antwerp in French hands would be a pistol pointed at the heart of England, if Sebastopol was a standing menace to Constantinople, if the Quadrilateral gave Austria the command of North Italy, then France, with nothing between her capital and this vast strategic line, would be prostrate at the feet of Germany. A Power which commands a million of men, with the overwhelming superiority now proved in a hundred victories, possessing along the left side of the Rhine the chief of all the great fortresses of Europe, and a quadruple quintuple network of strongholds in which the resources of nature have been used by the skill of two nations, would hold France in the hollow of her hand. A fortress is as useful for the most part for offence as for defence, and with the whole of the eastern fortresses of France turned over to Germany, and the heart and capital of France turned naked to their guns, Germany would be as absolutely mistress of France as Austria in Mantua and Verona was mistress of Lombardy and Venetia. Hand over Alsace and Lorraine, and France stands disarmed—the prisoner of armed Germany. It is easy for those who turn the selfish growl

of the tradesmen into a sneer, to cry out with a gibe—"What are two or three departments out of seventy? what are two millions out of forty? now you are beaten, pay up the stakes, and for God's sake let us get to business!" So he with the money-bag: but politicians of common-sense know that this is no mere question of surrendering broad provinces or even of giving up good citizens. It is not a prince losing an appanage, or a nation losing a subject province. It is the life or death of France as a great Power. It is her independence as a nation. It is whether she shall be one of the Powers of Europe, or the State prisoner of Imperial Germany.

"France," say the optimists, "will be always a great Power, come what may." Perhaps so; but not if the Prussian chiefs have their way. The wretched juggle about the language, and the old possessions of the Reich, the whole antiquarian twaddle about Elsass and Lothringen, form only one of Bismarck's tricks to amuse the book-worms; who, good, silly souls, are flapping their wings with the glee they would feel if some one turned up the real sword of Barbarossa, or proposed to revive the worship of Odin. "The sword of Barbarossa!" cry the learned geese, "es lebe der Kaiser! let us try if it will cut off men's heads. Oh, beautifully! See how they fly off, and how the corpses writhe! Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig seyn!" So do the professors rejoice exceedingly. For political childishness and social immorality no one comes near your true Dryasdust. So throughout all Germany Teufelsdröckh, with immense glee, is airing the biographies of the Imperial vassals. Then, again, all the learned strategic stuff about the line of the Vosges, and the indispensability of this, and the importance of that to the defence of Fatherland, and the mysterious references to the omniscient Moltke, are just another amusement for the journalists and soldiers at home. Mephistopheles, who is as relentless as he is artful, laughs his harsh laugh. Bah! let the pedants bring home their lost German brothers, with hoch-Deutsch lays, and the wiseacres discuss the defensive powers of the new German frontier; are the real chiefs of Prussia the men to play these academic pranks, or fight for what they have got fifty times over? Their real end is a very plain one—the annihilation of France as an independent Power. The jugglery about language-boundaries and strategic frontiers (in its defensive sense) will soon be swept aside, and the real purpose of Prussian policy will soon be disclosed—such a settlement as will leave France prostrate before Germany. Bismarck swore to drive Austria out of Germany. He has done it, and she clings still struggling to its borders. Bismarck and his captains have sworn, too, to drive France (practically) out of Europe. And, if they have their will, they will not rest till they have done it. That is what the language-boundary

and the Vosges line, in sober truth, comes to at last; and what is to prevent them from insisting on it? The heads of the military caste in Prussia feel towards France what the Roman aristocracy felt towards Carthage. *Delenda est Carthago* is their policy, and old Blucher was their Cato. The pedants may go on maundering most beautifully about Teutonic civilisation; but the caste will pursue their end as coolly as if the said pedants were actual, as well as metaphorical, bookworms.

The most dreadful part of all this is that peace, even on any terms now demanded by Germany, is not a peace, but a truce. We have it on the best possible authority, that of Count Bismarck. In his cynical frankness, he told us that he knew that France would renew the conflict, and he only wanted a position of superiority to meet it. The truth is that it suits neither the welfare nor the policy of Prussia to complete the destruction of France at once. Place her in a situation of overwhelming mastery, and she would prefer to take her own time. Prussia did not swallow Denmark at one mouthful, nor drive Austria from Germany entirely in the seven weeks' war. But she has planted herself in such a position that she can deal with Denmark or deal with Austria much as she pleases; and she is assuredly about to do so. With such a settlement as Prussia exacts from France, she can begin again, and finish her task whenever she pleases. There was a first, a second, and a third partition of Poland, arranged at convenient intervals, without too exhausting efforts. And there was a first, and a second, and a third Punic war. As Rome dealt with Carthage, as Prussia dealt with Poland, and as she has since dealt with Austria, so will Count Bismarck deal with France. It might be too hard a task, Europe might be alarmed, if all were done at a blow. But, once place Prussia upon the prostrate body of disarmed France, and the rest is a question of time. No one can imagine, even in the most maudlin hour of optimism, that France can long endure such a lot. Her two millions of oppressed citizens, her sense of helplessness, and the intolerable weight of humiliation, will goad her in some evil hour to a fresh desperate effort. She will rush to arms again like the Poles, or the Carthaginians, without a chance, and almost without a hope; and with a like result. A nation of forty millions of men are not thrust from their ancient place in the world by one war, however crushing; nor are races now-a-days partitioned and annexed in a single campaign, however triumphant. The seizure of Silesia was a splendid feat of arms, and Austria was crushed for the time. But even in that age Frederick well knew that it was but a truce, to be followed as certainly as night follows day by the Seven Years' War. And France is more than Austria, as Alsace and Lorraine are more than Silesia. And so Frederick's successor tells Europe, with the harsh laugh, what,

indeed, we know, and hear with a shudder, that even this horrible war is but the first act; and when he makes peace it will be nothing but a truce.

The prospect, then, which the statesmen of Europe have before them is this:—This fearful war is but the beginning of an epoch of war; it is, in fact, but a first campaign. A new Polish question, a new Venetian subject-province, is established on far larger proportions, and in the centre of Europe. The population to be torn from France is even more patriotic and more warlike than are either Venetians or Poles. And certainly France is stronger than Austria, and occupies a more central position. But this is not merely a question of subjecting a province to foreign rule; it is exposing the nation from which it is torn to permanent helplessness. It is easy to say that Austria gave up Venetia, the kingdom of the Netherlands gave up Belgium, Italy ceded Savoy, and Denmark Schleswig-Holstein. These examples in no case apply. In all of them the ceded provinces were not a source of strength, but of weakness. They lay outside the true area of the nation which ceded them, and belonged by many ties to the nation that received them. In the case of Alsace and Lorraine, all these circumstances are reversed. They form an integral part of France, socially, economically, and geographically; in every sense except in some wretched antiquarian pretence that could be found in any case. They can only be torn from France by the sword, and retained by oppression. And to tear them from France is to expose her to standing helplessness. The true parallel to the case is simply this:—What would England be if Hampshire and Sussex were annexed to a foreign country, whose armies were posted in a network of arsenals and strongholds along their entire sea-coast.

We hear it thoughtlessly said:—"Well, other nations have ceded provinces, and lost territory; why is it so terrible for France to do the like, or for Frenchmen to change their nationality?" It is sufficient to say that in every case in this nineteenth century in which provinces have been ceded, with the exception of Nice (which is yet a standing menace to Europe), it has been done in the name of nationality, and not in defiance of it. Colonies, alienated provinces, and the like, have been ceded; but in no single case has a vital and integral part of a nation, and one of its most intensely national centres, been cut out of its very trunk. For deliberate violation of national right this case stands, therefore, alone in the history of the nineteenth century, or paralleled only in the case of Poland. It is not the cession of a province, but the dismemberment of a nation. It is annexation on a scale and of a character unexampled in more modern times. To find its parallel we must go back to other centuries. And then we must remember how completely the sentiment of

nationality is the birth of recent times; sprung, in fact, from the Revolution. In the old days of dynastic wars nations in our sense hardly existed, or existed only in England and France. The principal kingdoms consisted of bundles of duchies, fiefs, and principalities, with little sense of national coherence. To transfer them from one sovereign to another may have weakened the power of the ruler, but it was but a small shock to the feelings of the population transferred, and hardly any to the other lieges of the sovereign to whom they ceased to belong. Cession of provinces, as the result of war, was then a dynastic and feudal question, and may have had some reason; for national rights hardly existed. One German savant, in that spirit of grotesque chicanery which this war has developed in that ingenious body, has told us that it is quite *immoral* to end a war without cession of territory. Others have deluged us from their note-books with instances from the history of the House of Capet or the House of Hapsburg. Antiquarian rubbish! The intense spirit of nationality has revolutionised these matters entirely. It is but of recent birth, but it is now one of the prime movers of the European system. *Guai a chi la tocca*. Barbarossa may indeed awake, but if he venture to recast Europe with the mediæval notions with which he went down into his tomb, more especially if he attempt it in France, democratised and nationalised, and in the enthusiasm of a new Republican spirit, this weird phantom of a dead past will be plunging the nations of our time into a new era of revolution and war.

A very eminent historian has lately put forward in this Review a defence for this and other acts of the Prussian monarchy, by comparing it with what was done by Plantagenet or Tudor kings in England, and by the House of Capet in France. One would think it was only necessary to be an historian, to set aside the principles on which modern nations depend for their existence. Why the very charge against the Prussian dynasty and its advisers is, that they are carrying into modern policy those violent and unjust practices of old times, which it is the function of modern civilisation to repudiate and to repress. They are simply Tudors and Capets in the nineteenth century; and that is what the nineteenth century will never endure. The attempt to repeat the process by which dynasties of old formed nations is the worst of all offences now against the rights and peace of nations. It is precisely because the Prussian monarch belongs to an era and a caste which has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, that he is outraging the conscience of modern Europe, and perpetrating a wrong against nations, more fatal than any other since the revolutionary wars, and against which the modern world must remain in permanent insurrection.

Let us now consider the position of England at the close of this war. France, from the necessity of the case, will be so much

exhausted and humiliated, that independent action in Europe would be in any case impossible to her. But that she is feeble will be the least part of the case. She will be so completely at the mercy of Germany, that she must simply cease to count as one of the great powers. When diplomacy has finished the work of war, she will not dare to profess a policy contrary to that of Prussia. She will not be in the position of Russia at the close of the Crimean war, exhausted, but powerful and independent. She will be like Poland after the first partition, or like Piedmont after Novara, at the mercy of an enemy who can march at any moment on her defenceless capital. She must, therefore, for any practical purpose retire from the councils of Europe, or enter them, as now, for the purpose only of making her indignation heard, of fomenting discord, or of grasping at any ally at almost any price.

The problem that English statesmen have to face is, how to maintain our position in Europe when France has ceased to be an element in the question. Let them look back for one or two generations, and weigh the importance of those interests in which England and France were as one. Ever since the days of the Holy Alliance, and the recovery from the great spasm of the Revolutionary war, no fact in the history of Europe has been more marked than the growing tendency towards union in the policy of France and England. In spite of dynastic or ministerial intrigues, gradually for forty years it has been growing more clear that in France and in England the weight of the popular feeling marched onwards in parallel lines, and that France and England stood out as the guarantees in the long run of progress and of right. England and France were felt by all to be great powers, second to none in material strength; the one supposed to be supreme by sea and the other by land, whilst they were the only states in Europe where the liberal feeling of the nation had strength to prevent their respective Governments from long continuing on the wrong side.

During the last generation there have been four great questions of European importance. In all of these France and England, in the main, had a common purpose. In the question of Turkey and the East, disfigured as their action was by private jealousies, they at least concurred in this: both England and France were opposed to the absorption of Turkey in the Muscovite empire, and both favoured the *status quo* in the East as the least disturbing issue possible. In the key of the English policy, the French on the whole agreed—that the Eastern Mediterranean should not become the prey either of anarchy or of the Czar. During the Crimean war that alliance was deepened and confirmed; and since the taking of Sebastopol there has grown up a tacit acknowledgment, too often not justified by facts, that in the long run England and France were the representatives of

the cause of national independence, in the Mediterranean as well as in the Baltic.

The case of Poland came next. And to whom did Poland look in spite of repeated disappointment—to whom could she look—but to England and to France? There again the policy of our two nations, emphatically of both peoples, and mainly of both Governments, has worked together. And though on no single occasion has the Government of both agreed on any common plan of active intervention, their assistance has not been wholly in vain; and their moral support has enabled the Poles to maintain their national traditions under all the tyranny of the Eastern despotisms.

Throughout the whole of this period there existed the Italian question; and here again, in spite of the insincere policy of Napoleon, the French and the English people heartily concurred. With the ruler of France, and sections of Frenchmen, selfish interests held the foremost place; but no one can doubt that it was by the persistent support which the French and the English nation gave to the principles of national right, that Italy has at length regained her independence.

Then came the Danish war, the first beginning of that career of aggression which is now triumphing in France. Here again the French people and the English were entirely as one. And though the French ministry, but lately rebuffed on the Polish question, declined (as we now know) to join the English in active operations, the mere fact of a proposal of the kind having passed between them, is a proof how closely the two countries felt the cause of independence to be violated by the attempt to partition Denmark, and how much their joint support contributed to save her from utter extinction.

In the East the fleets and armies of France and England have acted even more directly in concert. But I abstain from making any use of the arguments to be found in the support which England has received from France in Asia. In neither case do I believe the interference to have been for the good of civilisation, though perhaps it was rendered less injurious to it by the presence of two rival nations in concert. I freely admit that there have been many questions in which the French nation has been opposed to the English, and still more frequently their Government to ours. It is sufficient to point out that in the four principal questions which have deeply stirred Europe within this generation, the French nation had joint interests and sympathies with our own, and were actuated by the same principles to follow a common policy.

Even when, as is too true, the wretched Government of Napoleon, and at times the French people, engaged in or tended towards a course fatal to progress and peace, and hostile to our common traditions, the English policy and public opinion have been able to

modify and control those of France by virtue of the sense of our many common interests. In the Italian question, in the American civil war, in the Danubian questions, in the Mexican interference, and even in the Luxemburg difficulty in 1867, where the miserable ambition of the Imperial dynasty was embarked on a retrograde course, the moral strength of England has exercised a most salutary control, and gained an ultimate ascendancy for right, by virtue of its being felt by the French people to represent the voice of an honest and genuine friend. Looking at it broadly, as national policy alone can be looked at, and seeking only for what is fundamental, a fair mind will allow that the co-operation of France with England has been a solid and a great fact; that the alliance has been on the whole a real thing, and an alliance in the main for good.

It is all over now; and where are we to find its like? On all these four typical questions of European policy, whilst France at heart was with us and with the right, Prussia, the new mistress of Europe, was against us and with the wrong. In the Crimean war she threw her undisguised sympathies and her secret influence on the side of Muscovite aggression. In the Polish question she played into the hands of the oppressors, for is she not one of the standing oppressors herself? In the Italian question she joined her cause with Austria, and declared for the permanent enslavement of Italy by German bayonets. Nay, more, in 1859 she declared Venetia a strategic question for Germany, though for her own ends, in 1866, she found means to surrender it. Of the Danish question it is needless to speak, for she was the author and head of that wanton spoliation. On all these great questions, in which England stood forth with France as the guardian of right and respect for nations, she will find herself now face to face with that gigantic Despotism which is the very embodiment of the wrong; and she will find herself before that Power—alone.

Condemn, as we may, the national faults of France, denounce, as we please, their pretension to supremacy in Europe (a pretension exactly equivalent to that which England makes to maritime supremacy), we must still feel that in no other nation does there exist a public opinion so akin to our own, and at the same time so completely in the ascendant. The heart of the great French nation beats with that of our own, and we feel its pulsations in every workshop and every cottage of the land. The true modern life breathes in both of us equally: the same generous sympathies, the same faith in progress, the like yearning for a social regeneration of the West. And France, we feel, has been truly passed through the revolution: the social rule of caste, the dead-weight of feudal institutions, the organised reaction, has passed away from them, far more than from us, and certainly far more than from any other people in Europe.

Anarchy and tyranny in turn afflict them for a season ; but we know that in France the reign of neither can be long. We feel that in spite of repeated failures and errors, and the misdeeds of rulers, there still lives the great French people, animated by noble ideas, the slaves of no caste and of no system, who in the long run are always, and are worthy to be, the masters of the destinies of France.

It is so now, and it has been so in the past. The true history of France, seen in the light of a broad survey of the annals of mankind, is the history of a nation which has been in the van of progress. She who led Europe in the Crusades to resist the aggression of the Saracen ; she who built up the great central monarchy in Europe out of feudal chaos, and inaugurated the institutions of modern government out of the antique armoury of chivalry ; she who kept at bay the bigotry and tyranny which once menaced Europe from Hapsburg ambition, rose out of a century and a half of restless thought and evil policy into the Revolution, which, with all its crimes, was the new birth of modern society. In the true philosophy of history, it is France who (often backsliding, and often the enemy of right) has been in the main foremost in the cause of civilisation. Let us leave it to half-crazy pedants to represent her as the evil destiny of nations. Men who have grown purblind and half-human whilst working deep down in the stifling mines of German records, see the good spirit of mankind in the wild and valorous doings of panoplied Rittmeisters ; of the Grafs and Kaisers who prolonged the Middle Ages down into the sixteenth or the seventeenth centuries. The good sense of mankind has long agreed that the great French nation holds a precious part in the history of civilisation ; a part which she held of old, and holds still : her place no other can supply.

We need not thereby deny the great and noble qualities of other races in Europe, much less of the profound and energetic German people. But the good sense of Englishmen is agreed that nowhere (for America distinctly stands aloof from Continental questions) do they find, as they do in the French, a people combining the same sympathies and interests as their own, with so high a power of giving them effect. How can the new German Empire supply that place ? How can the free and peaceful policy of England look for its right hand to the Prussian dynasty and its military chiefs ? The Hohenzollern monarchy has traditions more unchanged and rooted than any house in Europe. They are traditions of national aggrandisement, of military power, of royal prerogative, and divine right. It represents, and is proud of representing, the despotic, warlike, retrograde forces of Europe. The key of its policy has been common cause with Russia. Its aim has been to broaden the foundations of its own ascendancy. Not a single liberal movement in Europe has ever found in it a friend ; not one service to civilisation or to peace

can it boast. Its great pride has been that, alone of the five great Powers, it has upheld unbending the old royalty and chivalry as it existed before the Revolution. Such is the Power with which the Parliamentary Ministers of this free English nation are to form their future alliances, or to whose will they are to bow in submission. The scared Ministers of "happy England" do not lift up the eyes to dream of an alliance with the successor of Barbarossa; but they are offering him their homage at Versailles, as if the House of Guelf were one of the mediatised princes.

Optimists, with a tincture of German literature, are fond of assuring us that however little hope civilisation can find in the Hohenzollern dynasty, the great German people will set all right in their own good time. Far be it from us to deny the admirable qualities of the German people, more especially their high cultivation of all sorts, and their splendid intellectual gifts. Professors, with a naïve enthusiasm, rehearse the tale of Teutonic literature, science, and art; grow maudlin over the domestic virtues of the German home; and celebrate it as the nursery of the best of fathers and the truest of friends. Well and good; but the question is what has the Prussian dynasty done for the peace of Europe? A race may have the highest intellectual and personal gifts, and yet not as a nation have consciously assumed any great international function. After all, the value of a nation in the common councils depends on its social forces, on its consciousness of public duties, rather than on its intellectual brilliancy. In their later ages the Greeks, with their matchless mental gifts, were of almost no account as a nation; whilst the Romans, in cultivation far their inferiors, were foremost by the ascendancy of their national genius. The real strength of a nation, especially in these days, consists not in its achievements in science or art, but in the degree to which its national will can command the sympathies and give shape to the wants of the age. This is now the only claim which a nation can possess to the supremacy amongst nations. And it is this which Germany is yet too inorganic, too much encumbered with the débris of the past, and too little conscious of national duty, reasonably to assert.

Worthy and enlightened souls as the good German burghers are in many relations of life, socially and politically they are what we in the West of Europe, or what Americans, call, decidedly backward. They have a wonderful army, a consummate administration, a high-pressure educational machinery, an omniscient press, and a number of other surprising social productions, but, with all that, they have not the true political genius. They still live under a grotesque medley of antiquated princelets, who are not, like our monarchy and aristocracy, modernised into the mere heads of society, but are living remnants of feudal chieftainship. The rule of these princes still rests

on divine right, on vassal devotion, and military subordination. It is buttressed round by the serried ranks of a social hierarchy, also feudal in its pretensions and in its strength, not like our own, modernised and transformed to the uses of a democratic society, but standing in all the naked antiquity of its preposterous pride. Society, therefore, in Germany, is heavily oppressed by the superincumbent mass of strata upon strata of old-world orders and venerable institutions, habits, and ideas, of which a great free and progressive people, as we here understand it, would never endure the weight.

There is, therefore, in Prussia no true public opinion. Politics are discussed with unfathomable profundity, and the press peers into public affairs with well-regulated curiosity; but for true influence on the policy of Prussia the people of Prussia count nothing. An eminent encomiast of the German empire has but recently acknowledged in these pages, that great as the proportions of the new edifice will prove, it will still want some of the modern improvements of the State fabric. It will not be (of course) a constitutional affair, it is not intended to be a parliamentary government, there is no idea of having ministerial responsibility, or of public opinion controlling the army or the finances of the State. For my part I am no defender of our present form of parliamentary government; but I do maintain that a government which is in no sense to be the organ of public opinion, is not a free and not a progressive government. The Prussian régime is not one which has passed beyond a parliamentary system, but one which has never reached it. It looks upon the voice of the nation as Tudors or Stuarts looked at it, as something which may offer respectful comments, but is never to exercise control. This is the ideal of government which accords with every tradition of the house of Hohenzollern, which is maintained by the yet unshaken strength of a social system pledged to defend it by pride as much as by interest, which the middle class Prussian accepts by every habit of his nature, and worships with instinctive idolatry. It will be a revolution only that can shake it.

But the true character of this Hohenzollern dynasty is determined by that "peculiar institution" of Prussia, the Junker class. It is a phenomenon to which no parallel exists in Europe, a genuine aristocratic military caste. It is not like our own aristocracy, rich, peaceful, and half-bourgeois. It is not like the French imperial army, a mere staff of officers, with no local or social influence. It is not like the Spanish order of Grandees, an effete body of incapables. It is an order of men knit together by all the ties of family pride and interest; with an historic social influence; with a high education, and a strong nature of a special sort; rich enough to have local power both in town and country; and yet so poor as to depend for existence on the throne—and with all this, devoted passionately, necessarily, to war. It is a caste, which an aspiring dynasty has

moulded out of the Ritters and Grafs of mediæval Germany. The Fredericks, with their strong hand, have taken the fierce old lanz-knecht and his children, given him a scanty manor and a soldier's pension, drilled him into the best soldier in the world, tutored him in the absolute science of destruction, given him two watchwords—"King" and "God"—and kept him for every other purpose a simple mediæval knight. He is now the ideal of the scientific soldier, always a gallant, often a cultivated man, but in this industrial and progressive age, an anachronism. Scratch the Junker, and you will find the Lanz-Knecht. We have nothing to compare with him, though he reminds one a little of the Rajpoot caste in Oude, or the Japanese Daimio and his Ronins. The last time these islands saw his like, was when Charles Edward led his Highland chieftains on their raid. The difference is, that the Junker is a social and political power, civilised in all the material sides to the last point of modern science. Morally and socially, in all that we look for in peace and progress, he is as abnormal and foreign an element as if Fergus McIvor were amongst us with his claymore.

It was the fashion (not unnaturally) to treat this order as of small political account. But they have now thrown up their man of genius, they are the true masters of the situation, and they have embarked their King on a new career, in which he will be unable to stop. Count Bismarck has found how this caste may make itself a necessity for the nation, how it can step forward as the right arm to work out the national dream, and in the name of Nationality and Peace may found a new military supremacy. He has done with profounder craft what Napoleon did at the close of last century, and has debauched the spirit of patriotic defence into a thirst for glory and domination. Who thought in '92 that the acclaims of Frenchmen for universal philanthropy (more passionate and real than those of German eruditi in 1870) were destined to glide, step by step, into the sanguinary vanity of the Napoleonic wars? At every move in the game of ambition, the self-love of the people and the degradation of the army grew with an equal growth. Like Napoleon, Bismarck must go on, feeding an Empire of military supremacy by fresh pretensions. It is a situation so false and unreal, that it must be sustained by further crimes. The Empire, threatened already by the people, must rest on the vast soldier caste; to reward and stimulate that soldier caste, fresh aliment must be found for its soldier pride. Russia, Austria, France, must some day look askance, even if England still smirks before the new Empire, with its tradesman's bow. To maintain an attitude founded upon wrong, fresh wrongs must be ventured. The weight of the new Despotism, threatened from its birth both at home and abroad, must tell on the deluded German people. And to repress their opposition, their national vanity must be fed with fresh stimulants, or their efforts swallowed up in a new

convulsion. Bismarck plays with Fatherland to the German burgher, as Napoleon I. played the Coalition to the bourgeois of France, or Napoleon III. the Spectre Rouge. As to the chiefs of the German army, and its whole officer class, war is their profession, and their social monopoly. They no more desire peace, than the lawyer desires to close courts of justice, or the Roman patrician desired to close the Temple of Janus. A military Empire now has but one career to run—that of Napoleon I.—that of Napoleon III. Those States who take the sword for their title, must perish by the sword.

The new Empire of Germany is thus, in its origin, a menace to Europe. The house of Hohenzollern, with its traditions of aggrandisement, with its consummate bureaucratic machinery, and its body-guard of a warlike caste, can never be the titular chief of peaceful industrial German kingdoms. It is no case of chance personal despotism, or mushroom revolutionary adventurer. It is a great power, whose roots go deep into every pore of the two upper-classes of German society. It is arbitrary, military, fanatical. In one word, it is the enemy of modern progress. Though not representing the German people, it has debauched and masters the German people. Six months of this gigantic war, have turned the flower of the German citizens into professional troopers. The very fact that they have as a nation submitted to the military yoke, the fact that every German is a soldier, is itself a proof of a lower type of civilisation, and marks them as a nation capable of becoming a curse to their neighbours.

It is not necessary to suppose that this new power has any distinct vision of further conquests, or universal dominion. It is quite sufficient calamity to Europe that such a power should possess paramount supremacy. It may be the good German souls are right, and that neither they nor the Empire, which is another thing, mean any harm. But why are the nations to depend for existence on the forbearance of their mighty neighbour? And if we are safe, are all the smaller states safe? The one thing which is now the dream of the North German is a great navy and power at sea. To this end the very friends of Prussia admit that Continental Denmark is necessary for her. The inevitable result of such a career as that of Prussia is, that she must seek to be the mistress of the Baltic. She will begin by coercing, and end by absorbing all who stand in her way. As to Holland, every step in affairs brings her nearer and nearer to the inevitable fate. And England will yet come to see that she must stand alone to defend the existence, to guarantee the independence of those industrious, friendly kingdoms along the northern seas, or consent to see them made the instruments of a new and far nearer Russia.

In the centre and South of Europe, Prussia, if this war close with her undisputed triumph, can arrange everything at her own good

pleasure. The question of the Danube, the very existence of Turkey, hang upon her favour, and will be determined by her interests. For as the first-fruits of the new supremacy, Austria, who at first was calling out for English support, is for very life drawing near in obsequious deference to the conqueror. Italy may at any moment be ordered to restore or to satisfy the Pope. And Switzerland finds herself surrounded by a new danger. With a power so tremendous, and an ambition so ruthless, as that which Prussia has exhibited, everything is possible, and every nation is unsafe. But the matter for us is not so much whether Prussia will overrun Europe, or swallow up this or that smaller nation. All that is for the future; but what is in the present, our actual calamity, is this: the greatest shock of this century has been given to the principle of national rights; the black flag of conquest has been unfurled by a dominant power; one nation has gained a supremacy in arms which puts the security of every other at her sufferance, and that a nation directed by a policy against which every free people is in permanent revolt.

Such is the result which an English Government has watched gathering up for six months, now with an air of Pharisaical neutrality, now with a flood of pulpit good advice. European politics form a world in which the forces are tremendous. To cope with them are needed great insight and resolute natures, and not fluent tongues. Statesmen need something to deal with them more solid than pretty essays; they can be touched only by deeds, and not by words. No nation can stand apart, gaping on in maudlin hymns to its own exceeding good fortune, or pouring out its eloquent laments over the naughtiness of its neighbours. If the foundation of a great military empire, overshadowing all Europe, be in truth a good thing, let us make it the new basis of our foreign policy, and not crawl like mere courtiers to the conqueror's footstool. But if it be a bad thing, and a danger to us and to the common peace, by all the traditions of the British race let us throw our whole force to prevent its triumph. Act; for act you must; to stand still is to be on its side. Act with your moral force, if you please, since we are told that England has no physical force left; act even with your moral force, for that may yet be something. Have a policy, and declare it, and act on it. It is impossible to be morally neutral. If you mean well to the conqueror, stand up and preach sermons upon peace; for that is to truckle to the stronger. If you do not see his triumph with delight, you must show him so with something stronger than affectionate remonstrance or copy-book exhortations to keep the Ten Commandments. Nations in this wicked world are seldom amenable to moral lectures, and a nation flushed with glory and ambition can be touched by nothing but the fear of retribution. When England stands by, and sees, without moving, the whole face of Europe transformed and a new principle enthroned amongst nations, she is virtually

its accomplice. A great nation, in spite of itself, must play a part. It cannot stand by, like a field-preacher at a street-fight, crying out with benevolent imbecility—"My friends, keep clear of those wicked men! Wicked men, shake hands and be friends!" To offer good counsels to Prussia is to become her plaything, or her parasite. You might as well throw tracts and hymn-books at a tiger.

"What can we do?" cries that cynical No-Policy with which the governing classes have contrived to gild and to satisfy the gross selfishness of the trader. "What!" sneers the organ of the money-dealers, "are we for the balance of power and intervention in this latter half of the nineteenth century?" If to have national interests and duties, and to act for the maintenance of those interests, and in defence of rights, if this be intervention, it has not yet ceased to be the policy of this country, and let us trust it never will. England has continually intervened when it seemed to be her interest and her right. She intervened in 1854 to protect Turkey from absorption; she is intervening at this moment for the same end; she intervened but the other day to preserve Belgium. She intervened persistently and effectively against the retrograde oppression of the old Austrian empire. Her policy in Asia is one perpetual and restless intervention. As to the balance of power, if the pedantic and jealous adherence to the *status quo* was a source of danger and of wrong, which the good sense of our time has rejected, there is a sense in which it is an invaluable safeguard against the preponderance of power. It is as true now as ever, that it will be a dark day for Europe when any one Power shall hold the rest in the hollow of its mailed hand. If it was a menace to Europe when the House of Hapsburg or of Capet threatened to absorb half Europe, if it was an European calamity when Napoleon ruled from Berlin to Madrid, so it will be the knell of peace and liberty when the triumphant Empire of Germany bestrides the Continent without an equal. If it succeed in doing so it will be the act of England, who stands by, trading and sermonising, selling arms but using none, "*bellum cauponantes, non belligerantes*," droning out homilies and betraying every duty of a nation. It will be the crowning proof of the degradation of those governing orders who have bought power by subservience to the traders, and surrendered the traditions of their ancestors; that they who can make war at the bidding of a knot of merchants, and call Europe into conference for some supposed commercial interest, have nothing in this, the greatest revolution in the State system of modern Europe, but a policy of absolute abnegation; a policy which thoughtful politicians know to be suicidal, and the mass of the people feel to be shameful; the policy which the new Emperor of the West told them with a gibe, as they came bowing to his court, was the only policy that remained for them—the policy of effacement.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

Jan. 17.

OUR DEFENCES: A NATIONAL OR A STANDING ARMY?

THE war of 1870, which has already unmade and made emperors, which has shaken one nation to its centre and consolidated another, has also brought some well-worn platitudes to the proof. What have become of our peace-at-any-price principles? of the doctrine of non-intervention, as interpreted by Manchester? How completely do we now miss in able leaders the customary assurance, winding up all discussion on foreign topics, that, come what might, under no circumstances could England be drawn into war. The common form has disappeared, and has given place to an entirely different refrain. The picture of the secure watcher gazing from his serene height on the tempest-tossed bark below is less familiar than it was some six months ago. In early July England's interest in European politics was that of the gods of Epicurus in human affairs. Before the month passed, indeed, the revelation of the Benedetti treaty showed that anger could find a place even in the seraphic bosoms of Englishmen. But the unwonted emotion was appeased by the new Belgian treaty. The course of the war, removing all danger on the side of that Power from whom danger was most apprehended, reassured us, and by October we had begun to settle down into the comfortable conviction, that, behind our "streak of silver sea" the rôle for us in Europe could only be a moral one. Let others maintain armies and seek aggrandisement or glory in barbarous warfare; ours the purer ambition, sitting aloof from the distractions of Europe, to weigh the merits of European quarrels, award by our verdict the meed of honour or disgrace, and shape that opinion which rules the world. "Happy England" who thus, safe from the dangers of Continental neighbourhood, may yet share in all the honours of the grand drama! We had begun, I say, to settle down into this conviction, when the Gortchakoff circular rudely disturbed our self-gratulations, and showed us the sort of paradise we were living in. We, whose interest in European affairs was either none at all, or that of the impartial and disinterested spectator, were suddenly discovered to be the principal, if not the sole, guardians of European public law. Having pronounced judgment, it belonged to us also, it seemed, to carry the sentence into effect. Nor—so strictly were our obligations interpreted—was it permitted to go behind the form in order to look at the substance, nor yet to take account of the joint nature of our responsibilities, shared as they were by others equally or more interested and equally bound with ourselves. It was sufficient that

the law was so, that our signature was to the bond. Such, or nearly such, was the language very generally held by the London press in the end of November under the stimulus given to our national self-respect by the Russian manifesto ; and it would seem in the main to have correctly reflected the passing mood of the public. To this complexion have our peace-at-any-price professions come, and such is the practical issue from our oft-repeated resolves to withdraw wholly from the Continental scene. I say such is the practical issue from those professions ; for who does not see that the present overwrought susceptibility of the nation is but the natural and inevitable reaction from past ignoble avowals ? No doubt we meant but a small portion of what we said, or what was said on our behalf ; but professions of faith are not necessarily without practical consequences because they are insincere. They may be believed by others ; and those who uttered the platitudes, or who suffered them to pass, thinking them, perhaps, a graceful homage to becoming aspirations, may find themselves forced into courses such as they would never have dreamed of entering on, were it not for the real or supposed necessity of dissipating delusions they have themselves sedulously built up.

But, not to enter now on controverted ground, one truth, at all events, comes out with sufficient distinctness from the heated utterances and more or less wild pretensions of the last month. England is not going to retire from the field of European politics. She means to take part in the controversies of nations ; a part other than that of impartial spectator and serene arbiter of disputes in the issue of which she has no share. Englishmen may differ as to the precise occasions which would warrant and call for a resort to arms ; but as a nation they recognise that such occasions may arise. Not only do they desire to pursue, undisturbed from without, their internal development : they would also speak their mind freely on the great issues of Europe, unassailed, or at all events unaffected, by those insolent warnings of which Belgium, for instance, was but the other day made the object. Nay, further, if I do not greatly misinterpret the present signs, they would wish, in certain not impossible contingencies, to be ready to strike an effective blow in the cause of the independence of nations. And desiring the end, they desire the means. They would have a force sufficient, not merely to secure them against attack, but also to give weight to their voice in council, and, if need were, value to their co-operation in the field.

Such seems to me the practical conclusion deducible from the crisis we have just passed through. And now how does our material position accord with our political pretensions ? Our foreign policy, we have been told by high authority, must govern our armaments. Taking the former to be such as has been indicated, what is the state

of our preparations in presence of the Powers whose forces we may any day be called upon to confront?

The facts of our military position, for I put aside the question of the navy as foreign to the subject of this paper, must now be familiar to most readers. The entire aggregate of our military establishment of all arms, comprising colonial and West India corps, depôts of Indian regiments and other accessory establishments, amounts, on paper, to just 115,000 men.¹ Of these the numbers in England amount to 82,000; and of this force, the proportion, which would be available to put in line against an enemy, after the necessary deduction for Ireland, for garrisoning our fortresses and for various subsidiary services, is, according to Mr. Trevelyan's calculation, which has not, so far as I know, been disputed, from 35,000 to 40,000 men—little more than the strength of a single Prussian army corps. In addition to these, we should have, as a reserve, our militia, yeomanry, and volunteers, the value of which, in the present state of their organisation and equipment, if opposed to the trained and fully equipped troops of the Continent, I leave to military critics to say. These, at all events, even on the most favourable supposition, could only come into action as a second line; and in effect the net available outcome of our military resources at the present time, in the event of our being engaged in a struggle with a Continental Power of the first rank, would be represented by 40,000 men, as against, for example, the 250,000 which France six months ago was able to place in line of battle on her frontier, or the 500,000, supported by a reserve of still greater dimensions, which Prussia sent to the front. What the tangible force actually forthcoming out of the enormous military resources of Austria and Prussia would be, I will not venture to conjecture; but, as set down on paper, the regular armies, including reserves, of these two Powers appear respectively as 830,000 and 1,135,000 men.² Such, then, would be our military position in the presence of a Continental Power of the first class. But, then, we are told of the excellent quality of English troops, and how a French general congratulated himself there were so few of them. They would certainly need to be of high quality, considering the odds against which they would have to fight; and they certainly ought to be of high quality if cost of maintenance affords any criterion of the value of the article. For how stand the facts in this respect? Briefly thus:—While France, at an expense of £14,000,000 sterling, maintained, up to the outbreak of the war, a force available for the

(1) I take these figures from Martin's Year Book.

(2) Martin's Year Book. Under the new military laws of Russia, of which the proposed draught has just been published, the effective aggregate for that country will, no doubt, be largely increased. It will be noticed that all the proposed reforms are in the direction of the Prussian military system.

field of 250,000 men ; while North Germany, at half this expense, that is to say, for £7,000,000 sterling, maintained an organisation capable of furnishing, at fourteen days' notice, 500,000 men, and of not only keeping up this number through a most destructive campaign, but of raising it in a few months to nearly double the amount ; we, at a cost equal to the larger of the sums mentioned—that is to say, at a cost of £14,000,000,¹ have just contrived to keep on foot an army which, all indispensable and permanent needs being provided for, would leave us, in the event of war, a force available for the field of 40,000 men. Or we may represent the case thus :—A German soldier costs the State some £29 a year ; a French soldier costs the State some £41 a year ; an English soldier costs the State £100 a year : so that if cost furnished any criterion of quality, the quality of the English soldier might fairly be supposed to stand high. Unfortunately in this critical age people will ask for some other evidence of the superiority of the British soldier than that furnished by the extravagant sum which he costs. But, unless they are satisfied with allusions to “the thin red line,” and to the exploits of British armies under Marlborough and Wellington, I fear they will ask in vain. It will scarcely be held that the Crimean campaign is conclusive upon this question ; and it will be remembered that most of the armies of the Great Powers in Europe have been remodelled since 1856.

What we know is, that the *personnel* of our army differs from that of armies on the Continent mainly in these two circumstances :—Alone among European armies, the English rank and file is recruited exclusively from a single class of the population, this class being the poorest, the most ignorant, and the least moral of the community ; and alone, again, among European armies, it is commanded by officers who owe their promotion, not to proved professional qualification, not to personal merit or distinction, not even to seniority, but mainly to the strength of their aristocratic or political connection and to the length of their purse. So far as outsiders can see, these are the main differences between English and Continental armies in the matter of *personnel* ; and they are scarcely of a kind to warrant us in supposing that English troops can, man for man, stand against four or five times the number of their possible adversaries. Thus, at a cost equal to that incurred by France, double that incurred by Germany, we maintain an army for practical purposes one-sixth as numerous as the army of France, one-twelfth as numerous as the army of Germany—an army composed exclusively in its rank and file of the dregs of the community,² and officered

(1) The total cost of the army, as set down in the last estimates is, in round numbers, £13,000,000, but a supplementary vote was passed at the end of the session for £2,000,000 for both services, of which £1,000,000 may be assumed as taken for the army. In 1869-70 the army cost us £14,111,000, and in 1868-9, £15,455,000.

(2) The words are not mine, but those of the *United Service Gazette*:—“The army as a service, even with limited enlistment, has not become more popular, nor has a better

by men for whose moral, intellectual, and professional competency it is a very weak statement of the case to say we have absolutely no guarantee at all.

Such are the broad and simple facts of the case, the undisputed, the indisputable facts. Is it necessary to go further, and to spend time in discussing "the dual system of Government," the half-pay list, sinecure colonelcies, army agencies, and the other mysteries of the system? Nothing, it is evident, short of absurdities and abuses without parallel in the civilised world could explain the results; absurdities and abuses which, whatever apology history may offer for their existence, can have no other conceivable effect than to facilitate nepotism and extravagance, to push incompetency into high places, and to provide for the ruin of the country. If we desire—I will not say to play the part of an international police for Europe—but to maintain our position as an independent State, a thorough-going and radical reform of our military system is simply imperative. And the most urgent need of the country at the present moment is to determine upon what principle this reform is to be carried out.

Fortunately the problem has been greatly simplified for us by recent experience and discussion, and two or three points may at once be taken as established in advance—established, I mean, as far as reason and experience can establish anything. In the first place, it need scarcely be said, the purchase system must be absolutely swept away. This has long been felt by all who have not given themselves over to delusion, to be an absurdity and a scandal; but the exposure it has within a few months received at the hands of Sir Charles and Mr. Trevelyan has shown it to be, at once an influence of the most malign kind on the whole range of society in contact with the army, and at the same time an obstacle in the forefront of hindrances to effective military reform. While a shred of it remains, it is plain that nothing of any moment can be done. Secondly, whatever be determined with regard to the volunteers and the militia, one condition at all events will have to be fulfilled: they must be brought into such relation to the line, as to constitute the whole in effect a single system, moulded by the same training, and subject to the same discipline. A third point might perhaps be added, so strongly does recent experience testify in its favour, and

class of men been induced to join. On the contrary, in both these respects it has decidedly fallen off. It is no easy matter, if any pressure prevails, to get a sufficiency of men to enlist at all, and every one who knows anything about it will say that our soldiers are far more than they ever were the very scum and dregs of the population. Ticket-of-leave men abound amongst them. One-half the recruits raised are practised rogues and vagabonds; they only enlist for the purpose of getting the bounty and deserting immediately after. The numbers who are said to have done so, upon the authority of official documents, during the last year, were no less than between 20,000 and 30,000."

—*United Service Gazette*, for July, 1861, quoted by Mr. Edwin Chadwick.

so decidedly is opinion setting towards it—the superiority for military purposes of short service over long. These are changes which we may take for granted will form articles in any really serious attempt at army reform. But, to place our military system on a rational basis, to put our army into a condition in which it will be at once adequate to the requirements of the country, and not at the same time ruinous to our finances, much more will be needed than the correction of a few of the most palpable evils of the present system. We must go deeper, and endeavour to penetrate to the root itself of the rank abuses that luxuriate on all sides. As preliminary to this, I shall now invite the reader to follow me in a brief survey of the leading types of military organisation presented by the principal countries of Europe. They will be found, with much variety of detail, to fall naturally into three groups or categories, which will be conveniently designated by the terms Standing armies, National armies, and armies of the mixed kind—that is to say, those raised by the Conscription. For our present purpose, the best examples of the several types are furnished by the armies of England, of Prussia, and of France.

The constitution and leading characteristics of the English army result from the fact that it is a standing army supported by voluntary enlistment. As a standing army the bulk of its forces are kept constantly on foot; its reserves occupying in the system a comparatively unimportant place. Indeed, it is a question whether it be proper to speak of the reserves of the British army at all; the relation of the militia and the volunteers to the line being of a very loose and undefined character, and these forces in their actual state forming, according to competent opinion, not so much reserves, as material for reserves. The army thus maintained as a standing force, is raised by means of voluntary enlistment, and this gives occasion to some of its most characteristic features. The State being thrown for the supply of soldiers on the labour market; and the soldier's vocation being, fortunately for mankind, one that with the progress of society steadily declines in public estimation, two important consequences result: 1, in order to attract a sufficient supply of men to the ranks, the Government is under the necessity of constantly raising its terms, of raising them, not merely in proportion to the general advance of the labour market, but so as to compensate the declining honour into which the soldier's trade has fallen; and 2, the recruits, thus attracted, come more and more from the lowest and least reputable classes of the community. The system thus becomes constantly more costly; while the character of the men who fill the ranks steadily deteriorates. Again, the plan of voluntary enlistment necessarily leads to the rule of long service in the ranks. The man who enters the army under a voluntary contract, if his object be not simply to

desert as soon as he receives the bounty, naturally looks to it as a permanent vocation; and engaging soldiers as permanent servants of the State involves the consequence of providing for them on the expiration of their period of service. In this way the inherent costliness of the system is enormously aggravated, through the necessity of maintaining, over and above the active army, a large force of ineffectives in the character of pensioners. These circumstances, irrespective altogether of the special abuses of the system, render a standing army on the English plan inevitably and incomparably the most expensive military instrument that can be devised; and one, moreover, which of necessity becomes more and more expensive with every fresh step in social progress. Lastly, from all these causes, it results that the army, thus maintained, is not, and cannot be, a constitutional portion of the nation, but remains a class apart from it, a class without share in the industrial work of the community, excluded from marriage, subject to a code of laws which is not that to which the ordinary citizen yields obedience, unaffected by the strongest influences of civil and political life, forming itself upon an ideal far remote from that of the society in which it exists; in a word, a class which of necessity becomes a caste. Such are the main features and necessary incidents of a standing army on the English plan.¹ Of the several types of military organisation, it is the only one that is confined to a single country. England monopolises unchallenged the credit of the invention.

The constitution of the Prussian army offers in every respect the most striking contrast to that which we have just considered. The foundation of the force is, not contract, but *status*; the *status* of liability incurred by every able-bodied citizen (subject to certain specified exceptions) to serve his country as a soldier in the ranks; and from the impartial application of this principle all that is really characteristic of the system directly flows. The rule of liability to service being so wide as to embrace the bulk of the able-bodied population, short service in the ranks—short at least as compared with the service exacted in standing armies—becomes a necessity of the case. In Prussia, where the capacity of the system has been strained to an extreme degree, the period is three years, as compared with five in France and twelve in England; but in other countries, where the same type prevails, a much shorter period has been found sufficient. And from this rule of short service in the ranks results what, from a military point of view, must be regarded as the capital feature of this form of force, the immense strength of its reserves as compared with its active army. Owing to the strain put upon the system in

(1) The purchase of commissions I have not adverted to, because it has obviously no necessary connection with a standing army raised by voluntary recruiting; it is a factitious outgrowth, and a quite gratuitous aggravation.

Prussia, to which I have just referred, this characteristic is less marked in the example of the Prussian army than in others belonging to the same group.¹ Yet even here it is sufficiently distinct; for though the active force on a peace footing amounts to no less than 300,000 men, the reserves bear to this enormous force the proportion of three to one; these reserves having all passed through the same training as the active force, and being, as we have had ample proof, in all respects equally efficient. Another characteristic of the Prussian system is its cheapness, an incident which again directly results from the nature and constitution of the force. In the first place, the service being compulsory, the State is enabled to obtain recruits on its own terms instead of being compelled, as under our system, to raise its bid, not merely to keep pace with the progress of the labour market, but to compensate for the unpopularity of the service. It is true that the economy obtained by this means may, to a certain extent, be ostensible merely. Where the services of the citizen during his career in the ranks are rated at less than their proper worth, the burden is merely transferred from the nation in its corporate capacity to the individuals who endure the loss; and as this is probably more or less the case with all armies raised by compulsory recruiting, this circumstance should undoubtedly be taken account of in considering the cost of such armies. Another and less equivocal source of economy arises from the almost entire exemption enjoyed by National armies from the charge of ineffectives—a charge which forms so large an item in the budgets of Standing armies. The soldier, on his release from the ranks, instead of remaining a burden on society, passes at once to the business of productive industry and civil life, and all the economic waste, not to speak of the social-mischief, arising from the maintenance of an idle class is thus avoided. The working of the system in this respect is strikingly shown in the Prussian military budget; the cost of that vast organisation, which enabled her in a few weeks' time to put a fully-equipped army of half a million of men on her frontier, having amounted to no more than an annual sum of £7,000,000 sterling, *plus*, as I have said, whatever should be added on the score of private losses resulting from inadequate payment of the troops actually under arms. These are, perhaps, the most prominent features, in a military and financial sense, of this description of force; but we must not omit to notice an attribute attaching to it, from a social and political point of view, of the greatest interest and importance. The type of military force represented by Prussia is essentially national. Including the entire potential army, line, reserve, and landwehr, the organisation comprises within its sweep, in effect, the mass of

(1) For example, the Swiss army, to be afterwards described.

the able-bodied population;¹ and the elements of this vast aggregate are drawn, with strict impartiality, from all classes of the community. An organisation of this kind may, it is possible, generate in the nation maintaining it the so-called phenomenon of militarism—how far it has in fact had this effect in Prussia I do not now inquire—but an army, thus constituted, cannot, in the nature of things, be a caste. It cannot but be a fair representation of the community from which it is drawn, must share its feelings and aspirations, social and political, as well as military, and be incapable of betraying its aims. Such an army may, therefore, be properly characterised as national or popular; and it is by this term that, in the following pages, I shall designate this type of military force.

The third type of military organisation presented by European armies is that exemplified by the army, or what was the army, of France. As in Prussia, the foundation of the military system is here *status*, not contract; every citizen being, according to the theory of the law, liable to serve the State in the ranks of the army; but the principle is in France applied through the conscription; the persons actually called upon to serve are determined by lot; and the rule is further qualified by the privilege accorded to those who have the means to purchase exemption from service. The effect of these qualifications of the strict rule is to give to the resulting force a character widely different from that which I have just described as distinguishing armies of the popular type; for the use of the lot²

(1) This is denied by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for October last, p. 486. But the facts, taken from authoritative sources, are thus stated by M. de Laveleye:—"The first datum to be taken account of is the number of young men who reach each year the age of military service, and who thus form what is called the *class*. The Journal of the Royal Bureau of Statistics of Berlin, published by M. Engel, sets down the *class* of 1855 at 147,613 men; that of 1858, at 155,692; that of 1861, at 165,162; in fine, that of 1864, at about 170,000. . . . In Prussia, as in France, more than half the *class* is exempted for deficiency of height, of strength, or of health. In Prussia, the requirements are more strict than in France on the score of the quality of the men. Thus, in 1861, out of 165,000 composing the *class*, only 69,933 were found fit to enter the army. As the contingent amounted this year to 69,431, the lot exempted only 10,502. The following year, 1862, 62,517 conscripts were taken out of 69,513 young men, so that the number of the *disponibles* dispensed by the lot from at once joining the ranks, amounted to 6,996."—*La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa*, pp. 56-57. It thus appears that the Prussians are strict in interpreting the qualification, "able-bodied;" but that of the "able-bodied," thus strictly ascertained, from 84 to 90 per cent. go at once into the ranks, while the surplus—i.e., the 16 or 10 per cent. not required (as previously explained by M. de Laveleye), are not exempted from service but pass into the *landwehr*. The statement, therefore, is strictly true that the mass of the able-bodied population, as that expression is construed by the Prussian military rules, pass into the potential army of Prussia. Even, however, though this were not the case, the fact, which is not disputed, that the Prussian army is recruited from all classes of the community indifferently, would alone entitle it to be considered a National army.

(2) The lot is also used in Prussia; but the part which it plays in the system is quite subordinate.

implies the limitation of the obligation of service to a portion only of those who are capable of discharging it; while the privilege of exemption, accorded in consideration of money payment, leads to the result of throwing the burden of service exclusively on the poorer classes of the population. And this, as M. Laveleye informs us, and as indeed we might infer from the nature of the case, is a growing tendency. "In proportion as a larger number of families attain to easy circumstances, the number of those exonerated by purchase increases, and the army is no longer recruited but from the lowest classes of the population."¹ Precisely similar results are recorded as realised in the Belgian army, which represents the same principle of military organisation. In 1866, as we are informed by M. Fourcault,² the number of substitutes formed no less than a fourth of the whole annual contingent—a proportion more than double what it had reached ten years before. It thus appears that, not only in point of quantity of the aggregate potential force, but also in point of quality, the armies raised under the conscription, as it is practically operative in Continental countries, differ widely from those constituted on the popular principle, as represented by the Prussian army. They do not form a fair representation of the community from which they are drawn, but, like our own, are composed almost exclusively of a single class, and that the lowest of the nation; and they do not give that development to the reserves which is characteristic of the popular system. These results will be found to obtain in all countries where the conscription reigns; but in the constitution of the late French army the weak points of the system were aggravated by the political circumstances of the country. The Imperial Government of France naturally enough shrank from giving military training to the masses of the population. The army was for them quite as much an instrument for keeping down disaffection at home, as for threatening their neighbours abroad; and they accordingly directed their efforts to giving the utmost development to the active standing force, to the almost entire neglect of the potential elements. One means by which this result was sought to be attained was by employing the proceeds of the fines, payable for exemption from service, in effecting re-engagements with old soldiers on the expiration of their five years' term. These soldiers accordingly remained in the active army instead of passing into the reserve force, which was thus starved in order that the standing army might be pampered. The practical result was to furnish France with an army which, in spite of its nominally popular basis, had far more analogy with our own than with that of Prussia; in effect, with a standing army, of long service, recruited from the lowest class of the population, and without reserves.

(1) "La Prusse et l'Autriche," p. 74.

(2) "Annales de l'Association Internationale. Congrès de Berne, 1866," p. 692.

Under the financial aspect also the French system was not without resemblance to the English. The cost of the late French army amounted to some £14,000,000 sterling, almost exactly the sum with which we have contrived to maintain an army of about one-fourth the strength, but double that which went to support the far more efficacious organisation of Prussia. One cannot but remark with some uneasiness, in this comparison of the French and Prussian military systems with our own, that the points in which the French system differs from the Prussian are precisely those in which ours also differs from the Prussian, though in a more extreme degree; our system exaggerating in every instance those features of organisation which were peculiar to the French, and to which, it now seems tolerably plain, the collapse of that system has been mainly due.

With this sinister omen from our review of the military systems of Continental Europe, let us now return to our own position, and endeavour to estimate the extent of the danger against which we have to provide. I have already stated what I believe to be the general character of the foreign policy which the nation desires to pursue. I believe in the first place that we desire to place our national independence beyond question; so unequivocally so, as to render an invasion of this country not merely a perilous enterprise, but an undertaking so manifestly hopeless that no statesman of moderate sagacity would contemplate it. Accomplishing this effectually, we cannot be without influence in Europe, since our fleet alone would then become formidable as an offensive weapon; and a military system, which would be really effective for defence, would quite certainly, in an extreme emergency, be effective for something more. We need not, therefore, for our present purpose, go beyond the question of defence, and the contingency which we have to contemplate is obviously the possibility of invasion.

Against invasion our main protection must, of course, always be our fleet, and it is satisfactory to hear that we have in this something more solid to rest upon than we find in our "thin red line." But it is admitted that our fleet may fail us. A single naval disaster, such, for example, as the defeat at Beachy Head in William III.'s time—a defeat, by the way, suffered when our position seemed strongest, our most formidable naval rival, the Dutch, being then our ally—would now, as then, lay open our coasts to the enemy. And, supposing this to happen, what would be the extent of the danger we should have to face? Lord Derby tells us that at the very utmost we should have to deal with an army of 100,000 men. I must own that I fail to perceive the grounds of this particular limitation. The event occurring which we have supposed, the enemy would for a time, at all events, have free access to our coasts, and, under such circumstances, with armies of from 500,000 to 1,000,000

on foot, with converging railway systems at his command, with an adequate transport fleet in readiness, it is not apparent why double or treble the number named might not in a few weeks be placed upon our shores. We have lately seen in the results which followed the capitulations of Metz and Strasbourg, what enormous forces may be suddenly rendered disposable by the liberation of armies engaged in merely subsidiary operations, when war is carried on upon the scale it now assumes. Had we, for example, at the time those capitulations happened, been at war with Germany, what would have prevented her—with a month's command of the sea, and with such preparations as Count von Moltke would have known how to make to meet this contingency—from placing the army of Prince Frederick Charles on the coast of Kent?¹ It may be that warfare carried on by entire populations is "essentially retrograde;" but retrograde or not, this is the danger against which we have to provide. And it seems to me there would be as little solace to our dignity as compensation for our suffering, on finding ourselves the victims of combinations we might easily have foreseen, to reflect that we had only made our preparations against more civilised methods of attack.

But, taking the danger as estimated by Lord Derby, who is certainly not given to exaggeration, to afford us adequate security against this—to inspire us, in presence of such a possibility as he contemplates, with that confidence in the stability of our position, without which it is idle to think we shall act in European politics a part worthy of the country and of its traditions—what is the state of our military resources that the case demands? The contingency we have to contemplate is the landing of a hostile army of 100,000 men

(1) The following I find in the letter of the *Times*' "Military Correspondent," writing from Orleans under date December 28th, 1870:—"Here, as at Versailles, a rather favourite topic of conversation is the invasion of England, with its probabilities of success and means of accomplishment. Let not Englishmen imagine that the minds of Prussian strategists are altogether taken up with the French or with warfare upon land. What will people think at home of no less gigantic an idea than a bridge of boats from Calais to Dover or thereabouts; not, of course, as the means for a first landing, but to pass over the reinforcements to a small army landed first, and protected by field works? The Channel would thus be treated as a huge river, and it is considered that an army once across could live uncommonly well by requisitions. Ammunition would be needed it is true, but there is no fortified place to stop the direct march upon London, exactly four days. How would the farms and villages of Kent look if full of huge rough-speaking warriors in spiked helmets? What about filling every room with soldiers or wounded, turning villas into barracks, and churches into stables? How the Deutchers would swallow English beef and beer, giving acknowledgments for the good things, to be repaid by the English Government after the war! How many field guns could be brought to bear against them? Prince Frederick Charles had more than 400 during the battle of Orleans. How many breech-loader rifles are there to put in the hands of the militia and volunteers? All these questions are being put and answered by officers in the German armies; for man has much of the tiger in him, and grows savage at the taste of blood."

upon our coasts. Let us suppose we could meet this with a force, not of 40,000, but, let us say, of an equal number, and with appointments in all branches not inferior to those of the invading army, he would be a sanguine patriot who could calculate in such circumstances on immediate victory. It is mortifying to think of the generals we should probably have to oppose, at all events, in the outset—to the Prince Frederick Charles's and Manteuffels who might be sent against us; and the troops despatched on such an expedition would, we may pay ourselves the compliment of supposing, be the *élite* of our antagonist's forces. Under such circumstances we might surely esteem ourselves fortunate if the early encounters issued in doubtful battles; and we should not be unprepared for even serious reverses. Against the loss of a few battles, against heavy temporary disaster, it is scarcely possible that any military system could quite secure us; but there seems no reason that security might not be attained, such security as is permissible in human affairs, against national collapse, against such a complete break-down of our defensive apparatus as has happened to France—a break-down which should throw us for our defence on an undisciplined population, and place our people at the mercy of the foe. There seems no reason, I say, why we should not be secured against such a catastrophe as this; but, bearing in mind the nature of the force that might be sent against us, it appears also pretty plain, on one condition only, namely, by opposing to it a force of the same kind. What we want is not a large standing army, to crush us with its cost during peace, and then, when the time of trial comes, to fall to pieces at the first shock, leaving us helpless in presence of our adversary, but an organisation, entailing small expense in time of peace, but capable, when the need arises, of giving us army after army till the invader is subdued—an organisation in which every man should know his place and fall into line with the certainty of disciplined habit. Such an organisation might suffer defeat, but it would not succumb with defeat, and, presenting line behind line to the enemy, would offer to an invader a task of ever-increasing difficulty. We may understand what it would be capable of by considering what would have been the consequence if, in the present war, the French had been successful in the early battles. It is now plain that they would have merely beaten back the first German line, and at the end of every fresh advance would have found a new German force of equal calibre arrayed against them. Nor would it have fared differently with France had she been organised on the German system. The capitulations of Sedan and Metz would have been merely the destruction of the first line of French defence, and the German army would, after these achievements, have found itself in presence of a new force equally strong with that which it had conquered, but nearer its base,

instructed by experience, and animated by a spirit as superior to the spirit of its adversary as patriotism is superior to vindictive greed. An organisation such as I have described, such as Germany and Switzerland maintain, powerful as we see it can be for aggression, would be virtually invincible for defence—so visibly so, that I cannot but think, were nations in general organised in conformity with this plan, there would be good hope that aggressions might cease.

As to the utter hopelessness of developing anything adequate to the occasion out of our present system, if any proof were needed, it has been abundantly supplied by the experiments of the last autumn. Six months of energetic recruiting has succeeded in drawing to our standards some 20,000 men—not, be it observed, an addition to our army of this number, for a large proportion¹ of the new recruits have merely gone to supply “the great drain which always requires to be made good,” but a gross total of this amount; and this result our present War-Minister considers highly satisfactory.² And satisfactory it no doubt is, judged by the standard Mr. Cardwell evidently adopts—the requirements of the past.³ But this is precisely the fundamental fallacy of all that has been said and written in defence of our present military system. The capital fact of the case is, that the method of warfare has been changed. The struggle has been transferred from standing armies to armed populations; and until we recognise this fact, and adapt our defence to the altered circumstances, our position cannot be other than precarious. In very truth, however, it signifies little whether our present method of recruiting be effectual or not; for were we thus to obtain an army numerous enough for our purposes, the expense of such a force, maintained on the principle of a standing army of the English pattern, would be simply ruinous.⁴ Our entire revenue applied exclusively to military purposes, would not suffice for the drain; and we might as well be crushed at once by the enemy, as ruined by the slow torture of the tax-gatherer. And I venture to go further still. Even though the

(1) What proportion Mr. Cardwell does not say.

(2) Mr. Cardwell's words are:—“I do say that recruiting without bounty is going on briskly, and if not quite without precedent, it is almost so, considering that bounty has been abolished.”—*Times*, January 3rd, 1870.

(3) “Well, gentlemen, if we are not to have a much larger force at home than our predecessors thought necessary, it must be manifest that those battalions must have fewer men than before, or else these objects would not have been maintained. . . . And my opinion is, that we have improved the tone of the army, and that while it was not less numerous than before, it never was more efficient.”—*Ibid*.

(4) I may observe that this is distinctly Sir Charles Trevelyan's opinion. “He came to the conclusion that it would be totally impossible to support a standing army equal to the requirements of England.” . . . “If a large army were required, the expenditure would mount up to fifty or sixty millions at once. He considered therefore that the financial argument against a standing army was conclusive.”—(Report of Meeting held at the Society of Arts, February 17th and 19th, and March 1st, 1869.)

needful force could thus be raised, and the means of supporting it were forthcoming, what just confidence could be placed in an instrument of the quality, which alone such a process could give us? The system remaining the same, the character of the men composing our army would continue to be what it now is;¹ and we should thus, in the last resort, have to stake our national existence on a struggle in which the prolétaires and the pariahs of our community would be matched against the average citizens of other states.

I come then to the conclusion that a reform of our military system, on the principle of a National army, is a necessity of the case; but this leaves many important questions still open; and, in the first place, the question as to the means by which our popular force is to be raised. Is it possible to raise such an army by voluntary enlistment? If this be feasible, unquestionably it is the course which will be most in keeping, if not with the best traditions of the country, at least with the present taste of its inhabitants; and it must at once be owned, that some of the ablest and most experienced of those who have advocated a popular army in this country, believe in its feasibility.² Foremost amongst these is Sir Charles Trevelyan, who is of opinion that, "by rendering the conditions of service more attractive," it is possible to procure an "abundant supply of recruits from all classes of the population, without departing from the voluntary principle, or having recourse to conscription." And this appears also to be Mr. Edwin Chadwick's view.³ With the greatest respect for both these gentlemen, whose service in the cause of army reform it is impossible to overrate, I am obliged to confess that, after the best consideration I have been able to give to their proposals, I am quite unable to discover any adequate grounds for the expectation

(1) This is fully admitted by our military authorities:—"Could your Royal Highness suggest any mode of improving that system [recruiting]? I think that it would be impossible. With the volunteer system you must get the men where you can find them. Of course, if you can get a better class of men, so much the better, but our experience has not proved that we can do so; and, therefore, my fear is that, do what you will, you must take what you can find, whether it is exactly what you wish or not." . . . "And even though you wish it, you cannot be very particular as to the place in which you recruit? No; I do not think that you can help that."—(Examination of the Commander-in-Chief before the Royal Commission on Recruiting.)

(2) I just observe that a high authority, General Sir William Mansfield, has declared himself on the other side. "I believe it to be absolutely necessary to revert to that principle of obligation—that is to say, that every man, without respect to his rank or to his position in the world, shall be liable to serve in his own person in the ranks of the militia. . . . A primary obligation should rest on every man to serve in person, and no pecuniary sum of any amount should enable a man, whatever his rank or whatever his position, to save his person by means of his purse."—*Times*, January 16th, 1871.

(3) So I infer from expressions in his paper read at the Royal United Service Institution, 2nd May, 1870. From a note just received from Mr. Chadwick, I learn that he does not object to the principle of compulsion but would confine its application to the school stage.

they entertain. The inducements on which Sir Charles Trevelyan relies for filling the ranks with an abundant supply of recruits from all classes of the population, while maintaining the present *régime* of voluntary recruiting, are comprised in his scheme of military reform. The fundamental idea of this plan is that which has been already described as the principle of a popular army, namely, a small permanently embodied military force, supported by a numerous militia; the latter serving in the ranks for one year only, after which they pass into the reserve; while the select body of "general service battalions," which are to form *cadres* of instruction, and, according to Sir Charles's illustration, to serve as a mill, in which any amount of soldiers may be ground, are to be engaged for a longer term of seven years. In conjunction with this arrangement, it is proposed to abolish the purchase of commissions, to improve the officers' pay, and to promote liberally from the ranks, and, lastly, to reserve for non-commissioned officers and soldiers a considerable range of appointments in the administrative departments of the army. I can quite understand that these arrangements, all obviously in the right direction, should draw to the ranks quite as large numbers, and of the right quality, as would be needed to fill the lines of the small professional section of the force, the general service battalions; but I fail to perceive what inducement the proposed reforms would offer, of a nature to attract the one year's militiamen. These men, it must be remembered, would enter the ranks, not with a view to the army as a profession, but merely as a temporary condition qualifying them to pass to the reserve, and entailing the liability of being called to the standards in time of war. Neither the prospect of promotion from the ranks, nor of employment in the administrative departments of the army, would apply to them;¹ and it is difficult to imagine the

(1) From an article in the current number of *Good Words*, I observe that Sir Charles Trevelyan proposes to supplement the scheme described in the text (and which I gathered from some speeches delivered at a meeting of the Society of Arts in February, 1869) by opening to non-commissioned officers and soldiers the lower grades of the Civil Service. I am not sure that I quite understand the scope of the proposal. If it be only that ex-soldiers should be admissible for examination, who would otherwise be excluded on account of age, the concession would, at all events, be free from objection; though the inducement it would offer to recruits for the army would seem to be small. On the other hand, if it be meant that service in the army should be substituted for competitive examination as the qualification for the Civil Service, there would, I think, be strong reasons against such a change. But, for our present purpose, the important point is that the proposed privilege, whatever it be, would apply only to the regular army, *i.e.*, as I understand Sir Charles, to the small permanently embodied force, not to the masses of militiamen filling the reserves. Thus the difficulty which I have pointed out would still remain. What Sir Charles would seem to rely upon mainly for rallying the militiamen to the ranks is the strength and permanence of the military spirit in the country. But I venture to think one of the capital facts of modern civilisation, and also one of the most hopeful, is the decline of the military spirit. The phenomenon is, I think, apparent enough in this country. In the United States it is too plain to be questioned. The

prospective benefits which could weigh with any large proportion of our middle and working classes, to draw them to the ranks in disregard of the manifest inconveniences implied in giving up an entire year of their life to military training. It is here that, it seems to me, Sir Charles Trevelyan's plan would, as a practical scheme, be destined to break down. He would no doubt get his *cadres* of instruction, his general service battalions, but where is the bait that is to attract the masses to the reserves? What is to bring the grist to his military mill? I confess I see no escape from the difficulty.

Over and above the reforms recommended by Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Chadwick has advocated with great earnestness and ability the introduction of military exercises into schools; and no one who has read his publications upon this subject can entertain a doubt of the high importance of his suggestions. Indeed, the feeling his arguments produce, is not so much acquiescence in his views, as surprise that a measure, in every point of view of such obvious utility, should not have been long ago adopted as a national scheme. As Mr. Chadwick points out, the practice would be attended with numerous advantages quite irrespective of its military uses, advantages of a physical, moral, and sanitary kind; but, in connection with the question of a popular army, the important consideration is, that by this means the training of soldiers might be largely transferred from the mature to the juvenile period of life; that is to say, economically speaking, from the productive to the unproductive stage. The plan, fully carried out, would thus, to a large extent, remove one of the most serious objections to a system of universal military service—the interference it would cause with the industrial work of the country. But the proposal may also be regarded in another light. It may reasonably be expected, that a *régime* of universal school drill would have some effect in developing

decreasing taste for military life is not indeed at all inconsistent with a sudden and even sustained martial enthusiasm under the stimulus of what the nation regards as a worthy cause for war. The volunteering in America during the civil war, and the sudden rise of our own volunteer force, are sufficient proof of this. But we must distinguish between what people will do under the excitement of a great emergency and from a sense of duty, and the tastes which determine them in their ordinary pursuits. Where are now the great armies of the civil war? What proportion of the American people now think of entering the army? Nor can much be inferred from the case of the English volunteers. Their number—after all only 150,000, out of a population of 24,000,000—has only been barely maintained; and it is yet to be seen if it will be so, when they are submitted to the stricter discipline which must be enforced if they are to become really efficient forces. In Belgium the volunteer element of the army is declining. Between 1860 and '60 (as I learn from a paper read at the Berne Congress of the International Association), the decline reached twenty per cent. I observe from the article in *Good Words* that Sir Charles does not object to the principle of compulsion; for he adds:—"If this should not suffice, then no doubt a limited application of the conscription would be necessary."

military tastes as well as aptitudes in rising generations. Would the bent thus given to the youthful mind be powerful enough, assisted as it would be by other reforms in our military system, to draw to the ranks, under a voluntary *régime*, that abundant supply of recruits which a popular army needs? I frankly avow that, if I thought so, the fact would with me be an argument against the proposal strong enough to outweigh all that can be said in its favour. A reform which would so turn the mind of the people of the country to military ideas, as to send them thronging to the military schools, not with a view to make the army a profession, for this would be out of the question in the case of the great majority, but simply to gratify a taste for military pursuits, would, in my view, be a most fatal boon, and one which, I think, every friend of civil liberty should repudiate. But, for my part, I utterly disbelieve that the plan would possess any such efficacy. The tide of things, in spite of the present gloomy outlook of Europe, is setting far too strongly towards the predominance of the civil and industrial spirit in human affairs to render such a result in the least degree probable. A European crisis like the present, a threat of invasion such as produced our Volunteers, a great cause like that which in 1861 woke up the people of the United States, may kindle a momentary access of military fervour; but the influences which work in favour of industrial and civil life are abiding, and grow with the growth of civilisation. The introduction of military exercises into schools, would probably turn into the channel of military enthusiasm some portion of that extravagant zeal for athletic sports which now, to so little purpose (to put the case mildly), engrosses so much of the time and thoughts of our youth; and the elementary parts of a soldier's training having been got over at school, the repugnance which would now be widely felt to spending a year in the ranks of the army, would probably be much diminished. The path towards the goal in view would thus be smoothed. But I believe that the mass of the population would be as far as ever from looking to the army as a career, or from regarding the obligation of military service in the ranks as other than a disagreeable necessity and a rather onerous tax. If so, then the difficulty of recruiting a popular army would still remain. The voluntary system, in a word, can only be effective on the condition of offering to the masses of the people an adequate motive to enter the army; to enter it, not as a profession, but as a temporary condition entailing liabilities of a serious kind. Then where is this motive to be found?

But the principle of compulsory service, I shall be told, will never be accepted by Englishmen. Perhaps not; and in that case Englishmen, as the foregoing considerations lead me to believe, will never enjoy that "cheap defence of nations" furnished by a popular army.

But if this principle is to be rejected, let us at least know the reason why. From the phrases current on the subject, the prevalent notion appears to be that, in the claim of the State to the personal services of the citizen in defence of the commonwealth, there is something strangely abnormal in relation to our political system and traditions, violently unsuited to the habits and ideas of a free people. The writer of the political article in the *Edinburgh Review* talks of "the hard law which dooms the capable citizen, will-he nill-he, to a certain period of service." The tone taken, moreover, is that of one conscious of occupying a position of moral vantage, as the *voluntary* character of the English military system is contrasted with the *coercive* systems of Continental countries. But let us look at these assumptions a little more closely; and, in the first place, it must be remembered that the very existence of a nation as an organised community is founded upon the recognition of duties obligatory upon all, and which the State may at need enforce. In the early and simple stages of political union, the discharge of those duties takes mainly the form of personal service; and if with the progress of society the performance of personal service has been commuted for money payment, this has been done solely upon considerations of convenience; and not in the least as the assertion of any political principle whatever. In point of historical fact, the transmutation of the obligation generally accompanied, and was, indeed, made the instrument of, an abridgment of popular liberties. Military service, as it was the most important public duty in primitive societies, offered the earliest example of the practice of pecuniary commutation; but gradually the same grounds of convenience led to its extension to other spheres of political action, until now the general right of the State to command the services of its citizens finds practical assertion almost exclusively in the single act of taxation—a form in which it for the most part eludes observation. This is the state of things which we have reached in this country, though only within half a century. Even now the permanent law of the country requires that every one (with specified exceptions) shall, if called upon, venture his body in the militia, and only fails of being enforced through the enactment of an annual Act suspending the militia ballot. Nor is this the only example in point. In the civic sphere compulsory attendance on juries and the obligation to give evidence in person in courts of justice still attest and illustrate the original practice. In point of principle, therefore, the right of the State to compel the services of its citizens, "to doom the capable man, will-he nill-he," to defend his country, is implied in the right of taxation; the question of enforcing the primitive obligation in one form or another being merely one of convenience. So little is the prerogative out of harmony with our

general institutions, that it is, in fact, the foundation and origin of them all.

But then the public feeling revolts against the practice "in a country where the sentiment of individual freedom and conscience is as highly developed as here."¹ Now the times are serious; let us purge our souls of cant. What does this system of "voluntary" recruiting, which we are asked to believe is the only system suited to our highly-developed political and moral feelings, mean? Simply this, that people who have sufficient means, instead of being required to pay their just debt to their country in their own persons, are allowed to hire others, who have little choice but to accept the offer, to expose their persons in their behalf. No less lofty principle than this, it seems, can satisfy the highly-developed consciences of the English people. The moral fastidiousness displayed is only surpassed in China, where, it is said, men may procure substitutes for the gallows. The principle would, indeed, need to be high; for it is certainly not redeemed by the practice—by what is known as "our pot-house system of recruiting," in which men are entrapped, to borrow the words of the late Sidney Herbert, "by every kind of cajolery and inducement we can devise—and in our necessity we descend to those means which men do not have recourse to till they think all others are exhausted." Well, all this may be highly convenient; but, in the name of common decency, let us cease to put it forward as a national distinction to be proud of—a practice entitling the people who employ it to look down, as from a lofty height, on the nations who expect each capable citizen to bear his share in his own and his country's defence.

Nor let it be supposed, because the recognition of general liability to serve in the army implies the power in the last resort to coerce the refractory, that therefore the military service obtained under this principle would necessarily, or as a general rule, be unwillingly rendered. On the contrary, what we should expect is, that the will would go before the law, and that good citizens would perform, spontaneously and cheerfully, what the law declares to be for the good of all. If it be asked, Where then would be the need of compulsion? I reply, to satisfy all that all shall do their part, that the common burden shall not be shirked by any. There are not a few public duties, recognised as such by average citizens, which yet do not get performed, simply because each person feels that the obligation attaches to him only in common with others. What is every man's business is no man's business. But make it plain that all shall take their share in the common burden, and the men who before hung back will now cheerfully do their part. As a matter of fact, alike in Germany and in Switzerland—the only two countries in Europe

(1) Lord Derby's speech at Liverpool.

where the experiment of a national army has been fairly tried—the army is a highly popular institution. It is only where the conscription prevails, with its inequalities and unfair preferences, that such practices as self-mutilation to escape military service are resorted to. In Germany and Switzerland they are unheard of. The public spirit of Swiss and Germans is thus powerful enough to carry them in advance of the law, and to make the principle of compulsion unfelt; and why are we to assume that a level of sentiment easily attained by Swiss and Germans is impossible for Englishmen?

But, in considering the question of compulsory service in the army, one point above all must be clearly understood. The entire virtue of the rule, as a means towards obtaining a national army, lies in its being applied with rigid impartiality. Exceptions there must of course be on grounds of physical and moral disability, as well as in consideration of some few exceptional incidents of the citizen's position. But privileges to the rich—permission to purchase, at whatever price, exemption from personal service—vitiate the principle at its core. For what results? At once to throw the burden of military service exclusively on the poor; to lose, that is to say, the characteristic and capital advantage of a national force. The army thus obtained will not be a national army; an army combining in due proportion all the elements of power existing in the nation, but such an army as that vanquished at Sadowa,¹ and such an army again as that vanquished at Sedan. The truth made manifest in both these instances—so manifest that those who run may read—is that moral and intellectual qualifications are elements in the strength of armies, and elements which can only be obtained when armies derive their materials from the whole range of the community from which they are drawn. To do full justice, however, to this portion of our argument, regard must be had in an especial degree to the present condition of the art of war, and to the bearing of this circumstance upon the need of intelligence in the soldier. At the present moment, the most prominent, and, let us freely admit, the most deplorable and shameful fact of the time is the extent to which scientific knowledge has been applied to perfecting the arts of destruction. But of what avail will it be to perfect the organisation of our armies if the men comprising them are, from stupidity and ignorance, incapable of carrying into effect any but the simplest manœuvres? To what purpose shall we waste our ingenuity and money in improving our arms of precision, if we cannot put them into hands that can be trusted to use them?² As M. de Laveleye

(1) Austria has not scorned to learn from her enemy; and has since remodelled her forces on the German plan.

(2) "Military officers," says Mr. Chadwick, "have objected to putting the arms of precision into the hands of our uneducated rank and file, on the ground that they were incompetent to wield them; they objected to putting into their hands breech-loaders or

pertinently reminds us, the two nations who have made the most marked advance in military aptitude of late years have been precisely those amongst whom education is most widely diffused—the Germans and the people of the United States. “Vivacity of mind, foresight, are useful everywhere, even upon the field of battle; better far to command intelligent men who understand what they have to do, than troops the most irreproachable in military exercises. All Prussian officers are in accord upon this point, that it is to the intelligent decision of their soldiers that they owe their success.”¹ I need not say how abundantly the present war has confirmed the truth which the Sadowa campaign had already made clear.

I turn now from the consideration of principles to that of organisation; and, assuming the principle of a National army as the only one capable of satisfying the needs of the present time, I proceed to advert to the form, or at least the main outlines of the form, in which, in a community like ours, the idea of a national force may be most conveniently embodied, keeping in view the special circumstances of the country, and the aims, in the main purely defensive, of its foreign policy. The most prominent model in this kind available at the present moment is of course the army of Prussia. But the Prussian military system, however suitable it may have proved itself for the purposes of that country, is not one which any nation will deliberately adopt unless under the pressure of urgent need, more especially a nation so widely separated in many respects from Prussia as is ours. Three consecutive years taken at the most important period of life from the proper vocation of the citizen, to be spent in the ranks of the army; followed by four years more in which from two to three months are abstracted from useful pursuits for the same purpose; constitutes beyond question a serious encroachment on the field of productive industry and of civil life. But the Prussian pattern, though it has been the most widely copied, is not the only one that Europe supplies. Another, still more thoroughly popular in its character, is furnished by a State with which, small as it is, England has, both in its civil constitution and in its foreign policy, many more analogies than with Prussia. The popular army of Switzerland has lately elicited occasional notice from the press in this country; but the system is not, I

repeating-guns, on the ground that they would fire wildly and rashly, and soon exhaust their ammunition. This is just what has happened with the like uneducated rank and file of the French army. In their hands, inferior use has been made of the superior weapon—the chasseur— which has a range one-third longer. In the hands of the better educated German rank and file, according to all testimony, superior use has been made of the inferior weapon. They have been cool and steady, and have fought more intelligently and effectively.”

(1) “La Prusse et l’Autriche depuis Sadowa,” p. 70.

imagine, very distinctly understood here, even in its general outline. A brief description, therefore, of the leading arrangements of the plan may not be out of place.¹

The widely different results which may flow from the adoption of the popular principle in military organisation, according to the views entertained by its promoters, are strikingly shown by a comparison of the Prussian with the Swiss military system. In Prussia, as we know, the permanent army, on a peace footing, amounts to no fewer than 300,000 men. In Switzerland no permanent army of any sort is maintained in time of peace; the entire force exists exclusively in the reserves; yet in Switzerland, equally as in Prussia, every able-bodied citizen is bound by law to serve in person in the ranks, and does actually undergo complete military training. How does it happen that the same principle, rigorously applied in both instances, issues nevertheless in such strikingly discrepant results? The answer is to be found in two circumstances: in the extensive use made in Switzerland of the school stage of life for military training, which renders possible a corresponding reduction of the training period in the mature years of the citizen; and, secondly, in the different views animating the Swiss and Prussian Governments in framing their military organisation; the former aiming exclusively at producing a system effective for defence; while the views of the latter notoriously extended to other contingencies.

The military education of the juvenile Swiss begins in the primary schools at the age of eight years. He there undergoes drill and other elementary exercises suited to his years. On passing into the secondary, or superior schools, he is instructed in the use of light arms as soon as his strength fits him to wield them, and takes part in annual exercises and reviews. With the advantages of this preparation he enters at the age of nineteen the ranks of Recruits, when he passes to a school of military instruction. Here he remains, according as he is destined for the infantry, cavalry, or artillery, for from four to seven weeks. On reaching twenty the recruit undergoes training in the corps of his canton—a process which lasts, again, for from four to five weeks, according to the nature of his future service. After this he is enrolled as a member of the *Elite*, in which category he continues till his twenty-eighth year, presenting himself annually during this time for (according to his service) a week or fortnight's exercise. At twenty-eight he passes into the reserve, and from the reserve at the age of thirty-four into the landwehr. He finally quits the service at the age of forty-four.

Over and above all the exercises just enumerated the troops of all

(1) The following particulars are taken from several papers read before the Congress of Berne in 1866, and published in the *Annales de l'Association Internationale pour le Progrès des Sciences Sociales*, 5me livraison—a work for the use of which I have been indebted to the kind offices of M. Emile de Laveleye.

arms are mustered and exercised in large bodies periodically. The effective results obtained by this organisation are as follows:—

Elite	80,000 men
Reserve	45,000 "
Landwehr	75,000 "
In all.	200,000 "

armed, equipped, and trained, of which 20 per cent. (or 40,000) constitute special or scientific corps. These were the figures for 1866; and the system had only then been in existence for sixteen years, having been established on its present footing in 1850. As the entire period of liability to service covers twenty-five years, the scheme will not have received its full development till 1875, when it will yield a total force of 250,000 men out of a population of about 2,500,000.

So far as to the organisation. The expense of the system is thus stated:—

The Confederation pays about	fr. 2,800,000
The Cantons	4,700,000
Cost to the soldiers, as estimated by M. Stoempfli, "ancien chef du département militaire fédératif"	750,000
Total	fr. 8,250,000

or £333,000 sterling.

The amount of interruption given to civil and industrial pursuits by the calls of the army is represented as follows:—

From the age of twenty to forty-five each infantry soldier spends in military exercises and training, in time of peace, from 100 to 110 days.

Each engineer, artilleryman, and carbineer, 160 days.

Each cavalry soldier, 170 days.

Non-commissioned officers spend, in addition, 50 days.

And officers, in addition, 100 per cent.

The entire time, it will be observed, is distributed in portions, never exceeding from four to seven weeks in duration, over the total period of twenty-five years.

As has been already stated, no troops are maintained permanently on foot; the army is composed of contingents from the cantons; the only military elements of which the central authority has direct control being the Staff, which is composed of 180 superior officers and an indeterminate number of subalterns.

Such are the leading facts of the system; and, I think, candid people will admit that the results obtained—an effective army of 200,000 men from a country less populous than Scotland, and at a cost less than we pay for ineffectives alone—are such as, in these times of military reform agitation, deserve attention.

How far, then, is such a system suited to the requirements of a country

like England?¹ And here, I imagine, the objection that will occur to most people, on contemplating the facts just stated, is that the scheme is over-efficient for our purposes. A system which from a population of two millions and a half is capable of giving an army of 250,000, would, from our population, yield an army of some 3,000,000; and this result will probably be thought to confirm Lord Derby's observation that "if you apply the principle of compulsory service universally, you are met with the difficulty that you are making ten times the amount of preparation you can possibly require." But a little consideration will show this to be a hasty conclusion.

In the first place, it is to be observed that, in proportion as the population is numerous, there will be room for greater rigour in applying the tests as to qualifications for service. We may, for example, raise the standard; nor do I see any reason why, more especially with a view to the qualities required for the new arms, we should not enforce an educational test. I have not seen any statement of the requirements of the Swiss system in this respect; but from the large proportion of recruits obtained, it must be supposed that at least the physical standard is low. In Prussia, on the other hand, we know that the standard is very high; and the effect is shown in the elimination, in conjunction with the rule for exemptions, of more than one-half the whole class attaining the age of military service from the category of able-bodied available for the army.² On the assumption, therefore, that we adopt the compulsory principle, having regard to our large population and comparatively limited requirements, we could afford to be proportionately strict in applying our test of "able-bodiedness;" by which means we should, while pruning the exuberance, improve the quality, of our force. But a still more effectual resource remains. Those who are overwhelmed at the magnitude of the imaginary consequences they have conjured up as flowing from a system of universal liability to military service, overlook the fact that the results may be brought within almost any limits desired by the simple expedient of reducing the period of liability to service. The results obtained by the Swiss system are enormous in proportion to the population, because the population of the country being exceedingly small, the principle was applied with the express aim of extracting from it the largest possible results. But supposing the Swiss had been satisfied with a small army, they could just as easily have obtained it, without departing from the strictest rigour of the

(1) The reader will bear in mind that I am considering only the question of home defences. The garrisoning of India and our military stations abroad—for the colonies proper, it is now understood, will provide for their own defence—is a distinct question, and will, no doubt, have to be dealt with on some such plan as that suggested by Sir Charles Trevelyan.

(2) See *ante* Note to p. 176.

principle of their system. It would have been only necessary to cut down the extravagantly long period of liability to service—a period two-thirds greater than that enforced in Prussia—to, say, a third of the time, making it terminate, for example, with the expiration of service in the *Elite*; and the aggregate army would at once have been reduced to a third of the number now obtainable—namely, to 80,000, the number now existing in the *Elite*. In speaking, moreover, of the great scale of force obtainable from military organisation on the popular plan, it should be remembered that we are not speaking of forces actually on foot, and weighing on the resources of the country; we are speaking, not of actual, but of potential armies—armies which have no existence in peace, and only make their appearance in the hour of need, in the dire extremity of war. Even supposing that our possible forces did attain the stupendous figure of 3,000,000, the expense of such a force, constituted on the Swiss plan, would after all be little more than the cost of the requisite subsidiary services. More than twenty-nine thirtieths of the men would be, to all intents and purposes, citizens engaged in the ordinary industrial work of the country. They would, indeed, have undergone military training; but, as has been shown by Mr. Chadwick and others, this, far from impairing, would greatly increase their industrial efficiency,¹ while their liability to be called to the standards in war would be simply unfelt.

The feature of the Swiss system, on which, after the vast scale of its results, the English critic will probably fasten, is the extremely short time allowed under its rules for the training of the soldier. People who are accustomed to regard twelve years as the ordinary period of a soldier's service, and who have been taught to believe that his martial quality improves even up to twenty-one years—for why, otherwise, should distinct inducements be offered to him to re-engage himself for nine years more at the end of his twelve years term?—will be startled to find a Swiss recruit pronounced fit for the *Elite* of the force after four or five weeks' training. The question is mainly one of professional experience; one, therefore, on which the opinion of a civilian can be of no value, unless so far as it is supported by unquestionable facts, or professional authority. But facts and professional authority alike place it now beyond doubt, that, whatever be the precise *minimum* requisite to give complete efficiency to the soldier, it is some period very greatly less than the prevailing ideas in this country assume. In the case of Switzerland, the extremely short time allowed is at once to a large extent explained

(1) See "On the Expediency of the General Introduction of the Military Drill and Naval Exercises in the School Stages of the Elementary Schools; and of employing Soldiers on Civil Works in time of Peace," by Edwin Chadwick, C.B., Correspondent of the Institute. Also Mr. Cole's paper read before the Society of Arts.

by reference to the training given during the school stage. Still, even taking account of this, the time assigned for converting the military tyro into a proficient, will appear, to even military reformers in this country, extraordinarily short; and the doubt which will be felt respecting this provision of the system, will seem to find confirmation in the much longer training time required by the rules of the Prussian service. It cannot be denied that there would be great force in the Prussian precedent, if we could be sure that the three years required by that service indicated the opinion of Prussian military authorities on the point in question. But this would be a quite gratuitous assumption. On the length of time passed in the ranks depends, *cæteris paribus*, not merely the efficiency of the soldier, but the amount of standing force maintained on foot in time of peace; and it was to this point, doubtless, that the attention of the present king and his advisers was directed when, on the remodelling of the army in 1861, they insisted on the three years' term. Had we any hesitation as to the ground of the Prussian rule, it would be removed by what we now see. From a letter from the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* of January 5, we learn that, in the event of further prolongation of the war, it is in contemplation to reduce the standard of height for the army, a measure which would at once bring under liability to service large numbers of men who have never yet undergone drill of any kind. And what is the time considered sufficient to put these raw forces into a state fit to take the field? Precisely "a three months' drill, for which, in case of need, a six weeks' drill may be substituted." For the rest, we have the testimony of military authorities to the admirable efficiency of the Swiss forces;¹ and we know that the Swiss themselves, whose remarkable military aptitude has always been famous, have the most unbounded confidence in their system. On one important point, at all events, it is certain that they have not overrated its capacity. "In three days," said M. Staempfli² in 1866, "the whole Swiss infantry and cavalry may be ready to take the field. In four days, all the artillery may be harnessed. And what is more remarkable, at all times the munitions and *matériel* of war are in readiness for this army of 200,000 men, who are themselves always prepared to fall into line on the first signal." The boast was actually made good this summer—so far, that is to say, as the exigency called for performance. Within a week of the French declaration of war, this small State placed 40,000 men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—in line upon her frontier. *Parva componere magnis*, the fact may well take its

(1) See the papers read before the International Association Congress of Berne, 1866, *passim*; and in particular the paper read by M. Cérésole.—(Annales, 5e livraison, p. 683.)

(2) Ancien Membre du Conseil Fédéral, et Ancien Chef du Département Militaire Suisse.

place beside the now famous exploit in the same kind of Count von Moltke.

"But granting," I think I hear some liberal friends interposing, "granting the complete success of your scheme as a military contrivance, what, after all, does the proposal mean but a return upon the past, a recurrence to that military *régime* which we had hoped to have long left behind us? Are military ideas, then, to be again the dominant influences of our social life? Is our country once more to be turned into a camp? Nay, is the accursed thing to be taken even into the haunts of childhood, and the nursery and the playground to resound with eternal drill? What can all this issue in but a resuscitation of that militarism still rampant in Germany, and the dire source of our present dangers?" I frankly own I have not a little sympathy with this line of reflection, and cannot contemplate the change of prospect, which has suddenly brought military organisation into the foreground of political questions, with any other feelings than intense disappointment and sorrow. But what avails it to live in a fool's paradise? Look at the Continent. The day

"When the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law,"

has quite certainly not yet dawned. Between us and the promised land lie still, it is but too evident, some weary lengths of rugged wilderness, which must e'en be traversed as best we may. Facts are stubborn things, and are not in this age to be conjured away by acts of faith. The obvious truth is we must for a while longer be prepared to struggle for our national existence, or, as a nation, submit to be trampled under foot. "Militarism" in some form, we must have; and, it seems to me, our wisdom will lie, not in holding up our hands and screaming against the inevitable, but in endeavouring to minimise, as far as may be, the necessary evil, and in extracting from it, while it lasts, whatever accidental element of good it may contain. Now this, I contend, is what the scheme of national armies does accomplish; while the influence of standing armies is distinctly in the opposite direction. Standing armies concentrate, and in the same degree intensify, the military spirit, producing all the evils and dangers of an armed caste, out of sympathy with civil society, which is left unarmed and helpless at its mercy. Our ancestors were surely not unwise in their inextinguishable jealousy of standing armies; and, if their fears have not been realised, thanks rather, as it seems to me, to certain fortunate accidents of our political and social state, than to any virtue in the constitutional precautions taken against the danger. What would avail the expiration of the Mutiny Act and the parliamentary refusal of supplies, in presence of an army leavened with the taint of military caste feeling, heedless of civil liberty, and

not too scrupulous to help itself?¹ On the other hand, the popular principle by diffusing attenuates the evil, renders caste impossible, and making every man potentially a soldier, places the liberties of the country on the only sure foundation, the ability of all in the last resort to defend them. These considerations seem to me, I confess, to determine decisively the question as regards its political aspect ; to determine it, that is to say, for all who are in favour of popular government and the supremacy of civil life. But it is supposed that the features now most prominent in the social state of Prussia, I mean the strongly pronounced character of her military aspirations, furnishes an argument too strong on the other side to be shaken by any mere general reasoning.

So much has been made of this phenomenon of Prussian militarism, that it may be worth while to consider for a moment how far the current allegations sustain the inferences built upon them. I concede, for the purpose of argument, the question of fact. Let it be granted that the militarism of Prussia is as intense and all pervading as the most violent anti-Bismarckist would allege, what, after all, does it prove against the principle of popular armies? Where is the evidence that the militarism of Prussia has been produced by the Prussian military system?

That system dates, as a legal institution, from 1814. Down to 1806 the armies of Prussia were standing armies, recruited on the voluntary plan; yet will any one say that the military tendencies of the Prussian national character only showed themselves after those years? It is surely a fact that the noxious plant flourished with some vigour under Frederick II., not to mention anterior and subsequent manifestations. Why then are we to attribute to the reforms of Scharnhorst a characteristic already in full bloom, long before those reforms were thought of? And then, as to the present war, the shooting of Franc-tireurs, the enormous requisitions levied on defenceless towns, the burning of villages, and the other horrors,—all again adduced as the dire fruits of the ruthless propensities engendered by the military training of Prussians,—where is the proof of the connection? One would think people had never heard of prisoners being shot in cold blood before, as if the rule had not been formally promulgated and acted on, only a few years ago, by Marshal Bazaine in Mexico; and as if people had forgotten the massacre of Fort Pillow—atrocities which somehow contrived to get perpetrated without the authors having undergone any special preparation in the form of popular training for military service. Moreover, in judging the present conduct of the Germans in France, and

(1) According to Macaulay, the 'power of the House of Commons over the national purse is an absolute security against the danger of military usurpation of our liberties. Does not this argue extraordinary faith in Acts of Parliament?

before attributing such excesses as it presents to the peculiar institutions of Germany, it is only fair to remember the aggravated provocation they received, and the naturalness in a people just escaping from so awful a danger as they have surmounted—a life and death struggle with the greatest military power in Europe—to confound the passion of vengeance with the desire of security. I disclaim all sympathy with the present aims of the Germans. They seem to me to have missed a splendid opportunity of placing international morality on a higher level, and European peace on a surer footing, than either has ever yet attained. But there is no need that we should attribute what offends us in their present conduct to a wrong source. The truth is, those who argue against popular armies from the example of Prussia, mistake the effect for the cause. The Prussian military system is the fruit and practical expression of Prussian military aspirations. It had its origin in the national uprising that followed the first Napoleonic conquests; and the latest remodellings of the system in 1861 and 1867 were undertaken with a distinct view to the realisation of the military aims which are now being worked out. If we desire to trace the phenomenon further back, and to seek for the source of the military aspirations of Prussia, we shall find it, I apprehend, in the conditions which have made her position in Europe hitherto a militant one—in the historical traditions and geographical situation of the country. After all, the question is not as to the introduction of the Prussian military system into England. The model for us, with whatever modifications it may be adopted, is manifestly the system of Switzerland; and now I beg attention to the language in which a Swiss citizen¹ sets forth the social and political tendencies of this bugbear of some of our advanced thinkers:—

“We have confidence in our military organisation; but, were it even proved that this institution had but small value as an agency for defending the country, we should even so remain attached to it. We see in it a republican institution of capital importance, a school of equality, a means of union amongst all citizens, and a powerful instrument of national life. It is in the manœuvres, in the life of the barrack and of the camp, that the sons of the rich eat the same bread as the children of the poor; it is there that they are called to forget the pleasures of a luxurious existence; they may make their bed beside men accustomed to severe toil, and whom, were it not for such opportunities, they would never perhaps have encountered. To those for whom such instruction may perchance be needed, the days passed in militia service teach habits of cleanliness conducive to health, and ideas of good order. It is there, moreover, that the Swiss, differing in manners, language, and religion, live in common, form ties of acquaintance and friendship, and feel the sentiments of national

(1) M. Cérésiole, Conseiller d'Etat du Canton de Vaud, Président du Département Militaire Vaudois.

unity germinate and grow within them. . . . Such are the causes which make us feel for our system of militia an attachment of which no one can form an idea who is not himself a Swiss.”¹

And now a word, in conclusion, on what is certainly not the least important aspect of this momentous subject—the bearing of popular armies on the disposition of nations towards war. The tendency of standing armies to produce the evil against which they are supposed to be the safeguard, if it were not obvious on the face of the facts, is too well established by reiterated experience to need argument here. The professional soldier, if he have really the instinct of the soldier within him, and be not a mere carpet knight or loafer in taverns or clubs, cannot choose but chafe at the inaction of peace, with its slow promotion, its monotony and enforced idleness, and the waning importance to which it inevitably consigns him ; and cannot but welcome every chance which offers him a stage for practice and the *éclat* of active service in the field. When the class is a large one, its influence must work powerfully in exacerbating every international difference into war ; and the peril will be at its height when the Government itself is under the influence of military traditions. On the other hand, where, as with us, the Government is in the hands of the civil population, the danger takes another form. The decision of peace and war is now thrown upon persons who, under ordinary circumstances (for actual invasion is too rare an occurrence to be taken into calculation) are but slightly and remotely identified with the event. War, it is true, brings even to the citizen who remains at home an increase of taxation : a friend or relative will now and then be found in the lists of killed and wounded ; but, against this, there is the agreeable excitement of reading of battle-fields, and the proud consciousness of belonging to a nation that is winning glory by martial deeds. Where those with whom rests the momentous decision have only this sort of remote and moderate interest in the awful results, what wonder if nations should sometimes rush into war “with a light heart ?” But now note how all these conditions are reversed, where the military force is the people itself. The army now exists as a profession only for an infinitesimal fraction of the nation ; and war for the able-bodied masses means in the first place a vexatious interruption of their proper pursuits, with loss and sore anxiety for their families ; and then, for themselves, the fiery ordeal of the actual campaign, almost wholly uncompensated in their case by the *éclat* and the rewards that await the professional soldier. To be sure, while nations were merely hordes of warriors, war would be their natural vocation, and perhaps pastime ; but that a nation engaged in industrial pursuits, and in full career of civil life, should turn aside from its fields, its workshops, its desks and books, to gird on its armour, and throw

(1) *Annales*, &c., p. 689.

itself into war, for any reason short of the gravest, for any reason not tantamount to self-defence—this is not easily conceivable. It will, be said that Prussia has done so, if not in the present, at least in former wars. But, without entering here into the morality of the Danish and Austrian contests, it suffices to remark that Prussia is in truth not a fair example of the influence of a national army. Her army undoubtedly belongs to that type; but, owing to the immense active force kept on foot in time of peace, it possesses also not a few of the attributes of a standing force. And even of the army of Prussia, M. de Laveleye testifies, referring to the war of 1866, that “no warlike enthusiasm animated the Prussian armies. The men, summoned to their flag, set out with regret for a war generally condemned; but, once in the regiment, they desired to sustain the military honour of the corps, and to do their duty bravely.” “I have had the opportunity,” adds M. de Laveleye, “of reading several letters written by soldiers campaigning in the army of Bohemia before Sadowa. ‘We will do our duty,’ they wrote; ‘the better we fight the sooner we shall have achieved our task, and the sooner we shall return to our homes,’—reasoning characteristic of the labourer who desires to accomplish his work, not of the soldier, for whom war is a career.”¹ Every newspaper teems with evidence that this is at the present moment the prevailing feeling in the rank and file of the German armies.

If anything were wanting to complete the argument for the pacific tendency of the principle of popular armies, it is found in the fact, that the strength of the system lies in defence. This is universally recognised by those who have studied those organisations, and is indeed very obvious. It follows that, were civilised countries generally organised upon this principle, aggressive wars would be unsuccessful wars. Here is surely a weighty plea, thrown by the policy for which I am contending into the scale of peace—one which, we may hope, would have its influence even where better reasons might not prevail.

J. E. CAIRNES.

(1) It cannot be denied that the words of M. de Laveleye, while reassuring as regards the influence of the popular principle in the Prussian army, suggest uncomfortable thoughts. This people, so little prone to war, may, it seems, be made the powerful instrument in waging a war of which it does not approve. Here, no doubt, is a real danger. But let us not mistake its character. So far as it is incident to the military system at all, it is not the wide popular basis of the army that favours it—on the contrary, this acts as a hindrance and check—but the aristocratic organisation of the higher ranks, which keeps the officers in intimate accord with the aims of the dynasty, and with the classes on whose support the dynasty rests. But in truth, the source of the danger is less in the military system than in the political constitution of Prussia. And the remedy lies not in abandoning the popular organisation of the army, but in bringing the government under parliamentary control—not in curtailing, but in developing the democratic principle.

EDGAR QUINET.

THERE are some men who, more than whatever else they may be, are part of the conscience of a nation. Their gladness and strength imply the purity and energy of a people's soul; their mournfulness and anger are witnesses to its moral declension or defeat. Its highest dreams of justice are their thoughts; in them its traditions of virtue are summed up; they are the guardians and chief heirs of what has been bequeathed to a nation by the supreme moments in its past of fervour and of light. When it betrays its own better nature, they remain faithful, but isolated, and their voices are heard in grieved protesting; when it would finally quench the spirit by a deliberate act of the will, these men become its castaways, scattered abroad in exile.

Edgar Quinet is illustrious as poet, historian, political writer, exponent of literatures and religions, and he has recently added to his titles of distinction that of theorist in physical science. In so many characters does the man appear; but the man himself is first and chiefly part of the conscience of France. This is the permanent *fond* which underlies all apparent changes in the nature and direction of his activity; this it is which gives unity to the manifold labours of his life; and the singleness of impression which his works, so various in their subjects, leave with the reader, results from the felt presence of a nature always at one with itself and with the moral order of the world, and always communicating to others a share of its own wholesome warmth and pure light. And thus in days of much doubt and distraction, of half views and half beliefs, and the half action of studious compromise, in days of hesitating advances, followed by hasty and confused retreats, Edgar Quinet has had the highest happiness possible to one in such a time—not glad oneness with a nation illuminated by just and clear ideas, animated by noble passions, and advancing irresistibly to great ends, for that was impossible in France of the present century, but union at least with himself, constant progress in his assigned path, and a spirit so attached to what is real and abiding as to be secure from illusions and their loss. “I have passed my days in hearing men speak of their illusions, and I have never experienced a single one. . . . No object on the earth has deceived me. Each of them has proved itself precisely what it promised to be. All, even the most paltry, have made good for me what they announced. Flowers, odours, the spring, youth, the happy life in the land of one's birth, good things desired and possessed, did they pledge themselves to be eternal? . . . And it has been the same with men. No friendship of those on

which I counted has failed me, and misfortune has given me some which I had no right to expect. No one has deceived me, no one betrayed me. I have found men as constant to themselves as things. . . . Where is deception, if I am precisely in the place to which I always assigned myself? Where is illusion, if all that I feared has come to pass? Where is the sting of death, if I have so often felt it beforehand? What I have loved I have found each day more loveable. Each day justice has appeared to me more holy, liberty more fair, speech more sacred, art more real, reality more artistic, poetry more true, truth more poetical, nature more divine, and what is divine more natural." This confession, not the least remarkable of our time, and unlike most others, was written after seven years of exile by one who desired with great desire his country's good, and who beheld her when he wrote decked in harlot's finery, and playing the wanton with her new lover, on whose hands was the blood of December. The brightness and serenity of the words are yet of an autumnal kind. One feels the presence in them of a breath like that which makes bare the trees, and sets a limit to the pleasure of the year. One becomes aware by the very tone of their cheerfulness of the working of "kind, calm years exacting their accout of pain," which mature the mind.

In any sketch of the life of Edgar Quinet there will be inevitably a good deal of disproportion between its parts. He has himself related, with minute and affectionate fidelity, the incidents of the first twenty years of his life, and the charm which belongs to such a narrative tempts one to linger too long among the idyllic scenes of his childhood, and the days, filled with loves and with learning, of his youth. A record of two years of a much more recent date is supplied by the "*Mémoires d'Exil*" of Madame Quinet, the enthusiastic sharer of her husband's political ideas and acceptor of their consequences. But the long period intervening between 1823 and 1858, and again the period of life in Switzerland from 1860 to 1870, can be sketched at best in outline, and even the outline breaks here and there, and leaves a blank. It is not here intended to attempt a complete survey of his career. Fortunately many of Quinet's works, although containing little that is directly personal, proceed obviously from the circumstances of his position, and supply a kind of undesigned autobiography.

Edgar Quinet was born February 17, 1803, at Bourg, in Ain, that department of France which borders part of the west of Switzerland. The household of which he was a member was made up of strange contrasts and resemblances, full of pleasant lights and shadows, with much of what may perhaps best be named moral picturesqueness. The father, Jerome Quinet, a *commissaire des guerres* under the Republic and during the first years of the Empire, was an austere

man, undemonstrative, somewhat exacting, impatient of contradiction, one who did not receive or give caresses, and who kept his children at a distance from him by his looks, and words, and bearing. The gaze of his large, blue eyes imposed restraint with silent authority. His mockery, the play of an intellect unsympathetic by resolve and upon principle, was freezing to a child, and the most distinct consciousness which his father's presence produced in the boy was the assurance that he, Edgar, was infallibly about to do something which would cause displeasure. A just, upright, and humane man, of a strong and penetrating intellect, passionately addicted to the study of science, and much occupied about a great work on the Magnetic and Atmospheric Variations of the Globe, of which only the preface ever came to be written and published. To a child such an austere personality is at least an impressive spectacle, though its meaning cannot be truly interpreted until later years. Jerome Quinet was not much more than a spectacle to the children. The education both of head and heart he entrusted wholly to their mother. And in so doing he acted wisely. Madame Quinet was a person of a very rare and admirable nature. From the eighteenth century and French society of the old *régime* she inherited her clear and lively intelligence, curious and intrepid in the world of ideas, her instinctive elegance, her gaiety and graceful archness. A Protestant education at Geneva had strengthened her understanding and established her principles; and if, being born in a time when every one did not find it essential to his particular happiness to possess "the Infinite," she could not fully enter into the new passion for reverie, melancholy, and despair, she nevertheless gave away her heart in sacred enthusiasm to whatever in the world was great and honourable. Is there any happiness or good fortune for a child comparable to the presence of such a woman?

A third important figure in the household was Edgar's paternal grandmother. In her rigidity of character she resembled his father. Many of her early years had been passed in a convent, and when she left it she brought away with her an unlimited faith in severe discipline. It was a domestic regulation instituted after her marriage, that twice a week one of the *gardes de ville* should pay a domiciliary visit to chastise the three children; if they had not been naughty the punishment might be referred to the account of future crimes. Jerome Quinet had run away from this disciplinarian home, and enrolled himself among the volunteers of '92. His Protestant bride did not please her mother-in-law, and when the younger Madame Quinet called after the wedding to pay her respects, and chanced to inquire the subject of a picture of Christ which hung where it could not be very clearly seen—"It is a God, madam, with whom you are not acquainted," replied the inflexible voice of the elder lady. Edgar's birth effected

the reconciliation which this severely orthodox speech had rendered necessary. But the terrible grandmother was vulnerable upon one side; she had an exquisite sensibility for beauty. No servant could hope for an engagement under her, whose face did not possess at the least a regular outline. She was eager in her interest about paintings and engravings; and the quintessence of beauty in words, some pure and perfect chrysolite of speech, would compel sudden and abundant tears. Goethe in his old age declared that he had ceased to be able to weep for the sorrows of men, but that in the presence of anything supremely beautiful he could not maintain his composure.

A little sister, younger than Edgar Quinet, something feebler than himself, something to protect as well as love, and an aunt (sister of Jerome Quinet), completed the home circle. Their mother's strictness had produced upon this aunt and upon her brother results precisely opposite. With her it was a matter of conscience to spoil all children, and her nephew in chief. She had discovered that children are always good when they get everything they ask for, and are allowed to do everything they like. It was her ambition to be the boy's playfellow, or rather plaything, and when, after having as ox in harness ploughed her tyrant's little piece of land, she would come and inquire, "Do you love me?" the answer, "People ought to love everybody," made her entirely happy, and was cherished by her as adorable.

In such an environment of various human influence, the child grew. Out-of-doors there was another influence, constant, penetrative, and enveloping him on every side. Quinet, a disciple of Herder in his first period of authorship, and at all times ascribing to the surrounding external nature a preponderant share in the determination of a people's highest thoughts and feelings, himself experienced in sovereign degree the dominion of these natural forces. From Bourg, the family moved to a country property which had been for three centuries in their hands. To the west of Certines spread extensive forests of oak, and great ponds, over which the mists would linger; eastward the sun rose above the first range of the Jura and the Alps, distant not a league; between the mountains and the forests spread a great plain, cultivated in some places, but for the most part wilderness, where nature had her way: "a horizon of peace, eternal silence; an air—that of the Maremma—full of languor." Upon a rise of ground in the midst of this ocean of grass, and broom, and brushwood, stood the house of the Quinets, a very old house, hidden like a nest in the centre of apple-trees and cherries, walnuts, poplars, and acacias—one of the secretest spots in France. The summer sun beat fiercely on the open plain; after harvest and the early autumn rains, the air was full of a dull suspended poison, and annually came the fever, which, with the children, was quickly

recognised as a presiding power or *numen* of the place. "The first time I saw a butterfly trail upon the ground with quivering wings, I cried aloud, believing it had the fever." There was a charm of desolation around, which affected the imagination more than could the well-to-do cornlands and fat pasturage of a more favoured region. Nature stood naked in her primitive poverty making her appeal: nor could she fail to gain a power over the heart by her mere importunity of woe, her beseeching sadness, together with her curious refinement and beauty, which showed through the beggar's weeds. "They accuse me," writes Quinet, "of vagueness, of Germanism. Why do they not also accuse places and things, uncertain sounds, the boundless sweeps of land, the mists and clouds, those veiled and wandering daughters of our subterranean lakes? These were my true accessories and accomplices. It was much that I escaped without a sick and dizzy brain."

The boy did not remain an altogether passive denizen of this primitive nature; he went forth with his father to subdue the land. But the utilitarian prospects of draining operations were too remote from his childish faculty of vision to engage him with much ardour in the work, and the oxen, with their patient resoluteness of toil, seemed nearer to him than his father, the superior alike of him and them. Much, however, was to pass into him, and abide with him on spring mornings from his mother's presence moving graciously among her flowers, and hives, and blossomed fruit-trees. "I hear it day after day repeated that natural religion cannot be a living religion, that it leaves human nature without support or stay. I at least may say that I have seen a very real exception." From his mother, with no dogmatic system of instruction, he somehow received the idea of an Almighty Father, who always sees us and watches over us. "To obtain wisdom it was necessary to pray to Him, and we prayed together, my mother and I, wherever the occasion arose, in the fields, in the woods, in the garden, in the orchard, but never at fixed periods. . . . These prayers were conversations in the presence of God, upon all that concerned us, her and me, most nearly. It was our daily life each day laid bare before the great eye-witness." The religion of his mother is still, if we conjecture rightly, the religion of Edgar Quinet.

Racine, as might be expected, was a favourite with Madame Quinet, and upon his return from the fields, her little son would recite Eliacin to her Athalie, whose tirades she delivered with terrible seriousness. Rousseau and Châteaubriand she disliked and feared; the sentimentality of the one repelled her, and her luminous good-sense could not away with the romantic theology of the *Génie du Christianisme*. When the boy inquired of his mother who was the cleverest person in the world, she answered with no hesitation, "An

old gentleman named M. de Voltaire." Him like the light she loved, and mother and son studied him together. Here, again, to her rightness of perception was due an early impression which Edgar Quinet's subsequent studies and meditations made permanent. It has constantly been his endeavour to preserve unbroken the tradition of French literature. His article, "*Des Epopées Françaises Inédites du XII^e Siècle*" (which originally appeared in the year 1831 in *l'Avenir*, the journal conducted by Lamennais), is acknowledged to have been that which gave the first impulse to the movement of inquiry into the *trouvère* poetry, which has since been prosecuted with so much zeal and with results so precious. His "*Merlin*," a modern epic of ideas in the same copious style as the old epics of events, connects the literature of the present with the poetry of the twelfth century. But although belonging as a poet essentially to the romantic school in its assertion of the new powers, and rights, and immunities of art, and thus owning no allegiance to the sovereignty of Boileau, the author of "*Ahasuerus*" and "*Merlin*" never joined the romanticists in their repudiation of the ancestral glory derived from the age of Louis XIV. In that age he found revealed "the very genius of France." The poetical faith and practice of Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Boileau effected a revolution, which abolished the feudal and ecclesiastical art of the middle ages long before the revolution of 1789 came to complete the overthrow of mediæval institutions, political and social. He looked upon the men of letters of the classical period, eminently monarchical though they were, as fellow-labourers for France with the men of the republic and with himself. He held that the romantic school of the present century, if indeed faithful to the past, was bound to be neither mediæval nor monarchical, but modern. And as Quinet thus strove to save the tradition of French letters, so in matters of thought it is his high distinction that, while belonging entirely to the spiritualist rather than the sensualist school, he never decried the eighteenth century, nor failed to perceive, as so many failed, that our own age is in the truest sense daughter of that which immediately preceded it, that there has been development indeed, but no breach of continuity. Profoundly opposed to Voltaire in some of his most central articles of faith—referring, for example, religions for their origin to the total of man's nature turned in a certain direction, whereas Voltaire referred them to its most superficial and ignoble parts—he nevertheless has always continued to share his mother's high esteem of the "old gentleman M. de Voltaire," honouring him as the defender of a faith more catholic than that of Catholicism, more Christian than that of any then existing Christian church.

The name of Napoleon was never uttered by the elders of the Quinet household. The *ex-commissaire des guerres*, a man of the

revolution, proud, possessed of an unbounded faith in his own power of will, and yet for long a very reed in the hand of the emperor, could not forgive him for his resistless exaction of obedience; "he detested him as a free soul might detest destiny," and he even grew to despise him. To his wife Napoleon appeared as the ruiner of her country's liberties, and she had further a special womanly grudge against him for his banishment of Madame de Staël, whom she had known in her youth, whose writings she much admired, and whose exile she resented as a personal injury. But it was impossible that the boy should not hear of Napoleon, and to hear was enough to fire his imagination, and transform him forthwith into a Bonapartist. All he ever got by his Napoleon-worship was the honour of being the one to furnish a tricolour cockade to the leader of a body of soldiers, who had refused to follow their officers against the fugitive from Elba. Perhaps a boy's pride and joy in such a moment may be equivalent to the sorrow of such nineteen years of banishment as those which Quinet suffered at the hands of Napoleon's nephew. His parents judiciously abstained from fanning the flame of this childish enthusiasm by combating it; but they sought in every way to inspire him with an ardent love of freedom. By degrees the *cult* of Napoleon became less constant and less devout, the critical faculty began to play upon the Napoleon legend; liberty became every day more clearly worthy of a man's supreme devotion, and at last the image of Napoleon faded out of sight, until after many years it reappeared first to the imaginative vision, when the legend was accepted as the subject of a national poem, and again to the scrutinising gaze of the historian, when Quinet, moved on behalf of the honour of Ney, and a resident in the neighbourhood of the last scenes of the Emperor's public career, wrote his admirable "Campaign of 1815."

Suddenly through a moral crisis, and one act of strenuous and continued self-control, the boy became a man. Quinet confesses that he can no more assign a date to his first love of woman than to his becoming aware of the being of God. A train of enchanting forms moves amidst his memories of childhood, until the remotest figures fade into the dawn of infancy. Early among them was that unapproachable rope-dancer, whom he had seen performing perilous equestrian feats. Near her appears an Iphigenia, whom fate for a time compelled to be one of the interpreters of Racine among a company of strolling players, not less inaccessible than the *danseuse*, nor less an object of wonder and of worship. Later came a school-fellow's sister, the counterpart of Raphael's *belle Jardinière*, loved with a perfect love, which for its period of two years needed no sustenance but the consciousness of unimagined self-surrender. But these passions, with no pain in them, were to give way before a

tyrannous desire which it was a matter of life or death to yield to or subdue. In the neighbourhood of the Quinets dwelt a family allied not remotely to a royal house, but fallen into circumstances which were not affluent. The head of the house was a young man who had seen something of the world, but who found his purest happiness in the solitary study, favoured by this provincial retirement, of his favourite Greek authors. His two sisters were aged respectively eighteen and sixteen. "The younger was in features and in form of correctest symmetry, with the beauty of an antique statue, a profile altogether Roman, eyes that did not move, but gleamed under heavy lashes; a brow somewhat low, laden with hair black as ebony, the tresses of which were coiled and knotted in sculpturesque masses; the head of an Agrippina, created for a diadem, large rather than small; the neck of a swan, a proud bearing, her complexion sombre, and like that of a foreign person. Her name, Roman like herself, signified *beauty*. . . . She inspired me with a kind of terror, as if I had seen a statue move." It soon appeared that there was little moral resemblance between Edgar and this Roman beauty. Nevertheless, as the statue of one of the fallen gods might have compelled to idolatry some Christian of the second or third century, her mere beauty tyrannized over his feelings. He perceived that he could never freely and joyously bestow his love upon her; he resolved that he would deliver his soul. A long and obstinate struggle ensued, and when he had achieved his freedom, he knew that he was no longer a boy.

Towards the successful issue of this struggle, absence at the Collège de Lyon, and solitude occupied with hours of earnest study, rendered opportune assistance. There, in a tiny closet, of which he was fortunate enough to obtain sole possession, Quinet devoured every piece of Latin literature and history upon which he could lay hands. Tacitus and Gregory of Tours had an interest for him superior to that of all other prose writers. "It was not only on account of that which is ordinarily sought for in Tacitus, the secret of a tyrant's soul. I found in him something which touched me more nearly—the recital of what I myself had witnessed—the catastrophes and falls of empire. . . . The Hundred Days reappeared in the rapid lives of Galba and of Otho." In Gregory he saw again Attila, the Goths and Visigoths whom he had seen before in the invasions of 1814 and 1815, and who had dared to set on fire a portion of the buildings at Certines.

The call to authorship in Quinet's case, as in many others, was heard at first somewhat faintly and uncertainly; but it was heard, and in due time faithfully obeyed. He has described, in a remarkable passage of his incomplete autobiography, the condition of letters in France after the fall of the empire, and

before the new ways in literature and philosophy had been opened. On every side, in poetry, in philosophy, there was a great void. The spiritual world seemed to have grown sterile; in reality there was a stirring underground of pushing roots and buds, an obscure but abundant vegetation. "I was then grievously distressed by my own impotence, and, I may add, by the impotence of the time; for nowhere around me could I see a guide in whom I could trust, nor even any companion in the path upon which I feared and longed immediately to set forth. . . . My own ailment and that of the time was the very reverse of lassitude and satiety. It was rather a blind eagerness for life, a feverish expectancy, a premature ambition towards achievement, a kind of intoxication caused by the new wine of half-conceived ideas, an ungovernable thirst of the soul after the desert of the Empire. All this, added to a consuming desire to produce, to create, to do or make something in the midst of a world still void. Those whom I have questioned concerning the years of which I speak, have assured me that they experienced something like this. Each believed himself, as I did, to be alone."

Never was this sense of solitude more happily removed than it was from the heart of Quinet; not merely by the general stir of intellectual life, which quickly made itself heard, but by the commencement of a comradeship with one whose beliefs were the same as his, who loved and hated the same things, and who was pushing forward with equal eagerness in the same direction. It was at the house of M. Cousin that Edgar Quinet, at the age of twenty-two, first made the acquaintance of M. Michelet. The friendship, altogether noble, which had its beginning in 1825, has never known interruption. It is a circumstance worth observing, that the entrance into the literary world of each of these distinguished writers should have taken place in the same year, and under circumstances almost identical. Michelet appeared as the translator of the Italian Vico, the thinker who first attempted to rise from the crude theological dogma which Bossuet and others had applied to universal history, to something like a scientific treatment of the subject. Quinet appeared as the translator of the German Herder's ideas upon the philosophy of history. The capital idea of Vico, that the conception of God is the formative principle of society, and that the peculiarities of that conception determine the peculiarities of civil and political institutions, underlies much that Quinet has written, and explains his often-expressed dissatisfaction with all political revolutions which are not preceded by, or accompanied with, revolutions in religion. In Herder, "the Herodotus of universal history," as Quinet has happily styled him, he found an interpretation, made in the interests

of philosophy, of his personal feeling acquired at Certines of the dominant influence of the phenomena of external nature—the *milieu* in which man finds himself, and to which his conceptions instinctively adapt themselves—in determining the forms of thought, emotion, and imagination characteristic of individuals and of races. Prolonged intimacy with Herder's ways of thinking, such as the translation of a large work necessarily implies, was doubtless not without its effect in developing Quinet's natural tendency towards comprehensive views of things; which, while keeping under observation details, so that any one of them may at will be interrogated, regard as primary object the large totality, and value the part less for its own sake than because it is a fragment of the whole. These *larges pensées d'ensemble* not only preside over the most remarkable of Quinet's prose works, but assign to his poems their peculiar position in French literature in the present century. There is much in them that might be described as the philosophy of universal history rendered into the forms of the imagination.

This sketch of the life of Quinet, which has had more reference to the growth of his ideas than to the external incidents of his career, has reached a point beyond that at which his fragment of autobiography closes. From the publication of the "Herder" onwards, his life is not hidden; it lies exposed in a score of volumes, which in his case we name, with an application of the word more precise than in most other cases, his *works*. For record of events apart from these, let the following briefest note suffice.

In 1827, the year in which his "Herder" appeared, we find him at Heidelberg, in close connection with the most celebrated men of the University, with Creutzer in particular, whose interpretations of the symbolism of ancient religions possessed for Quinet the deepest interest. A tour in Greece undertaken shortly after, as member of the scientific commission which accompanied the French army, gave occasion to his "*Grèce Moderne et ses Rapports avec l'Antiquité*." This was the first of an important portion of his writings, consisting of works produced at distant periods, but all having the common object of determining the true character of the nationalities of Europe, and of arousing to quicker life the consciences and wills of kindreds of men whom blood and country had made one. Quinet's democracy is never in conflict with his feeling of nationality. In her vain striving after cosmopolitanism, first through her Pagan Empire, and again through her Christian Papacy, he recognised the secret of Italy's decrepitude. All his hopes for her were centred in the rare and hurried throbs and the sudden hectic flushes of national life which were still at times discernible. The rights of man, he

never failed to perceive, were massed and consolidated in the rights of nations. The years from 1830 to 1838 were fully occupied with the production of a series of poems, criticisms of literature, essays on the philosophy of religions and societies, and occasional political pamphlets. In 1838, Quinet was appointed Professor of Foreign Literatures of the Faculty of Letters at Lyons. Lectures delivered in that city formed the material out of which he afterwards constructed his *Génie des Religions*. Three years later, he was advanced to the chair of Southern Literature in the Collège de France. His friend Michelet and the Polish poet Mickiewicz were among his colleagues. Free handling of Roman Catholic dogmas and institutions, more especially in his course of lectures upon Ultramontanism, and that entitled "Christianity and the French Revolution," in which he courageously demonstrated the irreconcilable opposition between Catholicism and the principles upon which modern society is founded, led to a struggle with the authorities, terminating in Quinet's resignation; and, on the part of the students, in a demonstration in his favour of the most enthusiastic kind. These events took place under the government of Louis-Philippe. Quinet never loved the ascendancy of the Paris *bourgeois*, and the great god, Capital; and when 1848 arrived, he was one of the first, musket in hand, to enter the Tuileries. Almost immediately after the revolution he was restored to his professorship, and was sent by his native department to the National Assembly. During the sessions of the Constituent and the Legislative bodies, he especially concerned himself with the questions of religion and public education, and that of the enfranchisement of Italy. In December, 1851, Edgar Quinet became an exile. He bore away with him to Brussels the manuscript of his drama *Les Esclaves*, perhaps the most artistic of all his poetical writings, and henceforth his days and nights were devoted to uninterrupted study. First in Belgium, and afterwards in Switzerland, at Veytaux, hard by Chillon, Quinet dwelt. His greatest works, *La Révolution*, *Merlin*, and *La Création*, are among the fruits of exile. Watching with a gaze of unceasing concern the progress of events in France, at length he saw the day of deliverance come. Upon the downfall of the Third Napoleon, Quinet, with Hugo and others, hastened to Paris. What he has done there, and thought, we may hope hereafter to learn. We have already been informed, by balloon post, that he has been once more reinstated in his professorship by the Minister of Education, M. Jules Simon.¹

The first word of criticism which the poetical works of Edgar Quinet suggest,—a really important word, although to utter it does

(1) For a more detailed account of the events related above in brief summary, see "Edgar Quinet, sa Vie et son Œuvre," by M. Chassin. The analyses, in the same volume, of Quinet's works are readable, and entirely trustworthy.

not imply profound critical insight,—is, that they are very large. Ahasuerus would have supplied a mediæval guild with performances for many days. Merlin, with its twenty-four books, and nine hundred pages, rivals in copiousness the *trouvère* romances. “I feel lost in my work,” said its author, speaking of this poem, “like a bird in a cathedral.” And the reader also feels sometimes lost. Like the cathedral, to which Quinet happily compares it, the romance possesses, no doubt, a definite plan; but as the feeble human creature, with sense of diminished size, wanders from aisle to aisle, and chapel to chapel, and sees overhead a world of clasping columns and foliaged tracery, it strikes him as a plan capable of indefinite extension. Everything centres confessedly around the God-Man created on the altar; but it does so rather to the eye of faith than of sense. In the present century,—this sad, distracted age, which, according to the theory, cannot possibly find musicallest utterance, but which, according to the facts, has had more of genuine song in it than any other age known to literary history,—that a poet should not have written lyrical poetry is itself something distinguishing. And certainly, it is a distinction which does not help to popularity. We find it pleasant to be lured on by flying song, which begins, and ceases, and begins again, into the heart of a poet’s world of fancy. He who bids us gird up our loins for the serious undertaking of a lengthy epic or drama upon simple faith in his promise of reward, asks a good deal. Quinet has written nothing which is a song and no more. A certain lyrical gift he undoubtedly possesses; passages of the Prometheus and the Merlin decisively prove this. But on the whole, his pre-occupation with ideas is excessive. He does not

“Sing because he must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.”

He has a great company of thoughts, and requires space to deploy them; he has a view to present; he is not quite free from the bondage of a theory; he generally knows too well what he means; one has an uncomfortable suspicion that one has to do with a doctrinaire poet. Yet Quinet’s instinct or deliberate judgment determined rightly his choice and treatment of the subjects of poetry. He has succeeded in occupying a province of his own. As a lyrical poet he would have failed to make his voice heard by a generation whose ears were filled with the strong harmonious clamour of Hugo’s chords, and the charm, vague yet not without a power of sweet coercion, of Lamartine’s tender elegiac strain.

The ode and the elegy Quinet found already made their own by these and other masters of verse. The drama of action and conflicting individual human character was also theirs. What remained?

The modern epic and the drama, not of action but of ideas. The romantic school had been restored to French literature, and renewed the tragedy and the ode; the types of these in the past they left to the past. Cromwell was far removed from Phèdre; the ode of Lamartine was not the ode of Jean-Baptiste Rousseau. Quinet conceived that, in like manner, the epic should reappear in a new form. It was sown a natural body, it should be raised a spiritual body; previously it had celebrated the achievements of a hero or a people, and represented the civilisation of a definite period; now the human race itself must become the hero, and its achievements in all time the epical action. Such, it seemed to Quinet, must be the epic of a democratic age. In a great democracy the aristocratic ideal is replaced by one different, but not less truly an ideal; no single person is pre-eminently interesting or important, and therefore no individual hero can be the subject of a poem; the entire nation, or humanity itself, becomes the central figure, around which the forces of the past and of the future group themselves as allies or antagonists. Thus it is with Quinet's poems; and in this respect, and in the forward-looking gaze into coming time, which is discernible in them, they possess characteristics of the art which is proper to a democracy. What we miss in some of them is *reality*. They seem to proceed less from a very near and real fellowship with the people's life, less from the democratic instincts and ardours, than from certain philosophies of universal history, and certain democratic views and theories. The singing robes of the poet somehow show beneath them the lecture-gown of the professor.

But how is this hero, the human race, to be poetically represented? By an imaginative type or symbol. In Ahasuerus, the familiar figure of the wandering Jew, weary traveller throughout all lands, throughout all ages, is seized on as an appropriate representative of mankind. More than three thousand years have passed since the trumpet sounded for judgment in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The Eternal Father announces in heaven his intention of creating a new earth, possessed by a race of new beings, formed of better-tempered clay. The saints, by virtue of their long experience of good and evil, are to be appointed its guardians. But first, that they may grow in knowledge and wisdom, they shall see played before them, as a four-days' mystery, the whole story of the old earth, which they once knew. This mystery, which is performed by the seraphim, is the poem Ahasuerus. It is a vast design; all persons, and things, and times, and places are at the poet's disposal, to be made use of as he wills. It is, as M. Chassin has named it, the *epopee of Progress*. The mystery is followed by an epilogue. Christ, grown old, and doubting who or what he is, lies down beneath the vault of heaven, about to expire. "It is finished," is again uttered by his lips. He

is once more placed in the sepulchre; and, as the drama closes, Eternity abides alone. This epilogue, which has been pronounced by some critics the last word of despair, is precisely the contrary. Christ is indeed in the tomb, but we are not left without a prophecy that a morning will come of resurrection, when Christ shall rise greater in stature by twenty cubits.

The same thought which is uttered in the last words of Ahasuerus reappears in the Prometheus, in more ambiguous speech. The Titan is again humanity, but humanity in its religious aspect. He who has created and breathed life into a new race, who has possessed himself of sacred fire, who is filled with an enthusiasm of love, and who sees into the heart of future years, is made captive by the unjust strong gods of circumstance. Chained to the rock, at first his resolution is that of faith; a faith in his own visions of things to come, for has he not beheld the image of another great One, crucified, not on Caucasus but Calvary, before whom the gods of Olympus shall perish? But, as ages roll by, and he is forgotten of all men, and still the chains are strict and the vultures cruel, Prometheus sinks into a resolvedness of dull despair, and neither sees the future, nor can remember the greatness of his past, nor can remember anything of what he was. When the times are fulfilled, Michael and Raphael appear to release the ancient saviour of mankind. The Christ is come. The old gods appear before Prometheus, and are dismissed, howling, into night. But the Titan—is it weariness, or is it a questioning hope?—even on his way to the presence of Jehovah is not as the archangels are, all radiance and love; he who has known the former rulers of things, and has seen the heavens unpeopled, cannot be entirely sure that the dynasty of God and his Christ is the last.

One great figure, who shall be the utterer of the author's thoughts and feelings, his beliefs and doubts, his fears and hopes, stands central in each of his poems, Ahasuerus, Prometheus, Merlin. It will be surmised that the hero of his last and largest poem is something more than the Merlin who was counsellor of Arthur and the beguiled of Vivian. In the forefront of his work Quinet announces that in this romance he has attempted to open "new routes for the imagination," and that in no other work has he put so much of himself. It could not be the bard and wizard of the mediæval tales whom he made the companion of seven years. Merlin, if in many parts the delight of the reader, is certainly the despair of the critic. It is a vast invention, allying itself to the whole world of reality and that of imagination. The variety is equal to the vastness; one looks back upon it much as an old man must upon a busy and changeful lifetime. The symbolism is of a Protean kind; we lay hold of a snake or pard, and sudden water glides from between our

fingers. What is Merlin? The human soul, and that which is highest in it, imaginative genius; the world's enchanter and prophet? Yes, but he is also the genius of the French nation, and moreover he is sometimes Edgar Quinet. What is signified by his imprisonment in the magic tower of Vivian? Many things which it were not wise to name too definitely, and one thing for certain—the disappearance of the poet in the great grave of exile, where yet he lived and wrought his chief enchantments. “Do not exhaust your brain in searching for riddles,” advises the author; but he flashes his meaning in the reader's eyes, and withdraws it, and flashes it again, in a way most certain to pique his curiosity. M. Emile Montégut assures us that Merlin is an essay towards “ideal history;” the history, that is, not of events as they actually were, but of the powers and tendencies of which events have been only the inadequate expression. This is no doubt true, but the romance is also an ideal autobiography, written directly out of personal experiences. It is certain, as Quinet has said, that this work contains more of himself than any other. Merlin is the legend of all his thoughts. In the earlier poems he is grave; he approaches his own ideas with an air of exaltation and lofty responsibility; his utterance is elevated, and in the Ahasuerus we feel that its monotony of measured prose is sometimes disagreeably artificial. In Merlin the writer is grave and playful by turns; he approaches his ideas with an air of familiarity; the style is many-coloured—elevated or easy, plain or fantastic, narrative, lyrical, descriptive, as suits the occasion. And this familiarity with his ideas, and the casting-off of too curious responsibility, makes it possible for him to set before the reader not only his assured convictions and carefully verified views of things, but to play, as Goethe does in his second part of Faust, with every imagination of truth, every surmise, and anticipation and half-hope or fear, every conceit that may turn out a law, every dream which may be proved a prophecy, every faint reminiscence which may be a fragment of history.

One of the immense designs of Quinet has been to write an universal history of religious and social revolutions. It was not to be expected that such a design could be accomplished as a continuous work; but the conception of it has served to import a wider tendency, and fuller significance than they would otherwise have possessed, into many writings which treat of particular periods and groups of events. *Le Génie des Religions*, *Les Jésuites*, *L'Ultramontanisme*, *Le Christianisme et la Révolution française*, *Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde*, *Examen de la Vie de Jésus*, and, finally, his great work, *La Révolution*, may be considered fragments of an unfinished whole. One central thought controls and directs them all—that the principles of civil society, and of reli-

gious society, are not, as Montesquieu represents them, correlative principles upon an equal and independent footing, and exercising upon each other no influence of a constant and regular kind, but that, on the contrary, the religious idea underlies and gives its peculiar character to the political and social idea. Quinet, however, does not fall into the error of accepting the creeds and the churches as interpreters of the religious idea, in periods when they failed to express the highest thoughts of man, and the most ardent longings of his soul. He hopes little for Europe of the present day, until there be effected an absolute severance of Church from State; because religion—the noblest desires and best ideas of men—has been driven from the Church to take refuge in the world. Not “the holy Catholic Church, . . . the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting,” are the objects of our extremest spiritual hopes, and matter of our wisest thought, but rather justice as the rule and principle of all arrangements of society, and charity to be incarnated in the real world—a materialising and organisation of the sentiment of the brotherhood of men. As it is prophesied of the Christ in the epilogue to Ahasuerus, so in actual event, the Christ buried in the tomb of the eighteenth century rose in 1789 greater by twenty cubits. Shall we weep above the napkin and linen clothes, or come forth and, rejoicing with fear, watch the breaking of the Easter Day?

Through all Quinet's studies upon religion, nothing is more observable than his power of soft and sure penetration, like that of serene light, through the letter to the spirit, from the form to that which the form indeed signifies. His own altogether genuine spiritual nature has a natural affinity for spiritual truth; it seems as if he could go wrong only by denying part of himself. For him the religions of the past do not consist of idle mythologies and insignificant ceremonial; they are quick and moving thoughts of men, and worshippings in spirit and in truth. He arrives at his results less by an application to the past of the modern intellect and erudition, than by seeking within himself, and finding there the *fond*, still present and not lifeless in each of us, of the ancient faiths. This power of pressing gently and surely inward to the heart of things spiritual, serves no less for the discovery of evil than of good. Through bland faces of fraud he sees the foul soul within, and its eager and pitiless outlook; through chaunting of holiest creeds and prayers he hears the wolfish cry of blind mouths for human flesh and blood; through the robes of the doctor who teaches wisdom higher than that of this world, he sees the fingers holding tight the key of knowledge, which they have taken away that no man may enter in. Quinet, it has been said, is part of the conscience of a nation; before him the outward shows of things moral part away on this side and on that, and the living substance is laid bare.

La Révolution is Quinet's largest and, upon the whole, his most valuable literary achievement. When a boy, at the little town, Charolles, he had grown familiar with the presence of a person who long continued somewhat of a mystery to his childish apprehension. It was Baudot, a sometime member of the Convention, and one of the Mountain party. He had been Saint-Just's companion on his mission to the lines of Wissembourg, and the happy discoverer of Hoche. He usually spent a couple of hours each day at the house of the Quinets. He never spoke of the Revolution; but one day the boy heard him utter strange words, which left a deep impression—"Others have a fever of four-and-twenty hours; mine, madam, lasted ten years." What could this fever be? When he inquired, they answered in a hushed voice, "The Terror." In the year 1838, Quinet sat by the death-bed of this venerable representative of the Republic. He said that before he died he wished to confide to Quinet the volume of his memoirs, in which would be found a commentary on the acts and most private thoughts of the several parties of the Convention. "Grasping me by the arm, and gathering all his strength into one last gaze, he said, 'Trust me, the first word of the history of us has not yet been written. Saint-Just and I fired the batteries at Wissembourg. We were supposed to have deserved much by this. In fact we did not deserve anything; we knew perfectly that bullets could do nothing against us.'" Whereupon he was silent, and Quinet took a last leave of him.

The history of the Revolution, long meditated, and embodying the results of ten years' active study of the subject, did not appear until 1865. It is a history which faces two ways; on the one hand it is what may be named, using the word in an honourable sense, a *doctrinaire* history; that is, the product of ideas. On the other, it is in the highest degree human, a history of persons, in which a studious effort is made to restore the real individuals to the places too long possessed by the legendary figures of the Revolution. Quinet has shown at all times a just sense of the importance in literature, in art, in religion, of personal character. This in great part it was which moved him to attempt a reply to the theory first propounded by Vico, and to which at a later time Wolf gave currency, respecting the authorship of the Homeric poems, and it was this also which called forth his *Examen of Strauss's Life of Jesus*. We have now got into the habit of speaking of the legend of Napoleon. There was also in France a legend of Robespierre, a legend of Danton, a legend of the Girondins; and these legends escaped criticism by the ascription of all acts at variance with the popular conceptions of their several heroes to certain convenient abstractions, the Republic, the Terror, the Democracy. It has been Quinet's endeavour to attribute to each person the actions for which that person is himself

responsible, to apply the scientific spirit to the revolutionary hero-worships and supernaturalisms, and to avoid taking for granted that, after the manner of the personages of a stock-piece of classical tragedy, the same individual must utter the same sentiments in the same style from the beginning of the great drama to its closing scene.

Thus, by his inveterate truth-telling, the author of *La Révolution* contrived to offend and alienate not a few of his admirers of the Liberal party. Indeed, the distinguishing characteristic of the book is this: it is the endeavour of one who has faith in the principles of the Revolution to show why the Revolution was a failure. Nothing could be more valuable than such a piece of searching self-criticism, and nothing was more certain to be unintelligible to many men. "What!" they exclaimed, "profess himself a man of the Revolution, and destroy the solidarity of the movement! Accept this portion and reject that, as if the Revolution were not one great whole, a single stupendous fact!" Quinet perceived that it was a combination of several facts, some of them facts of a very unlucky kind for the Republic. Another accusation of an extraordinary nature was made. A work, one chief object of which was to point out the causes which led to the break-down of the Revolutionary movement, could hardly fail to consider the position in which the men of 1789 and 1793 found themselves with reference to religion. Quinet, with his established conviction that a political revolution, if it is to be successful, must, of necessity, be founded upon a religious revolution, certainly could not avoid the consideration of this subject. He has discussed it with entire freedom and candour in two books of his history. He had long since satisfied himself that no treaty of alliance can appease the mortal antagonism which exist between Catholicism and the principles of modern society. And now he dared to say articulately that a system of policy which is suicidal is self-condemned; at the least, if Liberalism be bound by a fine sense of honour to apply the aspick of Tiber to its breast, Liberalism must die; the worm will do his kind, "for, look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no good in the worm." So much Quinet maintained, and he ventured to add that the logic of the Terror was unsound; it rejected the necessary condition of success. The scaffolds of '93 were sterile, because the men of '93 had not learned the secret of their own system, which secret is this:—persecution to be successful must be complete. If the barbarities of the sixteenth century were to be restored, why reject the advantages of the sixteenth century by proclaiming liberty of worship? If liberty of worship were to be allowed, why return to barbarities? The Revolution became foster-mother of the counter-revolution. Robespierre had no courage to be greatly intolerant. It was Vergniaud

who declared that the time for religious liberty was passed.¹ Naturally, but not the less unfairly, a cry was raised against Quinet that he had appeared as advocate of persecution in the name of freedom. This would have been strange indeed. Quinet had worked out the problem of the Terror to a consistent result; but the result was one which disproved the hypothesis from which it was deduced. The only solution for our times of the religious difficulty lies in the separation of Church and State. Three hundred years ago another solution would have been possible, and if the men of the Republic returned to the methods of three hundred years ago they were bound to derive from those methods all advantages which they afford.

A good while before his history of the Revolution had approached completion, Quinet was projecting a new undertaking of magnitude, and was already engaged in collecting materials wherewith to carry it out. When in the seventh year of his exile he moved from Belgium to Switzerland he was for some time entirely cut off from the world of men, and lived in absolute solitude. But the mountains were with him. At first the presence of the Higher Alps produced a kind of stupor; the senses were overwhelmed; it seemed beyond the power of human faculties to compass the vastness of those gigantic heights. But by degrees this first impression gave way to one entirely different. The mind recovered its independence and energy. Instead of expecting passively the incursion of overmastering sensations, it went forth to encounter the objects, and subdue, or at least come to terms with them. In this case the mind was that of a historian of men, and it soon appeared that mountains also had their history, and were willing to be gracious to one who would do them the justice of faithfully recording it. Nothing could be more delightful to Quinet, nothing more health-bearing to mind and body. Whereupon a treaty of alliance, with engagements of mutual service, was concluded between the Alps and their new denizen. *La Création*, published in 1870, is the outcome of this alliance.

The verdict upon a scientific work must be left to men of science. It may be surmised that there is much in Quinet's work which they will set down as hazardous conjecture, or even illegitimate fancy. The lay understanding, without considering particular matters likely to occasion dispute, has an uncomfortable suspicion that an intellect trained in historical methods is hardly likely to accomplish much in a field of observation and thought so remote from his own as is that of the physical sciences. But this is precisely what Quinet is most concerned to deny, and that apart from all reference to himself, upon the ground of a general principle, which is the capital idea of his treatise. Is not man also a part of nature? Does society exist and

(1) See the memorable words of Vergniaud, quoted by Quinet, *La Révolution*, vol. ii. p. 92.

progress by caprice or by ascertainable laws? Is not history political, social, religious, a branch of natural history? Why should not the methods of inquiry in the study of the lichen, and the mollusc, and the man be identical? Why should not the laws which govern the different provinces of nature, if more complex in some instances than in others, contain identical elements, and be capable of affording illumination one to the other? Why should not history assimilate the results of science, and science the results of history?

In Merlin, Quinet considered himself an initiator attempting to open "new routes for the imagination." In *La Création* he attempts to open new routes for the intellect. It seeks first to establish the possibility, and then to ascertain some of the principles of a new science founded upon the parallelism of the two kingdoms, of nature and of man. The laws of society are used as instruments for the discovery of corresponding laws of natural history, and *vice versâ*. How far Quinet has succeeded, how far he has failed, cannot be determined here. But one thing may be assuredly said, that he has done much to elucidate the indirect, but none the less important, relations of the scientific movement to contemporary modes of thought and feeling. Such indirect relations are probably perceived more readily and more clearly by a man of letters than by a man of science, concerned as the latter is with the attainment of certain definite truths, rather than with the effects which proceed from the coalescing of those truths with the general mind of society. In the seventeenth century the men of science may not have looked very far beyond the establishment of the Copernican system of astronomy as the result of Galileo's inquiries. Those who imprisoned Galileo knew better how dangerous to old modes of thought was his revolt against authority, and how old ways of looking at things must give place to new, if the earth were reinstated in the heavens from which it had been exiled, raised to an equality with the skies in which God lived, and made an equal, but no more than an equal, with each of its company of brother-spheres.¹ The indirect results of Darwin's speculations upon our views of morals and religion can hardly be less important than the results of Galileo's inquiries two centuries since. The intellect of Quinet is admirably constituted for perceiving and comprehending these "indirections" of science.

Since *La Création* appeared, nothing of importance has come from Quinet's pen. It cannot be doubted that the events of the last six months will before long receive from him an interpretation of their significance, worthy of himself, and of the new and better mind of France.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

(1) See *L'Ultramontanisme*, quatrième leçon.

THE DARK WOOD.

UPON an eve I sat me down and wept,
Because the world to me seemed nowise good ;
Still autumn was it, and the meadows slept,
The misty hills dreamed, and the silent wood
Seemed listening to the sorrow of my mood :
I knew not if the earth with me did grieve,
Or if it mocked my grief that bitter eve.

Then 'twixt my tears a maiden did I see,
Who drew anigh me o'er the leaf-strewn grass,
Then stood and gazed upon me pitifully
With grief-worn eyes, until my woe did pass
From me to her, and tearless now I was,
And she, 'mid tears, was asking me of one
She long had sought unaided and alone.

Him I knew not of, and she turned away
Into the dark wood ; while my own great pain
Still held me there, till dark had slain the day,
And perished at the grey dawn's hand again.
Then-from the wood a voice cried, " Ah, in vain,
In vain I seek thee, O thou bitter sweet !
In what lone land are set thy longed-for feet ? "

Then I looked up, and, lo, a man there came
From 'midst the trees, and stood regarding me ;
And, once again, my tears were dried for shame ;
But he cried out, " O mourner, where is she
Whom I have sought o'er every land and sea ?
I love her, and she loveth me, and still
We meet no more than green hill meeteth hill."

With that he passed on sadly, and I knew
That these had met, and missed, in the dark night,
Blinded by blindness of the world untrue,
That hideth love, and maketh wrong of right.
Then 'midst my pity for their lost delight,
Yet more with barren longing I grew weak ;
Yet more I mourned that I had none to seek.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

OLD CRITICISMS ON OLD PLAYS AND OLD PLAYERS.¹

(GARRICK AS HAMLET, DESCRIBED BY A GERMAN SPECTATOR.)

I.

WHOEVER has in his house a loft or a lumber-room may, if it please him, exercise the necromancer's fabled power, and daily resuscitate the dead and gone. It is his to restore to places of honour old long-buried and worm-eaten friends. He redeems from darkness and neglect the forgotten frames of perished or discarded portraits. At his command they assume new functions in the service of beauty, and complete the sculptured frieze of some oaken cabinet, recently purchased perhaps with an eye to their crowning adornment of it. Startled at his rescuing touch, long-fallen dust, that soft, grey snow of the winter of oblivion, flies eddying round some untenanted cage, wherein the blackbird once "warbled his native wood-notes wild;" and in that mausoleum of dead song the well-trained bullfinch will presently pipe to a new generation the tiny treble of his studied tunes. For, as natural genius dies out of art, method and careful culture complacently fill up the place of it.

I envy not the man in whose house there is no lumber-room. His road of life is a road without milestones, and as he travels along it, he must be always travelling further and further away from himself. I would counsel those who have and can keep such things not carelessly to cast away even any old iron grating which once, in the home of their childhood, lowered its protecting visor over the window-panes whence little faces first peeped out into the great world. All of us, no doubt, must have now and then admired how, in such old gratings at the casements of old houses, the iron bars, above the pinks and wallflowers that push their way between them, twine into tendrils, and flourish into leaf and flower. Iron tendrils! iron leaves and flowers! yet—

"Made so fairly well,
A miracle of design!"

What has become of that extinct iron *flora*, which once, glowing and sparkling, daily burst into blossom on the anvils of forgotten forges? They who swung the hammer were then, as they are now, sooty, uncouth figures. The iron, too, was then just as hard and unwilling as it is to-day. But never since then has it been taught to conduct itself so daintily; never since then has it learnt how to build us transparent, nay, almost invisible, walls through which, as through

(1) BRIEFE AUS ENGLAND, VON G. CH. LICHTENBERG. 1776.

some impassable vine-trellis, we may longingly peep at palace courts and garden squares. Thanks to it, Defence and Prohibition, neither morose nor menacing, were clad in florid grace; and Security seemed smiling and careless. Surely, the material of the iron-worker's art is not only durable but inexhaustible. Why, then, has the art itself been so entirely exhausted? Alas! are we not daily losing many an art of which the materials remain, while the artists disappear? Old books, like lumber-rooms, conceal the scattered remains of much ideal workmanship, which, since we can neither reproduce nor imitate it, we shall, at least, do well to preserve. Miniature painting is another of these lost arts. I know not what may be the sensations with which miniature collectors look at a good *Petitot*; but in my own sensations I am always conscious of a sort of ghostly awe inspired by that sempiternal smile, and that tender diaphanous pallor of pink and white complexion which seems to imply a certain bashfulness on the part of Death, and looks so like the incipient blush with which some long-buried young beauty reappears in society, unaccompanied by any protecting acquaintances.

Perhaps, if all things which properly belong to each other were to come into the world simultaneously, we should be without any incentive to seek and strive after completion. But, just as a young bride decks herself out in her grandmother's jewels, and thereby enhances both their beauty and her own, so sometimes does the poesy of a later day embellish the freshness of its own fancies, by the inherited treasures of the past. And these, in turn, derive from the bloom of their young wearer a novel and surprising charm. Whither did Shakespeare's creative genius go in search of those unfading flowers which crown for ever his supreme and solitary brow? Old yellow parchments at his touch were turned to laurel leaves. The dry bones and dust of dead ages which some obscure old chronicler had drearily scraped together, the cold and shadowy ghosts of long-extinguished passions, *pulvis et umbra!* caught sudden life from the poet's passing glance, and re-embodied themselves in a vast ideal world of eternally animated forms, which only came into being long after the extinction of the actual world wherein their mortal prototype had lived.

"Cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbrae ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum;
Matres atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitæ
Magnanimum heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ."

The Plantagenets, and their turbulent times, were silently mouldering in the lumber-room of History, when, at Shakespeare's summons, they resumed existence on a stage of action different to and better than their own.

Did Macbeth and Lear, and Hamlet and Coriolanus, once pass

across the boards of Blackfriars with the self-same step which, in later centuries, has echoed, amidst the plaudits of succeeding generations, over the most famous stages of the world? We shall never know. No one has chronicled and preserved for us the precise details of their first appearance before the public of a long-departed day. It may be that they have grown with the growing ages; that their characters have been enriched and expanded by time; it may be, also, that, in despite of their noble birth and robust constitution, they have, in their long progress through the varying fashions of three hundred years, lost something of the stately charm and genial vivacity of their unrecorded youth. But, in any case, it is highly probable that the great interpreter of their great poesy did not appear, until upon the works of Shakespeare had settled some of that historic dust from which his genius first rescued the subjects and the heroes of them. Burbage had the advantage of knowing Shakespeare as well as Shakespeare's works. But the associates of authors are not always the best interpreters of their genius; and the player's interpretation of the poet is, perhaps, inspired less by the genius of the poet than by that of the player himself. Of the genius of Burbage we know something by hearsay; but we shall never know enough of it for fair comparison with that of any subsequent actor.

Who made up the little world of men and women wherein our ideal Othello lived and moved and had his being? Iago, who only saw, and only cared to see, in the Moor an envied chief to whom he owed a grudge, and a credulous barbarian exposed at every point to the cruel play of his exquisite Italian hate; Cassio, who found in him an unjust and suspicious master; Desdemona, whose trust he betrayed by attributing to her the betrayal of his own. To none of these, and least of all to himself, could he have been known, as we now know him. How could he have been conscious in himself of that unconscious faith in human nature, which once unsettled, overwhelmed him in its disturbance? How could he have admired in himself that noble simplicity of soul which we admire in him, all the more for its disastrous shipwreck on the quicksands of a complex and corrupting intellectual civilisation; or any other of those qualities which complete a character instantaneously impressed upon our own objective consciousness by the mere utterance of his name? Othello never knew Othello. Did even Shakespeare ever know Shakespeare? Assuredly, neither Falstaff, nor Dame Quickly, nor Rosalind, nor Orlando, ever lived the lives to which Shakespeare has given immortality; or spoke the words whereby Shakespeare has interpreted to all time the quintessential significance of their characters. It was Homer that discovered Odysseus; and if Odysseus could have read Homer, he would have been as much surprised to find himself a hero as Monsieur Jourdain was surprised to find that he had been talking

prose all his life without knowing it. Shakespeare was in his grave when Garrick was in his glory, The great poet never witnessed that wondrous play of countenance and gesture whereby the great actor gave intense activity to all that was dormant, and intense individuality to all that was general, in the poet's written record of his own conceptions. The hero dies before he finds his true interpreter in the poet. And poets rarely find during their lifetime either critics or actors capable of truthfully and completely interpreting them. For genius of every kind has that diamond quality which baffles the intrusion of all acuteness inferior to its own; and it is only to touches of kindred temper that it gradually reveals those dazzling facets which strike the notice of the crowd, and enable us, who could not otherwise have guessed the worth of it, to appreciate the inherent brilliancy of its rare and precious substance. Fortunately, or unfortunately, for him, the critic's interpretation of the poet remains on record. But the actor, how fares it with him? Who shall interpret for this interpreter? Does he know himself? Perhaps so. He has the advantage of contemplating the reflection of his own genius in the emotions of the audience it commands. But when he and they are dead and gone, how shall he be known to us who come after? Mr. Forster has opened his unrivalled biographical criticism of Samuel Foote with a thoughtful lament over the perishable reputation of wits and jokers. But the reputation of actors, if more durable as a ghostly tradition, is even less substantial. Assuredly, it cannot be as easily substantiated. Inferior Boswells abound. And a witty saying, if faithfully recorded, must ever retain, at least, so much of its original value as is involved in the permanent rarity of wit. But who can give perpetual currency to the value of a look, a tone, a gesture? Who can weigh the work of a tear that has fallen, or follow the flight of a sigh that was breathed, a hundred years ago? The actor has, certainly, this single personal advantage over the hero and the poet,—he can, for one brief hour, not only be both poet and hero at once, but also feel himself at once recognised and understood in both capacities. But the hour is brief, and irrevocable. Was Garrick blest, in his lifetime, with a witness capable of doing for him what he had done for Shakespeare, accurately receiving in its entirety, and impressively reproducing, the perfect image of his genius, and so bequeathing it complete to after ages? The actor must needs exercise great power, for his time is short. When that time is passed away, what remains of the power that filled it? Traces only. Traces scattered here and there about remote and rarely visited corners of the world's vast lumber-room. Out of the desultory pages of the diurnal literature of that time we must collect them, scrap by scrap, and piece them together as best we can. The complete picture we may never hope to see before us.

It is scarcely ten years ago since one of the greatest dramatic poets yet living uttered this cry from the experience of his eighty years—

“Danach schaut euch vor Allem um;
Schauspieler, Dichter, und Publicum.”¹

And that union, which, after so many years' valuable contribution to the consummation of it, Grillparzer still vainly invokes, the world perhaps will never witness. Poet, actor, public; they come not together, these three, so simultaneously and appropriately as to coincide with each other in the production of a perfect effect.

II.

About a hundred years ago, in the month of October, 1775, there came to London a certain German savant, by name Georg Christian Lichtenberg. He was an astronomer and a mathematician. He was also the author of sundry books, big and little, about not only astronomy, mathematics, and physics, but all manner of other and lighter subjects—even down to a treatise upon snuffers. Moreover, he was a satirist, well reputed in his own day. If his name be still known in England, it is probably known chiefly, or only, in connection with his work upon Hogarth, of whose genius he was a warm and intelligent admirer. Biographical dictionaries assign to him a creditable place in the German literature of the eighteenth century, not immeasurably below Lessing. Goethe spoke of his books with great respect, and recommended them to the perusal of posterity, a recommendation which posterity has not adopted. He was a keen, observant, clear-minded, busy-headed man, genially receptive, and indefatigably productive. Sniffing up the world here and there, and heartily smacking his lips at it. His style is often clumsy, and sometimes obscure; his thoughts are never either the one or the other. These, on the contrary, are singularly acute, trenchant, and to the point. They aim straight at the centre of a subject, and leave it marked in the memory with a sharp firm cut.

Lichtenberg was about forty-five when he came to England in the autumn of 1775. At Drury Lane Theatre he saw David Garrick in some of that great actor's best parts, both comic and tragic. What

- (1) “First bring together what not yet together time hath brought;
Poet, Actor, Public. The rest's not worth a thought.”

Germany is the land of Trades' Unions of all kinds; and the German theatre-managers have theirs. Grillparzer wrote this on the occasion of one of their great gatherings for discussing the encouragement of dramatic art and the improvement of the German stage. It is the old poet's condemnation of those who, on behalf of art, being cumbered about much serving, neglect the one thing needful. I know not whether posterity has yet fulfilled the prophecy of Byron, that it would one day have to learn the name of Grillparzer: but if not, the sooner it does so the better.

he saw he has related in letters to a German friend,¹ and these letters contain such excellent critical remarks, and so vividly describe both the parts themselves and Garrick's performance of them, that they seem to have been written, as Shakespeare himself has written—

“Not for an age, but for all time.”

To me, at least, these letters have been as tickets of admission to the pit of Drury Lane Theatre. After reading them I seem to have seen and heard Garrick in some of his happiest scenes, to have talked over his performance of them with an acute and observant spectator, and to have caught and retained something of the enthusiasm with which that performance was applauded a hundred years ago by the audience into whose midst I have been transported. Yet the works of Lichtenberg are worse than lost. They are to be found in every German library, and even cheap editions of them are sold by the booksellers; but they belong to that unfortunate class of Forgotten Books which cannot be again discovered, because they have never been missed. If you ask about them, hundreds will doubtless answer, “We have them;” and few, if any, will be able to add, “We have read them.” Well, then, let me say *do* read, at least, these letters about Garrick, and compare the contents of them with what, in this so-called critical age, now passes for criticism.²

Quin was off the stage when Lichtenberg visited London. Old Macklin, the unacknowledged father of the “natural school,” which young Garrick had meanwhile identified with his own genius, still lingered on it, and our German critic has preserved for us a striking portrait of his Shylock. He, Shuter, Barry, Lewis, Lee, and Woodward, were then the strength of the Covent Garden company. With Garrick, Parsons and Palmer, King, Smith, Dodd, and last, but certainly not least, the saturnine Weston (Garrick's ideal in low comedy), adorned the boards of Old Drury. Lichtenberg saw them all; and these letters of his contain much discriminating criticism of their various styles. But our interest is concentrated on his descriptions of David Garrick. Garrick himself he saw in the plays, not only of Shakespeare, but also of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher,

(1) M. Heinrich Christian Baye.

(2) Since this paper was written, I have ascertained that the Letters of Lichtenberg formed the subject of some articles which appeared in the first numbers of the *Victoria Magazine*. Those articles I have not seen, nor do I know what was the point of view from which they were written. But a really good contemporary and descriptive criticism of Garrick's acting cannot be too carefully or generally preserved from disappearance into that wallet wherein Time “puts alms for oblivion.” To the majority of those who may happen to read the present notice of them, Lichtenberg's critical descriptions of Garrick in the character of Hamlet will probably be as new as they were to the writer of it, when he first read them a month ago; and I trust that the interest of them will not have been exhausted even for those to whom they may happen to be already known, either in the original, or through the medium of the *Victoria Magazine*.

Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and others, whose plays are now unacted, and perhaps unactable. But our interest is again concentrated on Garrick's interpretation of William Shakespeare. So to Garrick and Shakespeare let us confine our notice, at least for the present. No play of Shakespeare's comes closer to us than *Hamlet*; no character more haunts and perplexes our imagination than that of its unheroic hero. How *Hamlet* is acted, how he has been acted, and how he should be acted, are questions which must always interest us. To Garrick's interpretation of *Hamlet*, therefore, as transmitted to us by means of Lichtenberg's interpretation of Garrick in that part, we will chiefly bespeak attention. But first a word or two about Garrick himself.

III.

At the time when these letters were written Garrick must have been nearly sixty.¹

"I have seen Mr. Garrick" (writes Lichtenberg to his friend Heinrich Baye) "eight times; and in some of his best parts. Once, as Abel Drugger in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, which is greatly altered in the acting copy; once, as Archer, in Farquhar's *Stratagem*; once, as Sir John Brute, in Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife*; twice, as *Hamlet*; once, as Lusignan, in Hill's adaptation of *Zaire*;² once, as Benedick, in *Much Ado about Nothing*; and finally, as Don Leon, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*. Moreover, I have spoken with him frequently, and have now free access to his box. Some say that Weston equals him in Abel Drugger, and that formerly Quin equalled him in Sir John Brute. Be that as it may, in all the other parts I have mentioned his equal has never yet appeared, and perhaps never will appear on the British, or any other, stage. No one now living is capable of imitating even a single particular of Garrick's acting, much less the wondrous *ensemble* of it. Judge, then, how rare must be that union of intellectual and physical gifts which has enabled Garrick to *originate* the effects he produces. I never saw Quin in Sir John Brute; but my own impression of Garrick's acting and that of his supposed rivals, in parts which have enabled me to compare them, leaves me extremely mistrustful of all I have sometimes heard said about Quin and Weston being equal to him in any part. Pray do not suppose me insensible to the great merits of Weston—now the popular favourite. I think he has made me laugh more than all other British actors put together. Nature has carved him from head to foot in comic outlines. His figure, his face, his voice, every look and tone and gesture of the man, irresistibly provoke the laughter which he never shares; and which is increased, at every instant, by the unalterable and reproachful gravity of his countenance. From the moment when Weston first appears upon the stage the attention of the greater part of the audience is withdrawn from the rest of the play, and entirely concentrated on him. You will readily understand that such an actor, playing before such an audience, cannot possibly play ill. The theatre, so long as he is on the stage, has no eyes or ears but for him. But with Garrick, good heavens, what a difference! From

(1) He was born in 1716.

(2) Voltaire's.

the moment *he* enters, what you instinctively seek, and infallibly find in him is, not the isolated humour of a single part, but the effectual purpose of the whole piece; of which he is not merely a striking feature, but the intelligent soul whereby the whole piece is, as it were, inhabited and filled with surprising significance. For in him is the one touch of nature which gives to all parts and portions of the play a kinship with each other. Ben Jonson has indicated the character of Abel Drugger by only here a point and there a point; but the actor who draws his outline of the character firmly through these points can hardly go wrong. It is a part which affords to such an actor as Weston the best possible occasion for giving effect to all the peculiarities of his natural drollery; especially in those long intervals when Abel remains upon the stage without speaking; as, for instance, in the Alchemist's chamber where, saving the background figures of a few sorcerers and astrologers busied about their mystic rites, the only company present consists of human skeletons, crocodiles, ostrich's eggs, and empty alembics wherein who knows what imps of hell may be lurking. Methinks I see him, when some hasty movement of one of the astrologers, or any sudden noise, positively congeals him with terror. There he stands, stark as a mummy, with his feet together side by side, in parallel lines, and every angle of his body rigid with the frozen immobility of fear! Then, as the cause of his alarm subsides, he begins to unthaw and come to life again,—slowly, twitchingly. Animation first recommences in the eyes, which gradually turn; then the neck, the head, *et cætera*. All this while the majority of the spectators is in fits of laughter. Nor can even the discriminating critic escape the infection of this incipient cachinnation, but must needs follow suit; so irresistibly ludicrous is the figure before him. But, when Garrick acts this part, it is the discriminating critic who *first* applauds, and the rest of the spectators who follow suit. Garrick's Abel Drugger is an altogether different, and quite *unique* creation. Abstracted from every conceivable aspect of the author's conception, and completed by a vast knowledge of all the details which individualise, and a consummate command of all the arts which represent character, he not only improves the author's conception of the part, but he impersonates that improved conception in such a way as to render its most delicate and least salient characteristics immediately apparent and intelligible, even to the gods of the gallery. Without disturbing that paralysis of terror to which Weston's acting limits the humour of this part (and which, though convenient for broad comic effect, is made tedious by repetition), Garrick's minute by-play is never monotonous. The subtle variations of his countenance are incipient and inexhaustible; and poor Abel betrays, every minute, some fresh and previously unsuspected absurdity in the innermost fibre of his character. I will only mention, by way of example, a single trait, which Weston is quite incapable of imitating, and still more incapable of inventing. When the astrologers spell out the name of Abel Drugger in the stars, the poor gull says, with a certain self-satisfaction, '*That is my name.*' Now, Garrick gives to this satisfaction the quality of *secret* self-homage. He makes you at once understand that, at this moment, there is in the depths of Abel's confused sensations, a vague inarticulate sentiment that any open expression of self-satisfaction would be wanting in respect to the majesty of the stars. He turns softly aside from the astrologers, and, for a minute or two, you see him silently caressing and enjoying this new sensation, till the rapture of it gradually flushes the wrinkling

circles round his eyes, and at last overflows his whole countenance, as he half whispers to himself '*That is my name.*' The effect, upon all who behold it, of this unconscious betrayal of secret self-congratulation, is quite indescribable. You at once recognise in Abel Drugger, not only the passive stupidity of a born fool, but the active absurdity of a fool who is beginning to reason his way to a ridiculously high opinion of himself."

Lichtenberg, elsewhere, observes that Garrick's utterance of those four words, "That is my name," gave to the character of Abel Drugger a significance which would have astonished Ben Jonson. No doubt; for the words themselves are not to be found in the original play, which Mr. Gifford calls the "noblest effort of Jonson's genius." I know not who wrote the acting copy of the *Alchemist* which Lichtenberg saw acted at Drury Lane; but if it were Cibber, he was doubtless as innocent as Ben Jonson of the meanings given by Garrick to those words. I shall venture to detain the reader of this essay a few moments longer in presence of Lichtenberg's portrait of Garrick, before we look at Garrick's portrait of Hamlet.

Our German critic observes that those who preferred Quin to Garrick in the character of Sir John Brute, had mentioned to him, in support of their judgment, the fact that Quin was, in real life, "a sort of Sir John Brute;" and this very fact, he adds, made him more than ever suspicious of their judgment. One is reminded by this observation of Quin's portrait drawn by Churchill in the "*Rosciad.*"

"His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic, he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.

Nor less he pleased, when, on some surly plan
He was, at once, the actor and the man."

But Lichtenberg truly affirms that only a thorough-bred gentleman can act the blackguard without vulgarity.

"It requires," he says, "a perfect familiarity with the manners of good society to represent upon the stage a drunken debauchee, such as Sir John Brute, without shocking good taste, and offending the refinement of a cultivated audience. There are, unfortunately, Sir John Brutes in every class of society; and I suspect that Quin's Sir John Brute was the Sir John Brute of country squires, foxhunters, and tavern brawlers; whereas what Garrick shows us in this character is the good-for-nothing *gentleman*, the disreputable man of quality, who is at home in the best society. Now assuredly the effect which is made upon us by the representation of such a character as Sir John Brute, depends entirely upon the actor, and not upon the author. 'Tis the tone that makes the tune. The self-same oath which falls heavily and coarsely from the mouth that is sucking a clay pipe at a tavern, trips saucily, with a dainty grace, from between the lips of the fine gentleman who is sauntering along the Mall.

There are a hundred different ways of saying G—d—mn. By-the-bye, I must not omit to mention that Garrick's enemies, who put Quin above him on the ground that Quin was a real Sir John Brute, do not scruple to impute all manner of latent vices to Garrick's character because, forsooth, he plays Sir John Brute to the life.

"Most people appreciate in a comic actor nothing more than the purely comic effect of his acting; without examining whether this be the result of consummate art and humour, or simply due to the natural absurdities of a mere Jack Pudding. There are others whose sense of humour, for lack of good taste and knowledge of the world, can only be excited by excessive doses of the *vis comica*; and these latter always applaud an exaggerated realism. All such persons would openly condemn the acting of Garrick, if the utterance of their judgment were not checked by an uncomfortable fear of compromising the reputation of it. They have, therefore, no better means of safely gratifying their ignorance and bad taste than to compare him unfavourably with commonplace actors. Probably, in despite of his immense popularity, nine out of ten spectators are unable to see in Garrick all he shows them, or receive from him all that he gives. This, however, is an inconvenience which he shares with the greatest geniuses; with Hogarth,—and even with Shakespeare. Their intellect illuminates every cranny of the subject over which it plays; but the more or less that we discover in such a subject by the light of that illumination, must depend on the strength of our own eyesight.

"What gives to this man his astonishing ascendancy over our imagination, and his unrivalled command of our sympathies? Many things, no doubt. But much of it is probably due to his felicitous physical formation. There is in his physiognomy, his figure, and his gait, a peculiar distinction and charm which I have just now and then noticed in a few Frenchmen, but have never observed in any other Englishman. And when I say Frenchmen, I mean only French of the very highest society, and belonging to the elder generation; men who have passed middle age in a social sphere of the utmost refinement. For instance, when he turns to salute any one, it is not only his head and shoulders, or arms and legs, that come into play, but all these, all together, and every other part of the man, that simultaneously and harmoniously contribute, each its special grace, to the most refined expression of a supreme courtesy, such as could not have been surpassed by the greatest grand seigneur of the Court of Louis XIV. There is no man in England who can make Garrick's bow. When he enters upon the stage, simply as Garrick, in any part which does not demand from his countenance some set expression of cruelty, fear, hope, &c., there is in his regard a gracious somewhat that is irresistibly attractive. His stature is below the middle height; his frame is small, but marvellously compact; and the whole man is harmoniously held together. His limbs are exquisitely proportioned, and the keenest eye cannot detect a single defect, either in their structure or their movements. In these latter you always recognise that rich reserve of physical strength which pleases more by repression than display. Nothing in him is slipshod, slovenly, or slouching. No actor ever needed less elbow-room for effective gesture. And, where all other players overshoot the line of beauty by an inch or two, in giving free play to their arms and legs, Garrick hits it off to a hair, never missing, and never exceeding, it. Amongst other actors he moves like a man amongst *marionnettes*. His way of walking

across the stage, of shrugging his shoulders, of crossing his arms, of cocking his hat, or putting it on and taking it off, in short, whatever he does, is so easily and *securely* done, that the man appears to be *all right hand*. His intelligence is ubiquitous throughout every muscle of his body. No part of him is uninformed with soul. And all is so harmoniously proportioned ! The strong thigh, and shapely leg, taper, fine and finer, downwards, terminating in the neatest foot you ever saw ; and the powerful arm is attached by the most agreeable gradation of graceful outline to the small, and delicately expressive, hand. Nor is this rare union of strength and grace merely apparent. In that scene, in the *Alchemist*, where he boxes, he uses his legs and arms, and flits about so nimbly, that he seems to fly. In the dance in *Much Ado about Nothing*, he is distinguished by the airy lightness and fine firmness of his steps. When I saw him in that scene the public, in ecstasies, was so unconscionable as to encore its Roscius. You imitate, without knowing it, each expression of his varying countenance. Is he serious, so are you. Does he frown, your eyebrow twitches, and you frown with him : and if he smiles, you smile. When, in some *aside*, he appears to be taking the public into his confidence, there is something in the whole manner of the man so enjoyingly affable, that every heart goes forth to meet him.

“ You have doubtless heard much of his extraordinary power of change of face. Here is one example of it. When he played the part of Sir John Brute, I was close to the stage, and could observe him narrowly. He entered with the corners of his mouth so turned down as to give to his whole countenance the expression of habitual sottishness and debauchery. And this artificial form of the mouth he retained, unaltered, from the beginning to the end of the play ; with the exception only, that, as the play went on, the lips gaped and hung more and more in proportion to the gradually increasing drunkenness of the character he represented. This made-up face was not produced by stage paint, but solely by muscular contraction : and it must be so identified by Garrick with his idea of Sir John Brute as to be *spontaneously* assumed by him whenever he plays that part ; otherwise, his retention of such a mask, without ever once dropping it either from fatigue or surprise, even in the most boisterous action of his part, would be quite inexplicable. Now consider this. Many years have passed since the *ci-devant* law student, at the age of twenty-four, and to the horror of his very respectable bourgeois relations, suddenly commenced the career of an actor ; and, on his first appearance upon the boards of Goodman’s Fields, surpassed all the more experienced actors of that time. He started in this career with a good education, and every natural gift which can contribute to success in histrionic art. Ever since then he has been the idol of the public, the favourite of the great, the salt of good society. All the rising authors of England soon became his intimate friends. He helped to form them ; and they helped to form him. Before his penetrating faculty of observation the world lay open like a book printed in large type : and he soon knew it by heart ; knew, and could perfectly interpret, every character in it, from the *beau* of St. James’s to the bully of St. Giles’s. He has frequented, from his youth upwards, the great school in which Shakespeare was a student, and, like Shakespeare (who in that school became a master), he has never waited for the spark of inspiration to fall from the bosom of the gods, but has passed every hour of his days in careful, though intuitive, study of mankind. *In England, genius alone is not all-suffi-*

cient, as it is in Germany. I am by no means surprised that this immense, intricate, demiurgic London, where daily life and thought are ever pulsing at high pressure, should, from time to time, throw out authors whose works serve, for the more rudimental public of other nations, as rules and compasses whereby to make accurate measurements of human nature. But what does surprise me is, that London should not produce—I will not say more men such as Garrick, Hogarth, and Fielding, but—more men who, in their own departments of social life, are not as remarkable as are those three in their several departments of art. Knowledge of the world gives to author and actor an ascendancy over every class. The immense knowledge of the world which, by those who have any such knowledge, will be immediately recognised in Garrick's acting, may, perhaps, seem to be thrown out o' window, inasmuch as it is merely employed for the production of stage effects. But those only are rich, who are rich enough to throw away what their poorer fellow-creatures would hoard and treasure if they had it. Were Garrick to act a *gourmand* who, having before him a roast capon, should wish to ascertain by touch whether the bird were well roasted, I will bet that he would touch it only with the fourth finger of his left hand. All other fingers of either hand are too strong and have too little sentiment, for so delicate an investigation. But these are illustrative niceties of intelligence which one must discover, or imagine, for the service of one's own appreciation of an actor's character: by attempting to impose them upon the imagination of others, one incurs a great risk of falling into the ridiculous."

I am afraid that, in this clever remark, our German critic has not escaped the risk to which he refers. It is excellent criticism, but a bad illustration; and though it shows an admirable appreciation of the subtlety of Garrick's genius, it also betrays a praiseworthy ignorance of the nature of the *gourmand*; who assuredly would not employ the sense of touch at all for the satisfaction of his doubts as to the edible condition of a roast capon. But let us now hear what Lichtenberg has to tell us about Garrick in the part of Hamlet.

IV.

"Hamlet appears," says our informant, "in a suit of mourning, the only one which is to be seen at Court within a few months after the death of the late king. With him are Horatio and Marcellus: the two latter in uniform. They are awaiting the arrival of the ghost. Hamlet is walking up and down the stage, with his arms tightly folded high over his chest, and his hat pulled down low over his eyes, like a man who is struggling with strong inward emotion. The stage is darkened. The hour is midnight, and the night is bitter cold. You *feel* that the night is cold, and that there is witchery in the air. For there is something chilling and thrilling in the profound silence of the immense audience. The several thousand faces around us are strained and fixed as still as faces painted on a wall. All respiration seems suspended; and the hush of the whole house is so intense that you might hear a pin drop in the furthest corner of it. Hamlet is now in the far background of the stage, a little to the left. He has his back turned to the audience. At this moment, Horatio starts, and points to the right, where the ghost suddenly becomes visible to us all; I know not how, but as though it had all this while been there, though hitherto unperceived.

'Look, my lord, it comes!' Horatio cries. Garrick, at these words, rapidly turns round; and, instantly confronted by the ghost, he staggers backward three or four paces. His knees knock together; his legs seem giving way beneath him. His hat falls to the ground. His two arms are stretched out before him horizontally—the right arm quite straight, and the right hand on a level with his head: the left arm slightly curved, and the hand lower. The fingers of both hands are spread wide. The mouth gapes open. In this entreating, deprecating attitude, he remains for awhile perfectly motionless; like a man suddenly petrified by the terror from which he was endeavouring to escape. His two friends, who are already familiarised with the apparition, support his sinking frame. His countenance expresses such intense horror that, long before he uttered a word, I was seized with a cold shuddering. The silence of the audience was freezing and awful. All present experienced, in that moment, a general sensation of insecurity and fearful curiosity. Then, at length, he speaks; not with the *beginning*, but the *end* of a long respiration; and in half-suffocated tremulous accents, he exclaims faintly, 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' These words complete the tremendous effect of the scene, which they render the grandest and most terrible that was ever witnessed on the stage."

I cannot help thinking that Goethe must have had 'in his mind's eye' this portrait by Lichtenberg of Garrick's Hamlet, when he wrote his own admirable description of the same scene in *Wilhelm Meister*. But what a contrast it presents to us between the temperaments of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries! This Georg Christian Lichtenberg was a man of robust sense and wide culture, a satirist, a sceptic, a mathematician. Yet see how *naïf* and child-like is the terror with which he is impressed by the scene he has described to us! Nowadays the most unlettered bagman would be above such weakness; and had the genial critic of the *Saturday Review* been present, in all probability his only emotion in contemplating such a scene would have been one of curiosity about the mechanical contrivance for bringing the ghost upon the stage; and some anticipatory pleasure in the opportunity, doubtless about to be afforded by the clumsiness of it, for his subsequent ridicule of the stage-manager. The late Mr. Charles Kean has actually been beraised by the whole chorus of English critics for what they are pleased, in all seriousness, to call his "restoration of Shakespeare"—that is to say, for burying the spirit of Shakespeare under a huge rubbish-heap of painted pasteboard—a sad, though gaudy mausoleum of corrupted taste and departed good-sense; which neither the gibbering and squeaking of a wretchedly incompetent actor, nor the impudent puffing of an importunate press, nor yet the lamentable success of the whole concern as a commercial speculation, have prevented from being discreditable to the age which accepted it as an interpretation of Shakespeare.

But to return to Garrick:

Lichtenberg continues,—“The ghost beckons Hamlet to follow him. Could you but have seen Garrick in the movement, when he endeavours to rid himself of the two friends who are holding him back! It is only mechanically, and unconsciously, that he goes on speaking and struggling with Horatio and Marcellus. All this while his eyes are intensely fixed upon the ghost, and his whole being is in the look of those eyes. At last, however, he loses patience with this friendly hindrance which, till then, he has scarcely realised. He turns upon his two friends, shakes them off with impetuosity, and draws his sword upon them with a movement as flashingly rapid as his sudden perception of the impediment which they are placing in the way of his uncontrollable impulse. The effect of this movement upon the audience is striking, as he exclaims, ‘By heaven, I’ll make a ghost of him that lets me!’ That is enough for Horatio and Marcellus; for there is no withstanding the tone in which those words are uttered. They loose their hold upon the prince, who, with his drawn sword pointed in the direction of the ghost, then mutters, ‘Go on, I’ll follow thee.’ The ghost now recedes, and slowly disappears. Hamlet, however, remains, as it were, transfixed upon the spot whence he has last addressed the receding phantom; his sword still stretched before him, as though to put a certain distance between himself and the spectre in whose track he feels irresistibly urged forwards. Then, just as the spectator loses sight of the ghost altogether, the immovable figure of the prince begins to follow it; slowly, hesitatingly, like a man who is jerked onward from within, and is fearfully feeling his way over dangerous ground. From time to time he halts; then again advances, creepingly, with labouring breath; his gaze still fixed upon the spot where the ghost was last seen; his hair dishevelled; until, at last, him also we slowly lose sight of behind the scenes.”

I know not whether the readers of this paper have been more fortunate than myself; I hope they have; but I have never seen the scene above described, either on the English or the German stage, but what the struggle between Hamlet and his two companions appeared to me like a scuffle between three railway porters. It is a scene which is fatally provocative of attempts at originality upon the part of commonplace performers. I have seen and heard a German actor much applauded in it, for grasping his sword by the blade and brandishing the cross on the hilt of it in the face of the ghost, by way of superstitious safeguard in the acceptance of a supernatural invitation. This was by many critics declared to be a stroke of genius.

Lichtenberg tells us, what we are glad to hear, that the impression made by Garrick in the scene which our German critic has so well described, was made upon the *most intellectually sensitive audience in Europe*. Times are changed; but we may at least be proud of the past. Our German thinks that the sight of Garrick’s acting in this scene, was enough to kindle in every spectator whatever latent spark of histrionic talent nature might have given him, and that, in that moment, every man present wished to be an actor.

"But," he shrewdly adds, "here comes the difficulty. Acting like Garrick's, and writing like Shakespeare's, are the effects of causes profoundly hidden. It is easy to imitate them; or rather, not them, but the more or less plausible simulacrum of them, which the copyist produces with a fidelity in proportion to his own powers. This simulacrum of genius is often attained by talent; but between it and the true original there is always an impassable distance. What the house-painter produces may be as carefully finished, in its own way, as a picture by Raphael. But between it and Raphael's painting there can never be any comparison. Every actor who commands the plaudits of a large audience is not, for that reason, a Garrick. Nor is every author a Shakespeare, who blabs to the public some pretended secret of human nature, in a superannuated prose, chock-full of ostentatious violations of good taste. Smith is one of those clever imitative actors who have no intuitive, or personally acquired, knowledge of human nature, and only know the world at second hand. Before he had attained to his present well-merited reputation, he once played the scene we have been talking of. He resolved to model his action upon that of Garrick, but he was also anxious to display his own originality by adding something new. So, when the ghost appeared, he took off his hat to him in order to show becoming respect to the shade of his departed parent. In remembrance of that feat Mr. Smith got the nickname of 'Mr. Hamlet.' But 'tis a nickname which the town has already forgotten."

I have never seen Mr. Fechter in the part of Hamlet, but I have been told, I hope erroneously, that he too has performed precisely the same feat, without even Mr. Smith's claim to originality as the inventor of it, amidst the applause of London audiences.

"Garrick's wondrous grace of manner and movement," says Lichtenberg, "seems as though he had received it gratis from the hand of nature. But I am certain that it has cost him long self-training and careful study of the best types of high breeding in the best society of London; just as the style which we all so much admire in the oligographs of antiquity is assuredly not so much the wild fruit of a rich climate as the carefully developed flower of a splendid culture and the choice residuum of fastidious selection—the little saved out of much discarded. Add to this the presence of mind derived from a perfect consciousness of his own superiority. He has nothing to fear. The whole public look up to him; the very few whose personal value is above his own belong to that class which knows how to notice and be silent. In all he does and says you will not find the slightest trace of that nervous anxiety to please, which is so often displeasing in even good actors. When he acts the courtier or fine gentleman he is what he represents—a thorough man of the world and perfect grand seigneur, at home to-night in his own pasteboard court at Drury Lane, a guest to-morrow at the brilliant court of St. James's.

"In that admirable monologue, 'O that this too, too, solid flesh would melt,' &c., he works out, if I may use a mathematical term, a whole series of small equations, which serve to bring the action of *average* human nature up to the highest degree of individualised intensity. Tears of righteous affliction for the loss of so beloved and admirable a father (whose unweeping widow is a wife again before her weeds are a year old); tears the most difficult of all to suppress, because, in such a struggle between conflicting duties, they are the only solace

of an honest heart; tears restrained, yet ever starting from the bitter sources of a boundless resentment; overwhelm the utterance of Garrick when he exclaims, 'So excellent a king!' The last word of the sentence is submerged in a choking sob, inaudible, and yet visible in the inarticulate quiver of the lips, which immediately afterwards close convulsively, as though to break off too literal a translation of the secret grief, which thus vented might degenerate into unmanliness. 'So excellent a k....!' This revelation of unwept tears discovers to us simultaneously the heavy weight of a deep inward woe and the strength of the soul which is enduring it. At the close of the monologue a just impatience mingles its tones with those of Hamlet's lamentation; but just as his uplifted arm falls, like the stroke of a hatchet, to accentuate the climax of his scorn and indignation, the expected word which should accompany the action is, to the astonishment of the audience, not forthcoming. It fails altogether for an instant, re-emerging the instant after from the deepest depths of a profound emotion, all heavy and weak with the inward tears in which it has been plunged. At that moment my neighbour and I, who *till* that moment had not uttered a word to each other, suddenly grasped hands, and simultaneously ejaculated some inarticulate cry—I know not what. The effect was irresistible and utterly indescribable."

Our estimate of Garrick's genius should, I think, be heightened by the foregoing description; for it indicates the incommensurable elevation of effect which may be given to the written word of even the greatest author, when it is uttered by a great actor. There is some danger, perhaps, lest the once careless depreciation of Shakespeare's marvellous art, be now succeeded by an equally careless and much too uninquisitive and slavish assumption of its absolute perfection. What is the *raison d'être* of Hamlet's conduct? Goethe has described it as the oppression suffered by the mind of Hamlet under the weight of a deed which he feels himself unable to carry out. Gervinus has declared that, with this explanation, Goethe has plucked out the heart of Hamlet's mystery; and that the famous chapters in *Wilhelm Meister* have exhausted all that is to be said upon the subject. This opinion, so far as I know, is either tacitly or expressly adopted by every modern critic who has undertaken to prove, by analytical demonstration, the exquisite art of the tragedy. I must confess, however, that my immense reverence for Goethe as an unrivalled critic, has never quite convinced me that his hypothesis is thoroughly exhaustive of all the facts which Shakespeare sets before us in this tragedy; or, perhaps, I should rather say that it seems to me to leave unclosed between those facts, sundry gaps in which there is still room for doubts and guesses. Accepting Goethe's explanation, we must attribute to Hamlet an affection for his dead father, not only so intense and overwhelming, but also so pure and free from selfish admixture, as to leave dramatically inexplicable, even after every allowance made for the postulated weakness of his character, Hamlet's continuous trifling with the urgent duty laid upon him by the ghost; if it were not that the effect of this emotion

is continually checked, and held in suspense, by a conflicting sentiment of lingering tenderness and filial compassion for his mother; whose fate is terribly involved in the vengeance which her son is secretly sworn to execute upon her present husband. In the conflict of these two forces, whose opposed activities result in prolonged inaction, we have the elements of a highly dramatic, and intensely tragic situation. But what evidence has Shakespeare given us of the strength and quality which we hereby attribute to these antagonistic emotions? We have no indication whatever of any excessive tenderness for his mother, on the part of Hamlet. On the contrary; with all her faults, the Queen appears to cherish for her son a sort of feminine fondness which is, on the whole, stronger than any affection which she either merits or receives from him in return. Of Hamlet's previous relations with his father we know very little; and the little that we do know does not imply any extraordinary intimacy between them. The late king was, we are told, a model monarch, and we have every reason to believe that he was also a conscientious and affectionate parent. As a general rule, all good fathers are loved by all good sons. But filial affection, especially of a son for a father, is not, as a general rule, so intense a sentiment as to become the exclusive motive power of a man's whole life. To render dramatically natural the assumed exceptional intensity of such a sentiment, it must be associated by the dramatist with our knowledge of something exceptional in the circumstances out of which it springs. What were those circumstances in the case of Hamlet?

It is obvious that during his father's lifetime the prince's social position must have been an extremely pleasant one. He was heir-apparent to a throne which had been rendered popular and illustrious by the virtues of its occupant. In the fruits of that popularity his position, as the only son of "so excellent a king," constituted him, by inheritance, co-partner. He doubtless revered and loved the parent to whose virtues he owed so much, and to whose throne he would succeed in the course of nature. Meanwhile, he stood conspicuous at the right hand of that throne; and, next to the king his father, the foremost figure in the Court of Denmark. The sudden death of the king, and his mother's subsequent marriage, grievously reverse this position. Claudius, who had hitherto been a mere accessory to the court of the elder Hamlet, an insignificant family appendage, now mounts the throne to which Hamlet had considered himself the rightful heir. And the prince, who was everything yesterday, is nobody to-day. It is not merely a parent, it is all that is pleasant in life which Hamlet thus loses. No excessive filial affection is needed to account for excessive resentment on the part of a man thus wrongfully deprived of his rightful position in the world; which then, indeed, becomes out of joint to him. And, in many of

his utterances throughout the play, Hamlet fully betrays the natural but intense soreness, with which he is habitually brooding over the loss of his personal importance and legitimate position. But this, though a natural, is a more or less selfish sentiment. And if we add to it the suspicion of foul play, then the vehemence of Hamlet's hatred for his uncle would doubtless intensify the utterance of that professed affection for his father, whereby this hatred must be justified in his own eyes. Again, as regards Hamlet's sentiment towards his mother. Eldest sons in princely circumstances almost invariably feel themselves aggrieved by a mother's second nuptials. When those nuptials oust them from their legitimate inheritance, the disgust thereby inspired is much more attributable to injured interests and offended pride, than to wounded affection; although the latter sentiment affords a pretext so obvious and so convenient, that it is perhaps unconsciously adopted by delicate natures to justify the manifestation of such disgust. A son may tenderly love his widowed mother. But he loves her with a *protecting* tenderness, which is probably connected with the flattering consciousness of her exclusive dependence upon his affection. He must naturally regard her as a part of his domestic property, perhaps the most precious part of it; but still a property, the ownership of which he is, in his heart of hearts, indisposed to surrender to the claim of a stranger. And this sentiment is quite independent of the affection whereby it is often, though not always, accompanied. A man may possess even a chimney ornament which he does not greatly care about, yet the cool appropriation of which by some intrusive neighbour he would doubtless resent, and which he would certainly object to see displayed, without his permission, on another man's mantelpiece. Now, if we fairly examine the situation of Hamlet at the opening of this play, I think we must admit not only that the state of mind which I have indicated, and in which there is a certain basis of *selfish*, though not unjustifiable, resentment, is appropriate to such a situation, but also that even the most high-minded and unselfish character, if suddenly placed in that situation, could hardly fail to be more or less affected by the sentiments which are involved in such a state of mind. But on the part of the character which Shakespeare has assigned to Hamlet, action must be paralysed by even a suspicion (which, if once entertained, would continually recur to torment its entertainer) of some lurking defect in the fundamental motives of a deed so terrible in itself, and so temptingly advantageous to the doer, that before the tribunal of a fastidiously sensitive conscience nothing but perfect purity of motive could redeem the execution of it from a retrospective charge of criminality. Such an explanation of Hamlet's inaction is so consistent with our general knowledge of human nature, that it is irresistibly suggested by an

unemotional review of Hamlet's position. But it places the whole play before us from a point of view which is utterly destructive of stage effect. And from this dilemma we can only be extricated by the aid of a great actor; who, recasting the author's conception in the fire of his own genius, can infuse into the part he plays whatever is wanting to make us see and understand it from some more theatrically effective point of view. In that overwhelming filial affection of which the spectator must needs be convinced before he can thoroughly interest himself in the stage representation of Hamlet's character, whatever may appear insufficiently explained by Shakespeare's written words was doubtless immediately explained, or better still, revealed beyond all need of explanation, by Garrick's uttered sobs in the monologue, which Lichtenberg has so minutely described to us.

These letters about Garrick are, indeed, so full of interesting observations, that one is constantly tempted to interrupt the course of those observations in order to follow out the reflections they suggest. The indulgence of that temptation has brought the present essay to its utmost limits. Many pages, however, still claim to be transcribed from the work which we have hereby undertaken to reintroduce to the countrymen of Garrick and Shakespeare. The author of it has preserved for us, in a very elaborate picture, the image of the greatest English actor as he appeared in one of his greatest parts to an English audience a hundred years ago. It is a full-length portrait, and larger than our present canvas. This rough tracing of it must therefore remain unfinished for a while. But, with the editor's permission, I shall hope to continue and complete it in a subsequent number; by translating Lichtenberg's description of Garrick in the succeeding scenes of *Hamlet*, and his thoughtful criticisms of Garrick's delivery, by-play, and costume. Meanwhile we must lock up our lumber-room.

ROBERT LYTTON.

A HETERODOX VIEW OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

EVERY European nation has been scandalised by the unworthy jealousy France has shown towards Germany during her efforts at unification, and, up to the fatal day of Sedan, every public man exclaimed, "Served her right." Nevertheless, judging France from the moral stand-point of Europe, was there not something to be said for her? It was hard to give up the position of unquestioned military supremacy which she had gained during the last half century; and her natural jealousy was associated with the still more cruel passion of fear. The history of Prussia, too, from the time of the great Frederick, is a record of annexations, not always due to natural causes, to the plebiscites of admiring populations anxious to group themselves under the ægis of the black eagle. It is, then, excusable, to a certain extent, that the French, unlike ourselves, were not altogether absorbed in admiration of the unity of Germany, —meaning, as it did, the formation of a terrible military Power, which might, indeed, be merely defensive, but which might also be used with effect on France, as it had been on Denmark. Of course we all know how largely the future prospects of the boy Louis, and of the herd of Napoleonic placemen, had to do with the war; but there was something behind all this,—the natural jealousy of a great Power, overshadowed, and, I may add, menaced, by a newly-born greater Power.

We English repudiate such unworthy motives as jealousy; nevertheless, what is all this fear of ours about the aggrandisement of Russia? The same dangerous passion, with infinitely less excuse. True it is, that we are naturally indignant at the breach of so-called international law involved in the declaration of a Government which openly avows its intention of setting aside a solemn treaty. Still, the real origin of all this, of the treaty in question, and of the Crimean War itself, is unquestionably a deep jealousy of Russia in the East.

With due respect for the awful Plenipotentiaries who decided the fate of the Levant in the spring of 1856 at Paris, it seems to me that they showed a considerable amount of simplicity in supposing that Russia, or indeed any nation, would submit for an indefinite time to stipulations involving national humiliation. Force, energetically applied, will doubtless cause an individual, or a nation, to submit to anything. It is conceivable that Russia might have so far conquered us as to be able to make us send our minister annually to

Tzarsko 'Seloe, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, to do penance before the Emperor; but I doubt if we should have observed the solemn stipulation any longer than our weakness forced us so to do. Had the Emperor instead made us pay a large indemnity, or even made us cede certain colonies, we should have paid up and ceded with comparative cheerfulness,—and there would have been an end of the matter, as far as we were concerned.

It so happened that we were victorious, and, in addition to making the Emperor cede a certain territory, we imposed on him, and on the whole nation, a striking humiliation. Russia must not have a fleet on a sea two-thirds of the shore of which belong to her; while Turkey may be accumulating on the Bosphorus a powerful iron-clad navy, commanded and instructed by British ex-naval officers. Could such a stipulation endure? Thank God, the danger of a second Russian war has passed; a war avowedly undertaken to maintain a treaty intrinsically objectionable, of proved inutility, and which will doubtless be profoundly modified at the Conference. Meantime I propose to make a few reflections on our policy, past and present, with regard to the Ottoman Empire.

Let us ask, if it would be wise, under any conceivable circumstances, again to undertake a war with Russia for the sake of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire?

Should we have for our ally France? Surely war for any cause short of national independence, will be out of the question for her for this generation. Would Austria be a desirable ally? She would furnish men, and we money. Italy too might, or might not, be an ally on the same terms. A grim prospect for us tax-payers. And what is the cause that would inspire us to such sacrifices? The cause of Conservatism in its worst form. We should fight to maintain the present unsatisfactory state of Eastern Europe, to rivet Moslem chains on millions of Christians, and to check the advance of Russia. In other words, we should fight against natural forces, which could only be delayed to the world's detriment. We can never resuscitate the Turkish Empire. The more we fight for its "independence," the more dependent upon us it becomes.

Supposing the dogs of war once more let loose, it is not altogether useless, in view of possibilities, to inquire what Russia would oppose to us. It is more than probable that she would repeat the game played a little too late for her purposes in 1856, that of exciting Persia against us, and, through Persia, the Moslems of India. Suppose then, that, in addition to a war with Russia, we had another Indian Mutiny, this time possibly better organised. If the suppression of that Mutiny taxed all our resources, and drove the nation mad with terror and cruelty in 1857, how would it be, say, in 1871,

with England drained of all her army, fighting Russia on the Danube? And what of Ireland and America?

The old Whig and Tory rule of religious ascendancy and landlord government has unquestionably formed not only Ireland into a hostile country, but has raised another Ireland in the United States; and the Conservative love of slavery and the slave-drivers, so ostentatiously shown during America's agony, even to cheering the escape of the Alabama, has put us in an unfortunate position with the greatest republic in the world, whose goodwill is of consequence to the greatest potentates of Europe, and which has openly and in various ways avowed its determination to punish us on the first favourable opportunity.

During the last Polish insurrection, when Lord Russell was scolding Russia so severely, it is said there was a formidable Russian squadron anchored at New York, with instructions to sail at once to Melbourne to make "requisitions" there the moment the declaration of war reached them; and war seemed, to the Russians at least, not unlikely at that time. Possibly the same orders were given to some Russian squadron more recently, and the result of such a step might be the breaking-up of our colonial empire. Fancy Melbourne called on to pay three or four millions sterling forthwith on behalf of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire. I fear that the loyalty which rioted in welcoming the Duke of Edinburgh, would scarcely stand the test of ruin, undergone in a cause for which the colonists have no sympathy, and which they scarcely understand.

The fitting out of scores of Alabamas from American ports, the avowed sympathy for the enemy of the Americans, the revival of Fenianism, and sundry other complications, would so strain our relations with America that it is scarcely possible we could keep at peace with her; and then farewell to Canada. We could not even pretend to protect that country against a nation that could place twenty soldiers in the field to every one of ours. It is to be hoped that we should be able to prevent an Irish-American army from landing in Ireland: a far easier task than maintaining the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire.

But are we bound in honour to uphold the Turkish empire and entangle ourselves with treaties on behalf of that Government, and are we bound to keep a watch upon Russia lest she become too strong for Europe? Why should we maintain the Ottoman Government any more than that of Morocco, which a few years ago was invaded and despoiled by Spain amidst the general indifference of Europe? Because Constantinople is such a magnificent position for a great Power, which, holding that city with the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles, could, it is said, dictate to Europe, and especially cut off our communications with India.

In order to preserve our communications with India against a supposed danger we have undertaken to shed rivers of British blood, to spend a hundred millions of money, and to keep under a blighting despotism the fairest regions of the world which are already laid waste by Turkish barbarism.

The aggressions of Russia have, it must be confessed, long ago aroused the jealousies of Europe, especially of that nation whose aggressions can only compare with hers. We detest and loathe our vices when they are mirrored in our neighbour.

Like the English, the Russians have usually despoiled savage nations. The Poles, though claiming to be civilised, were, with the exception of a small class, almost as barbarous as any of her victims. The Tartars of the Crimea, the various tribes of Cossacks, the Georgians, Mingrelians, Lesghians, Persians, are all barbarous people who provoke an organised Power to take their territory. The process has a certain sameness in it all over the world. The tribe nearest the Russian outpost on the Caucasus, or the British outpost on the Sulej, makes raids upon some tribe under the protection of the flag; complaints are made to the central authority, which is too weak to punish; the offence is again and again repeated, until at last the Government, Russian or English, is urged in self-defence to take another strip of territory, to make a broader river or a higher range of mountain the new frontier. In such cases civilisation must be aggressive, or it must succumb to barbarism. If the former allows its frontier subjects to be despoiled of their cattle, how can it in justice tax them for protection?

Much sympathy and indignation have been wasted on this matter. The Russians especially have been vilified on account of their mode of dealing with the Circassians. These tribes have been pictured as the most perfect physical types of the human race. Their beauty is not exaggerated and their patriotism is beyond question, though it partakes more of religious fanaticism than what we understand by patriotism. However, granting them these virtues, the fact remains that they are essentially robbers, as the poor Christians in Bulgaria and Asia Minor, where thousands of them have been quartered by the Turks, know too well; and the Russians were bound in self-defence to extend their frontier further and further until the whole country was absorbed.

At the time of the Crimean war great hopes were entertained that these Circassians would prove valuable allies, so certain adventurous gentlemen were sent as British envoys to rouse them to combine and fight against their old enemy. When our fleet had caused the evacuation of the small Russian forts on the coast, the Circassians condescended to rush down the hills and pillage them, and then and there ended all their co-operation. The Russians actually maintained

complete communication with their armies in the trans-Caucasian provinces through a line of deep and perilous defiles, and Mouravieff invested Kars for six months without apparently troubling his head about these romantic Circassians; and when Omer Pasha landed in Mingrelia to pretend to make a diversion in favour of the doomed fortress, where was the co-operating Circassian army? We learned afterwards that our jealous allies, the Turks, had carefully insensed these mountaineers, that the "Ingleez" were hog-eating infidels whom it would be better to have nothing to do with; for how could God's blessing rest on a cause for which the uncircumcised fought? *Finis Circassiæ!*

It is true that at times the civilised race is shamelessly aggressive. This results from the greed of employment on the part of ambitious military officers, and the arrogance of a race which has learned to despise the weaker ones. No words are too strong to denounce the violent aggressions, the arrogant contempt of all laws, human and divine, the trampling under foot of sacred justice, which Russia has shown more than once in dealing with weaker nations. I should say that these Muscovites had almost equalled the English in these outrages, had I not in my mind such cases as the Chinese war, the Affghanistan invasion, and the conquest of Burmah.

I confess myself stupid enough not to be able to see how Russia would become the mistress of the world, or even threaten European liberty, by the possession of Constantinople and the Dardanelles. What, let us ask, has been the result of her encroachments in these regions so far? Before the war of 1828 no European trading-vessel was allowed to enter the Black Sea. It was a sort of fabled region, the people living on the coasts in a state of barbarism and isolation, and the only trade being that in slaves—some of these the daughters of Circassian fathers who sold them, others the spoil of Moslem slave-hunters, who regularly made raids upon Christian villages to carry off young girls and boys for the Constantinople slave-market, as now in Central Africa.

The first effect of the Russian victories was to open the Black Sea to the merchant-fleets of all nations; and no people on earth, save the natives, have gained more from this Russian measure than the English. Supposing, then, that the Russians made another advance southward, is it not possible that the better Government they would introduce would raise these countries to be better markets for the world?

At present Constantinople is but a huge collection of wooden huts, periodically burned down by hundreds. Its so-called streets are but narrow, ill-paved lanes, infested by mangy dogs, and impassable to carriages. All the commerce worth speaking of is carried on by the Christians, and these are incessantly striving to cast off their alle-

giance and become the subjects of some foreign power who can protect them. These Christian people, though representing exclusively all that has any commercial life in the empire, forming, as it were, the arterial blood of the body politic, are nevertheless regarded as pariahs and outcasts by their arrogant and lazy Moslem lords; *for, in defiance of treaty, the oath of a Christian is not even yet received in a Turkish court of justice.*

The environs of Constantinople form a roadless desert. I believe I scarcely exaggerate when I assert that, excepting the French main road between Beyrout and Damascus, the only road in the Turkish empire is that on which the Sultan takes his evening drive. True, we hear from time to time of so many leagues of road made by such-and-such reforming pashas, but these so-called roads never stand a winter's rain. Strangest fact of all, each foreign nation governs its own subjects, even in the capital of the Sultan. We have a judge, a court, a prison, all in this city. We dare not for a moment allow a British subject to be dealt with by a Turkish *cadi*. We have even our own Post-office, like every other European power.

Would not a Russian government be an immense improvement on all this, and a great boon to humanity? Might we not expect roads, streets, stone houses, and every civilised convenience? Might we not expect an enormous increase of population, comparatively well-governed, consuming British products, and exporting what we want?

But how would Russia menace from Constantinople the freedom of mankind? When this opinion was axiomatic, there was, I admit, some ground for it. Sixty or seventy years ago the liberties, even of England, were far from being secure under some of our ministers and kings, or with such judges as Lord Ellenborough on the bench; while Europe was bound hand and foot in the icy bonds of despotism, Russia was a bulwark of despotism, so was Austria, while Prussia was little more than a Russian province, and Italy a mere geographical expression. The hopes of freedom were centred in France and England. How all this has changed I need scarcely remark. Prussia, or rather Germany, is not likely anxiously to consult the whims of a despot at St. Petersburg; England would find the blockade of the Dardanelles about the easiest feat her navy ever undertook; while Austria, Italy, and even Spain, could hardly be counted on to aid any attempt at Russian aggrandisement towards Europe, but very decidedly the reverse. The fact is, that absolutism is sick at heart all the world over, and has enough to do to keep up, even the old-fashioned forms of royalty. It has given up the game; and, under the name of constitutionalism, it has compromised with republicanism—retaining the crown, but giving the power to the people.

It is true that if Russia seated herself at Constantinople, and if

she advanced still further south, and if she were a strong naval as well as military power, and if she quarrelled with us, she would doubtless endeavour to cut off our communication with India *via* Egypt; but there is no end to such possibilities, and if we are to fight to anticipate them, we had better begin by destroying the French Mediterranean fleet, which is a much more immediate danger.

The Russians have been often accused, and I fear with justice, of intriguing to keep Turkey weak and ill-governed for her own selfish purposes. An abominable policy. But is ours much better? We, too, desire to have an Ottoman empire weak enough to submit to our control and bend to our policy, so that we may count always on an easy passage to our Indian possessions.

I am well aware that there is a party in England, rich in intelligence and Turkish scrip, who maintain that the Turks are very superior to any of the Christian races; and that Turkey is progressing satisfactorily, if not rapidly; and that religious fanaticism is at the bottom of this denunciation of a Mahometan empire. For my own part, I beg to assure my readers that I am absolutely free from religious bigotry. From my personal observation I fully believe that the Turkish peasantry are of superior morals to the Christians. Naturally, from their position, they have not the vices of slaves; they are truthful, hospitable, and honest; but their government is utterly vile, and there is no hope of improvement as long as it is composed of palace favourites and slaves of the harem. The morals of the Koran are much the same as those of the Old Testament, and a genuinely pious Moslem is a pure and upright man; and I really do not see why we should quarrel with a nation any more than with an individual, on account of its professed religion, unless it governs religiously; in other words, disqualifies and persecutes a portion of its subjects on account of their creed. Then we have a right to be indignant at having our own vices copied and probably improved upon.

The Christians of Turkey, mostly of the Greek faith, are profoundly satisfied with their religion, and never admit that Protestants are Christians. Nevertheless, the English and Greeks hold certain dogmas in common, and differ on other grave points. The English hold the Catholic doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son; the Greeks reject the "Filioque,"—"without doubt they shall perish everlastingly." They hold by an infallible Church; we by an infallible Book, which we are about to revise. They denounce the faculty of private judgment; we, as Protestants, maintain and defend that right for all who agree with us. As for the principles of the New Testament, neither nation allows them for a moment to interfere with money-making, fighting, or any other favourite human diversion, though I must

admit that our Eastern brethren do not go so far as to sell the cure of souls by auction. Mr. Consul Cathcart describes the inferior clergy as miserably poor, while the upper ranks roll in riches, "and are generally mixed up in every intrigue by which any money, influence, or position, is to be obtained" (he is describing the Greek, not the English clergy); and other travellers testify to their dislike of all intellectual light.

But are the Turks improving? If so, why is it necessary to support them, seeing they have a larger, and, in natural resources, a richer territory, than any other European power? It is absurd to uphold the independence of a foreign State. It ceases to exist the moment we support it. And any one observing the style of diplomacy at Constantinople will at once understand the meaning of this. All the ambassadors assume, more or less, the style and functions of rival cabinet ministers, who have a right to be heard on matters of a purely domestic nature.¹ I have already observed that foreign criminals are tried by their own courts; but, besides this, it constantly happens that the ambassador of one European Power protests against the appointment of a certain pasha, while the ambassador of another Power supports him, and an unseemly under-hand struggle ensues. Lord Russell, referring to this domestic interference, says, "It would be a public, nay, a European misfortune, if the representatives of the Great Powers should assume the patronage of some favoured minister of the Porte, and endeavour to maintain him in wealth and dignity at the expense of the essential welfare of the State, and of the unfortunate peasantry of the provinces." Besides these ambassadors, scores of foreign consuls are likewise squabbling and intriguing with the provincial governors. A few years ago our Government determined to turn over a new leaf, and the consuls were strictly enjoined to meddle no more in domestic matters. The consequence of this was that the petty governors, relieved of the fear of the consuls, began such a course of horrible tyranny and abuse of power, that, I believe, the rule was relaxed, and the main use of these British functionaries is now to be missionaries of humanity, and keep in check the Turkish satraps.

(1) The most amusing example to my mind of this domestic interference was that afforded by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who, on taking leave of the late Sultan Abdul Mejid, rated him soundly on his harem expenses. "Judging from his manner and countenance," says his lordship, "I feel a strong persuasion that he is deeply grieved by the extravagance which has been disclosed, and sincerely inclined to regulate the Imperial establishment for the future on sounder principles. But the difficulty of regulating his intentions cannot be concealed. One of the Turkish Ministers informed me that in six months the debts incurred on the civil list had amounted to no less a sum than £3,000,000 sterling."

We used to pity poor Abdul Mejid when he was forced from time to time to issue from his harem and undergo a *mauvais quart d'heure* with Lord Stratford. It was commonly reported that he fortified himself for the occasion with half-a-bottle of brandy.

On the accession of the present Sultan it was diligently spread abroad that he was monogamous and rigidly economical, and about to become a Peter the Great. Poor fellow, how could any one know or predict what he was to be? He had been a prisoner all his life, condemned to have his children destroyed, and lead the life of a captive bird in a gilded cage. He is just as fond of spending money as his predecessors, he keeps an enormous harem, and his craze is iron-clad vessels. With sailors who dread the sea, and with Russia bound to have no navy on the Black Sea, he has spent millions on this new plaything, and engaged Captain Hobart to instruct his admirals.

We have, from time to time, books from tourists, which are not much to be relied on. Some are written by religious enthusiasts, some by crotchety would-be Orientalists, and many take a violent, one-sided view of the Eastern Question; but most, if not all, of the authors are mere tourists, who look at the country through the eyes of a dragoman. I read one of these books, a few years ago, which gave a brilliant account of Turkish progress. The other day I saw that the author had gained a Turkish appointment. After all, short of living some years in the country (as I have done), the best guides are the Diplomatic and Consular Reports.

Sir Henry Bulwer, one of our most distinguished diplomatists, says—"Wherever the Turk is sufficiently predominant to be implicitly obeyed, laziness, corruption, extravagance, and penury, mark his rule; and wherever he is too feeble to exact more than a doubtful and nominal authority, the system of government which prevails is that of the Arab robber and the lawless Highland chieftain." Fancy an ambassador writing thus of a friendly Power, to the Court of which he was accredited.

I regret I have not space to give *in extenso* the Consular Reports showing the deplorable condition of anarchy to which Turkish rule has reduced lands which were once teeming with population, and covered with magnificent cities. Consul Skene says, "I have visited a fertile district which possessed one hundred villages twenty years ago, and found only a few lingering fellahs." He says the medjlis, or provincial council, "composed of cruel, venal, and rapacious accomplices, oppresses the people, and enriches itself; while pashas are powerless, when willing, to cope with its collusive chicanery." The miserable peasant is squeezed by every one; when his grain is threshed and ready for sale, he must not move it until the tithe is taken by the tithe farmer; and the latter, armed by the power of Government, can make him sell the produce under its value, unless bribed to allow it to be harvested.

The latest papers issued from the Foreign Office "relating to the condition of Christians in Turkey" show that sundry roads have

been begun, but not continued, the authorities having pocketed the funds. The Vice-Consul at Cyprus found a district specially taxed for the making of a road which had been abandoned, but the special tax continued.

Vice-Consul Sankey says: "In the district of Toulteha a Christian lost three horses, which he afterwards saw in possession of a Mussulman. The case came before the *cadi*. The plaintiff offered the testimony of every man in his village, any of whom could swear to the horses. He must produce two Turks. It was in vain he insisted that no Turks lived in his village. 'No Turks, no horses;' so he had to pay £3 to two Turks to bear witness."

I could fill a large volume with quotations from recent Consular Reports, proving that the condition of Turkey is as rotten as ever.

During the debate on this subject in 1863, Mr. Layard made a very eloquent speech in defence of Turkey; and while ably defending his Mussulman friends, proved that the Christians of Turkey were mainly guilty of oppressing their fellow-citizens. "A Christian," he said, "may manage to escape from a Turkish oppressor, but he can with difficulty avoid the scrutinising rapacity of his fellow-Christian." He quoted sundry consuls to this effect, proving the lawless rapacity of the higher class of the Greek priesthood, all of which argument was to show how admirably-governed a country Turkey was! I think Mr. Layard proved rather too much; it is difficult to see how the plundering of poor Christians by rich Christians, both living under a despotic authority, would show how well that authority performed its governmental functions.

But the Conference is assembled to discuss the question of a repudiated treaty. The breaking of a treaty, the contempt of a solemn engagement, is worse than the repudiation of one. The Emperor Nicholas declared war on Turkey because she refused to allow him officially to protect her Christian subjects. We at once concluded that his assertions as to their ill-treatment, and his wish to protect them, were insincere, and came forward to fight on behalf of the innocent Turk. Before the war was over, when we saw Christian villages ruined, the people killed, and the survivors flying from the troops of their sovereign to the enemy for protection, we began to have misgivings on this matter; and at the close of the war we imposed upon the Turks the *Hat y Humaioon*, an Act containing certain stipulations with regard to the treatment of the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

This Act sets forth that the lives, possessions, and honour of all classes of the Sultan's subjects are inviolable.

That Christian and Mussulman are equal before the law; that offences against religious feelings and consciences are rendered penal; that Christian evidence be admitted on a parity with Mussulman;

that Christians share equally with Mussulmans the rights and duties of military service ; that foreigners may acquire real property ; that revenue-farming, particularly with reference to agriculture, is abolished. These are a few of the most important of the stipulations in question, and the Consular Reports up to the year 1867, eleven years after the treaty of Paris, prove that all these stipulations are violated. Four years after the treaty, Europe was horror-struck by the massacres of the Lebanon and Damascus. Three years later occurred the bombardment of Belgrade. Had we not better declare war on Turkey for her breach of a solemn engagement ?

I hear people contending that we are bound to support Turkey, as there is nothing else to put in her place ; that, if we leave things alone, Russia will replace the Turks to the detriment of Europe ; or if Europe contents itself with simply keeping Russia out, still the Turks must be supported or there will be anarchy.

I have already expressed my humble opinion that the advent of Russia to Constantinople and the adjacent country would be of good rather than harm to Europe, though I confess it would cause a pang to our jealousy, and disturb that ever-shifting intangible entity called the balance of power—a European Moloch which has consumed its hecatombs of human sacrifices. It would do good, because it would introduce order and prosperity and commerce ; but there is another view to be taken of this Eastern question, and perhaps a more hopeful one. Suppose we allow Eastern Europe to settle its own affairs without our interference.

Austria and Turkey are much in the same position ; but it would be impossible for Austria to join her forces with a purely Mahometan despotism to keep the Russians in check. If left to herself, unsupported by the Western Powers, she would be bound to make common cause with the Christian populations.

Surely nature is not so poor in resources in countries which once have been foremost amongst nations, as to make the destinies of millions dependent on the antiquated policy of an alien Government, living thousands of miles distant. If these countries were unmolested by the pestilent meddling of the Western Powers, they would find a way out of their difficulty. Already we have the most hopeful signs. During the discussions following on Russia's declaration concerning the treaty of 1856, the official newspaper of Belgrade, *Vidrodan*, replying to the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, which recently declared that the tranquillity of the East was conditional upon Russia being satisfied, says : " Our contentedness is not dependent upon the relations subsisting between Russia and the Porte, but upon the execution of sincere reforms, which shall improve the condition of Servia and Bulgaria. We alone are competent to say what satisfies us. No one is entitled to speak in our name."

Let us inquire who it is that thus speaks. Within the lifetime of many now living, Servia was a mere Turkish province, and groaned under the oppression of Turkish dahis, who respected neither life, property, nor chastity. From time to time the boldest spirits, or those whom ruin had driven to despair, would take to the mountains and become patriotic brigands. At length conspiracies and rebellions became frequent, and the dahis rebelling against the Sultan, the latter employed the too-willing Christians to aid him, and eventually the Servians secured a sort of domestic independence. During the last fifty years this interesting people has slowly and gradually emerged from barbarism and subjection to liberty and comparative civilisation. Belgrade, the capital, is no longer an Asiatic village, but more like a German town; while a complete system of education, an admirable judiciary, a senate, and a representative Chamber, elected by universal suffrage, attest the enormous strides towards a complete national life made by a people who were sunk in abject slavery fifty years ago. During the last ten years, they have gone through the most dangerous crises. Nine years ago their capital was bombarded by the governor of the Turkish fortress; for European diplomacy had contrived, in the interests of conservatism, to inflict on the Servians seven Turkish garrisons in as many towns. After the bombardment, a desperate diplomatic struggle ensued to get rid of these Turkish garrisons; and, after about six years, the feat was accomplished, though the Turks were strongly supported by the British Foreign Office up to the advent of Lord Stanley. The Servians, meantime, contrived to arm and organise their nation on the Swiss model, and to establish a complete arsenal in the mountainous centre of their principality; so that, in any Eastern complication, Servia will now speak with a force behind her of 200,000 organised riflemen, an excellent staff of officers, a powerful artillery, and a territory of forest and mountain. Moreover, she is the nucleus of about eight millions of Slavonians on the right bank of the Danube.

And how many millions of civilised Slavonians are there living under the Austrian flag? Will these be easily swallowed up by Russia, or quietly see Russia enslave their brethren? Would they not rather form some independent government of their own? Earl Russell has warned the Russian Government of the existence of national aspirations on the part of these people. "All these Powers must be aware," he says, "that there exists a conspiracy scarcely concealed in all the provinces of European Turkey to throw off the yoke of the Sublime Porte and substitute for it some kind of anarchy." Well, let these people have anarchy, if they prefer it to the rule of "the Arab robber and the lawless Highland Chieftain," which is the worst and most hopeless form of anarchy; though we may comfort ourselves with the idea that in the vocabulary of a Whig minister

every kind of Republicanism is anarchy, and that there are nations like Switzerland who thrive under it.

That the experiment of an independent Greece has been most unfortunate, is a remark I often hear. But reflect for a moment how Greece, from the very first moment of her existence, has been pestered and demoralised by the European Powers. The Tory statesmen of Europe confined the new kingdom to a barren tract, capable of starving a peasantry into brigands, and deprived a maritime race of islands which they had fairly won during the revolutionary struggle. Even Metternich said the new kingdom should be larger, or not exist at all. It was scarcely wise to secure the independence of one part of a people, surrounded by their kindred yearning to join them in their new life; and it is well known that the wise King Leopold refused the Greek crown under conditions which he deemed impossible to ensure success.

European statesmen then imposed upon a thoroughly democratic race a Bavarian youth as king, with a bureaucracy capable of corrupting any people. I cannot but think the Greeks would have done better if left more alone to develop their own constitution; there would doubtless have been some disorder, the horror of respectable statesmen, but the outcome would have been something more satisfactory than the dependent crippled bantling, nursed by self-seeking diplomatists, that now goes by the name of the Kingdom of Greece. I do not join in the widely-spread notion that Greece is a failure; comparatively so we may admit, but, to judge her fairly, we must take into account the condition she was in at the close of the war of independence.

The Turks, when they undertook the suppression of the Greek insurrection, nearly fifty years ago, did not scruple to use force in its most savage expression. Whole districts were absolutely laid waste by fire and sword, the men being killed, together with most of the inhabitants, only the youngest and handsomest of both sexes being reserved for the harems of Turkish cities. Ibrahim Pasha, after burning all the olive, orange, and mulberry groves of the Morea, set his Arab soldiers to cut down the only trees that would not burn—the fig-trees. “At the close of the war, the only towns that had escaped utter ruin were Nauplia, Navarino, Choron, Modon in the Morea; Chalees and Caristo in Euboea; Lamia, Vonitza and Lepante in Continental Greece.” All the rest were utterly burned to the ground.

Since 1833 all the ruined cities have been rebuilt, and ten flourishing towns besides. The city of Syra is a remarkable example of a new city, and one of the most flourishing seaports in the Levant.

The roads which have been made, equal 380·70 kilometres, road-making being one of the weakest points in modern Greece. The

principal ports, too, of the little kingdom have been cleared out, and furnished with quays.

But the most remarkable work of the Greeks is that of education. They found the language a barbarous corruption of their glorious ancient tongue, mixed with Turkish, Italian, and Slavonic words and idioms, and they have absolutely restored it to all but its pristine purity, while an education, liberal and practical, is within the reach of the poorest of the citizens. Let us be just to the Greeks. They have egregiously failed on some points, and, in spite of our meddling, had marvellous success on others. In roads, bridges, agriculture, and manufactures they have disappointed us, in commerce they have rivalled us, and in national education they have immeasurably outstripped us, and all this in forty years.

Earl Russell, in an admirable letter to the *Times* of December 21, "on our Military Resources," notices the fact of the Moscow Town Council having in their congratulatory address on the Black Sea question, petitioned the Czar, "to add liberty of the press, tolerance of all religions, and other reforms to the blessings he has conferred upon his subjects;" their address has been returned, with a reprimand. "I see here," says his lordship, "what sort of Government is prepared for the Turkish provinces now striving to obtain freedom from their own Sultan." I can only remark, that twenty years ago the Town Council would not have been so audacious as even to hint at such reforms, well knowing that Siberia, and not a reprimand, would have been the result. I believe I may add that, even within his lordship's lifetime, it was declared treasonable by a British judge to advocate extension of the suffrage. There are some who think that we are going too fast in the career of reform, change, or revolution, but our advance, compared with that of Russia, is as the old stage-coach compared with the express train, considering where she was twenty years ago. She has, in opposition to her Government, seven millions of the Old Faith, and a formidable party of destructive Nihilists; and the Russian Communist watchword, "we have everywhere in the world to set the bondsmen free," proves that if any danger to Europe exists in Russia, it is not from Russian despotism. Cavour said to a Russian, "The equal right you give your peasants to the soil is more dangerous to us Westerns than your armies."

British statesmen, however, can scarcely make the world believe they are anxious for the political liberties of the Easterns when they do their utmost to keep them under an Eastern despotism—when they warn Russia and Austria against the possibility of "a confederation under Republican forms" being established on the Danube.

I need scarcely notice the doctrine of Panslavism. When once these millions of Danubian Slavonians see a fair chance of a free life, we shall hear no more of Panslavism beyond the scientific coteries of

St. Petersburg. I can say with certainty that, although the Servians and Bulgarians receive with gratitude and delight any attentions from their powerful patron, they dread beyond measure the idea of receiving orders from the Czar, or having a viceroy from St. Petersburg quartered in Belgrade, instead of the son or grandson of one of their own native heroes. Such a ruler would be only less odious than a Turkish Pasha. But when people talk of all these Slavonians merging into one enormous Muscovite empire, they forget the eight millions of Roumanians placed between the Russian and Turkish Slavonians. The larger part of these Roumanians have within the last twelve years formed themselves into a compact principality under the suzerainty of the Sultan; and, within the last few weeks, have declared their intention of renouncing that suzerainty. Moreover, if the problem of the future be left to Eastern Europe, surely Hungary and the German colonists would have something to say to this dreaded Panslavism.

It is consolatory to reflect that the policies of the Governments of Russia, Turkey, and Austria are likely to be widely divergent; and, therefore, it is reasonable to suppose that the popular claims of the various nationalities, living under the flags of the two latter Powers, will make their way. In any case, no blessing can follow a foreign policy that does not regard the well-being and happiness of the people chiefly concerned.

The late Emperor of Russia aptly termed the Ottoman empire the "sick man." We may continue the analogy. How often have we seen a sick man doctored well nigh to death with never-ending specifics. At last he gets sick of doctors, and resigns himself to his fate, when nature, no longer vexed and hampered by irritating drugs, shows her wonderful resources, undreamed of by the learned physicians, and the patient recovers. So it may be with the sick man of the East. He has got rid of those drastic practitioners, under whose hands he so visibly suffered during the last twenty years, and if they are not succeeded by others anxious to save him from "anarchy," depend upon it he will survive, not as a purely Mahometan empire, but as something much better.

Who are the best judges of what measures or what form of government are or are not suitable to the wants of these Danubian populations? The people themselves, or the diplomatists of a distant northern island? There can be but one answer to the question. Then, I say, let us cease to meddle with the people. We have no more blood and treasure to spare for the Black Sea and the Danube.

HUMPHRY SANDWITH.

THE BOARDING-OUT OF PAUPER CHILDREN.

AN order has lately been issued by the Poor-Law Board relating to the boarding-out of pauper children, which affords striking evidence that there is a danger of the country at any moment returning to some of the worst evils of the old Poor Law. What makes the matter the more serious is, that the order has met with the strong approval of the public, and has been unanimously praised by the press. No one has pointed out the encouragement which it will give to improvidence, to immorality, and to other social vices; no one has objected to it on the ground that it rewards the imprudent at the expense of the thrifty. It has simply been considered in relation to the effect it will have upon the children who are boarded out; not a moment's attention has been given to any ulterior consequences. A brief description of the leading provisions of the order will, I think, prove that it will introduce far greater evils than it will cure, and that it will exercise a demoralising influence which will most powerfully promote the future increase of pauperism.

The order contemplates that children who are boarded-out should be sent to healthy country homes, and that the greatest care should be shown in selecting the foster-parents to whose charge they are intrusted; these foster-parents may receive 4s. a week for each child, exclusive of school fees and medical attendance, which are also provided by the guardians. Besides this they allow 10s. a quarter for clothes for each child. If the children are ill, an extra allowance is given that they may have nourishing food. None of these pauper children must live in a house where there is an adult lodger. When the child is more than seven, he must not sleep in the same room with a married couple. Children who are thus boarded-out must be between the ages of two and ten; and so solicitously is their welfare to be guarded, that there must be an identity of religious faith between the foster-parents and the child. The Poor-Law authorities omit, however, to point out the mode of discovering the religious faith of a deserted infant of two years old. In addition to all these provisions on behalf of the children, it is further enacted that in every case they should be under the direct supervision of a local committee, by whom they should be periodically visited. It is evidently contemplated that this committee would usually consist of benevolent ladies in the locality, who, by a hundred little acts of kindness, would try to make the life of these pauper children of the most pleasant.

No one can deny that the Poor-Law Board, by adopting the arrangements just described, have done everything in their power to

make the life of these children as agreeable as possible. A sufficient supply of good food is guaranteed to them ; their schooling is paid for, and their education is secured ; efficient medical attendance is to be promptly provided ; they are to be well housed, and comfortably clothed ; and the benevolence of the locality is summoned to watch over their interests, and to protect them against any neglect or unkindness on the part of their foster parents. Children thus treated will have every chance of doing well in life ; they will be better educated, and will be brought up under conditions more conducive to health than the majority of the children of the working classes. It is therefore at once concluded that a system which does so much to promote the future welfare of children ought to be encouraged as much as possible. This is one way of regarding the subject, and it seems to be the only point of view from which it has been regarded by the Poor-Law authorities, and by the majority of the public. The question, however, ought to be looked upon in another aspect, which will present very different considerations.

This boarding-out system, it is important to observe, is only to be applied to the following children: first, orphans ; second, illegitimate children, deserted by the mother ; third, legitimate children, deserted by both parents ; fourth, legitimate children, deserted by one parent, the other being either dead, mentally incapacitated, in prison, or out of England.

Bearing in mind what children are permitted to be boarded-out, we will proceed to compare the circumstances of one of these children with the life which the child of an ordinary English labourer is usually obliged to lead. In the first place it is to be remarked that nearly 5s. a week are expended upon the maintenance of each child who is boarded-out ; this does not include the amount which is spent either in paying school fees, or in supplying medical attendance.¹ We do not intend to assert that this represents too large a sum for the maintenance of a child, but this vitally important question is at once suggested — How many working men in this country, if they have to support an average-sized family, are able to earn sufficient to devote 5s. a week to the maintenance of each of their children, besides paying for their education, and for all requisite medical attendance? Five shillings represent half the weekly earnings of many an agricultural labourer ; and out of these earnings he has very probably to maintain himself, his wife, and three or four children. The boarding-out system would therefore bring home

(1) Five shillings a week paid to the foster parents for the maintenance and clothing of each pauper child, are the maximum which is to be given. There can, however, be little doubt that this maximum would be almost invariably paid ; for the bargain, it must be remembered, will be usually arranged by a benevolent local committee, and the money expended will be ordinarily obtained from rate-payers not residing in the locality.

this extraordinary result to a considerable portion of our labouring population, that a man would receive quite as much for the support of two pauper children as he is able to earn by hard toil. Could anything more powerfully tend far and wide to spread the feeling that pauperism is such a desirable profession, that the children of the pauper are far better off, and have a far greater chance of doing well in life, than the children of the man who tries to do all that can be done by hard work for his family? The following case, which is no imaginary one, will bring out the point with greater distinctness. A man who is well known in the neighbourhood in which he lives as a thoroughly good, honest, and industrious labourer, has been employed on the same farm for many years, and his wages have been regularly 12s. a week. His wife being a cleanly, industrious woman, they are just the people who would be selected by a local committee to take charge of pauper children. As all their own family have now obtained situations away from home, they would have suitable accommodation for at least three pauper children; the man and his wife would receive about 14s. 6d. a week for feeding, clothing, and housing these children. The sum may be put down as at least 15s. a week when it is remembered that education and medical attendance are provided. The man and his wife had for many years to keep four children of their own; these children not being old enough to earn anything for themselves, and the mother's time being fully occupied with home duties, it of course followed that this man had only the wages which he was able to earn—and these we have stated to be 12s. a week—to keep himself, his wife, and his four children. The pauper children would not only be better off than the labourer's own children, but the pauper children would actually have secured to them for their maintenance a sum exceeding by 25 per cent. the amount which the labourer was able to obtain for the support of himself, his wife, and his family.

Even this does not present the contrast in its strongest light. The money devoted to the pauper children is guaranteed; it is independent of all vicissitudes of trade, and of all casualties with regard to health. The labourer who supports his own family may be thrown out of work through employment being scarce; some branch of industry may be paralysed by a war, or by over-speculation. Then, again, if his health should fail, he and his family may be deprived any week of half their usual income. All these considerations indisputably prove that the proposed system of boarding-out pauper children will not only make a great number of the most industrious and hard-working men and women feel that they could never do half as much for their own children as is done for these pauper children; but the whole country will, in fact, be told that parents, by deserting their children, will secure for them an amount

The children would get what they would have had if they were at home.

of physical comfort and other advantages which probably could in no other way be procured. We will proceed to consider separately the different classes of children to whom the system is intended to apply, and then we shall be able more clearly to appreciate the reward that will be conferred upon improvidence, and the stimulus which will be given to immorality.

First, the system may be applied to orphan children, and this case suggests the strongest arguments in favour of adopting the principle of boarding-out. The children themselves, as previously admitted, might very possibly be benefited; any advantages, however, which might thus arise, would, in our opinion, be far more than counter-balanced by the circumstance that parents would be encouraged, by a pecuniary bribe, to neglect an important part of the obligation which they owe to their children. A man who incurs the responsibility of causing children to be born, is not only bound to maintain these children during his life, but is also bound to make a provision for them in the event of his death. To the neglect of these obligations is due a great part of all the misery and poverty which now exists. Under the boarding-out system the working classes would not only have no adequate inducement to make a provision for their children, but would feel it was rather for the interest of their children that they should not attempt to do so. There are few working-men who can have any reasonable chance of saving sufficient to make their children as well off as if they were boarded-out upon the terms previously described. The first maxim, therefore, enforced by this order of the Poor-Law Board, is that the working classes will act foolishly if they attempt by life insurance to make any provision for their children.

The next class to whom the order applies are illegitimate children who have been deserted by their mother. The encouragement given to illegitimacy by the old Poor Law is well known. A far greater premium, however, is afforded to illegitimacy by the arrangement now adopted for the boarding-out of pauper children. The parents of illegitimate children will now know that if the mother will only consent to desert her offspring, they will be far better off than legitimate children of hard-working labourers. Where, for instance, is the agricultural labourer who can spend 5s. a week upon each of his children, and who can get the best medical attendance provided for them gratuitously, with an abundance of nourishing food in the case of illness? It is impossible to devise any scheme which will more fatally undermine the morality of a community. Every hard-working married couple will know that it is impossible for them to provide for their children as good food, as good clothes, and as much general comfort as is secured, at the expense of society, to the children begotten in vice and prostitution. A man, as the

result of an immoral connection, becomes the father of three children; he then has only to persuade the mother to desert these children, and an income is immediately guaranteed to them considerably exceeding the amount which labourers are often able to earn for the support of themselves and their families. Such an arrangement, in the encouragement which it will give to illegitimacy, is far worse than anything contained in the old Poor Law. It should be remembered that this boarding-out system is an importation from Scotland; there it has been in operation for many years, and it is notorious that, in spite of the religious zeal of the Scotch, there is far more illegitimacy in that country than in any other part of the United Kingdom. In Scotland 10 per cent. of all the births are illegitimate; in England, the proportion is only 6 per cent., and in Ireland only 3 per cent.

Another comment must be made upon the way by which it is proposed to provide for illegitimate children. It is particularly worthy of remark, that the privilege of boarding out is only to be enjoyed by illegitimate children who have been deserted by their mother; if the man deserts the woman whom he has ruined, she must maintain her children, or become a pauper herself. In the present state of the labour market a woman will have to work very hard to earn as much as is allotted to the support of one child who is boarded out; therefore, if she is anxious to promote the welfare of her children, she has every inducement to follow the father's example, and desert them also.

The third class to whom the scheme of boarding-out applies are those legitimate children who have been deserted by both their parents. Any one who is practically acquainted with the poor must know of hundreds of instances where, from employment being precarious, or from the labour market being overstocked, a man has not, on the average, more than 9s. or 10s. a week to maintain himself, his wife, and four young children. It will henceforward be almost the duty of persons who are thus circumstanced to desert their children, because, by the adoption of such a course, the welfare of these children will be greatly promoted. In what way, for instance, can a man with only 10s. a week bring up a family in such a place as London? He would have to pay as much as 3s. or 4s. a week for two rooms. It will be therefore almost sure to happen, that the whole family will herd together in one room. Instead of each child having 5s. a week spent for its maintenance, not more than 1s., or 1s. 6d., can possibly be spared for its food and clothing. In the event of one of the children falling ill, the father will not be able promptly to provide the best medical advice; and what chance is there that the child will obtain a suitable supply of the nourishing food he may most require? In all probability, unless the child has

an unusually strong constitution, it will pine away for want of proper food and wholesome air. The order of the Poor-Law Board seems calculated to enforce this lesson upon every parent whose children are living in such squalor and misery as that just described : Desert your children, and their condition shall at once become everything that can be desired ; instead of living in a single room in some dreary court or alley, they will be transferred to some healthy country home, where they will sleep in well-ventilated rooms, where they will be provided with an ample supply of wholesome and nourishing food, where they will be well clothed, receive a good education, be carefully tended in illness, and where finally, the most benevolent ladies in the locality will enter into an undertaking to watch over them with kindly and constant interest. Can there be any justification of a policy which offers to the poor of a country a strong pecuniary inducement to desert their children ? It is impossible to conceive anything which is more unjust, or which will more discourage providence and every social virtue, than the adoption of a scheme which will make every virtuous hard-working man and woman feel that they must struggle on unaided and unrecognised, but that society will do everything that liberality and benevolence can suggest for the children of those who either live in vice, or who deliberately neglect every parental duty.

Before the boarding-out system is generally adopted, the country would do well to consider what may possibly be the future outlay it will entail upon the community. It seems to be tacitly assumed by the Poor-Law authorities that it will lead to no increased expenditure, because the cost of boarding-out a child is certainly not greater than the average cost of maintaining children in a workhouse. But such reasoning is altogether fallacious. The boarding-out system, by offering a premium upon illegitimacy and desertion, must inevitably increase the number of pauper children. The result will be that the cost of pauperism will be augmented, and population will be greatly stimulated ; two agencies will thus be brought into operation which will still further depress the condition of the labourer. He would have to contribute a greater amount to the rates, and the additional rates would prejudicially affect the industry from which he earns his livelihood. Then, again, if population were stimulated, all the circumstances which are most antagonistic to his welfare would work with intensified force ; the labour-market would become still more overstocked than it is now, and wages would decline. The increased number that would have to be fed would produce a rise in the price of food, and the labourer would consequently find that not only were his wages reduced, but he would also have to pay more for every article which he purchased. The hard-working, independent labourer would, more-

over, know that all these additional difficulties with which he had to contend were not unavoidable misfortunes, but were brought upon him by a spurious philanthropy and a mischievous benevolence, which are ever striving to reward the vicious and the improvident at the expense of the thrifty and the industrious.

It will no doubt be said by the supporters of the boarding-out system that it is intended to benefit the child, and not to relieve the parent from a just responsibility. But the proposals of the Poor-Law Board provide no security whatever against the parent wilfully escaping from the responsibility of maintaining his child. Not only is no care taken to prevent him from doing so, but, as previously stated, the whole scheme, by placing the boarded-out child in an exceptionally favourable position, is directly calculated to encourage desertion.

It will also be probably urged in defence of the scheme that the boarded-out children, by being isolated from the contamination of adult paupers, will be much less likely to sink into pauperism in after-life. If this isolation could be secured in no other way than by the boarding-out system, we might then be prepared to admit that the welfare of the children ought to be secured, even at the price of encouraging many vices and much demoralisation in their parents. But the hypothesis is quite untenable; it is based on the assumption that a deserted or orphan child, if not boarded-out, must become an inmate of a workhouse, and must associate with adult paupers. It is, however, well known that there are separate pauper schools, in which children are educated and kept entirely apart from the adult inmates of a workhouse. The education which is given in these schools is admitted to be excellent, and the Poor-Law authorities confess that the children do remarkably well in after-life if the slightest care is taken to start them in any suitable employment. It is objected that these institutions fail to supply all the influence of a good home; but we believe it is, for the reasons we have stated, impossible to supply this influence without placing these pauper children in a position so exceptionally favourable as to give a disastrous encouragement to illegitimacy, desertion, and other vices.

The chief object we have had in view in making these remarks is to show that the administration of the Poor Law should be regarded with the most constant watchfulness. Those who resist the attempts of an unwise philanthropy and of a mistaken benevolence to relax the checks upon pauperism, are sure to incur the reproach of being hard-hearted. They may, however, console themselves with the reflection that their conduct cannot be either cruel or wrong, if they strive to prevent the vicious and the improvident from being still more liberally relieved at the expense of the thrifty and the industrious.

HENRY FAWCETT.

ANNE FURNESS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was the day before my birthday, and within a week of the day of the great race. Horsingham was full already. On the morrow the business of the great autumn meeting was to begin. The high road was thronged with the usual motley crowd of foot-passengers and vehicles. Mother and I kept within-doors, and when, towards evening, we threw wide open the windows of her little sitting-room, we congratulated ourselves on the circumstance of their looking across the garden, and beyond that to the meadows, and being away from the dust and noise of the high road.

We had been talking of Colonel Fisher's letter. Mother had broached the subject, some days ago, to my father; and he had received it, she said, very well on the whole. The distance from Horsingham, and the fact that he would be utterly unknown in the Highlands had seemed to please him. If he would but bestir himself at once! If he would but write to Scotland, and make a direct application for the post without further loss of time! But it was in vain to hope it. Nothing would induce him to take any step in the matter until after the September races; and too great importunity on the subject might irritate him into throwing over the plan altogether. I was secretly disquieted by the fear that he did not seriously contemplate making the application at all—that he clung on desperately to the anticipation of some marvellous “stroke of luck,” which should absolve him from the necessity of making any such sacrifice. But mother cherished a trembling hope that he was in earnest, and it was not for me to chill it.

“Mr. Sam Cudberry and Miss Cudberry of Woolling,” announced the maid, opening the door wide, and in walked Sam and Tilly. The latter was rustling and bustling with even more than her usual fussiness. Sam slouched behind her, with a mien compounded of sheepishness, sulkiness, and self-assertion.

We were greatly surprised to see them together. But Tilly forestalled any expression of surprise on our part, by exclaiming at once, “Now, I suppose you *are* astonished! Did you ever? The idea of Sam and me making calls together! Though there's no reason whatever why he should not be glad and proud to escort his sisters *any where* and at *any time*.”

Mother bade them welcome, and asked Tilly to remove her bonnet, and remain to have some tea, which would be ready presently.

“Oh, la, yes! We've *come* to tea!” screamed Tilly, with a burst

of ear-piercing hilarity. But she resisted all efforts to induce her to take off her bonnet. It was adorned with as many of the pink holly-hocks she had worn at Christmas as could be placed upon it; and, surmounting Tilly's diminutive person, gave her a curious, top-heavy appearance, which was increased by her stiff manner of holding her head and throat, in the attitude of a juggler balancing a pole.

"And so Cousin George is not at home?" said she, glancing sharply round. "*Po-o-or* George! What a pity!"

Sam made a grimace at me over his sister's shoulder, and pointed with his thumb in her direction two or three times. But I was unable to comprehend the drift of this pantomime, save that it expressed disgust and annoyance. There was something unusual in the demeanour of both brother and sister. When Sam proposed to me to take a stroll round the garden before tea, Tilly instantly announced her intention of accompanying us. And when Tilly began a discussion about some embroidery patterns with my mother, Sam placed himself close to them, and listened as eagerly as though button-hole and satin-stitch had been the occupation of his life.

We went into the garden—Tilly, Sam, and I—and sauntered about the paths, looking at the bright formal flower-beds. I asked after Aunt and Uncle Cudberry, and Henny, and Clemmy, and having received satisfactory replies to my questions, began to be somewhat at a loss what to say next. Suddenly, when Tilly was stooping to examine and criticise a dahlia, Sam twitched my sleeve and whispered rapidly, "I say, Miss Cudberry's twigg'd the whole business."

Before I could recover from my surprise and perplexity, Tilly raised her head, and Sam appeared absorbed in the manufacture of a cigarette.

"You're *not* going to smoke, Sam Cudberry!" screamed his sister, growing very red and angry.

She had a horror, real or affected, of tobacco-smoke; and it was one of the numerous by-laws and regulations of the Cudberry family, that no one was to light pipe or cigar in Miss Matilda's presence.

"Only a cigarette," said Sam, rolling and twisting the tobacco in its paper-case. "You can't mind it in the open air!"

"But I do mind it; and I don't allow it," returned his sister waspishly. And after a moment, she said she should go back to the house, and have a chat with Mrs. George; and accordingly set off thither.

"Very well," cried Sam, calling after her. "All right! Fair play's a jewel. I shall just finish my cigarette, and you can have your say about the embroidery. Understand?"

Tilly made no other response than tossing her head and shrugging her shoulders. She disappeared into the house, and Sam and I were left alone together.

"See, here, we must look sharp, you know," said he, speaking very quickly. "I ain't a-going to give Tilly many minutes in there along with your mother. This is the state of the game. Tilly, by prying, and poking, and listening, and watching, has found out about the private training-ground, and that Lacer, and your father, and me are in it somehow or other. Not that I'm in deeper than I can step out again, high and dry. Never fear! But she knows my governor would blow up sky-high if he got an inkling of the matter: so that gives her a bit of a hold on me, don't you see? She talks about disinheriting, and cutting off with a shilling; but that's all my eye. The governor don't choose Woolling to belong to any but a Cudberry, and I'm the only heir-male, so *that's* right enough; but he has the whip-hand so long as he's above ground, and he might bother me a good bit about a few little money matters, and make things unpleasant. So it won't suit my book for Tilly to blab. Now, of course, it can't be expected that I should sacrifice myself, can it? So I've made a kind of—a kind of a——"

"Bargain," I suggested.

"Well, yes; a bargain with Tilly to hold her tongue. There's nothing I hate more than a row where I ain't pretty sure to come out of it comfortable. I've acted uncommonly honourable by Lacer. But Tilly was too sharp for us. There was no help for it."

"*Will* Tilly be silent?" I inquired anxiously. In truth I was very ignorant as to what amount of evil she could do to my father's schemes at this late hour; nor was that my chief anxiety, I confess. The thought startled me that she might blurt out the whole matter to my mother.

"Well, if she don't keep mum, the bargain's off. But ten to one she'll begin slanging Lacer to your mother. You won't mind that, you know, now I've explained how it is."

"In heaven's name, why has she been so keen to find out this business? What can it matter to her? How does it interest her?"

"Oh, she hates Lacer like—like the deuce."

"But *why*? For what reason on earth?"

"Lord, Anne, what a flat you are in some things! Why, don't you see, she had made up her mind to catch him for herself; and he wouldn't be caught. And—and she's as jealous of you as old boots. And you know, after all, the fellow didn't act quite correct at our hop. That wasn't the way to treat Miss Cudberry of Woolling, hang it all! I don't want to hurt your feelings, Anne; but, between you and me, Lacer's devilish stuck-up. And I believe it's true what Tilly says, that his father does keep a tavern. But that ain't the worst. I've heard some rum things—— However, a nod's as good as a wink. Don't you go and get bamboozled. Think of the family!"

By this time we were close upon the house, which I entered in a state of miserable bewilderment. My efforts at self-possession were not assisted by Sam's final whisper as he threw away the last remnant of his cigarette, "I say, don't look so blue! Don't let Tilly twig that I've been saying anything."

"And so cousin George is away? Po-o-or George! I'm so sorry!" said Tilly, when we were all seated round the tea-table. A glance at mother's face had assured me that, as yet, Tilly had not said anything to alarm her.

"Yes; George is gone—on business—to some place beyond Brookfield. It may be that they will go on to W——; and if so, we shall not see George home to-night."

"*They* may go on!" said Tilly, so sharply that mother absolutely winced before making answer.

"Mr. Lacer is with George."

This was the opportunity Tilly had waited for. She forthwith availed herself of it to vituperate Mr. Lacer with all her power. She wondered that cousin George could associate with such a fellow. She was astonished that Mrs. George consented to endure him in her house. She could not have believed that even the giddiness and vanity of extreme youth would have induced Anne to be flattered by the attentions of such a low person! And so on, with deafening loudness and volubility.

Mother remained aghast. She had had a specimen of Tilly's dislike to Mr. Lacer on a former occasion. But that had fallen far short of the present tirade, whose effect was enhanced by many nods, and grimaces, and dark hints of unimagined horrors which Tilly could reveal were she so minded. It had scarcely needed Sam's warning to keep me silent. Any attempt on my part to cope with Tilly's eloquence or to rebut her statements could but have resulted in a mere chaos of sound and fury, which it made me shudder to think of. Sam had neither the power nor the inclination to interfere with his sister's speech. At first, he glanced at me apprehensively, but finding that I remained silent, he became quite at ease, and devoured slice after slice of a cake that stood before him on the table, with as much coolness as though he were deaf or Tilly dumb. So the latter had it all her own way. But the absence of opposition did not soothe her. Higher and higher rose her voice, and more and more pungent became her epithets. She had reached a very whirlwind of passion when, without any preliminary warning, for Tilly's tones effectually quenched all minor noises, the subject of her violent abuse stood among us.

My father and Mr. Lacer and a third man whom I had never seen before were in the room. There was a momentary silence. Then a general shaking of hands, and everybody began speaking at

once. I do not believe that either of the three newly-arrived men had gleaned any idea of what Tilly had been talking of.

"Oh George, dear, I'm so glad!" exclaimed my mother, taking father's hand and almost clinging to it. Tilly's eloquence had wholly bewildered and half-frightened her. As for me, I felt as one feels who suddenly gains the shelter of a roof after having been tormented by a blustering wind.

"You didn't expect me, did you? We found Mr. Whiffles, and so had no need to go on to W——. My dear Lucy, this is Mr. Whiffles," said father.

The stranger shook hands with my mother, and made her a bow. He was, I thought, a very odd-looking man. He was short, and rather stout, with a very red, smooth face, closely-shaven, and of one uniform tint from forehead to chin. He had very straight, thin hair, smoothly plastered down on his head. He was dressed in a jaunty, short coat with a great number and variety of pockets, very tight-fitting fawn-coloured trousers, a waistcoat of the same stuff with immense mother-of-pearl buttons, a rather high shirt collar, a bright blue neckerchief, with a great gold pin stuck in it, representing a horse-shoe whereof the nails were rubies, a thick watch-chain festooned ostentatiously across his chest, and a stiff, tall, white hat. He had remarkably tight orange-coloured gloves, beneath which several rings on his fingers bulged out conspicuously. When he spoke, and said to mother, "Proud to know you, ma'am," I found he had a very hoarse voice. And when, on being presented to me, he said, in short sentences, "Glad to see you looking so well. You're looking remarkably well, Miss Furness. I really never saw you looking better in all my life!"—which was less flattering to my present appearance than it might have been had he ever set eyes on me before that moment—I made the further discovery that Mr. Whiffles had a queer nervous habit of giving his head a little shake, like the action of a person expressing a decisive negative, after each sentence, and then twitching his chin into its place again between his shirt-collars with two or three sharp jerks. I had no idea who he was, but I was experienced enough in the aspect of such people to feel convinced that he was in some way connected with the turf.

These observations were, of course, made much more rapidly than they are written. It all passed very quickly. Some word of introduction between Mr. Whiffles and Tilly was muttered out by my father. Sam he appeared to know, and acknowledged his presence by a little flapping action of his hand in the air, at the same time smiling, and half closing his eyes.

In the confusion of finding places at the tea-table for the newcomers I did not observe whether Tilly's reception of Mr. Whiffles

were gracious or ungracious. But as soon as all were seated I perceived that, whatever might be her demeanour to the stranger, towards Mr. Lacer it was one of unconcealed hostility. She happened to be seated opposite to him, and took great pains to look over his head, and to exhibit elaborate unconsciousness of his existence, chequered by occasional tossings of her head, and disdainful snortings levelled in his direction. I had expected to see her rise, and go away on the arrival of her enemy. But curiosity, and a determination to keep a watch on Sam, caused her to remain.

It was a strangely assorted party. Father was in a fit of feverish high spirits, and talked a good deal. He laughed, too, at intervals. But it was not the laugh of old days. Ah, no! He kept a sort of watch on Mr. Whiffles, at first, whenever that person spoke to mother or me, as though a little doubtful of his behaviour. I concluded that father had never seen Mr. Whiffles in the society of ladies before. Gervase Lacer was more taciturn than usual, and his manner was constrained and ill at ease—which, indeed, I did not wonder at. Heaven knows I was ill at ease enough myself. And yet I had an acute perception of the ludicrousness of many elements in the scene, which amounted to pain. I could have broken out into ungoverned laughter, which would undoubtedly have ended in tears; or into copious weeping, which would have been likely enough to result in convulsive laughter. However, I did neither; but sat still, and nearly silent, beside my mother, with a face which I dare say appeared coldly composed.

During tea Mr. Whiffles addressed his conversation almost exclusively to us women. Nothing more plaintively admiring, so to speak—than Mr. Whiffles's manner; nothing more Arcadian than the tastes and sentiments Mr. Whiffles professed, can be imagined. He put his hand on his heart every time he declared that upon his word and honour there was nothing, you know, so delightfully soothing as the country, really! The country was the sweetest thing. The birds and the flowers, and all that, was so uncommonly delicious. Mingled with the society of ladies, what could a man wish for more? There was something soothing about the *mooring* of the cows, he considered. It made a man reflect upon the days of his childhood, you know. It did, upon his word and honour, really. And Mr. Whiffles's head was shaken, as though in mute involuntary protest, at the end of every sentence. It might have been objected to his style of conversation, that it was monotonous; for he said the same things over and over again. And whenever his powers of entertainment appeared to flag for a moment he had recourse to assuring us three (mother, Tilly, and myself), with almost tearful fervour, that he had never in the whole course of his life seen us looking so uncommonly and remarkably well as we were looking at that moment.

But when the tea-things were cleared away, and my father ordered the spirit-bottles to be brought, and each of the men mixed for himself a tumbler full of whatsoever liquor he chose, Mr. Whiffles, drawing his chair up near to my father's, launched into a more masculine strain of talk, to which we women could but listen submissively. Mr. Whiffles, however, changed the matter only, and in no wise the manner, of his speech. It was still characterised by plaintiveness and monotony. There was nothing loud, boisterous, or rollicking about Mr. Whiffles.

It was painful to me, and might have been curious to any disinterested looker-on, to see my father hanging on this man's words, and drinking in his opinions with an eagerness and deference which he would not now have shown for the highest wisdom that could have been uttered to him.

"She's a very sweet thing, is Cock-a-hoop," said Mr. Whiffles, with melancholy tenderness, as he drank his brandy-and-water in a series of gulps. "I don't say anything, mind you, about her present form. That ain't what it ought to be—nor yet what it *might* be. But she's a game disposition. That's what I look at in a race-'oss. It wouldn't surprise *me* if she was to carry the money for the Two-Year-Old Stakes, mind you!"

"Aha! Indeed?" said my father, raising his eyebrows, and nodding twice or thrice.

"Well, Mr. Furness, there's no telling. The prophets and the backers were very sweet on her stable-companion, Coriolanus, and they were hignominiously defeated, as you well know. But, mind you, *I don't say they were wrong*. What *he* wanted was form. But he exhibited form last season, sir, such as to justify every confidence his friends could put in him. And what *she* wants is form likewise. But she's a very sweet thing indeed, is Cock-a-hoop; and a gamer disposition, I'm free to confess, I should be troubled to point out among the two-year-olds."

"What do you think of Purity?" asked Mr. Lacer, leaning forward with his elbows on the table.

Mr. Whiffles gave a gentle sigh, followed by two or three convulsive twitches of the head, before he answered, with a sad smile, "Why, Captain Lacer, I suppose I think pretty well what everybody that knows anything of the turf *does* think of Purity. There's been a very industrious dodge to get him into the quotations lately. But it is seen through, sir, and the speculators have peppered him unmercifully. No, no, Captain Lacer. My advice to any gentleman about to make a book would be, 'have nothing to say to Purity on any terms, for he never has been a stayer, and he never will be,' and there don't exist the course in Great Britain and Ireland that he'd have a chance on!"

Mr. Whiffles went on in this strain for more than an hour, refreshing himself at intervals with brandy-and-water. No sage instructing his disciples in the precepts of virtue and wisdom could have shown more gravity and mild decorum of manner than did Mr. Whiffles, who appeared, indeed, almost oppressed by the responsibilities of his high office of preacher and teacher.

Tilly Cudberry meanwhile, sitting apart with mother and me, kept up a running commentary on Mr. Whiffles' utterances, chiefly by means of broken ejaculations, as thus—"Ha! Indeed, sir? Very pretty! This is the sort of society you've come down to, Miss Cudberry of Woolling, is it? Poor George! These are *Mr. Lacer's* comrades and associates! That's nice sort of grammar to hear at your own first cousin's table, upon my word!" And so forth. But she also contrived to convey to mother that short-comings in the construction and pronunciation of the English language were by no means among the chief of her objections to Mr. Whiffles. Despite her bargain with her brother, Tilly could not resist the pleasure of dropping hints as to her own knowledge of certain mysterious transactions in which Mr. Lacer and Mr. Whiffles were engaged. And before she went away, she advanced her lips near to mother's ear, and blurted out in something as near a whisper as her voice could compass—

"He's a most dangerous man! Horse-dealer! Did keep livery stables. Now turned turf-agent and tipster, I believe. Has been acting as private trainer! What do you think of that?"

And what with the hurry and inarticulateness of her speech, and the unintelligibility to mother of the terms she used, Tilly left my mother with a mere vague terrified impression on her mind, which was more painful than almost any explicit statement of the truth could have been.

Mr. Lacer and Mr. Whiffles presently withdrew together. They were going to lodge in Horsingham, so as to be ready for the morrow's races. Father said he would stroll part of the way with them, as it was a fine night. Mr. Whiffles took his leave, protesting to the last that he had experienced the purest joy at finding us looking so extraordinarily well.

The voices of the three men had scarcely died away in the distance, before mother turned to me with a pale, haggard face, and said—

"What is this, Anne, that Tilly Cudberry says about Mr. Lacer, and about that man? You know something. I watched your face. And I saw Sam and Gervase Lacer exchange looks of intelligence also. Is there any fresh trouble? Don't try to deceive me, child. No good can come of that!"

Before we slept that night I had made a full confession to mother of all I had learned from Mr. Lacer.

CHAPTER XXX.

THAT week was passed by mother and me in a sort of dizzy apprehension. I think mother's state of mind must have been like that of some panting, hunted creature, conscious of a swiftly coming doom. I used to see her watching the clock above the stable door, or the creeping shadows stealing over the garden, with strained eyes and blanched cheeks, as though she were counting the minutes. My birthday came and went without my thinking of it. But when I went to rest, I found a bunch of wild flowers on my pillow, wrapped in a paper on which was written, "God bless my dear child with many happy years."

Horsingham was full of strangers. It was a very "good race-week" the people said. There was no hint of our visiting the race-course. Father went there daily; but mother and I knew that the great die was to be cast on the Wednesday afternoon, the last day but one of the races.

The sunbeam that fell upon my eyes and woke me on that Wednesday morning, seemed to pierce me like a sword. It is very dreadful to wake to a consciousness of care, and to tremble at the thought of what we must do and suffer when we shall have left the shelter of our bed. I have never wondered at unfortunate and unhappy people growing to be sluggards. When a wintry, Arctic world awaits us without, it is natural to cling to the dull, warm, stupefying atmosphere of even an Esquimaux hut.

At about twelve o'clock, my father made his appearance downstairs. The table was spread for his solitary breakfast—mother and I had had ours hours before—but he could scarcely eat anything. He called for some beer, and drank off a tumbler of the foaming liquor feverishly. He kept glancing out of the window at the sky. It was a bright, warm day; but mother happening to mention that there had been some heavy showers in the night, he asked quickly was the ground soft? And presently went out and looked at the lawn, and put his foot on it to feel whether the earth were soaked.

At last the time came for him to set off.

Flower brought the gig round to the hall-door, and stood at the horse's head whilst my father was taking leave of us. It was a very slight and short farewell. He scarcely spoke a word. He had been silent all the morning.

"Anne, will you give me that other driving-glove from the hall-table? Thank you. Good-bye, Lucy. Give him his head, Flower."

He was gone. He had just kissed mother's forehead, jumped into the gig, and driven off very fast without once looking round.

I turned to take mother's hand. She pressed mine fondly, but

did not speak, and hurried away to her own room with averted head. In a moment I heard the door shut and locked on the inside.

I could neither read, nor sew, nor sit still and idle in the silent house. I threw a broad hat on, and went out into the sunny garden. But I had not been there many minutes before I longed for the shade and shelter of the house again. An unreasoning fit of fear took hold on me, that I should see or hear something from the race-course. There were voices in the road, of the throngs of people making for Horsingham; and the sound of them came in faint wafts to my ears, for they were a long way off. But I could not bear the tones in which my nervous fancy conjured up words and sentences about the great race. So I came back quietly to the house, and threw my hat off, and sank down hot and panting on a couch in the morning-room. And there I stayed, half-sitting, half-reclining, with my arms folded on the square old-fashioned pillow, and my head resting on my arms, hiding my face, and shutting out light and sound. And so at last I fell asleep. At first it was an uneasy doze; but I courted it, and remained as still as might be, trying neither to fear, nor to hope, nor to think, but to lull my mind into inaction; and so gradually, being young and healthy and weary, I sank into a deep, soft, dreamless slumber.

I was awakened by an agitated voice in my ear.

"Anne! Dear Anne! Are you not well? What is the matter?"

My first thought on waking was that it had been selfish of me to sleep there, while mother was wrestling with anxiety and heart-sickening apprehension. I raised my head, and my eyes encountered Donald Ayrlie's. He was bending over me with a perplexed face.

"No, no," said I, hastily pushing my hair back from my flushed face. "I am quite well; but I—I could not read, and I was so tired, and the heat—I fell asleep."

"You look like the little Nancy who sat on Doctor Hewson's knee, and cried when I went away to school," said Donald, sitting down beside me, taking my hand, and looking with an inexpressible tenderness into my face. And then in a minute—I cannot tell how or in what words it was conveyed—I knew that he loved me, and that he was asking me to be his wife. Two hours before I should have denied that I was aware of this feeling in him, and not denied untruly; but now that the words were spoken, it seemed to me that I had always known it: and when he said, "Anne, you must have seen how dearly I love you—I think I have loved you ever since we were children together," I could utter no words of denial. I knew that I should be subjecting myself to an accusation of heartlessness and coquetry if I tacitly admitted that I had seen his love, and carelessly let it ripen, and then were to reject it after all. And at that moment hope and happiness were so out of tune with the

dolorous strain of the life around me, that it seemed impossible to welcome them selfishly ; and yet, for the life of me, I could not say a word.

" You did know it, Anne ? It has seemed to me often as if any words of mine were needless to tell you how dear you are to me ; and I have hoped that—that you felt this too. Won't you say a word, dearest ? "

At this moment my mother opened the door, and stood looking at us. The contrast between her sorrow-worn face and Donald's, all aglow with hope and youth, brought the hot tears to my eyes. I ran to her, and hid my face on her shoulder, crying—

" No, no ; don't ask me. I cannot, I cannot ! "

If I could not make mother happy, I would be sorry with her. That was no time to bask in the sunshine of joyful love.

I sobbed bitterly, and without thinking of giving myself any account of my emotion. But now I believe, I know, that I was pitying myself for renouncing his true love, more than I pitied Donald. And yet I was sorry for him from my heart. Truly I had the most claim to pity, for I was never so blind as not to know him for better, stronger, nobler than I. He lost a slighter thing in losing me than I renounced in turning away from him.

A hasty word or two explained the scene to my mother. She had been startled at first with the dread that Donald was the bearer of ill news from the race-course.

" Have *you* no word to say to me, Mrs. Furness ? " asked Donald, looking at my mother. He was quite pale now, and the light had gone out of his face.

Mother was greatly agitated. She loved Donald with a true affection. But she had lost her nerve, and the mild self-possession that had once made all her words ring full and true, like sterling coin. She trembled and stammered, holding me circled in one arm, and nervously stroking my hair with the other hand, as I kept my face still hidden on her shoulder.

" Oh, Donald ! what shall I say to you ? I cannot at this moment urge Anne to accept your suit. It would not be just. It would not—I fear it would be dishonourable. I—I—— Do not press it now, dear Donald, I implore you ! "

I well understood that mother was thinking that it would be neither just nor honourable to tie Donald's lot to that of a girl whose father might be at that moment an utterly ruined and, worse, far worse, a disgraced man. But he took her words differently.

" I shall not urge her, Mrs. Furness, be very sure. Although it were my life I was begging of her, I could not take it from a grudging hand. *If* it were my life ! It is more to me than the mere right to go on living. If Anne had loved me——"

He stopped as if the words choked him, and there was a moment's absolute dead silence, which seemed to last an hour. Then he proceeded—

"Let her do that which is just and honourable. I am sure she will. I wish her happy. There is no one to blame. I have been a fool, and believed what I wished."

"Donald, don't go so! Stay a moment—let me say a word!" cried mother, releasing me from her arms, and making a step forward.

"I cannot. For God's sake, don't stop me! Let me go into the air. I shall—die—if—I stay here!"

I looked up at hearing the broken tones of his voice and his laboured breathing. His chest was heaving as though it would burst. He struggled hard to command himself. As he ran out of the room, I rushed to the window, and followed him with my eyes; and before he reached the bottom of the garden I saw him lean his forehead against a tree, and burst into a passion of convulsive sobs.

The sun sank and sank. The sounds of clattering hoofs, and tramping feet, and rolling wheels, and loud, boisterous, whooping voices, began to be heard from the road. Our meal remained almost untasted on the table. Mother and I sat hand in hand, and gradually ceased all poor pretence of encouraging each other by words, and sank into silence. And thus we waited, waited, waited, in the darkening room.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was quite dark before we heard the sound of wheels upon the gravel of the drive. The maid had brought the lamp into the room, but mother had bidden her shade it, and leave it on a side-table. We kept the windows open, partly because it was a close, sultry night, and partly that we might hear the sound of the gig's approach. A large, weird-looking moth, flew in and fluttered and wheeled about the light, and striking itself now and then against the glass globe, made a sound at which we started, and our pulses throbbed painfully. There was no other sound. Not a twig moved in the garden. The noises had died away in the road. There was, doubtless, some roystering mirth rife in Horsingham, but out there in the country, all was brooding heat, darkness, and silence.

"Can you not catch the foolish creature?" said my mother, nervously twitching the fingers I held in mine, as the moth struck itself against the lamp with a dull thud. "It will be scorched. Put it out into the air."

Mother spoke almost in a whisper. I rose to obey her, trying to

catch the insect in my handkerchief, when at that moment we heard the sound of wheels.

"Anne, he is coming!" said mother, very faintly. Her face was ashy pale, and she leant back on the sofa like one in mortal sickness.

It seems strange to me now to remember that before I ran to her, I carefully enveloped the moth, with a sudden stealthy movement, in my handkerchief, carried him to the window, and shook him out into an unseen odorous garden-bed.

"Shall I go to the door?" I asked, standing close by my mother, but not touching her, and clasping my hands tightly together.

"Let Sarah open the door. He might be vexed at your going."

There was a short pause, more intolerable, as it seemed at the moment, than all the hours of waiting we had gone through, before the door-bolts were withdrawn. Then we heard voices, the stamping of hoofs, and Flower crying angrily, "Woa then! We-e-y, lass! Damn thee, can't thee stand still half a second, thou cursed fidgetty brute, thou!" And then a long string of muttered oaths and blasphemies, which died away, mingled with the noise of the vehicle being driven round to the stable-yard.

Footsteps came heavily along the hall, and the door of the room in which we were was flung roughly open.

"Thank God, you've got home all safe, darling George! I was beginning to be almost uneasy," exclaimed my mother. She spoke quite strongly, even cheerfully, and advanced towards my father, and put her hand on his shoulder. In her great pity and undying love for him, she found strength to show him a brave bright face in the first moment of his return. Let fate do its worst, he should have nothing but comfort from her. But my father seemed scarcely conscious of her voice or of her touch. He stumbled strangely, and fell heavily into a chair.

Gervase Lacer had entered with him, and his eyes met mine, as I looked up at him in surprise at father's demeanour and aspect; but he glanced away, and did not support my gaze for an instant.

"I think," he said hurriedly, "that you might as well send the servant-girl to bed. She can't do any good. Get her out of the way."

Then the truth flashed upon me that my father was intoxicated. I had never seen him so before in all my life. I glanced at mother, and saw in the anguish of her white face that she perceived it also.

"Lucy," muttered father in a thick voice, and taking her hand in his, "you musn't be cast down, my girl! Lucy—there's—there's been foul play. Damned foul play. But Whiffles, Lucy—Whiffles is a trump. We shall—we shall smash 'em next time. I have friends. Lacer is my friend. Whiffles is my friend. Lucy—h'sh! it's a secret. The bay colt'll astonish them yet. Ha, ha, ha!"

He burst into a discordant laugh, which made us shiver. Then all at once his heavy eyes became aware of me—they had rested on me before, but apparently without seeing me—and he said, still in the same thick tones, but with an altered manner, "Take her away, Lucy! Take the child away! She—she musn't see this."

But all the while he held his wife's hand in one of his; and with the other he presently began to loosen his cravat, tearing it off with uncertain, helpless fingers. By-and-by, his head drooped forward on his arms, which rested on the table in front of him; he still holding mother's hand, and drawing her down until she knelt on the floor beside him, although he continued to murmur, "Go away, and take the child, Lucy. Take the child. She musn't see this." But soon his fingers relaxed their hold, and released hers, and he fell into a stupor rather than a sleep.

None of us spoke a word until his heavy breathing had lasted some minutes. Then Mr. Lacer whispered to me once more to send the girl to bed. I went into the kitchen to dismiss her, and found her nodding and blinking sleepily beside a flaring candle. She was thankful to be allowed to go to bed. She had not bolted the kitchen-door, Flower not having yet returned from putting the mare up in the stable. I told her that I would see to the fastenings of the house, and dismissed her up-stairs.

When I went back into the sitting-room, I found that father was partially aroused from his sleep, although he was far from being in full possession of his consciousness.

Mother's face looked rigid as stone, and her eyes unnaturally bright. Her force and courage amazed me. She spoke in a firm, steady voice.

"George, dearest, you must go to rest. We will talk together in the morning. We are all tired now. It is late."

"Lacer," stammered my father, letting his clenched fist fall heavily on the table; "Lacer—you're my friend. Are you, or are you not my friend? Will you back the—the bay colt, to run against the field?—the *field*, I say! Every horse! Every jockey—cursed swindlers! We'll—we'll *train a jockey ourselves*. H'sh! Wait a while! H'sh, h'sh, h'sh! It's a secret. But if the bay colt doesn't smash them all—you may poison him! Ha, ha, ha! you may poison—no, you may poison *me*, my boy! That would be the best. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Again came that dreadful drunken laugh, which this time ended in a hoarse gasp; and he tore his shirt open as though he were choking. Then looking at me with a strange vacant stare, he mumbled out once more, "Take away the child, Lucy. Take—take her away. She musn't see this," and then dropped his head again, hiding his face on his folded arms.

At a sign from mother, I withdrew into a distant part of the room; standing behind my father, so that he could not see me. Then she bent over him and kissed his hair—the once bright curling hair she had been so proud of, now grizzled, and dank, and tangled, and uncared for—and coaxed him and prayed him to be comforted and go to his rest.

“Come, Furness! Do as your wife wishes,” said Mr. Lacer, taking hold of father’s arm. Mr. Lacer’s voice roused him somewhat. He made an effort to raise his head and steady himself.

“My wife!” he cried. “A good wife, Lacer! An angel. The sweetest woman—the sweetest woman in the world, I say! Poor Lucy! my poor girl!”

Here he began to moan weakly, and fell into a fit of sobbing, although only a few stray tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. Mother ran to take his hand, and kiss it; but he pushed her from him with the action of a peevish child, and murmuring that no one cared for him, that he was alone, that he had done all for others, and that they never believed him, never had any confidence in him, and alternately calling all men to witness that his luck had been infernal, and chuckling over the sure success of a new project which must be kept secret, secret as the grave, he gradually suffered Mr. Lacer to lead him to his chamber.

Mother sat quite still, with her two hands pressed upon her temples, staring blankly out into the darkness. I did not dare to speak to her. I scarcely dared to breathe or move. A strange feeling was upon me, which made me dread to break the stillness; a feeling as of a climber on a steep precipice, whom a panic fear suddenly unnerves, and who, incapable of making a step backward or forward, clings with clenched hands to the spot whereon he finds himself. So we remained silent until Mr. Lacer came back.

“He is asleep,” he said, seating himself with his face in shadow, and leaning his head upon his hand. “He fell asleep immediately.”

There was a pause.

“I need not ask—I will spare you the pain of trying to break it to me. Everything is lost,” said my mother, in a low voice.

“Everything.”

“I knew it.”

But although she had in truth anticipated his answer, it gave her a blow when it came. Hope strikes many fibrous roots into the heart; and I think mother had scarcely known that any still lurked in hers, until she learned it by the pain of having it torn out.

Mr. Lacer began trying to explain to us how it had come to pass that the race had been so disastrous for father. I gathered little from his explanation beyond the fact that there had been fraud, and lying, and swindling; tampering with trusted agents, bribing, spying,

villany. "Our" horse had been beaten. But even that would not have involved utter ruin, if the favourite had won. "At the last moment I got Furness to hedge, so as to save something out of the fire, if only that cursed beast had got first to the winning-post." But the favourite too had been ignominiously beaten. Accusations of foul play had been in every mouth. The horses had returned to weigh in, surrounded by a mob of yelling and infuriated ruffians. One man had been roughly handled, and only escaped worse injury, perhaps death, by the protection of a gang of hired pugilists, with whom he had providently surrounded himself. There had been a fearful uproar, and one that was remembered in Horsingham for many a year afterwards.

Mr. Lacer grew heated at the recollection of the scene. More than one deep angry curse had escaped him, when mother shudderingly put up her hand to stop him. He ceased speaking on her gesture. But after a second or two he said excitedly, "You know, Mrs. Furness, how I feel for you. I do, on my soul! But you must forgive me if I don't stop to pick my words like a young lady. I have been badly hit, too. This has been a black day for me."

"You too!" cried mother. Then she made a moan, wringing her hands, and murmuring, "What a curse this is! what a curse!" and rocking herself backward and forward.

Then, for he was genuinely sorry for her, he took back his words in a measure, and tried to comfort her. Though things were bad, they were, perhaps, not so desperate after all. For himself, he should tide over it. And Furness—if Furness could only get away out of the place, clean away, good luck might come back to him. She (mother) must be firm. All was not lost, so long as she was staunch.

Mother was walking up and down the room, with her hands again pressed to her temples, and made no answer. I doubt whether she heard what Mr. Lacer was saying. Then he turned to me, and spoke very earnestly, and said that I too must be firm, and not yield to the pressure of misfortunes which might be frightened away by a brave front. Weak yielding never did any good. He insisted much on the necessity of our being firm. I did not understand the full purport of his words until afterwards.

"Why did you let George drink?" said mother, stopping all at once with a strange sudden flash of anger, and disregarding what Mr. Lacer was saying to me. "You might at least have let him come home to us in his senses! Am I to have that horror? It would be the worst of all. I would rather beg barefoot by his side, than see him degraded in that way. You don't know what George was. You have never seen him at his best, as we knew him. Such a frank, upright, manly nature! I thought my heart would break when I

found——” She ceased, unwilling to finish her sentence, and walked wildly up and down the room again.

Gervase Lacer looked startled at first by this outburst, but he answered with a gentleness and forbearance that moved me. He assured mother that he had had no power to prevent her husband from drinking. A knot of men had gathered round him, losers like himself. Furness had been so excited and upset by the whole scene on the race-course, that he scarcely seemed to know what he was doing.

“I could not get him away from them, Mrs. Furness,” he said. “How was it possible that I should have done so? But I stuck by him. I was determined not to leave him until he was safe at home. And God knows I dreaded facing you and Anne. But I thought I was acting a friend’s part. I could do no more.”

Mother gave him her hand, and piteously begged his pardon. “I’m half distracted, I think,” she said. “But to see George in that state—— You don’t know what it is to me. No poverty could be so bitter, nor half so bitter. I have always been so—so—proud of him!”

Her lips trembled, and she burst into tears. It was almost a relief to see them. Her dry-eyed misery had been terrible to me. I signed to Mr. Lacer not to speak, and he stood watching her uneasily, as she sobbed with her face hidden in her hands. I did not approach her. I felt that it was best to refrain from speech at that moment. There was, not antagonism, but division between us. Mother knew with her quick instinct of affection that even whilst I pitied my father—and God knows that I did pity him!—I felt resentment against him at sight of her suffering. It was so. I could not help the feeling.

I had not forgotten that I had undertaken to see to the fastenings of the house. The kitchen door had been left open, and there was no reliance to be placed on Flower. In all likelihood he had come home in a state of drunkenness, as was his wont—a state in which, however, he seemed always to possess a mechanical power of attending to his stable duties. Flower had never been known to neglect a horse, father was accustomed to boast in speaking of the man.

I explained my errand in a word or two, and taking up a small lamp which had been left burning in the hall, I made for the kitchen.

In a moment I heard Mr. Lacer’s footsteps following me, and I stopped, and turned, and bade him go back; I was not frightened. He pressed on after me, however, saying that it was not safe to let me do such an office alone at that late hour. I made no further remonstrance, but went straight into the kitchen, being bent on getting my errand accomplished as quickly as might be. The large, stone-flagged kitchen was empty and silent. All was undisturbed

there. But the door, as I had conjectured to be likely, was left unbarred.

"Flower has gone to bed, and thought or cared nothing about the safety of the house," I said, bending down and using all my strength to move the heavy bolt that grated dolefully through the silent house. But Mr. Lacer bade me let him do it, and took my hand to remove it from the bolt, as I thought; but on a sudden he stooped, and kissed my fingers lightly—almost timidly.

I turned on him, drawn to my full height, startled, and flushed, and indignant.

"Please to fasten the door, or to let me do it. I must return to my mother."

Then he burst out with a kind of suppressed vehemence, clasping his hands tightly together with the action of one forcibly restraining himself from demonstrative gestures.

"Anne, don't be angry with me! You can't suppose I meant to offend you. I would die sooner than offend you. But I must say now what is in my heart——"

"No, no! Say no more! Pray say no more!"

"I must speak, Anne. I do not ask for an answer at this moment. But I cannot leave you to-night without telling you that—that nothing can alter my love for you. Oh, Anne, if you would give me the right to love and cherish you, I would devote my life to making you happy."

Now that he had spoken, I felt strangely self-possessed. My agitation seemed to have fled. I answered him with a tremor in my voice, but scarcely any at my heart. "This is no time to speak of—of love to me. I can think only of *them*. You must know that it is so, must be so. I am not ungrateful. But you, too, are excited and unstrung. You are speaking from overwrought feeling—sympathy."

"Oh, stop, for God's sake! I can't bear that!" he cried, starting back from me, as if I had stung him.

"I do not mean to hurt you, indeed! It would be heartless and ungrateful beyond measure. But I know that I ought not to accept seriously what you say now in a generous impulse of pity."

Again he interrupted me, this time gripping my wrist until the pressure of his fingers hurt me.

"I tell you I can't bear it, Anne! Don't, for God's sake, talk of my—my generosity!"

After a moment's pause he resumed more calmly, "I love you better than I ever did or shall love any mortal woman. Believe that, Anne, whatever happens. If I had known you sooner—— But it is not too late. It shall not be too late. Cast in your lot with me, Anne. We are in the same boat."

"Nay! Our boat has made shipwreck. Keep out of it."

"I tell you, Anne, that we will sink or swim together."

He tried to take my hand again; but I drew back.

"You are not angry, Anne?" he said.

"Angry! No; I am not angry. I feel that it is generous of you to come forward at this moment of trouble and misery."

"I could not leave you to-night, dearest, without telling you that all the trouble only makes you dearer to me. I held my tongue whilst you were the prosperous heiress of Water-Eardley. But now I can speak without my sincerity and disinterestedness being suspected."

This jarred on me. I wished he had not said it. "Pray," said I, "let us speak no more of this to-night. Let me go to mother. She is, and ought to be, my first consideration."

"But you are mine, Anne! First, and best, and dearest. There, I will not try to detain you. I will press for no answer now. I have eased my heart by speaking. Think of me a little kindly if you can."

We returned to the sitting-room, where mother was standing at the open window.

"How close and heavy it is!" she murmured, without turning her head, as she heard us enter. "Not a breath stirring! Is the house secured?"

We told her that it was so. And then Mr. Lacer took his leave.

"You must walk? It is late. You have no apprehension? Our road is generally safe enough. But at this time——"

"Apprehension! None whatever. People will be about all night long. And, though it is late for Water-Eardley, it is really not such a terrible hour. It wants half an hour to midnight. God bless you, Mrs. Furness. I will be here betimes in the morning."

He went away into the sultry darkness.

I was so weary that I thought I must fall asleep the instant my head touched the pillow. But as soon as I was in my bed I was haunted and hunted by troops of thoughts and fears and fancies that rushed through my brain, and broke my rest.

Only as the dawn began to glimmer through my window did I fall asleep. And I woke with a violent start, as if I had been struck, when the sun was high.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

IN watching the progressive exhibitions, if not the actual progress, of Mr. Swinburne's genius as presented in his successive works, it is interesting to notice how the very vices of his earlier productions become the excellencies of his later ones. This is signally illustrated in Mr. Swinburne's new volume of "*Songs before Sunrise*,"¹ which, it is anticipated, will for ever charm to rest the captious criticisms and weak suspicions of those who did their best to drown the voice of one of the sweetest, if not the sweetest, of singers that this or any former age has listened to. The characteristic fault of Mr. Swinburne's earliest style was *abandon*. This was in some measure owing to the topics selected. So long as he dwelt for the most part within the circle of individual life and passion, an excess in this direction was almost a necessity of his peculiar emotional nature. Impatient of limit or control, insatiable in desire and aspiration, resentful of every artificial or even every conceivable bond, lending a painfully sympathetic ear to each pulse of struggling, outraged, or frantic humanity, the author of the "*Poems and Ballads*" hardly conciliated by his extraordinary power of verse the reluctant indulgence of the moralist and the pedant. But once fairly launched out into the broader sea of national and cosmopolitan life, licence becomes transmuted into freedom, transports of passionate caresses into patriotic sorrows or hopes, and the cry of the caged bird flapping aimlessly against its prison bars into the stern indignation of the prophet, as his face none the less radiates with the glowing dawn of the great day of universal Republicanism. Nothing can be more reviving to the dulled and stricken spirit of modern English statesmanship than Mr. Swinburne's burning lines as he travels from nation to nation, now lingering with Garibaldi before Rome, now with Mazzini anywhere, now with Walt Whitman in America, now in Spain, now in Candia or Greece, and evermore returning to England to remind her of her ancient call, of Milton, Cromwell, Shelley and Landor, of her dark and perilous state now, and of her glorious destiny in the future. The language, indeed, is terribly caustic sometimes, even unto death, as in those almost ghastly lines in the epilogue, where a prayer is offered, that if things are to go on as of old, and "no near or far off sun is to

"Salute man risen and sunlike souled,
Free, boundless, fearless, perfect, one,"

then that

"Man's world should die like worlds of old,
And here in heaven's sight only be
The sole sun on the worldless sea."

This volume is indeed a noble contribution to the full treatment of topics in themselves inexhaustible—the sorrows, the dangers, the hopes, of the nations of the world. Yet does the very largeness and grandeur of the subject-matter only serve as a deep and solemn background to profoundly tender and delicate

(1) "*Songs before Sunrise*." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: F. S. Ellis, 1871.

illustration of the most evanescent human feeling, the scarcely noticed, because instantly forgotten, aspect of nature, the familiar and the ever unfamiliar facts of death, fate, love, despair, heroism, and duty. Mr. Swinburne's capacity for the easy manifestation of exact and even exquisitely delicious imagery can hardly be surpassed, and yet his use of this and every other instrument of his art is held in severe subordination to his controlling genius. If he hear a "springing water," its "quick sound makes softer the soft sunless patient air." The swimmer—

"Feels the full flower of morning shed,
And fluent sunrise round him rolled,
That laps and laves his body bold
With fluctuant heaven in water's stead."

The strange pathos thrown round the glory and destiny of Italy by such poems as "Blessed among Women," and especially "Tiresias," affords a striking instance of the political potency, even in these days, of worthy song.

It would be difficult to say which propensity has been most detrimental both to correct thought and to the convenience of human life, that of isolating the phenomena of what is called mind, to the neglect of the body, or that of ignoring all mental phenomena as in any way distinguishable from the most ordinary reactions of nervous tissues. Germany has erred in one direction, France in the opposite one, and England, as usual, in both. What is also not unusual, however, is that England is doing much towards the creation of a school of scientific philosophers, whose purpose it is to effect a living and real reconciliation between the discordant factions rampant elsewhere. Dr. Maudsley,¹ in his Gulstonian Lectures for 1870, has enounced, with copious illustrative instances, the principles of this new school. The leading facts on which reliance is placed are that for all purposes of the physician and the natural philosopher the phenomena of so-called mind and body are, in fact, inseparable from the moment of birth to that of death. They emerge together, they are constantly passing into each other, they progress together towards maturity; disorder in the one series of phenomena sooner or later spreads to the other; they are both perpetuated in the race, and subject to all the vicissitudes due to natural selection or inherited character, and they elude all further investigation by the fact of what is called death. These facts are incontrovertibly established by a crowd of witnesses, thronging in from every quarter, and of which Dr. Maudsley has assembled some of the most striking and important for the purpose of these lectures. Thus in pointing out the connection between physical derangement and insanity, Dr. Maudsley, in his third lecture, takes the leading classes of organs in order, and shows the quality of the mental disturbance following upon their being injured severally. The generative, the abdominal, and the thoracic organs are notoriously concerned with many phenomena which, from their emotional, spiritual, imaginative or even religious aspects, might seem to be the farthest out of their reach. The remarkable circumstance is, that the insane patient will often attribute his complaint to an unreal physical cause, or perhaps some supernatural and quasi-physical cause,

(1) "Body and Mind: an Inquiry into their Connection and Mutual Influence, specially in Reference to Mental Disorders, being the Gulstonian Lectures for 1870, delivered before the Royal College of Physicians." By Henry Maudsley, M.D. London: Macmillan. 1870.

while a real physical cause is at the root of it. "The hypochondriac cannot withdraw his attention from the morbid sensation to which it is irresistibly attracted, and which it aggravates. His interest in all things else is gradually quenched, and his ability to think and act freely in the relations of life sapped. The step from this state to positive insanity is not a great one. The strange and distressing sensation being so anomalous, so unlike anything of which the patient has had experience, affecting him so fearfully and so unaccountably, gets at last an interpretation that seems suited to its character, and he then imagines some animal, or man, or devil has got inside him and is tormenting him."

Lacordaire may be said to have occupied an intermediate position in the history of French ethical philosophy between Rousseau and Comte. With all his religious aspirations and catholic sympathies, he was profoundly modified by that view of mankind which is pre-eminently modern and French. A new volume of his *Conférences*,¹ delivered at Notre-Dame, enables the English reader to obtain a more distinct view than has hitherto been possible of the full-length portrait of the great Dominican. In his address on "Man as a Social Being," Lacordaire exhibits with great completeness his mode of apprehending the constitution of society, and of tracing the direction and methods of its future progress. He alludes to certain of his predecessors who have endeavoured to persuade men that society is the source of all their evils, and that with civilisation their decadence began. "We hate dependence and labour in society. Dependence first; for society exists only by unity; unity is formed by ties; these ties, when intelligent beings are concerned, change into obligatory laws for the conscience, and are maintained by the double authority of public power and opinion. This is a yoke accepted by the virtue which does not separate its condition from the condition of others, but which weighs upon the egotism which lives only for itself; and, therefore, as solitude is destructive of all laws, because it destroys all relations, egotism seeks solitude in order to escape from dependence." It is interesting to mark how nearly allied is the tone of the Dominican preacher to that of his great secluded Positivist contemporary. The former, like the latter, justifies the use of the motto, "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," but points out, like him, where it falls short of the highest conception. Duties rather than rights, obedience equally with liberty, hierarchy as well as equality, are demanded for man, to prevent him falling into the powerlessness of individual dissolution, and to enable him to keep his place by the help of a "common and sacred law in the living home which a nation makes for him." "Write, then, if you would found durable institutions—write above the word liberty, obedience; above equality, hierarchy; above fraternity, veneration; above the august symbol of rights, the divine symbol of duties. I have said this elsewhere. Right is the selfish side of justice; duty is its generous and devoted side."

Mr. Ruskin² is writing a series of Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain, and he mentions on the first page of the first letter that the "letters will be sold by Mr. G. Allen, Heathfield Cottage, Keston, Kent, for sevenpence each, without abatement on quantity, and forwarded, post-paid, on

(1) "Conférences delivered at Notre Dame, in Paris, by the Rev. Père Lacordaire." London: Chapman and Hall. 1870.

(2) "Fors Clavigera." Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain. By John Ruskin, LL.D. Letter the First. January 1st, 1871. Printed for the Author by Smith, Elder, and Co.

remittance of the price of the number required, to any place in the United Kingdom." He further adds, that he sends a copy to each of the principal journals and periodicals, to be noticed or not at their pleasure: "otherwise he will use no advertisements." Mr. Ruskin, in this arrangement just conforms to, and varies from, the habits of other people in about the same degree that his utterances in the letters are like and unlike the thoughts and feelings of people about him. He wishes "kings to keep their crowns on their heads, and bishops their crosiers in their hands; but he wishes them both duly to recognise the significance of the crown and the use of the crook." "He is a violent illiberal, but it does not follow he must be a Conservative." He gives advice on every conceivable subject, great and small, and most of it is good, though eccentric and paradoxical, treating the world as composed of little children, ready to be trained into manhood by correct theories of wages.

Mr. Hope's "Texts from the Times" has a good deal of really fresh and fairly racy matter in it—in fact, a larger share than the diluted form in which current literature is for the most part compelled to appear generally admits of. In an essay on "Jones," Mr. Hope says that it is a serious consideration that for some centuries back England has been mainly governed by Jonesism, tempered by John Thomasism. The British constitution is, indeed, mainly the work of Jones's hands. We have worshipped the divine goddess Liberty with no fits of sanguine enthusiasm, no angry Marseillaise choruses, but soberly enough, and with a wise eye to the main chance. Was some lie excused as a divine right? We bowed to it respectfully in our market-places till it began to afflict us in the way of taxation. Was some institution built upon rotten foundations? We let them rot till we were credibly informed that before long the whole affair would come down with some damage to the rest of the premises. In a light and cheerful essay on "Mrs. Grundy," Mr. Hope describes how he himself was initiated in early life into the tyrannical institutions of society on trying to play marbles at school, where such a sport was not *comme il faut*. The process of constructing a "Novel of the Period" is described in an entertaining way in an essay with that title. Mr. Hope notices that during the last year between four thousand and five thousand books were published in this country, of which more than four hundred were novels and one thousand theological works. The difficulties of a young writer in the way of meeting with friendly publishers and kindly critics are described with animation, and the relations of modern to ancient story-telling are examined. This little volume contains a quantity of matter which an unfriendly critic would call twaddle, but the substance is generally good and sound.

Mr. Coryton,² Recorder of Moulmen, one of the capitals of British Burmah, in a letter to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, advocates the establishment of a route to China by way of Moulmen. He notices that the completion of the Suez Canal has led to a great development of the steam traffic to Bombay, but that as yet no corresponding effort has been made as regards China. With a

(1) "Texts from the Times." By Ascott R. Hope. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo. 1870.

(2) "Letter to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce as to Prospects of a Direct Trade Route to China through Moulmen." By John Coryton. Moulmen. 1870.

very moderate amount of traffic, and at a money expense inconsiderable when compared with that already incurred in the Rangoon experiment on the Irrawaddy, Mr. Coryton contends that a trade route might be established through Moulmen, such that a Liverpool and Moulmen line of steamers might carry the whole, or nearly the whole, European trade of China and Japan. There are three ports in the Bay of Bengal, Calcutta, Rangoon, and Moulmen, and the two former have, with every advantage in their favour, failed to support their pretensions for the purpose in question. The main obstacle to the Moulmen route is the notorious lawlessness of the neighbourhood and the prevalence of *dacoity*. But if the British and Siamese Governments could co-operate, this would soon be extirpated. The character of the proposed route is marked out in its whole length, and its geographical, commercial, and political advantages ably exhibited.

Owing to the way in which the cream is removed from all modern events, however momentous, by the agency of telegraphic messages and special correspondents, it is almost impossible to master at the time the complete narrative of any complex series of transactions on the Continent of Europe with any due regard to strict continuity or to the true relation of the more subordinate to the more prominent features. A republication¹ of a number of letters originally published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* during the sitting of the late Council at Rome, serves to present at one view a complete exhibition of all the circumstances which attended, preceded, and followed the sitting of the Council. The authority for the matters described is the very highest. The writers were three Catholic friends in Rome, who were in the habit of communicating to one another what they learnt from persons intimately acquainted with the proceedings of the Council. Belonging as they did to different nations and different classes of life, and having already become familiar, before the opening of the Council, through long residence in Rome, with the state of things and persons there, and being in free and daily intercourse with some members of the Council, they were most favourably situated for giving a true report of the proceedings and views of those who took part in it. One of the writers says that from personal intercourse of various kinds with many of the Infallibilist bishops, he gathers that their zeal was due to the notion—First, that there was a general need for new dogmas, and that the old ones were no longer sufficient; that for preparing and enforcing these a single infallible dictator is better adapted than an episcopal assembly: secondly, the distinction between bishops learned or ignorant in theology would become immaterial: and thirdly, theology itself would become greatly simplified, and its study rendered shorter and easier. Those lengthy historical proofs of dogmas, the investigations as to the range and consequences of a doctrine, and the like, would all become superfluous, and matters would be settled out of hand by a brief question to the Pope and his reply. In the twenty-fifth letter, dated February 24th, 1870, it is said that there were three powers who wished to gain by the Council, and who decided on its proceedings and destiny—the Pope, the Jesuits, and the Curia. As to the Curia, every member of it had long since made his calculations with that appreciation of the realities of life which is peculiar to the Italian nation, and every assailant of the dogma was their

(1) "Letters from Rome on the Council." By Quirinus. Reprinted from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Authorised Translation. London: Rivingtons. 1870.

personal enemy—"emptying their gold-mine." The description of the character and situation of the Pope is very interesting. He is said to be persuaded that he is ordained, by the special favour of God, to be the most glorious of all Popes. In common with Innocent X., he has a strong experimental belief in his own personal inspiration, without any theological culture. He resembles Clement XI. in giving himself up to the theological guidance of the Jesuits, and in his high-handed treatment of the bishops who dare to have an opinion of their own. He believes that the thoughts and desires of his soul are in reality the counsels of God, made known to him by inspiration, and that if, by following these counsels, he accomplishes the deliverance of the Church and of mankind, it is the hand of God which uses him as an instrument. Dr. Manning took up a strong ground on the Infallibilist side. His whole speech was an attempt to hinder concession and keep the Curia to the point of forcibly suppressing the minority. He maintained that the English Catholics were for Infallibility, and that even Protestants testified that it would strengthen his hands. As a fact, the English bishops of the Council were equally divided.

Where any set of opinions are diffused largely in society with greater or less consciousness on the part of the holder of them, and are maintained most consciously, not to say dogmatically, by important and well-organised parties, it is a great advantage to find a clear, unflinching, and eloquent voice given to those opinions, so that there need be no doubt as to what they are and what they mean. Such a voice has Mr. Baldwin Brown¹ given to the ecclesiastical tenets of the English Congregationalists. Mr. Baldwin Brown is a thoroughly well-informed, earnest, and sound-hearted writer. He will not, indeed, satisfy those who seek speculative acumen, or accurate historical research, or refined sympathy with the softer and more ethereal hues of a glowing pietism. But as adequate exponents of the stern popular feeling of a hard-headed and logical people (for the English are that after all), with much to do, and not much time or ability or disposition to think, Mr. Brown's Essays are of the greatest value. In the first essay on "What is Truth?" the dissatisfied, and critical, and restless state of Englishmen at the present day is described with a considerable amount of candour and farsightedness, though hardly with the intolerable reality with which the description would be attempted by any one who was not prepared with a complete *quietus*. The different modes of setting men's minds at rest are successively weighed in the balance, and most of them dismissed. The "Infallible Church" and the "Infallible Book" are two of these modes, which are held unfitting to their purpose on grounds which can readily be imagined. The true solution is to be sought in the "Doctrine of Christ," as interpreted and applied by the English Congregationalists—that is, by a large number of bodies of good men and women whose ancestors have been driven out of the Church of England, and who have a great dislike to Church Establishments of all sorts, and believe that the true National Church is not an organised body opposed to or in alliance with the State, but the general outcome of the thoughts, feelings, and wishes of all good and pious people who worship God according to their lights, and try to make other people worship Him likewise. Mr. Baldwin Brown's views of

(1) "First Principles of Ecclesiastical Truth. Essays on the Church and Society." By J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

the Church of England are that "it can place a person of average quality, intelligence, and morality in the various parishes in the country; can see that he conducts worship in a prescribed form and duly administers the sacraments; can secure by subscription" (though here he speaks more doubtfully) "that he shall hold the broad tenets of the Christian faith; and it can prevent any very gross moral scandal arising from the moral scandal of its agents—though here, again, the limits of its power are very easily reached. But it would be wilful blindness not to see how seriously the institution has stood in the way of real work for England, the supply in a far higher form of the people's needs."

A curious view of certain sides of Irish life and political feeling in the early part of this century, is supplied by the republication of a series of anonymous papers that appeared in the first volume of the *London and Dublin Magazine*, under the title of "Robert Emmet and his Contemporaries."¹ The writer was himself engaged in the Emmet Rebellion of 1803. He gives a very vivid account of Emmet's personal characteristics. The writer says that there was a witchery about his young friend which was perfectly marvellous. All who approached and conversed with him loved him. He was full of genius of the highest quality, of benevolence the most pure, and humanity the most conspicuous. There is a little excess of Irish fluency in the description of the hero, but the portrait is manifestly truthful, and drawn from life. Without insisting too much on the value of Emmet's political speculations, it is interesting to learn from his repeated conversations how distinctly the vision of an Irish republic imaged itself before him. "If ever Providence destined any spot on this globe for the residence of a pure republic, it was Ireland. A people prepared to receive republicanism should not be wealthy, frivolous, or ignorant: they should be temperate, virtuous, and brave. They should love justice, religion, and their country; and should have recently experienced the sufferings of oppression. Such are the people of Ireland."

There is no need to commend the war correspondence of the *Daily News* to any persons who recall the account of the battles of Gravelotte and of Sedan, and the terribly photographic pictures of Metz during and after the siege, as given in the pages of that journal during the past autumn. One of the correspondents gives, in what forms the first chapter of the reproduced letters, the story of his interview with M. Ollivier at the very commencement of the war, in which the advantages and disadvantages of allowing newspaper correspondents to accompany an army are clearly set out and closely reasoned upon. The writer says he "can convey no idea of the power"—the 'verve' would, perhaps, be the best word—"with which M. Ollivier spoke. M. Ollivier expressed his extreme sorrow at the attitude of the English press, which, he said, was based upon a complete misapprehension of the causes of the war." The kinds of reasoning which the favourers of the two nations have severally adopted will prove to be one of the not least interesting features in the whole narrative of the war-time, especially in view of the conspicuous men who have contributed to the discus-

(1) "Robert Emmet." London: Longmans. 1860.

(2) "The War Correspondence of the *Daily News*, 1870. With map." London: Macmillan. 1870.

sion. The republication of Mr. Greg's writings on the subject,¹ as well as those of Herren Momssen, Strauss, Max Müller, and Carlyle,² is useful.

It is a rare advantage for English students when a foreign writer, thoroughly acquainted with the English language and English habits of thought and feeling, writes an English edition of his own work originally published in his native language. Such a work is far more than a translation. Herr Wilhelm Ihne³ has produced such an edition of his Roman history; yet, as he says, "it is doubtful whether any author can translate his own composition." However much a stranger may deem himself bound to adhere strictly to the text which he is asked to render in another language, the author, dealing with his own composition, will not submit to be his own slave; he will improve, enlarge, curtail, omit what he thinks proper, and, above all, he will correct errors into which he has fallen. In fact, he will rewrite his work; and that is precisely what he has done in the present instance." The work itself is one of great value and importance, being framed on the results of all the best research since the days of Niebuhr and Arnold, and written in a philosophic and truly historical spirit, the comments on the leading events—for instance, on the origin of the Agrarian Tumults and the result of the Punic War—being masterly and instructive.

An account of a real experiment in grappling with the great pauper problem as presented in London is always serviceable. The volume edited by the Countess Spencer, under the title of "East and West,"⁴ is interesting on the double ground that it shows how the wealth and opportunities at the disposal of the rich inhabitants of the West End may be best economized for the relief of the destitute poor at the East End, and that it contains a number of life-like sketches of actual scenes and persons belonging to strata of society of which very little is known, except in the most general and superficial way. Among the immediate causes of poverty beyond the control of the sufferers are especially noted the over-population of many districts, the scarcity of employment, the high price of provisions, and the high rent of houses and lodgings. Three years ago a Supplemental Ladies' Association was formed, for the purpose of organizing the services of ladies living in the more fashionable quarters of the town for the judicious help of the poor in the east of London. The kind of assistance kept in view will be understood from the mention of such objects as orders for hospitals and convalescent homes; outfits for girls going to service, or paupers willing to emigrate; iron bedsteads to be let to the poor at one penny or twopence a week, in cases of sickness or overcrowding; the loan of a pail and brush for whitewashing rooms, and books for the blind. The facts recorded in the book illustrating the working of the association are full of interest of the highest class.

SHELDON AMOS.

(1) "The Great Duel: its True Meaning and Uses." By W. R. Greg. London: Trübner. 1871.

(2) "Letters on the War between Germany and France." By T. Momssen, D. F. Strauss, F. Max Müller, and T. Carlyle.

(3) "The History of Rome." By Wilhelm Ihne. English Edition. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans.

(4) "East and West." Edited by the Countess Spencer. London: Longmans. 1871.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. LI. NEW SERIES.—MARCH 1, 1871.

ITALY AND THE REPUBLIC.

ON the eve of quitting, it may be for the last time, the land I have learned to love as a second country, in order more effectually to continue the Italian republican apostolate to which I intend to devote the remainder of my life, I desire to recapitulate, for those English friends whose affection has afforded me my best consolation for the loss of the home denied me in my native Italy, the reasons of the unshaken republican faith which is in me; the duty which impels me now to renounce the consolations of age, as I formerly renounced the joys of youth, in the service of the republican unity of Italy, which was the prophetic dream of my boyhood and the religious faith of my manhood, as it is the evening star of promise shining above the darkness of my declining years.

The delusions and errors of the past ten years, the false route upon which our new-born Italy has been led by corrupt and incompetent leaders, have convinced me, to my sorrow, that the political education of my countrymen is less advanced than I once hoped. The Italian question, which I believed might ere this have become a question of action and realisation, is still a question of education. Let me not be misunderstood. Italy is republican, but she is so through the traditional instincts of her people, not through a deeply meditated and solemnly accepted faith in democracy as a principle. Now the republicanism which is the mere result of instinct and opinion, is easily allured from the straight path of duty and sacrifice, the sole path of national regeneration, by every temptation of apparent expediency or temporary interest. The republicanism which is the offspring of faith persists in that path, even though it lead to martyrdom. The instinctive republicanism fermenting in Italy at the present day, inspired by reaction, and having for its best weapon a negation, is easily disarmed by the semblance of an affirmation. The

republicanism which I seek to instil into the hearts of my young countrymen, and for which our martyrs died, is the affirmation of God's law of progress, and therefore invincible. By decree of Providence, gloriously revealed in the progressive history of humanity, not Italy alone, but Europe, is fast advancing towards democracy. The most logical form of democracy is the republic. The republic, therefore, is one of the facts of the future. But this fact, in order to be lasting, must be founded upon a religious basis. The republic must be founded upon the new conception of progress, not considered as a mere philosophical theory, but as the divine law of life, providentially regulating the accomplishment of human destiny through human effort. This instrument will be the largest possible application of the principle of association between man and man, peoples and peoples; its aim, the fulfilment, through the highest possible development of liberty, of that law of equality between soul and soul, which, visibly or not, lies at the root of every great synthesis linking man to God. The republic, so founded, will be not only a political, but a mighty religious fact. Let us glance at the condition of Europe at the present day. Destitute of any common faith; destitute of any conception of a common aim able to unite the nations and assign to each its special task to be fulfilled for the good of all; destitute of all unity of law or rule to direct its moral, political, and economic life—the European world lies at the mercy of each new dynastic or popular interest or caprice. The European initiative, once nobly taken by France, but extinguished in 1815, is no longer the visible and confessed appanage of any people. England abdicated all right to it when she deliberately inaugurated a policy of mere local interest under the name of non-intervention. Germany is in danger of reducing to sterility her vast potency of thought, by committing the potency of action, resulting from a collective inspiration, and the formation of her unity, into the hands of a military monarchy hostile to liberty. The Slavonian populations, destined to play so important a part in the future, still dismembered and devoid of all centre of national life, oscillate between the old obstacle of local rivalries and antagonism, and a Tzarism mortal to them all.

In the presence of this void, we Italians of the party of progress, though ready to hail with applause the desired initiative whencesoever it spring, cherish as our hearts's ideal the sacred hope that it will arise upon the ruins of the Papacy, and all falsehoods akin to it, in the third Rome, the Rome of the people. Reborn by the cradle-side of a new epoch, Italy and Rome, if they will rightly comprehend their moral power and destiny, are called to inaugurate that epoch. That which is elsewhere but a word, becomes, when uttered by Rome, a fact, a decree, *urbi et orbi*.

I am leaving England for a land bordering my own, whence I may conduct the publication of a republican journal to be issued in Rome. The first number will appear on the anniversary of the Roman Republic,¹ and bear the title of *The Rome of the People*, and the signatures of men who, whatever their intellectual worth, have never denied their soul's belief and ideal through worldly temptations, delusions, sorrows, exile, or imprisonment. Their programme, the republican unity of Italy, dates back for more than a quarter of a century, and although at times they have sadly abstained from its written apostolate, when it was evident that only the bitter lessons of experience could awaken our deluded people from the monarchical illusion, they have never forsaken or abjured it. Now, more firmly convinced than ever of its truth by the lessons of the last ten years, they once again raise their banner of forty years ago. Our publication will, in fact, but utter the cry of the Italian conscience, in support of the formula of national life indicated by our historical tradition and the instinct of our people, in opposition to every artifice or falsehood which either deliberately denies that instinct, or flatters it merely to betray.

The 9th of February recalls a brief but splendid period of glory and promise, when, in the face of the policy of egotism and cowardice dominant in Europe, and while our monarchy was betraying the honour and future of Italy on the plains of Lombardy, in Milan and in Novara, Rome raised her head from her sepulchre in solemn protest, signed that protest in the blood of her worthiest sons, and proved by the unanimity of every class of citizens, which reduced the Papacy to dishonour itself by flight, and by their virile resistance to four enemies, what energy of power and love the old republican faith is able to inspire in Italian hearts. A long education of political Jesuitism and servile patience has since been employed in the endeavour to bury that record in guilty oblivion. But in Rome great memories have ever enclosed a germ of new life. The memories of '49 will revive more rapidly and more fruitfully than is generally believed. Who can fail to see how our monarchy, though driven to Rome by our agitations, and the mere utterance of the word "Republic" in Paris, yet shrinks forebodingly from the necessity of establishing itself there, striving to obtain a delay even of months, as if fearing to encounter the mighty spectres of those who bequeathed those memories as a heritage of duty to be accomplished by Rome.

The title which I have chosen for this new publication indicates the mission which I believe Rome destined to fulfil towards humanity, and recalls the historic progression which bids her, for the third time, give utterance to the new word of European civilisation, and of that moral unity which during the decay of the ancient faith has vanished

(1) The Roman Republic was proclaimed on February 9th, 1849.

from the world. In 1844 I told the Italians: "This unity, so earnestly invoked, can only be given to mankind by you. It will never be written till it can be inscribed upon the two memorial columns which stand to mark the course of nearly thirty centuries of the life of humanity—the Capitol and Vatican.

"From the Rome of the Cæsars went forth the unity of civilisation, imposed by force upon Europe.

"From the Rome of the Popes went forth the unity of civilisation, imposed upon the human race by authority.

"From the Rome of the People, when you, Italians, shall be worthier than now you are, will go forth a unity of civilisation freely accepted by the universal consent of the peoples."

This faith in the immortal destiny of Rome, which has sustained the believers in it during trials as severe as life has to offer, is our faith still. The materialists who misgovern Italy at the present day see nothing more in Rome than a portion of Italian soil, populated by a certain number of inhabitants capable of paying taxes and bearing hireling arms. We regard Rome as the sanctuary of our nationality, the sacred city of Italy, the historic centre whose providential mission it has been to evolve the unifying Italian idea and the Italian initiative in the world.

But a few months back our actual rulers were still doubting whether it were necessary that Rome should be the capital of Italy, and publishing in their journals the stupid, impious formula of *Rome for the Romans*. We know that Rome is for Italy, as Italy is for Rome. The country and the capital, like the human organism and the brain, are an indivisible unity.

We believe that the coming new word of European civilisation, elaborated by the consent of every part of Italy, and consecrated by the baptism of the two anterior worlds which received their word from her, is destined to be uttered by republican Rome. National unity, and the Italian initiative of civilisation abroad—these two terms sum up our programme.

II.

All great questions finally resolve themselves into a question of method—of the how. Can we hope to achieve, to reduce to practice, the double aim thus set before the Italians, under the institution by which they are at present governed? Is the instrument fitted to the work? With the deepest, most earnest conviction, I answer, No. I will not here detail the long and grievous history, the pages of which are sullied by the names Villafranca, Nice, Venice a foreign alms, Aspromonte, Custoza, and Lissa. Fatal and pregnant with terrible consequences as those pages are, Prussia has shown us how

even a monarchy may, if it choose, avoid similar disgrace, and win the national battle by trusting to the energy of the nation. I will not relate the story of financial ruin handed down from one Italian ministry to another, to our national disaster, and aggravated by a system of economic make-shift, and immoral, unequal taxation, reducing the present generation to poverty, and only patched together by onerous loans, alienating or rendering sterile the sources of future wealth. Sully, Colbert, Turgot, and others as honest and capable, have served their country as ministers of monarchy; and, rare as such examples are—and nearly all of them rendered impotent of lasting good by the surrounding tribe of courtiers inseparable from the institution—they at least prove to us that it is possible to find monarchical ministers different from the incapable busy-bodies of our own day.

I will not base my theoretic dissent upon the actual corruption habitual in our high places; upon the constant substitution of the arbitrary will of the ministers of the law for the law itself; upon the perpetual violation of the liberty of the press, and of the right of association; upon the utter contempt for public opinion and the hundred violations of their every duty by our Government, which every passing month brings to light, and which are daily registered by every organ of the liberal press. I know that there are those who still found a distant hope upon the example of the English monarchy, tolerant of every liberty, avoiding all arbitrary abuse of power, and following and adopting, though imperfectly and afar off, the progress of public opinion; and, although it does appear somewhat strange and undignified that a people, before whom the better path stands disclosed, should linger in the doubtful hope that their legislators may possibly at some future time follow the unique example, I will respect that example, and I will not dilate upon both faults and vices, which I might point out even there, because it might be urged that they are temporary in their nature, and because my opposition to the monarchical institution is based upon far higher grounds.

III.

When, throughout a period of ages, a people has defined its mission, has revealed, wrought out, and incarnated in itself the principle which is its informing spirit and vital essence, there still lies before that people a secondary period of successive reforms, multiplying the practical applications of the principle, and gradually eliminating the defects inseparable from every social system. If the institution by which that people is governed has presided over the first period—the historic development and incarnation of the vital principle—it may, on condition of maintaining individual liberty and liberty of thought intact, continue, ostensibly at least, to direct the gradual progress of its secondary manifestations. When, however, the

necessity of things and progress of the times demand the manifestation of a new principle; when it is needful to define a new mission and new task in the general European labour, undertaken by a new or new-born people; when all things indicate the approaching revelation of a new conception of national and international life—the commencement of a period of revolution is inevitable; reforms, by the fact of appealing to, or recalling, the past, become dangerous. The institution which represented the former conception of life, and regulated the system it is important to destroy, is henceforth inefficient; incapable of directing the sudden spontaneous advance, it becomes an obstacle in the way of the aim. No institution ever has represented, or can represent, two different principles. A new order of things demands new institutions; new institutions demand new men.

Europe, generally considered, may be said to have entered upon the second period, in search, like the Israelites in the desert, of a promised land as yet unknown, of a new order of things, a new source of life, the former being exhausted. To any one guided and enlightened by the study of historical tradition, it is enough to glance at the actual condition of Europe, in order to recognise on every side signs identical with those which eighteen centuries ago foreshadowed the dissolution of Paganism and the inevitable advent of Christianity. The void created by the utter absence of any general, harmonious, civilising initiative in the world, and the consequent moral anarchy; the wars promoted by dynastic or individual interests; the neutralities founded on the indifference of egotism; the peaces built up upon absurd theories of a Balance of Power impossible of attainment while limited to material conditions; the question of the nationalities dominating every other, and pointing (as in those days) to a new division of Europe; the emancipation of the working classes become (as in those days the emancipation of the slaves) a source of universal and potent agitation; the uprising of the Slavonian race (as in those days of the Teutonic) in search of a national existence, henceforth inevitably decreed; the spread of materialism, the result of an exaggerated negation of the former faith; the aspiration, revealed on every side, after a new religion; the insane attempts at an impossible reconciliation of the old and new—all these and other signs proclaim the coming of an order of things, founded upon principles radically different from those which presided over the epoch now visibly exhausted and consumed. A new conception of life, and of the divine law by which life is governed, ferments beneath every manifestation of the two faculties of thought and action which constitute the human unity. Monarchy is as incapable of subduing as it is of governing and directing it.

Monarchy has had its own mission in its own day. It arose to

combat and extinguish feudality, a system of territorial dismemberment, which prevented all possibility of that unification necessary for countries destined to form nations. In opposition to a principle of privilege, founded upon mere force or conquest, the king, himself the head of the hierarchy, arose in the name of an analogous principle of privilege, but founded upon the higher idea of an authority descended from God, and consecrated by the accepted interpreter of a living faith, to restrain and suppress the power of the first. This mission constituted the *raison d'être* of monarchy.

The feudal organisation is now irrevocably extinguished, and with it expired the mission which gave life to the monarchical idea. The conception of life founded upon the terms, fall and expiation, is about to be replaced by a new conception, founded upon the divine law of progress, and with it falls the authority which ordained monarchy to that mission, the Papacy.

The world is in search not of that material unity of organisation, which is henceforth secure, and which is, in fact, nought other than the organism of the peoples, but of the moving spirit which is to direct that organism to the goal—of the moral unity which can only be founded upon the association of free and equal men and peoples. Monarchy, founded upon the dogma of inequality, is, necessarily, unable to bestow that unity. On the banner destined to lead us to the future is emblazoned the word Progress; on the banner of dynastic interest is inscribed the word Immobility. The mission of the institution achieved, and the dogma whence it derived its authority denied, monarchy and papacy have neither basis nor faculty of life remaining. In fact, over the whole of Europe monarchy either follows the impulse given elsewhere, or struggles against it. It neither initiates nor directs. The constitutional compromise—a concession involving its own condemnation—labours to maintain a chimerical balance between two powers *de facto*, which insist upon the past, and a third power *de jure*, which advances with irresistible and ever-accelerated motion towards the future; it can only lead to a negation of progress, or the necessity of periodical and violent revolution.

These things, which may be verified by an attentive examination in each and every part of Europe, are still more strikingly exemplified by the history and actual condition of Italy. Monarchy has no tradition, and never had any existence as a source of national vitality, in Italy. The leaders who, through help of corruption or prætorian arms, degraded our old Roman Italy from the glory and gigantic energy of the republic to the empire, completed a work of dissolution already begun, extinguished all creative energy and will, and laid bare the path to the northern invader. In the second life of Italy and Rome, monarchy had no mission; not even that we

have granted to it in other lands. Feudality was extinguished by our republican communes. At the close of a long period initiatory of universal civilisation, when the death-agony of Italy—brought about by the dissolving influence of the Papacy, civil strife, and the abuse of wealth and power—began, the principedom was created by the influence of powerful *condottieri*, leaders of factions, and nephews or bastards of ambitious popes, and sustained by the foreign powers, who sought to divide in order to rule us. All of our princes were vassals of France, Austria, or Spain; sometimes of each in turn. The unseemly pages of the history of our princes bear no record of either virtue or greatness. Each naturally sought his own aggrandisement at the expense of his nearest rivals, but through purchased alliances and matrimonial intrigues, rather than by open prowess of arms. Never was the soul of a single one among them fired by a thought of Italy, or even by a large national ambition, based upon the country's own power and resources. Monarchy has never either achieved or attempted aught for the liberty or unity of Italy; it has dragged its inglorious existence along, satisfied to exist at all, no matter at what cost of dishonour—the constant persecutor of Italian thought in the sphere of religion or politics; its constant corruptor in the literary sphere.

When France arose in '93 to sum up the achievements of an epoch and proclaim the rights of individual man, our princes first uttered threats they had not courage to fulfil, and then fled. When restored, through no energy of their own, but by foreign aid, they bitterly punished their peoples for the crime of having witnessed their flight. In Turin, Modena, Naples, and Rome, every aspiration after national unity or liberty, even when offering a new gem to the crown, was inexorably proscribed or suffocated in blood. Nor can the falsehoods of hireling gazetteers, nor suppression and concealment of archives, nor the intellectual cowardice of souls unmindful of their mission and their power, avail to cancel this history. Italy has no obligation, whether of gratitude or other, towards her monarchy.

Twenty-three years ago the national idea, triumphant as ever over persecution, emerged in fulness of life and holy daring from the sepulchre wherein our princes believed they had entombed it for ever. The people of Italy, rising in their own name, and without help of foreign arms, fought and won battles worthy of giants. They might, they ought, to have gathered the fruits of their own victory; but intoxicated by the joy of independence from the foreigner, and but half awake to comprehension of liberty, they cast them at the feet of the monarchy. That was its hour. Had the institution enclosed one spark of genius or love, it might then have been transformed, and, accepting the baptism of Italian nationality, have created for itself a destiny hitherto non-existent or betrayed.

Monarchy failed to seize the opportunity; it entered the arena tardily and reluctantly, solely influenced—it avowed it—by fear of the growing republican spirit. As incapable in battle as unwilling to conquer, dreading its own deceived and applauding people far more than the foreign foe, it seized the moment of the first reverses to accept dishonourable treaties and retire. Venice and Rome alone, since more was then impossible, saved the honour and the future hopes of the nation beneath the republican flag.

Ten years later, when the national fever was again at its height, and the moment ripe for action, the only statesman¹ the Italian monarchy ever had, a man destitute of all creative genius himself, but highly gifted with the talent of appropriating that of others, perceived the necessity of going forward to escape overthrow, and urged the monarchy upon paths not its own, in order to forestall their occupation by others. But even he could not overcome the fatality of the monarchical idea he served. Unwilling to employ the popular forces of Italy, and desirous of securing an ally against them in the future, he purchased, by guilty compacts, the alliance of the despot who had slaughtered Rome at the feet of the Pope, and condemned our national banner to obey the nod and follow the errors and tortuous policy of imperial France. The monarchy, to whom Garibaldi shortly after proved the possibility of carrying on the enterprise abruptly brought to a close by its ally, consented to receive as his gift the plains of Venetian Lombardy, still reeking with the blood of our army and people, and stopped short half-way on its course, never to advance a step farther save upon compulsion. They who, to serve royalty, persist in regarding the consequences and not the causes of events, may say what they please to-day. History and the conscience of Italy will declare that the popular element willed our unity, when the monarchy was still plotting confederations with Austria, the Bourbon, and the Pope; that the French design of a Bonapartist kingdom in the Centre was accepted by our royal busybodies, and only overthrown by *us* through the plebiscite; that the emancipation of the south was the work of our volunteers and people; that the monarchical invasion of the Papal States was a necessity created by the important preparations made for a similar expedition by us in Tuscany and Genoa, and the manifest intentions of Garibaldi; that Venice was not a victory won, but an alms bestowed; that without the alarm excited by the guerillas in Calabria and the Centre, the attempts at Piacenza and Pavia, the imminence of similar movements in other cities, and the sudden proclamation of the Republic in Paris, our monarchy would not even now be in Rome.

No, I repeat it, Italy has no obligation, whether of gratitude or other, towards monarchy.

(1) Cavour.

IV.

A government—it is strange that I, the so-called Utopist, should have to recall this to the self-styled practical men of my country—is not an organisation which can be framed *à priori*, imitated from England or elsewhere, and arbitrarily imposed upon a country, without regard to its adaptability to the natural tendencies, general belief, and collective conscience of the people. A government is only legitimate and efficacious when, like branch from trunk, or rather like fruit from tree, it issues from the *ensemble* of these conditions. If it is to be neither hurtful nor useless it must represent the sum of the essential elements of the nation, the idea which is its vital spirit, and the consciousness of the aim to which the millions grouped within its natural boundaries instinctively tend. Its office is to purify the national idea from every heterogeneous element, to indicate the best methods of realising the common aim, and to initiate every advance towards it.

These are the terms upon which I declare myself a man of authority and government, and separate myself from all the theories of reaction and systematic distrust, which prevail over so large a portion of the democratic camp: theories which are the natural product of the existing misgovernments, everywhere founded upon the interests of families or castes, as opposed to the interests of the peoples, and only legitimate as a weapon of defence against their ever-recurring evils. But to exalt them into a doctrine, applicable under all circumstances to the future, is to falsify the true conception of government and create a spirit of antagonism between it and the governed, productive of constant strife and hostile to all progress.

The true ideal of government, an ideal which Europe is seeking and is destined to attain, is that it should represent the brain, and the people the arm, of the nation, while the individual, free and enlightened, would be the prophet of future progress. The first would point out the path to be pursued towards the common aim constituting the people's nationality, the second supply the power wherewith to achieve it, the third protest, in the name of a new aim foreseen afar, against all tendency to intolerance or negation of the law of indefinite progress.¹

The Italian Government, meanwhile, alien to the national idea, destitute of historic antecedents, and having neither root nor branch springing from or closely entwined with the tree of Italian life,

(1) Nearly every line of the above demands fuller explanation and a degree of development impossible in the space of this article; but the reader will understand that my purpose here is merely briefly to declare the general principles which form the framework of my republican faith, and which it will be my duty to popularise for my countrymen.

necessarily misconceives alike the meaning of events and the duty that lies before it. In a new and great event of European importance, and destined to initiate an epoch, our monarchy perceives nothing more than a mere dynastic fact—one other among a series of small aggregations to the dominions of a royal family; and regards as the mere addition of a new link to an old chain, the peoples who have arisen, thrilling with the prophetic pulsations of a third life, to clasp each other to the heart and say, *The hour has sounded that creates us a nation.*

To this new nation—bearer of an incalculable potency of progress to humanity, every fraction of which has inscribed a splendid page in the world's history; to this new being, issue of the travail of three centuries, our Government did not even concede the right of self-interrogation as to its own law of life, but assigned to it, as if a prison wherein to confine it, the formula of national life¹ previously conceded by a king to a small population, which, though Italian and very dear to us, was severed from us when that form was granted. Thus are we Italians the sole people risen to unity of collective existence, who possess no national pact, deliberately framed by the best and wisest of its citizens, and sanctioned by the consent of the majority.

In an event which declares the political meaning of the universal agitation, the assertion of the dogma of the nationalities and the necessity of a new division of Europe, our monarchy saw nothing more than the addition of a new member to old Europe, to old diplomacy and the doctrines of the old treaties, and allied our new-born Italy to the despotic governments, and to all the host of compromises aiming at maintaining an impossible *status quo*.

In the duality between Italy and the Papacy, destined, through the fall of the latter, to initiate our religious mission in the world, our monarchy saw no more than a means of acquiring a new zone of territory, and sought to confine the gigantic and fateful problem within the narrow limits of an illegitimate compromise between the soul and the body, moral and material life, truth and falsehood. To develop and administer the Italian conception of unity, our monarchy has selected and selects men who never had the slightest faith in it—the men of the *Confederations*, who were ever the persecutors of the apostles of unity. The consciousness of not being united to the nation by a single link of intellect or love, compels the Government to a perennial dread of popular progress and constant policy of resistance; its guiding rule is never to yield to public opinion, until it threatens to burst forth in open and overpowering conflict.

(1) The Piedmontese Constitution, hastily framed and very imperfect, was wrung from Charles Albert by the Revolution of 1848.

Such are the fundamental bases of my opposition to the institution. For the rest—the deviation of our army from its original and sole duty, *the guardianship of the soil and honour of the nation*, to make of it an instrument of internal repression, the creation of a body of useless *employés*, in order to obtain an undue influence over the provinces, the negation of local liberties, the absence of all international policy, the ruin of our finance, the system of unjust and excessive taxation—all these are but the logical result of the actual condition of things.

They who, in the face of history and of recent events, deny this, deceive themselves; they who, in our Chamber and elsewhere, seek to lead Italy towards her aim without first overthrowing this condition of things, deceive themselves and the country, and prepare for themselves, I say it regretfully, both isolation and discredit, and for the country a crisis, all the more violent and prolonged as the condition of Italy is special and peculiar. To the growing nation, as to the child, every deviation from an elevated and noble educational rule is fraught with singular, often tremendous, evil.

The question is, above all things, a moral question. A government must either educate or corrupt. An institution founded upon a falsehood cannot inspire the life it does not possess; it either impels the country upon a path of wrong and error (consciously or not, no matter), or, destroying the moral unity of the nation, by creating a condition of constant internal antagonism injurious to progress, finally reduces it to the inertia of egotism and scepticism. Now inertia, in a people whose nationality is of ancient date, confirmed by the education of centuries, and accepted, in deference to a certain amount of mission already fulfilled by other nations, though always more or less dishonourable, is not, necessarily, fatal. But to a rising nation like our own, to whom growth is a necessity requiring an unique directing power, governing its forces, studying the path to be pursued, and determining the acceptance or rejection of the alliance of other nations, inertia and long delay are not only dishonourable but fatal.

The bases of national existence, for all who regard a nation as something more than an aggregate of individuals born to grow corn and to consume it, are fraternity of faith, consciousness of a common aim, and association of all the national faculties and forces in harmonious endeavour towards its realisation. You cannot accustom a people to the belief that it may live and progress through a perennial dualism between the directing power and itself; that the temple of its worship may bear the word Privilege inscribed upon its cupola, and Equality upon the base; that it may remain a useless member of the European community, abdicating every duty, ministry, or mission towards the rest, and concentrating its whole activity upon

paltry individual interests—without falsifying its moral sense, energy, and intelligence, or reducing it to a condition of doubt, discouragement, or indifference.

Symptoms of these evils are already too evident amongst us. Italy is no longer the Italy of 1860. Our multitudes, deluded in the great hopes they had founded on the advantages of unity, are rapidly losing their national political moral sense, and giving ear to the fatal insinuations of a federalism, which ten years ago was mute. Our middle class proves, by its neglect of the electoral urn, its growing indifference to the exercise of its political rights. Our Chamber, in part blindly servile to the Government, and in part hampered by the narrowness of a formula¹ which the deputies who swear allegiance to it regard as both false and pernicious, is disinherited of all initiative, and daily losing the character and importance a parliamentary assembly should possess. Men's minds are invaded by scepticism, and oppressed by the species of torpor which overcomes those who see no remedy for constantly-recurring ills; they withdraw from public life, and absorb themselves exclusively in private affairs. Morality—between the example set in high places, and the spread of materialism, in part the logical consequence of the false tactics of the monarchy towards the expiring religion—is completely undermined. It is not thus that nations rise; it is thus they die.

It is time to renounce a policy of expedients, *opportunism*, concealment, intrigue, reticence, and parliamentary compromise—characteristic of the languid life of nations in decay—for the simple, virgin, loyal, and logical policy, deduced from a moral law and dominant principle, which has ever inaugurated the young life of nations called to a high destiny.

The first condition of this new life is solemnly to declare, by the freely and universally accepted voice of our wisest and best men, that Italy, convinced that her hour has come, arises, spontaneously and unanimously, in the name of her duty and the living right of the peoples, to constitute herself a nation of free and equal brothers, and claim her true rank among already constituted nations. The second, to ascertain and sum up the religious, moral, and political principles in which the Italian people actually believe; the aim towards which they tend; the special mission by which they are distinguished, and to which they intend to consecrate themselves, for their own progress and for that of humanity; and, finally, to determine to what men the country shall delegate the duty of developing, and practically applying, the national idea to the various branches of social activity.

Until this be done, the country may drag on from effort to effort,

(1) The Piedmontese Constitution referred to above.

from revolution to revolution ; it cannot exist as a nation. And this first and triple condition of nationality can only be fulfilled by a national pact, proclaimed in Rome by a constituent assembly, elected by the suffrage, direct or indirect,¹ of all the citizens of Italy.

A national pact is the inauguration of a nationality—its baptism ; it is the initiative, defining and determining its normal life, and the peaceful, successive evolution of the forces and faculties of the country. Without such an initiative to guide and direct the universal vote under the escort of a principle, or moral doctrine, towards the common aim, universal suffrage itself may be made the sport of temporary passion, or the tool of false and ambitious agitators. Plébiscites, without such guidance, the mere unenlightened expression of the brute force of numbers, have led, and would again lead, at short intervals, to republics, moderate monarchies, and Bonapartist despotisms. Upon the character of the initiative, so long as the people are not uniformly and fraternally educated, will depend the character of all the solemn acts of citizenship which the multitudes are called upon to accomplish.

It is well known what is the institution which I regard as the logical consequence of the principles in which I have faith, and of our national Italian tradition ; but I may once again define it here as *the development and application of the national idea regularly entrusted by the elected of the people to men of the highest capacity and proved virtue*. I believe, and it will be the object of my forthcoming publication to prove, that only by adopting this republican formula can Italy avoid an indefinite series of crises, more or less dangerous, and arise a great, virtuous, and prosperous nation, to the accomplishment of her high destiny.

It has often been said to me, and even more frequently of late, by men belonging to the Government party : " Write, discuss with us ; the path of public apostolate is open to you ; is it not enough ? We have a right to put down conspiracy and insurrection ; but we will respect the peaceful philosophic expression of ideas." Once again I respond to the appeal. I have attempted this peaceful, philosophical apostolate very often ; but the Government has never fulfilled the engagement made for it, and has invariably answered me by sequestration and judicial prosecution, without one word of protest from its supporters, even when the incriminated pages were merely historic. But it is well to renew the attempt, if only to judge whether our Government is capable of learning wisdom, and to see whether they who pledge themselves for it will, at least, protest in favour of free thought. My publication, openly republican in its teachings, will make no appeal to arms,

(1) I myself prefer the indirect method of suffrage—or the suffrage in two degrees ; but this is a matter of detail which need not be developed here.

will not excite to rebellion. The Italians, when intellectually convinced, must decide upon their course of action for themselves. We republicans, ever ready to follow them upon whatsoever straight path they select towards the national aim, intend to avail ourselves of the interval to refute those prejudices and errors which lead men from the great idea which is the basis of our apostolate. The conduct of the Government towards us during our theoretic discussion of the present and future condition of Italy, will enable my countrymen to form an estimate both of its conscientiousness and moral strength.

My chief purpose, however, will be to combat those errors in our own camp which deface the republican ideal. Many of the accusations against us are unworthy of reply. To those who still prate of anarchy and weakness as inseparable from republican institutions, it is enough to point to the prodigies of energy and progress recently achieved by the United States, and to the peaceful liberty of Switzerland. To those who blush not to utter childish fears of popular tyranny, spoliation, or terrorism amongst us, our answer is—Venice, Rome, and all that the republicans have said and done in Italy during the last forty years.

But the materialism which dismembers the human unity and prefixes a goal, while it withdraws every noble motive or sacred faith urging mankind to reach it; the false philosophies which (knowingly or unknowingly) end in mere adoration of the *fait accompli*, success, and force; the political and moral schools which, from the many essential terms of the social problem, select a single one, and strive to solve every secondary problem through it alone; the blind, servile spirit of imitation rooted amongst us by the glories of the first French Revolution, which would chain us down to those formulæ and theories of individual rights which were the summing up of an epoch now exhausted, and strive to make them the initiative of an epoch to come; the exaggerated disposition to confound in unjust and equal blame and suspicion many who, however intellectually mistaken, love their country as honestly as ourselves, with those intriguers who consciously and corruptly betray the national revolution through lust of wealth or power; the narrow habit of mind which, in contempt for an inert and evil present, cries anathema on a great and fruitful past, falsifying history, robbing Italy of her old glories, and denying tradition, which is the life of humanity—these are errors in our own camp which call for earnest examination and refutation from us. Introduced into Italian democracy by foreign schools, they are leading the intellect of Italy astray. It is time to recall it from sterile analysis to the synthetic, unifying habit of our national, philosophic school; from the materialism which assumes to comprehend, explain, and

determine motion, while cancelling the motive power, to the old, perennial doctrine of the Spirit, which unites motion and Mover; and this, as best I may, I shall do.

Our national revolution can only be accomplished on these conditions. Blind reaction can but achieve the victory of a day; mere negation may overthrow an edifice already undermined, it can neither lead the people onwards in efficacious, organised activity, nor build up the temple of the nation. Faithful to the ideal set before us by our country's tradition, but watchful to harmonise it with the tradition of humanity and the teachings of individual conscience—tolerant as well as moral—our party is bound to confute without condemnation or misconception of motives. We may, without fear of furnishing arms to the enemy, declare all religions to be the successive expressions of a series of educational epochs, and recognise the religious faculty as eternal in the human soul, and eternally the link between earth and heaven. We may admire the gigantic energy of will and the sublime moral endeavour of Gregory VII. (impossible of realisation through the instrument, Christianity), and yet affirm, in the name of the progress already achieved, that the Papacy is dead for ever. We may recognise the mission fulfilled in other lands by monarchy and aristocracy, and yet proclaim for all men the right and duty of passing onwards and leaving those worn-out forms behind. We may, without denying our worship of authority—true scope of all research—yet assert our mission and duty of combatting every authority not founded upon the two essential conditions, of the free and enlightened consent of the governed, and proved capacity in the governing power to fecundate and direct human life.

v.

I believe in God :

In a providential law, prefixed by Him to life :

A law, not of fall, expiation, and redemption through grace of past or present intermediates between God and man; but of indefinite progress, founded upon and measured by our own efforts :

In the unity of life; misconceived by the philosophy of the last two centuries :

In the unity of the law; both as regards the collective and individual manifestations of life :

In the immortality of the Ego; which is but the application of the law of progress (irrefutably revealed by the combined evidence of historical tradition, the aspirations of the human soul, and the discoveries of science) to the individual manifestation of life :

In free will; without which responsibility, conscience, and the power of deserving progress, are impossible :

In the association—successive and ever increasing—of all the human faculties and powers; as the sole method of progress, at once individual and collective:

In the unity of the human race and moral equality of all the children of God; without distinction of sex, colour, or position, and never to be interrupted save by crime:

And therefore:

In the sacred, inexorable, dominant idea of duty, as the one sole rule of life;—duty, embracing for each, according to his sphere and power, alike the family, the fatherland, and humanity; the family, altar of the fatherland; the fatherland, sanctuary of humanity; humanity, portion of the universe and temple erected to God, who creates it that it may gravitate towards Him;—duty, which commands us to promote the progress of others, in order to achieve our own, and our own, in order to benefit others;—duty, without which no right can exist, and which creates the one pure, sacred, and efficacious virtue, Sacrifice; halo that crowns and sanctifies the human soul.

Finally, I believe, not in the actual dogma, but in a new, great, religious manifestation, founded on the above principles, destined, sooner or later, to proceed from the initiative of a people of freemen and believers—from Rome, if she will comprehend her mission—and which, while accepting those portions of truth discovered by anterior religions, shall reveal a new portion; and overthrowing, at its advent, all privilege and caste intolerance, disclose to us the path of future progress.

Such are the principles which will govern the views taken by us in all moral, intellectual, political, and economic matters. I believe that what the monarchical statesmen and diplomatists of the day are pleased to call *politics*—reduced to a mere art, and disjoined from all notion of morality—are a sin before God, and a destruction to the peoples. The sole true aim of politics is the application of the moral law to the civil organisation of a people, in its internal and external life; the true aim of economy is the application of the same law to the organisation of labour—production and distribution. All that tends towards that aim is good, and to be furthered; all that withdraws men from it is evil, and to be combated until overcome. Government and people must be united in this labour, even as thought and action are united in the individual. What is true for one nation is true for all; nations are the individuals of humanity. Their internal organisation is the machinery which enables them to fulfil their task in the world. Nationalities are sacred. Providentially constituted, they represent the division of labour, the special task to be fulfilled by each for the benefit of all; even as division of labour and special tasks are organised within

the limits of a single city, for the benefit of all the citizens. They who forsake the common aim become useless; by persistence in the evil, which is egotism, they perish; nor can revive, save by once again seeking the goal through the path of expiation.

In order to destroy the two sources of the evils by which Italy is afflicted—disunion between the governing power and the governed, and the prevailing individual egotism—it is necessary to constitute a government truly representing the tendencies and duties of the nation, and to determine the national aim—origin and guiding rule of the national duty. The first is a problem of form, to be solved by the initiative of the whole country, by whatsoever means possible; the second must be solved by the delegates of the nation, through the formation of the national pact, and a system of public, universal, compulsory education, to be determined by that pact.

Before either of these things can be done, however, the essential preliminary step is to recognise and declare the true seat of sovereignty.

Two schools, both foreign, and both founded upon that dismemberment of the human unity of which I have spoken above, now occupy the field, and give different solution to the philosophico-religious, political, and economic questions which agitate the mind of Europe.

The first declares the seat of sovereignty to be in individual man, in the human ego. Destitute of all notion of a collective law, and, therefore, of all idea of a collective duty, it perceives on every side one partial, temporary manifestation of life—certain, supreme, inviolable rights, and founds its entire organisation upon these. Individual spontaneity, whether as generative of power *de facto* or as possessed of an instinctive rule of truth and justice, is, according to this school, in itself a sign of sovereignty. The general interest will be—so say the disciples of the school—a sufficient guide to prevent the innumerable conflicts arising between these small local sovereignties from degenerating into civil war; or, where this is insufficient, the action of the general force preponderant over all. The religious outcome of this school, among those whose timidity inclines them to halt halfway, is Protestantism; among the more resolutely logical, Materialism. In politics it leads to federalism, to absolute liberty of education, quasi-absolute independence of local interests, and to resistance to all governmental dictation reduced to a system. In international matters it leads to non-intervention, in economy to unlimited competition, the recognition of every vested right, no matter how injurious to the majority, and to *laissez faire* as the guiding rule. Among the various human faculties, it recognises and bases its social system upon one alone—liberty. The State is for this school nothing more than an aggregate of individuals, recognising no common aim superior to the separate interest of each; the nation an aggregate of

communes, each sovereign arbitrator of its own development ; and government a necessary evil, to be limited as much as possible, and its function reduced to that of a restraining force, preventing the citizens from robbing or maltreating one another.

The second school is in all things the opposite of the first. It declares the sovereignty to be in the collective will, in the We ; and tends, gradually but inevitably, to concentrate it in a few men, if not in a single man. It regards the State as all in all, the individual as null, or quasi-null. The nation absorbs in its mighty centralisation all independence of local life. Theoretically the governing conception by which the nation is ruled is based upon good ; but practically this conception is not elaborated, modified, or sanctioned by the free examination and consent of all the citizens. Theoretically this conception is administered and applied by the best and wisest of the nation ; but practically these are not chosen by the people, but selected, the majority of them at least, by the few previously declared best and wisest. Association is prescribed and ordained, but decreed upon uniform determinate conditions. The instruments of labour, of production, are successively the property of the State, and the laws of distribution prefixed by the State. In religion this school leads the timid to Catholicism, the daring to Pantheism. In politics it leads to despotism—either of one, few, or many, matters little ; in economy, to the endeavour, probably inefficacious, after a certain degree of material well-being, only to be achieved on condition of extinguishing all possibility of increase of production, or of progress, and destroying every motive for increase of activity, invention, or initiative in individuals. As liberty is all in all to the first school, so is authority all in all to the second.

I reject both schools. Each of them—no matter what name it assumes—is but an issue and continuation of the duality contained in the religious dogma I believe to be exhausted. The republican institution, rightly understood, takes its point of departure from a far higher sphere—a sphere in which the much-abused terms liberty and authority are not at variance, but harmonised and united.

The problem agitating humanity is not a negation of the idea of authority, without which moral anarchy is inevitable, and consequently, sooner or later, material anarchy also ; it is the negation of every extinct authority, based solely on the fact of its existence in the past, or upon privilege (of birth or other) maintained without the free consent of all the citizens, and inaccessible to future progress.

The problem is not a negation of liberty, without which tyranny is inevitable, it is the restitution of that idea-word to its true meaning—the *faculty of choosing, according to capacity, tendency, and circumstance, between various methods of reaching the common aim.* It is

the rejection of all liberty which would make of itself the aim, and commit human society and the human mission to the rule of individual passion or interest. Authority and liberty, rightfully conceived, are equally sacred, their union is indispensable to the right solution of every social question.

The liberty of all through the association of all: such is the republican formula.

Liberty and association, conscience and tradition, the individual and the nation, the I and the We—all these are inseparable elements of human nature; essential, each and all, to its organised development. What is wanted in order to harmonise and direct them all towards a single aim, is a point of union superior to them all. The necessities of practical life, therefore, inevitably lead us back to the first great principles theoretically stated above.

The seat of sovereignty is neither the I nor the We. The sovereignty is in God, the source of life; in progress, which defines life; in the moral law, which defines duty. In other words, the sovereignty is in the aim, of which we are all but executors. Knowledge of the aim may be reached in our epoch, whensoever the human intellect, inspired by love of good, guiding its research by the tradition of humanity, and hearkening to the voice of individual conscience, perceives these two sole criteria of truth to be in harmony.

But knowledge of the aim thus obtained, there is yet need of an interpreter to direct the national advance towards it, and practically apply it to the various branches of human activity. This interpreter must represent the I and the We, authority and liberty, the State and the individual; it must be progressive, and cannot therefore be either a single man or order of men, chosen by the chance or fatality of privilege, in its very nature immovable. Given the first principles which I have laid down as the foundation of the common pact of fraternity and faith, the interpreter can be no other than the people, the nation.

God and the people are the two sole terms which survive an analysis of the elements accepted by all political schools as the foundation of the social state. Rome well knows the path of self-sacrifice, citizen virtue, and true glory, upon which, led by the banner inscribed with those solemn words in '49, she rekindled all Italy's love and faith in her.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

POSTSCRIPT.—It is of course impossible, within the space afforded by a single article, to develop or even fully to enumerate the long series of consequences which would necessarily follow upon the inauguration of the first principles set forth at its commencement. Once accepted as our rule of guidance, they would inevitably lead to the assertion of our Italian mission, and therefore of our national unity—materially by the reconquest of

the Trentino, Istria, and Nice; morally by a national education coupled with perfect liberty of religious instruction; unity of defence, or armament of the whole nation; unity of national pact and of every institution representing the civil, political, and economic progress of the nation; perennial activity of the legislative power and administration of all institutions concerning the national progress through commissions delegated by it, and not by the executive; liberty of the communes in all purely local matters; suppression of all offices created for the purpose of exercising undue governmental influence in local districts; distribution of powers regulated, not upon an absurd notion of division of sovereignty, but according to difference of function; diminution of the number and more equal remuneration of *employés*; abolition of the political oath; universal suffrage as a first step towards the political education of the people; legislation directed towards the assistance and encouragement of economic and intellectual progress in the more needy classes; national encouragement given to all voluntary, industrial, and agricultural associations among working men, constituted in accordance with certain general rules of morality and proved capacity; special attention given to the duty of reclaiming unhealthy or uncultivated tracts of land; restitution of neglected communal rights and consequent creation of a new class of small proprietors; unification of the system of taxation (so arranged as to bear chiefly on superfluities), combined with economic method of collection; abolition of all restraints upon the circulation of internal and foreign produce; foundation of the economic system upon the elimination of every unnecessary expense and progressive increase of production; recognition of all anterior obligations contracted by the nation; disposition to facilitate the mobilisation of the soil; abolition of all monopolies; responsibility of every public servant; international policy governed by the same moral laws as the internal; alliances founded upon similarity of national tendency or aim, with special disposition to facilitate those linking Italy with the element of growing or future nationalities, such as the Greek, Rouman, and Slavonian populations who are destined to solve the question of eastern Europe, &c., &c., &c.

DE QUINCEY.

LITTLE more than eleven years ago there passed from among us a man who held a high and very peculiar position in English literature. For seventy-three years De Quincey had been carrying on an operation, which, for want of a better term, we must describe as living, but which would be more fitly described by some mode of speech indicating an existence on the confines of dreamland and reality. In 1821 he first published the work with which his name is most commonly associated, and at uncertain intervals he gave tokens to mankind of his continued presence on earth. What his life may have been in the intervals seems to have been unknown even to his friends. He began by disappearing from school and from his family, and seems to have fallen into the habit of temporary eclipses. At one moment he dropped upon his acquaintance from the clouds; at another he would vanish into utter darkness for weeks or months together. One day he came to dine with Christopher North,—so we are told in the professor's life,—was detained for the night by a heavy storm of rain, and prolonged his impromptu visit for a year. During that period his habits must have been rather amazing to a well-regulated household. His wants, indeed, were simple, and, in one sense, regular; a particular joint of mutton, cut according to a certain mathematical formula, and an ounce of laudanum made him happy for a day. But in the hours when ordinary beings are awake, he was generally to be found stretched in profound opium-slumbers upon a rug before the fire, and it was only about two or three in the morning that he gave unequivocal symptoms of vitality, and suddenly gushed forth in streams of wondrous eloquence to the supper parties detained for the purpose of witnessing the display. That is the most distinct glimpse I have caught of the living De Quincey. Between these irregular apparitions we are lastly given to understand that his life was so strange that its details would be incredible. What these incredible details may have been, I have no means of knowing. It is enough that he was a strange, unsubstantial being, flitting uncertainly about in the twilight regions of society, emerging by fits and starts into visibility, afflicted with a general vagueness as to the ordinary duties of mankind, and always and everywhere taking much more opium than was good for him. He tells us, indeed, that he broke off his overmastering habit by vigorous efforts; as he also tells us that opium is a cure for most grievous evils, and especially saved him from an early death by consumption. It is plain enough, however, that he never really refrained for any length of time; and perhaps we should congratu-

late ourselves on a propensity, unfortunate, it may be, for its victim, but leading to the Confessions as one collateral result.

The only fact of De Quincey's career, in which we may conceive ourselves to be treading the firm ground of fact, is the early period described in his various autobiographical writings. If we could evaporate the gorgeous rhetoric and the diffuse discussions of irrelevant topics, of which they are chiefly composed, we might perhaps come upon a residuum of solid dates and facts. Setting aside, however, the difficulty of discriminating the facts from fancies, we should not learn much that is of importance. That he was the son of a rich merchant, who left him an orphan at an early age; that he lived in a suburb now swallowed up by the advance of Manchester; that he was sent to school, and proved so bright that he became a prodigy of Greek scholarship; that he quarrelled with his guardians, ran away to Wales, and afterwards led for a time a strange, incognate existence amongst outcasts and thievish attorneys in London, is pretty well all that we are told. From other sources, it seems that he ought to have taken a brilliant degree at Oxford in the same year with Sir Robert Peel, but that he decamped in a sudden panic before the end of the examination. It is plain enough that before his opium excesses he was the victim of a morbid temperament, and little calculated to struggle with the prosaic hardships of life. He gives thanks himself for four circumstances. He rejoices that his lot was cast in a rustic solitude; that that solitude was in England; that his "infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters," instead of "horrid pugilistic brothers;" and that he and his were members of "a pure, holy, and" (the last epithet should be emphasized) "magnificent Church." The thanksgiving is characteristic, for it indicates his naïve conviction that his admiration was due to the intrinsic merits of the place and circumstances of his birth, and not to the accident that they were his own. It would be useless to inquire whether a more bracing atmosphere and a less retired spot might have been more favourable to his talents; but we may trace the influence of these conditions of his early life upon his subsequent career.

De Quincey implicitly puts forward a claim which has been accepted by many competent critics. They declare, and he tacitly assumes, that he is a master of the English language. He claims a sort of infallibility in deciding upon the precise use of words and the merits of various styles. But he explicitly claims something more. He declares that he has used language for purposes to which it has hardly been applied by any prose writers. The Confessions of an Opium-eater and the *Suspiria de Profundis* are, he tells us, "modes of impassioned prose, ranging under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature." The only confessions that have previously

made any great impression upon the world are those of St. Augustine and of Rousseau; but, with one short exception in St. Augustine, neither of those compositions contains any passion, and, therefore, De Quincey stands absolutely alone as the inventor and sole performer on a new musical instrument—for such an instrument is the English language in his hands. He belongs to a genus in which he is the only individual. The novelty and the difficulty of the task must be his apology if he fails, and causes of additional glory if he succeeds. He alone of all human beings who have stained paper since the world began, has entered a path, which the absence of rivals proves to be encumbered with some unusual obstacles. The accuracy and value of so bold a claim require a short examination. After all, every writer, however obscure, may contrive by a judicious definition to put himself into a solitary class. He has some peculiarities which distinguish him from all other mortals. He is the only journalist who writes at a given epoch from a particular garret in Grub Street, or the only poet who is exactly six feet high and measures precisely forty-two inches round the chest. Any difference whatever may be applied to purposes of classification, and the question is whether the difference is, or is not, of much importance. By examining, therefore, the propriety of De Quincey's view of his own place in literature, we shall be naturally led to some valuation of his distinctive merits. In deciding whether a bat should be classed with birds or beasts, we have to determine the nature of the beast and the true theory of his wings. And De Quincey, if the comparison be not too quaint, is like the bat, an ambiguous character, rising on the wings of prose to the borders of the true poetical region.

De Quincey, then, announces himself as an impassioned writer, as a writer in impassioned prose, and, finally, as applying impassioned prose to confessions. The first question suggested by this assertion concerns the sense of the word "impassioned." There is very little of what one ordinarily means by passion in the *Confessions* or elsewhere. There are no explosions of political wrath, such as animate the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, or of a deep religious emotion, which breathes through many of our greatest prose-writers. The language is undoubtedly a vehicle for sentiments of a certain kind, but hardly of that burning and impetuous order which we generally indicate by impassioned. It is deep, melancholy reverie, not concentrated essence of emotion; and the epithet fails to indicate any specific difference between himself and many other writers. The real peculiarity is not in the passion expressed, but in the mode of expressing it. De Quincey resembles the story-tellers mentioned by some Eastern travellers. So extraordinary is their power of face, and so skilfully modulated are the inflections of their voices, that even a European, ignorant of the language, can follow the narrative with absorbing

interest. One may fancy that if De Quincey's language were emptied of all meaning whatever, the mere sound of the words would move us, as the lovely word *Mesopotamia* moved Whitefield's hearer. The sentences are so delicately balanced, and so skilfully constructed, that his finer passages fix themselves in the memory without the aid of metre. Humbler writers are content if they can get through a single phrase without producing a decided jar. They aim at keeping up a steady jog-trot, which shall not give actual pain to the jaws of the reader. They no more think of weaving whole paragraphs or chapters into complex harmonies, than an ordinary pedestrian of "going to church in a galliard and coming home in a coranto." Even our great writers generally settle down to a stately but monotonous gait, after the fashion of Johnson or Gibbon, or are content with adopting a style as transparent and inconspicuous as possible. Language, according to the common phrase, is the dress of thought; and that dress is the best, according to modern canons of taste, which attracts least attention from its wearer. De Quincey scorns this sneaking maxim of prudence, and boldly challenges our admiration by appearing in the richest colouring that can be got out of the dictionary. His language deserves a commendation sometimes bestowed by ladies upon rich garments, that it is capable of standing up by itself. The form is so admirable that, for purposes of criticism, we must consider it as something apart from the substance. The most exquisite passages in De Quincey's writings are all more or less attempts to carry out the idea expressed in the title of the dream fugue. They are intended to be musical compositions, in which words have to play the part of notes. They are impassioned, not in the sense of expressing any definite sentiment, but because, from the structure and combination of the sentences, they harmonize with certain phases of emotion.

Now in all this it is plain that the peculiar characteristic of De Quincey is merely that he is attempting to do in prose what every great poet does in verse. The specific mark thus indicated is still insufficient to give him a solitary position among writers. All great rhetoricians, as De Quincey defines and explains the term, rise to the borders of poetry, and the art which has recently been cultivated among us under the name of word-painting, may be more fitly described as an attempt to produce poetical effects without the aid of metre. From most of the writers described under this rather unpleasant phrase he differs by the circumstance, that his art is more nearly allied to music than to painting. Or, if compared to any painters, it must be to those who care comparatively little for distinct portraiture or dramatic interest. He resembles rather the school which is satisfied in contemplating gorgeous draperies, and graceful limbs and long processions of imposing figures, without caring to

interpret the meaning of their works, or to seek for more than the harmonious arrangement of form and colour. In other words, his prose-poems should be compared to the paintings which aim at an effect analogous to that of stately pieces of music. Milton is the poet whom he seems to regard with the sincerest admiration; and he apparently wishes to emulate the majestic rhythm of the "God-gifted organ-voice of England." Or we may perhaps admit some analogy between his prose and the poetry of Keats, though it is remarkable that he speaks with very scant appreciation of his contemporary. The Ode to a Nightingale, with its marvellous beauty of versification and the dim associations half-consciously suggested by its language, surpasses, though it resembles, some of De Quincey's finest passages; and the Hyperion might have been translated into prose as a fitting companion for some of the opium dreams. It is in the success with which he produces such effects as these, that De Quincey may fairly claim to be almost, if not quite, unrivalled in our language. Pompous (if that word may be used in a good sense) declamation in prose, where the beauty of the thought is lost in the splendour of the style, is certainly a rare literary product. Of the great rhetoricians whom De Quincey quotes in the Essay on Rhetoric just noticed, such men as Burke and Jeremy Taylor lead us to forget the means in the end. They sound the trumpet as a warning, not for the mere delight in its volume of sound. Perhaps his affinity to Sir Thomas Browne is more obvious; and one can understand the admiration which he bestows upon the opening bar of a passage in the Urn-burial:—"Now since these bones have rested quietly in the grave under the drums and tramlings of three conquests," &c., "What a melodious ascent," he exclaims, "as of a prelude to some impassioned requiem breathing from the pomps of earth and from the sanctities of the grave! What a *fluctus decumanus* of rhetoric! Time expounded, not by generations or centuries, but by vast periods of conquests and dynasties; by cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Antiochi and Arsacides! And these vast successions of time distinguished and figured by the uproars which revolve at their inaugurations; by the drums and tramlings rolling overhead upon the chambers of forgotten dead—the trepidations of time and mortality raising, at secular intervals, the everlasting sabbaths of the grave!"

The comment is seeking to eclipse the text, and his words are at once a description and an example of his own most characteristic rhetoric. Wordsworth once uttered an aphorism which De Quincey repeats with great admiration; that language is not, as I have just said, the dress, but "the incarnation of thought." But though accepting and enforcing the doctrine by showing that the "mixture is too subtle, the intertexture too ineffable" to admit of expression,

he condemns the style which is the best illustration of its truth. He is very angry with the admirers of Swift; De Foe, and "many hundreds" of others wrote something quite as good; it only wanted "plain good sense, natural feeling, unpretendingness, some little scholarly practice in putting together the clockwork of sentences, and above all, the advantage of" an appropriate subject. Could Swift, he asks, have written a pendant to passages in Sir W. Raleigh, or Sir Thomas Browne, or Jeremy Taylor? He would have cut the same figure as "a forlorn scullion from a greasy eating-house at Rotterdam, if suddenly called away in vision to act as seneschal to the festival of Belshazzar the King, before a thousand of his lords." And what, we may retort, would Taylor, or Browne, or De Quincey himself, have done, had they been wanted to write down the project of Wood's halfpence in Ireland? Much as a king in his coronation robes compelled to lead a forlorn hope up the scaling ladders. The fact is, that Swift required for his style not only the plain good sense, and other rare qualities enumerated, but pungent humour, quick insight, deep passion, and general power of mind, such as is given to few men in a century. But, as, in his case, the thought is really incarnated in the language, we cannot criticise the style separately from the thoughts, or we can only assign, as its highest merit, its admirable fitness for producing the desired effect. It would be wrong to invert De Quincey's censure, and blame him because his gorgeous robes are not fitted for more practical purposes. To everything there is a time; for plain English, and for elaborate "bravura," as De Quincey delights to call his highly-wrought passages. It would be difficult or impossible, and certainly it would be superfluous, to define with any precision the peculiar manner of De Quincey's style. The chemistry of critics has not yet succeeded in resolving any such product into its constituent elements; nor, if it could, should we be much nearer to understanding their effect in combination.

A few specimens would do more than any description; and De Quincey is too well known to justify quotation. It may be enough to notice that most of his brilliant performances are variations on the same theme. He appeals to our terror of the infinite, to the shrinking of the human mind before astronomical distances and geological periods of time. He paints vast perspectives, opening in long succession, till we grow dizzy in the contemplation. The cadence of his style suggests sounds echoing each other, and growing gradually fainter, till they die away into infinite distance. Two great characteristics, he tells us, of his opium dreams were, a deep-seated melancholy, and an exaggeration of the things of space and time. Nightly he descended "into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that he could ever reascend." He saw buildings and landscapes "in proportions

so vast as the human eye is not fitted to receive." He seemed to live ninety or a hundred years in a night, and even to pass through periods far beyond the limits of human existence. Melancholy and an awe-stricken sense of the vast and vague are the emotions which he communicates with the greatest power; though the melancholy is too dreamy to deserve the name of passion, and the terror of the infinite is not explicitly connected with any religious emotion. It is a proof of the fineness of his taste, that he scarcely ever falls into bombast; we tremble at his audacity in accumulating gorgeous phrases; but we confess that he is justified by the result. The only exception that I can remember is the passage in *The English Mail-coach*, where his exaggerated patriotism—to which I must presently refer again—leads him into what strikes me at least as a rather vulgar bit of claptrap. If any reader will take the trouble to compare De Quincey's account of a kind of anticipation of the Balaklava charge at the battle of Talavera, with Napier's description of the same facts, he will be amused at the distortion of history; but whatever the accuracy of the statements, one is a little shocked at finding "the inspiration of God" attributed to the gallant dragoons who were cut to pieces, on that occasion, as other gallant men have been before and since. The phrase is overcharged, and inevitably suggests a cynical reaction of mind. The ideas of dragoons and inspiration do not coalesce so easily as might be wished; but, with this exception, I think that his purple patches are almost irreproachable, and may be read and re-read with increasing delight. I know of no other modern writer who has soared into the same regions with so uniform and easy a flight.

The question sometimes arises how far the attempt to produce by one art, effects specially characteristic of another, can be considered as legitimate; whether, for example, a sculptor, when encroaching upon the province of the painter, or a prose writer attempting to rival poets, may not be summarily condemned. The answer probably would be that a critic who lays down such rules is erecting himself into a legislator, when he should be a simple observer. Success justifies itself; and if De Quincey obtains, without the aid of metre, graces which few other writers have won by the same means, it is all the more creditable to De Quincey. A certain presumption, however, remains in such cases, that the failure to adopt the ordinary methods implies a certain deficiency of power. If we ask why De Quincey, who trenched so boldly upon the peculiar province of the poet, yet failed to use the poetical form, there is one very obvious answer. He has one intolerable fault, a fault which has probably done more than any other to diminish his popularity, and which is, of all faults, most diametrically opposed to poetical excellence. He is utterly incapable of concentration. He is, from the very prin-

ciples on which his style is constructed, the most diffuse of writers. Other men will pack half a dozen distinct propositions into a sentence, and care little if they are somewhat crushed and distorted in the process. De Quincey insists upon putting each of them separately, smoothing them out elaborately, till not a wrinkle disturbs their uniform surface, and then presenting each of them for our acceptance with a placid smile. His very creditable desire for lucidity of expression makes him nervously anxious to avoid any complexity of thought. Each step of his argument, each shade of meaning, and each fact in his narrative, must have its own separate embodiment; and every joint and connecting link must be carefully and accurately defined. The clearness is won at a heavy price. There is some advantage in this elaborate method of dissecting out every distinct fibre and ramification of an argument. But, on the whole, one is apt to remember that life is limited, and that there are some things in this world which must be taken for granted. If a man's boyhood fills two volumes, and if one of these (though under unfavourable circumstances) took six months to revise, it seems probable that in later years he would have taken longer to record events than to live them. No autobiography written on such principles could ever reach even the middle life of the author. Take up, for example, the first volume of his collected works. Why, on the very first page, having occasion to mention Christendom in the fifteenth century, should he provide against some eccentric misconception by telling us that it did not, at that time, include any part of America? Why should it take considerably more than a page to explain that when a schoolmaster begins lessons punctually, and leaves off too late, there will be an encroachment on the hours of play? Or two pages to describe how a porter dropped a portmanteau on a flight of stairs, and didn't waken a schoolmaster? Or two more to account for the fact that he asked a woman the meaning of the noise produced by the "bore" in the Dee, instead of waiting till she spoke to him? Impassioned prose may be a very good thing; but when its current is arrested by such incessant stoppages, and the beauty of the English language displayed by showing how many faultless sentences may be expended on an exhaustive description of irrelevant trifles, the human mind becomes recalcitrant. A man may become prolix from the fulness or fervency of his mind; but prolixity produced by this finical minuteness of language, ends by distressing one's nerves. It is the same sense of irritation as is produced by waiting for the tedious completion of an *elaborat  toilette*, and one is rather tempted to remember Artemus Ward's description of the Fourth of July oration, which took four hours "to pass a given point."

This peculiarity of his style is connected with other qualities upon which a great deal of eulogy has been expended. There are two

faculties in which, so far as my experience goes, no man, woman, or child ever admits his or her own deficiency. The driest of human beings will boast of their sense of humour; and the most perplexed, of their logical acuteness. De Quincey has been highly praised, both as a humorist and as a logician. He believed in his own powers, and exhibits them rather ostentatiously. He says, pleasantly enough, but not without a substratum of real conviction, that he is “a *doctor seraphicus*, and also *inexpugnabilis* upon quillets of logic.” I confess that I am generally sceptical as to the merits of infallible dialecticians, because I have observed that a man’s reputation for inexorable logic is generally in proportion to the error of his conclusions. A logician, in popular estimation, seems to be one who never shrinks from a *reductio ad absurdum*. His merits are measured, not by the accuracy of his inferences, but by the distance which separates them from his premisses. The explanation doubtless lies in the general impression that logic is concerned with words and not with things. There is a vague belief that by skilfully lurking syllogisms you can form a chain sufficiently strong to cross the profoundest abyss, and which will need no tests of observation and verification. A dexterous performer, it is supposed, might pass from one extremity of the universe to the other without ever touching ground; and people do not observe that the refusal to draw an inference may be just as great a proof of logical skill as ingenuity in drawing it. Now De Quincey’s claim to infallibility would be plausible, if we still believed that to define words accurately is the same thing as to discover facts, and that binding them skilfully together, is equivalent to reasoning securely. He is a kind of rhetorical Euclid. He makes such a flourish with his apparatus of axioms and definitions that you do not suspect any lurking fallacy. He is careful to show you the minutest details of his argumentative mechanism. Each step in the process is elaborately and separately set forth; you are not assumed to know anything, or to be capable of supplying any links for yourself; it shall not even be taken for granted without due notice that things which are equal to a third thing are equal to each other; and the consequence is, that few people venture to question processes which seem to be so plainly set forth, and to advance by such a careful development.

When, indeed, De Quincey has a safe guide, he can put an argument with admirable clearness. The expositions of political economy, for example, are clear and ingenious, though even here I may quote Mr. Mill’s remark, that he should have imagined a certain principle—obvious enough when once stated—to have been familiar to all economists, “if the instance of Mr. De Quincey did not prove that the complete non-recognition and implied denial of it are compatible with great intellectual ingenuity and close intimacy with the subject-

matter.”¹ Admirable skill of expression is, indeed, no real safeguard against logical blunders; and I will venture to say that De Quincey rarely indulges in this ostentatious logical precision without plunging into downright fallacies. I will take two instances. The first is trifling, but characteristic. Poor Dr. Johnson used to reproach himself, as De Quincey puts it, “with lying too long in bed.” How absurd! is the comment. The Doctor got up at eleven because he went to bed at three. If he had gone to bed at twelve, could he not easily have got up at eight? The remark would have been sound in form, though a quibble in substance, if Johnson had complained of lying in bed “too late;” but as De Quincey himself speaks of “too long” instead of “too late,” it is an obvious reply that eight hours are of the same length at every period of the day. The great logician falls into another characteristic error in the same paragraph. Dr. Johnson, he says, was not “indolent;” but, he says, that Johnson “had a morbid predisposition to decline labour from his scrofulous habit of body,” which was increased by over-eating and want of exercise. It is a cruel mode of vindication to say that you are not indolent, but only predisposed by a bad constitution and bad habits to decline labour; but the advantage of accurate definition is that you can knock a man down with one hand, and pick him up with the other.

To take a more serious case. De Quincey undertakes to refute Hume’s memorable argument against miracles. There are few better arenas for intellectual combats, and De Quincey has in it an unusual opportunity for display. He is obviously on his mettle. He comes forward with a whole battery of propositions, carefully marshalled in strategical order, and supported by appropriate “lemmas.” One of his arguments, whether cogent or not, is that Hume’s objection will not apply to the evidence of a multitude of witnesses. Now a conspicuous miracle, he says, can be produced resting on such evidence, to wit, that of the thousands fed by a few loaves and fishes. The simplest infidel will, of course, reply that as these thousands of witnesses cannot be produced, the evidence open to us reduces itself to that of the Evangelists. De Quincey recollects this, and replies to it in a note. “Yes,” he says, “the Evangelists certainly; and, let us add all those contemporaries to whom the Evangelists silently appealed. These make up the ‘multitude’ contemplated in the case” under consideration. That is, to make up the multitude, you have to reckon as witnesses all those persons who did not contradict the “silent appeal,” or whose contradiction has not reached us. With such

(1) It is curious, but De Quincey, in his *Essay on Style*, explains that political economy, and especially the doctrine of value, is one of those subjects which cannot be satisfactorily treated in dialogue—the very form which he chose to adopt for that particular purpose.

canons of criticism it is hard to say what might not be proved. When a man with a great reputation for learning and logical ability tries to put us off with these wretched quibbles, one is fairly bewildered. He shows an ignorance of the real strength and weakness of the position, which, but for his reputation, one would summarily explain by incapacity for reasoning. As it is, we must suppose, that living apart from the daily battle of life, he had lost that quick instinct possessed by all genuine logicians for recognising the vital points of an argument. A day in a court of justice would have taught him more about evidence than a month spent over Aristotle. He had become fitter for the parade of the fencing-room, than for the real thrust and parry of a duel in earnest. The mere rhetorical flourish pleases him as much as a blow at his antagonist's heart. Another glaring instance in the same paper is his apparent failure to perceive that there is a difference between proving that such a prophecy as that announcing the fall of Babylon was fulfilled, and proving that it was supernaturally inspired. Hume, without a tenth part of the logical apparatus, would have made mincemeat of such an opponent in a couple of clear paragraphs. Paley, whom he never tires of treating to contemptuous abuse, was incapable of such feeble sophistry. De Quincey, in short, was an able expositor; but he was not, though under better discipline he might probably have become, a sound original thinker. He is an interpreter, not an originator of thought. His skill in setting forth an argument blinds him to its most palpable defects. If language is a powerful weapon in his hands, it is only when the direction of the blow is dictated by some more manly, if less ingenious, understanding.

Let us inquire, and it is a more delicate question, whether he is better qualified to use it as a plaything. He has a certain reputation as a humorist. The essay on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts is probably the most popular of his writings. The conception is undoubtedly meritorious, and De Quincey returns to it more than once in his other works. The description of the Williams murders is inimitable, and the execution even in the humorous passages is frequently good. We may praise particular sentences; such as the well-known remark that "if a man once indulges himself in murder, he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and sabbath-breaking; and from that to incivility and procrastination." One laughs at this whimsical inversion; but I don't think one laughs very heartily; and certainly one does not find, as in really deep humour, that the paradox is pregnant with further meaning, and the laugh a prelude to a more melancholy smile. Many of the best things ever said are couched in a similar form: the old remark that the use of language is the concealment of thought; the saying that the half is greater

than the whole, and that two and two don't always make four, are familiar instances; but each of them really contains a profound truth expressed in a paradoxical form, which is a sufficient justification of their extraordinary popularity. But if every inversion of a commonplace were humorous, we should be able to make jokes by machinery. There is no humour that I can see in the statement that honesty is the worst policy, or that procrastination saves time; and De Quincey's phrase, though I admit that it is amusing as a kind of summary of his essay, seems to me to rank little higher than an ingenious pun. It is a clever trick of language, but does not lead any further.

Here, too, and elsewhere, the humour gives us a certain impression of thinness. It is pressed too far, and spun out too long. Compare De Quincey's mode of beating out his one joke through pages of laboured facetiousness, with Swift's concentrated and pungent irony, as in the proposal for eating babies, or the argument to prove that the abolition of Christianity may be attended with some inconveniences. It is the difference between the stiffest of nautical grogs, and the negus provided by thoughtful parents for a child's evening party. In some parts of the essay De Quincey sinks far lower. I do not believe that in any English author of reputation there is a more feeble piece of forced fun, than in the description of the fight of the amateur in murder with the baker at Munich. One knows by a process of reasoning that the man is joking; but one feels inclined to blush, through sympathy with a very clever man so exposing himself. A blemish of the same kind makes itself unpleasantly obvious at many points of his writings. He seems to fear that we shall find his stately and elaborate style rather too much for our nerves. He is conscious that, as a great master of language, he can play what tricks he pleases, without danger of remonstrance. And, therefore, he every now and then plunges into slang, not irreverently, as a vulgar writer might do, but of malice prepense. The shock is almost as great as if an organist performing a solemn tune should suddenly introduce an imitation of the mewing of a cat. Now, he seems to say, you can't accuse me of being dull and pompous. Let me quote an instance or two from his graver writings. He wishes to argue, in defence of Christianity, that the ancients were insensible to ordinary duties of humanity. "Our wicked friend, Kikero, for instance, who *was* so bad, but *wrote* so well, who *did* such naughty things, but *said* such pretty things, has himself noticed in one of his letters, with petrifying coolness, that he knew of destitute old women in Rome who went without tasting food for one, two, or even three days. After making such a statement, did Kikero not tumble down-stairs, and break at least three of his legs, in his hurry to call a public meeting," &c., &c. What delicate humour! The grave apologist of Christianity actually calls Cicero, Kikero, and talks about "three of his legs!"

Do we not all explode with laughter? A parallel case occurs in his argument about the Essenes; where he grows so irrepressibly funny as to call Josephus "Mr. Joe," and addresses him as follows:—"Wicked Joseph, listen to me; you've been telling us a fairy-tale; and, for my part, I've no objection to a fairy-tale in any situation, because if one can make no use of it oneself, always one knows that a child will be thankful for it. But this tale, Mr. Joseph, happens also to be a lie; secondly, a fraudulent lie; thirdly, a malicious lie." I have seen this stuff described as "scholarlike badinage;" but the only effect of such exquisite foolery, within my mind, is to persuade one that a writer assailed by such weapons, and those weapons used by a man who has the whole resources of the English language at his command, must probably have been speaking an inconvenient truth. I will simply refer to the story of Sir Isaac Newton sitting all day with one stocking on and one off, in the *Casuistry of Roman Meals*, as an illustration of the way in which a story ought not to be told. Its most conspicuous, though not its worst fault, its extreme length, protects it from quotation.

It is strange to find that a writer, pre-eminently endowed with delicacy of ear, and boasting of the complex harmonies of his style, should condescend to such an irritating defect. De Quincey says of one of the greatest masters of the humorous:—"The gyration within which his (Lamb's) sentiment wheels, no matter of what kind it may be, is always the shortest possible. It does not prolong itself, it does not repeat itself, it does not propagate itself." And he goes on to connect the failing with Lamb's utter insensibility to music, and indifference to "the rhythmical in prose composition." The criticism is a fine one in its way, but it may perhaps explain some of De Quincey's shortcomings in Lamb's peculiar sphere. De Quincey's jokes are apt to repeat and prolong and propagate themselves, till they become tiresome; and the delicate touch of the true humorist, just indicating a half-comic, half-pathetic thought, is alien to De Quincey's more elaborate style. Yet I do not deny that he has a sense of humour. That faculty may be predominant or latent; it may form the substance of a whole book, as in the case of *Sterne*; or it may permeate every sentence, as in Mr. *Carlyle's* writings; or it may simply give a faint tinge, rather perceived by subsequent analysis than consciously felt at the time; and in this lowest degree it occasionally gives a certain charm to De Quincey's writing. When he tries overt acts of wit, he becomes simply vulgar; when he directly aims at the humorous, we feel his hand to be rather heavy; but he is occasionally very happy in that ironical method, of which the *Essay on Murder* is the most notorious specimen. The best example, in my opinion, is the description of his elder brother in the *Autobiographical Sketches*. The account of the rival kingdoms

of Gombroon and Tigrasylvania; of poor De Quincey's troubles in getting rid of his subjects' tails; his despair at the suggestion that by making them sit down for six hours a day they might rub them off in the course of several centuries; his ingenious plan of placing his unlucky island at a distance of 75 degrees of latitude from his brother's capital; and his dismay at hearing of the "vast horns and promontories" which run down from all parts of the hostile dominions towards his unoffending little territory, are touched with admirable skill. The grave, elaborate detail of the perplexities of his childish imagination is pleasant, and almost pathetic. When, in short, by simply applying his usual stateliness of manner to a subject a little beneath it in dignity, he can produce the desired effect, he is eminently successful. The same rhetoric which would be appropriate (to use his favourite illustration) in treating the theme of "Belshazzar the King giving a great feast to a thousand of his lords," has a certain piquancy, when for Belshazzar we substitute a schoolboy playing at monarchy. He is indulging in a whimsical masquerade, and the pomp is assumed in sport instead of in earnest. Nobody can do a little mock majesty so well as he who on occasion can be seriously majestic. Yet when he altogether abandons his strong ground, and chooses to tumble and make grimaces before us, like an ordinary clown, he becomes simply offensive. The great tragedian is capable on due occasion of pleasant burlesque; but sheer unadulterated comedy is beyond his powers. De Quincey, in short, can parody his own serious writing better than anybody, and the capacity is a proof that the faculty of humour was not entirely absent from his intellect; but for a genuine substantive joke—a joke which, resting on its own merits, instead of being the shadow of his serious writing, is to be independently humorous—he seems, to me at least, to be generally insufferable.

De Quincey's final claim to a unique position rests on the fact that his "impassioned prose" was applied to confessions. He compares himself, as I have said, to Rousseau and Augustine. The analogy with the last of these two writers would, I should imagine, be rather difficult to carry beyond the first part of resemblance; but it is possible to make out a somewhat closer affinity to Rousseau. In both cases, at least, we have to deal with men of morbid temperament, ruined or seriously injured by their utter incapacity for self-restraint. So far, however, as their confessions derive an interest from the revelation of character, Rousseau is more exciting almost in the same proportion as he confesses greater weaknesses. The record of such errors by their chief actor, and that actor a man of such singular ability, presents us with a strangely attractive problem. De Quincey has less to confess, and is less anxious to lay bare his own morbid propensities. His story excites compassion; but in its

essential features it is commonplace enough. Nearly all that he has to tell us is that he ran away from school, spent some time in London, for no very assignable reason, in a semi-starving condition, and then, equally without reason, surrendered at discretion to the respectabilities and went to Oxford like an ordinary human being. We may fancy that even these meagre facts are more or less distorted by the fumes of opium; but at best they serve as little more than a text for eloquent meditation. The rest of his life was spent in consuming opium or in breaking off the habit at intervals, and in planning more or less ambitious works. Vague thoughts passed through his mind of composing a great work on Political Economy, or of writing a still more wonderful treatise on the Emendation of the Human Intellect. But he never seems to have made any decided steps towards the fulfilment of such dreams; and remained to the end of his days a melancholy specimen of wasted force. There is nothing, unfortunately, very uncommon in the story, except so far as its hero was a man of unusual talents. The history of Coleridge exemplifies a still higher ambition, resulting, it is true, in a much greater influence upon the thought of the age, but almost equally sad. Their lives might be put into tracts for the use of opium-eaters; and whilst there was still hope of redeeming them, it might have been worth while to condemn them with severity. Indignation is now out of place, and we can only grieve and pass by. When thousands of men are drinking themselves to death every year, there is nothing very strange or dramatic in the history of one ruined by opium instead of by gin.

From De Quincey's writings we get the notion of a man amiable, but with an uncertain temper; with fine emotions, but an utter want of moral strength; and in short, of a nature of much delicacy and tenderness retreating into opium and the lake district, from a world which was too rough for him. He does not seem to have been liable to any worse imputations than that of excessive inability for anything beyond spinning gorgeous phraseology; but, in a literary sense, we may accept his humorous scale of morality, and say that he had sunk from lying and lawbreaking to utter procrastination. The goodness of his character diminishes the interest of his story. But if in this sense his story falls short of Rousseau's confessions, because he had no baseness to relate, it falls short in another way which is less to his credit. Rousseau has the supreme merit of having felt more deeply, and expressed more eloquently than any one else, what all his contemporaries were thinking; he fulfilled in the highest degree the conditions which enable a man of genius to be at once the spokesman and the impelling force of his time. De Quincey not only had not strength to stand alone, but he belonged to a peculiar side-current of English thought. He was the adjective, of

which Coleridge was the substantive ; and if Coleridge himself was an unsatisfactory and imperfect thinker, his imperfections all greatly increased in his friend and disciple. He shared that belief which some people have not yet abandoned, that the answer to all our perplexities is to be found in some of the mysteries of German metaphysics. If we could only be taught to distinguish between the reason and the understanding, the scales would fall from our eyes, and we should see that the Thirty-nine Articles contained the plan on which the universe was framed. He had an acquaintance, which, if his own opinion were correct, was accurate and profound, with Kant's writings, and had studied Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel. He could talk about concepts, and categories, and schematisms, without losing his head amongst those metaphysical heights. He knew how by the theoretic reason to destroy all proofs of the existence of God, and then, by introducing the practical reason, to set the existence of God beyond a doubt. He fancied that he was able to translate the technicalities of Kant into plain English ; and he believed that when so translated, they would prove to have a real and all-important meaning. But as nothing ever came of all this, it would be idle to deduce from his scattered hints any estimate of his powers. If German metaphysics are a science, and not a mere edifice of moonshine ; and if De Quincey had penetrated the secrets of that science, we have missed a chance of enlightenment. As it is, we have little left except a collection of contemptuous prejudices. De Quincey thought himself entitled to treat Locke as a shallow pretender. The whole eighteenth century was, with one or two exceptions, a barren wilderness to him. He aspersed its reasoners, from Locke to Paley ; he scorned its poets with all the bitterness of the school which first broke loose from the rule of Pope ; and its prose-writers, with the exception of Burke, were miserable beings in his eyes. He would have seen with little regret a holocaust of all the literature produced in England between the death of Milton and the rise of Wordsworth. Naturally, he hated an infidel with that kind of petulant bitterness which possesses an old lady in a country village, who has just heard that some wicked people dispute the story of Balaam's ass. And, as a corollary, he combined the whole French people in one sweeping censure, and utterly despised their morals, manners, literature, and political principles. He was a John Bull, as far as a man can be, who is of weakly, nervous temperament, and believes in Kant.

One or two illustrations may be given of the force of these effeminate prejudices ; and it is to be remarked with regret, that they are specially injurious in a department where he otherwise had eminent merits, that, namely, of literary criticism. Any man who lived in the eighteenth century was *primâ facie* a fool ; if a freethinker, his case was all but hopeless ; but if a French free-

thinker, it was desperate indeed. He lets us into the secret of his prejudices, which, indeed, is tolerably transparent in his statement, that he found it hard to reverence Coleridge, when he supposed him to be a Socinian. Now, though a "liberal man," he could not hold a Socinian to be a Christian; nor could he "think that any man, though he make himself a marvellously clever disputant, ever could tower upwards with a very great philosopher, unless he should begin or end with Christianity." The canon may be sound, but it at once destroys the pretensions of such men as Hobbes, Spinoza, Hume, and even, though De Quincey considers him "a dubious exception," Kant. Even heterodoxy is enough to alienate his sympathies. "Think of a man," he exclaims about poor Whiston, "who had brilliant preferment within his reach, dragging his poor wife and daughter for half a century through the very mire of despondency and destitution, because he disapproved of Athanasius, or because the 'Shepherd of Hermas' was not sufficiently esteemed by the Church of England." To do him justice, De Quincey admits in another passage, that this ridicule of a poor man for sacrificing his interests to his principles was not quite fair; but then Whiston was only an Arian. When Priestley, who was a far worse heretic, had his house sacked by a mob, and his life endangered, De Quincey can scarcely restrain his exultation. He admits in terms that Priestley ought to be pitied, but adds, that the fanaticism of the mob was "much more reasonable" than the fanaticism of Priestley; and that those who play at bowls, must look out for rubbers. Porson is to be detested for his letters to Travis, though De Quincey does not dare to defend the disputed text. He has, however, a pleasant insinuation at command. Porson, he says, stung like a hornet; "it may chance that on this subject Master Porson will get stung through his coffin, before he is many years deader." What scholarlike badinage! Political heretics fare little better. Fox's eloquence was "ditchwater," with a shrill effervescence of "imaginary gas." Burnet was a "gossiper, slanderer, and notorious falsifier of facts." That one of his sermons was burnt is "the most consolatory fact in his whole worldly career;" and he asks, "would there have been much harm in tying his lordship to the sermon?" Junius was not only a knave who ought to have been transported, but his literary success rested upon an utter delusion. He had neither "sentiment, imagination, nor generalisation." Johnson, though the best of Tories, lived in the wrong century, and unluckily criticised Milton with foolish harshness. Therefore "Johnson, viewed in relation to Milton, was a malicious, mendacious, and dishonest man."

Let us turn to greater names. Goethe's best work was Werther, and De Quincey is convinced that his reputation "must decline for the next generation or two, until it reaches its just level." His

merits have been exaggerated for three reasons—first, his great age; secondly, “the splendour of his official rank at the court of Weimar (!);” thirdly, “his enigmatical and unintelligible writing.” But “in Germany his works are little read, and in this country not at all.” Wilhelm Meister is morally detestable, and, artistically speaking, rubbish. Of the author of the Philosophical Dictionary, of the *Essai sur les Mœurs*, of *Candide*, and certain other trifles, his judgment is that Horace Walpole’s reputation is the same in kind, as the *genuine* reputation of Voltaire: “Both are very splendid memoir writers, and of the two, Lord Orford is the more brilliant.” In the same tone he compares Gibbon to Southey, giving the advantage to the latter on the score of his poetical ability; and his view of another great infidel may be inferred from the following. One of Rousseau’s opinions is only known to us through Cowper, “for in the unventilated pages of its originator, it would have lurked undisturbed down to this hour of June, 1819.”

Voltaire and Rousseau have the double title to hatred of being Frenchmen and freethinkers. But even orthodox Frenchmen fare little better. “The French Bossuets, Bourdaloues, Fénétons, &c., whatever may be thought of their meagre and attenuated rhetoric, are one and all the most commonplace of thinkers.” In fact, the mere mention of France acts upon him like a red rag on a bull. The French, “in whom the lower forms of passion are constantly bubbling up, from the shallow and superficial character of their feelings,” are incapable of English earnestness. Their taste is “anything but good in all that department of wit and humour”—the department, apparently, of anecdotes—“and the ground lies in their natural want of veracity;” whereas England bases upon its truthfulness a well-founded claim to “a moral pre-eminence among the nations.” Belgians, French, and Italians attract the inconsiderate by “facile obsequiousness,” which, however, is a pendent of “impudence and insincerity. Want of principle and want of moral sensibility compose the original *fundus* of southern manners.” Our faults of style, such as they are, proceed from our manliness. In France there are no unmarried women at the age which amongst us gives the insulting name of old maid. “What striking sacrifices of sexual honour does this one fact argue!” The French style is remarkable for simplicity—“a strange pretension for anything French;” but on the whole the intellectual merits of their style are small, “chiefly negative,” and “founded on the accident of their colloquial necessities.” They are amply compensated, too, by “the prodigious defects of the French in all the higher qualities of prose composition.” Even their handwriting is the “very vilest form of scribbling which exists in Europe,” and they and the Germans are “the two most gormandising races in Europe.” They display a brutal selfishness

in satisfying their appetites, whereas Englishmen at all public meals are remarkably conspicuous for "a spirit of mutual attention and self-sacrifices." It is enough to show the real degradation of their habits, that they use the "odious gesture" of shrugging their shoulders, and are fond of the "vile ejaculation, 'bah!'" which is as bad as to puff the smoke of a tobacco-pipe in your companion's face. They have neither self-respect, nor respect for others. French masters are never dignified, though sometimes tyrannical; French servants are always, even without meaning it, disrespectfully familiar. Many of their manners and usages are "essentially vulgar, and their apparent affability depends, not on kindness of heart, but love of talking."

All this stuff, from which I have only taken a few random specimens, was written by a man who, so far as appears, never visited on the Continent, and knew nothing, except from books, of the great peoples whom he systematically vilifies. The impudence of the assertions is really amusing, though one cannot but regret that the vulgar prejudice of the old-fashioned John Bull should have been embodied in the pages of a master of our language. The explanation, however, is easy. De Quincey's prejudices are chiefly the reflection of those of the Coleridge school in general, though he added to them a few pet aversions of his own. At times his genuine acuteness of mind raises him above the teaching of his masters, or at least enables him to detect their weaknesses. He discovers Coleridge's plagiarisms, though he believes, and, indeed, speaks in the most exaggerated terms of his philosophical pretensions; whilst, in treating of Wordsworth, he points out with great skill the fallacy of some of his theories and the inconsistency of his practice. But whilst keenly observant of some of the failings of his friends, he reproduces others in even an exaggerated type. He shows to the full their narrow-minded hatred of the preceding century, of all forms of excellence which did not correspond to their favourite types, and of all speculation which did not lead to, or start from, their characteristic doctrines. The error is fully pardonable. We must not look to men who are leading a revolt against established modes of thought for a fair appreciation of the doctrines of their antagonists; and if De Quincey could recognise no merit in Voltaire or Rousseau, in Locke, Paley, or Jeremy Bentham, their followers were quite prepared to retaliate in kind. One feels, however, that such prejudices are more respectable when they are the foibles of a strong mind engaged in active warfare. We can pardon the old campaigner, who has become bitter in an internecine contest. It is not quite so pleasant to discover the same bitterness in a gentleman who has looked on from a distance, and never quite made up his mind to buckle on his armour. De Quincey had not earned the right of speaking evil of his enemies. If

a man chances to be a Hedonist, he should show the good temper which is the best virtue of the indolent. To lie on a bed of roses, and snarl at everybody who contradicts your theories, seems to imply rather testiness of temper than strength of conviction. De Quincey is a Christian on Epicurean principles. He dislikes an infidel, because his repose is disturbed by the arguments of freethinkers. He fears that he will be forced to think conscientiously, and to polish his logical weapons afresh. He mutters that the man is a fool, and could be easily thrashed if it were worth while, and then turns back to his opium and his rhetoric and his beloved Church of England. There is no pleasanter institution for a gentleman who likes magnificent historical associations, and heartily hates the rude revolutionists who would turn the world upside down, and thereby disturb the rest of dreamy metaphysicians.

He is quite pathetic, too, about the British constitution. "Destroy the House of Lords," he exclaims, "and henceforward, for people like you and me, England will be no habitable land." Here, he seems to say, is one charming elysium, where no rude hand has swept away the cobwebs or replaced the good old-fashioned machinery; here we may find rest in the "pure, holy, and magnificent Church," whose Articles, interpreted by Coleridge, may guide us through the most wondrous of metaphysical labyrinths, and dwell in a grand constitutional edifice, rich in picturesque memories, and blending into one complex harmony elements contributed by a long series of centuries. And you, wretched French revolutionists, with your love of such precision, and irreverent radicals and utilitarians, with your grovelling, material notions, propose to level, and destroy, and break in upon my delicious reveries. No old Hebrew prophet could be more indignant with the enemy who threatened to break down the carved work of his temple with axes and hammers. But his complaint is, after all, the voice of the sluggard. Let me dream a little longer; for much as I love my country and its institutions, I cannot rouse myself to fight for them. It is enough if I call their assailants an ugly name or so, and at times begin to write what might be the opening pages of the preface to some very great work of the future. Alas! the first digression diverts the thread of the discourse; the task becomes troublesome, and the labour is abruptly broken off. And so in a life of seventy-three years De Quincey read extensively and thought acutely by fits, eat an enormous quantity of opium, wrote a few pages which revealed new capacities in the language, and provided a good deal of respectable padding for magazines.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

FROM PORTSMOUTH TO ORAN TO SEE THE ECLIPSE.

THE opening of the Eclipse Expedition was not propitious. Portsmouth, on the 5th of December, was swathed by a fog, intensified by smoke, and traversed by a drizzle of fine rain. At six P.M. I was on board the *Urgent*. Space was scarce, for the company was large. The narrow cabin, part of which I was to occupy, contained two shelves for beds—one for Captain Noble, the other for me. The cabin was near the screw; it was also close to the fire-place, where conversation was heard at night, and the clatter of fire-irons in the early morning. Altogether, the position was not one favourable to a wakeful man. Still, though on the first night sleep was scanty, rest was good. On Tuesday morning the weather was too thick to permit of the ship's being swung and her compasses calibrated. The Admiral of the port, a man of very noble presence, came on board. Under his stimulus the energy which the fog had damped appeared to become more active, and soon after his departure we steamed down to Spithead. Here the fog had so far lightened as to enable the officers to swing the ship. At three P.M., on Tuesday, the 6th of December, we got away, gliding successively past Whitecliff Bay, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and St. Catherine's Lighthouse. On Wednesday morning we sighted the Isle of Ushant, on the French side of the Channel. The northern end of the island has been fretted by the waves into detached tower-like masses of rock of very remarkable appearance. In the Channel the sea was green, and opposite Ushant it was a brighter green. On Wednesday evening we committed ourselves to the Bay of Biscay. The roll of the Atlantic was full, but not violent. There had been scarcely a gleam of sunshine throughout the day, but the cloud forms were fine, and their apparent solidity impressive. On Thursday morning I rose refreshed, and found the green of the sea displaced by a deep indigo blue. The whole of Thursday we steamed across the bay. We had but little blue sky, but the clouds were again grand and varied—cirrus, stratus, cumulus, and nimbus, we had them all. Dusky hairlike trails were sometimes dropped from the distant clouds to the sea. These were falling showers, and they sometimes occupied the whole horizon, while we steamed across the rainless circle which was thus surrounded. Sometimes we plunged into the rain, and once or twice, by slightly changing course, avoided a heavy shower. From time to time perfect rainbows spanned the heavens from side to side. At times a bow would appear in fragments, showing the keystone of the arch midway in air, and its two but-

tresses on the horizon. In all cases the light of the bow could be quenched by a Nicol's prism, with its long diagonal tangent to the arc. Sometimes gleaming patches of the firmament were seen amid the clouds. When viewed in the proper direction, the gleam could be quenched by a Nicol prism, a dark aperture being thus opened into stellar space.

At sunset on Thursday the denser clouds were fiercely fringed, while through the lighter ones seemed to issue the glow of a conflagration. On Friday morning we sighted Cape Finisterre, the extreme end of the arc which sweeps from Ushant round the Bay of Biscay. Calm spaces of blue, in which floated quietly scraps of cumuli, were behind us, but in front of us was a horizon of portentous darkness. It continued thus threatening throughout the day. Towards evening the wind strengthened to a gale, and at dinner it was difficult to preserve the plates and dishes from destruction. Our thinned company hinted that the rolling had other consequences. It was very wild when we went to bed. On shore a landsman can appreciate the strength of a storm, but a seaman has the advantage in appreciating its effect upon the ocean. Under certain circumstances the water cannot answer to the wind. The wave, in fact, is lifted by the difference of pressure upon its front and back, and if this pressure be not long-continued—in other words, if the distances traversed by the waves be not considerable—though the wind may be violent, the waves will not be high. We turned in as usual, and I slumbered and slept; but after some time I was rendered actively conscious that my body had become a kind of projectile, which had the ship's side for a target. I gripped the edge of my berth to save myself from being thrown out. Outside, I could hear somebody say that he had been thrown from his berth, and sent spinning to the other side of the saloon. The screw laboured violently amid the lurching; it incessantly quitted the water, and, twirling in the air, rattled against its bearings, and caused the ship to shudder from stem to stern. At times the waves struck us, not with the soft impact which might be expected from a liquid, but with the sudden solid shock of battering-rams. "No man knows the force of water," said one of the officers, "until he has experienced a storm at sea." These blows followed each other at quick intervals, the screw rattling after each of them, until, finally, the delivery of a heavier stroke than ordinary seemed to reduce the saloon to chaos. Furniture crashed, glasses rang, and alarmed inquiries immediately followed. Amid the noises I heard one note of forced laughter; it sounded very ghastly. Men tramped through the saloon, and busy voices were heard aft, as if something there had gone wrong. I rose, and not without difficulty got into my clothes. In the after-cabin, under the superintendence of the able and energetic navigating lieutenant,

Mr. Brown, a group of bluejackets were working at the tiller ropes. These had become loose, and the helm refused to answer the wheel. High moral lessons might be gained on shipboard in observing what steadfast adherence to an object can accomplish, and what large effects are heaped up by the addition of infinitesimals. The tiller-rope, as the bluejackets strained in concert, seemed hardly to move; still it did move a little, until finally, by timing the pull to the lurching of the ship, the mastery of the rudder was obtained. I had previously gone on deck. Round the saloon door were a few members of the eclipse party, who seemed in no mood for scientific observation. Nor did I; but I wished to see the storm. I climbed the steps to the poop, exchanged a word with Captain Toynbee, the only member of the party to be seen on the poop, and by his direction made towards a cleat not far from the wheel. The cleat is a T-shaped mass of metal employed for the fastening of ropes, and round it I coiled my arms. Captain Henderson and a group of sailors were then engaged at the screw-well. A plank which crossed it had been struck and detached, causing a wild bumping against the sides of the well. They secured the plank temporarily; but it subsequently broke away and was lost. The captain and sailors moved off, and with the exception of the men at the wheel, who stood as silent as corpses, I was alone. I had seen grandeur elsewhere, but this was a new form of grandeur to me. The *Urgent* is long and narrow, and during our expedition she lacked the steady influence of sufficient ballast. She was for a time practically rudderless, and lay in the trough of the sea. I could see the long ridges, with some hundreds of feet between their crests, rolling upon the ship perfectly parallel to her sides. As they approached, they so grew upon the eye, as to render the expression "mountains high" intelligible. At all events, there was no mistaking their mechanical might, as they took the ship upon their shoulders and swung her like a pendulum. The poop sloped sometimes at an angle which I estimated at over forty-five degrees; wanting my previous Alpine practice, I should have felt less confidence in my grip of the cleat. Here and there the long rollers were tossed by interference into heaps of greater height. The wind caught their crests, and scattered them over the sea, the surface of which was seething white. The aspect of the clouds was a fit accompaniment to the fury of the ocean. The moon was almost full—at times concealed, at times revealed, as the scud flew wildly over it. These things appealed to the eye, while the ear was filled by the whistle and boom of the storm and the groaning of the screw.

Nor was the outward agitation the only object of interest to me. I was at once subject and object to myself, and watched with intense interest the workings of my own mind. The *Urgent* is an elderly

ship. She had been built by a contracting firm for some foreign government, and had been diverted from her first purpose, when converted into a troop-ship. She had been for some time out of work, and I had heard that one of her boilers, at least, needed repair. Our scanty but excellent crew, moreover, did not belong to the *Urgent*, but had been gathered from other ships. Our three lieutenants were also volunteers. All this passed swiftly through my mind as the ship shook under the blows of the waves, and I thought that probably no one on board—not even my friend Admiral Ommaney—could say how much of this thumping and straining the *Urgent* would be able to bear. This uncertainty caused me to look steadily at the worst, and I tried to strengthen myself in the face of it. But at length the helm laid hold of the water, and the ship was got gradually round to face the waves. The rolling diminished, a certain amount of pitching, or fore-and-aft oscillation, taking its place. Our speed had fallen from eleven knots to two. I went again to bed. After a space of calm, when we seemed crossing the vortex of a storm, heavy tossing recommenced. I was afraid to allow myself to fall asleep, as my berth was high, and to be pitched out of it might be attended with bruises, if not with fractures. From Friday at noon, to Saturday at noon, we accomplished sixty-six miles, or an average of less than three miles an hour. I overheard the sailors talking about this storm. The *Urgent*, according to those that knew her, had never previously experienced anything like it.¹

All through Saturday the wind, though somewhat sobered, blew dead against us. The atmospheric effects were exceedingly fine. The cumuli resembled mountains in shape, and their peaked summits shone as white as Alpine snows. At one place the resemblance was greatly strengthened by a vast area of cloud, uniformly illuminated, and lying like a Névé below the peaks. From it fell a kind of cloud river, strikingly like a glacier. The colouring of sunset was remarkable—spaces of brilliant green, not subjective, in my opinion, on the lower firmament; but the clouds were wild and fiery. Rainbows had been frequent throughout the day, and at night a perfectly continuous lunar bow spanned the heavens from horizon to horizon. Its colours were feeble; but, contrasted with the black ground against which it rested, its luminousness was extraordinary. Sunday morning found us opposite to Lisbon, and at midnight we rounded Cape St. Vincent. Here the lurching seemed disposed to recommence. A cot had been slung for me through the kindness of Lieutenant Walton. It hung between a tiller-wheel and a flue, and at one A.M., on Monday morning, I was roused by the banging of the cot against its boundaries. But the wind was now behind us, and we went along at a speed of

(1) There is, it will be seen, a fair agreement between these impressions and those so vigorously described by a scientific correspondent of the *Times*.

eleven knots. We felt certain of reaching Cadiz by three P.M. But a new lighthouse came in sight, which some affirmed to be Cadiz Lighthouse, while the surrounding houses were declared to be Cadiz itself. Out of deference to these statements, the navigating lieutenant changed his course, and steered for the place. A pilot came on board, and he informed us that we were before the mouth of the Guadalquivir, and that the lighthouse was that of Cipiona. Cadiz was some eighteen miles distant. We steered towards it, hoping to get into the harbour before dark. But the harbour pilot was snapped up by another vessel, and we did not get in. We beat about during the night, and in the morning found ourselves about fifteen miles from Cadiz. The sun rose behind the city, and we steered straight into the light. The three-towered cathedral stood in the midst, round which swarmed apparently a multitude of chimney-stacks. A nearer approach showed the chimneys to be small turrets. A pilot was taken on board; for there is a dangerous shoal in the harbour. The appearance of the city as the sun shone upon its white and lofty walls was singularly beautiful. We cast anchor; some officials arrived and demanded a clean bill of health. We had none. The officials would have nothing to do with us; so the yellow quarantine flag was hoisted, and we waited for permission to land the Cadiz party. After some hours of delay the English consul and vice-consul came on board, and with them a Spanish officer, ablaze with gold lace and decorations. Under slight pressure the requisite permission had been granted. We landed our party, and in the afternoon weighed anchor. Thanks to kindness which I shall long remember I was here transferred to a roomier berth, leaving Captain Noble less hampered in his own.

Cadiz soon sank beneath the sea, and we sighted in succession Cape Trafalgar, Tarifa, and the revolving light of Ceuta. The sea was very calm, and the moon rose in a quiet heaven. She swung with her convex surface downwards, the common boundary between light and shadow being almost horizontal. A pillar of reflected light shimmered up to us from the slightly rippled sea. I had already noticed the phosphorescence of the water, but to-night it was stronger than usual, especially among the foam at the bows. A bucket let down into the sea brought up a number of the little sparkling organisms which cause the phosphorescence. I caught some of them in my hand. And here an appearance was observed, which was new to most of us, and strikingly beautiful to all. Standing at the bow and looking forwards, at a distance of forty or fifty yards from the ship, a number of luminous streamers were seen rushing towards us. On nearing the vessel they rapidly turned, like a comet round its perihelion, placed themselves side by side, and, as parallel trails of light, kept up with the ship. One of them placed itself right in

front of the bow as a pioneer. These comets of the sea were joined at intervals by others. Sometimes as many as six at a time would rush at us, bend with extraordinary rapidity round a sharp curve, and afterwards keep us company. Leaning over the bow, and scanning the streamers closely, the frontal portion of each revealed the outline of a porpoise. The rush of the creatures through the water had started the phosphorescence, every spark of which was converted by the motion of the retina into a line of light. Each porpoise was thus wrapped in a luminous sheath. The phosphorescence did not cease at the creature's tail, but was carried many porpoise-lengths behind it.

To our right we had the African hills, illuminated by the moon. Gibraltar Rock at length became visible, but the town remained long hidden by a belt of haze. Through this at length the brighter lamps struggled. It was like the gradual resolution of a nebula into stars. As the depth seen through became gradually less, the mist vanished more and more, and, finally, all the lamps shone through. They formed a bright foil to the sombre mass of rock above them. The sea was so calm, and the scene so lovely, that Mr. Huggins and myself stayed on deck till the ship was moored near midnight. During our walking to and fro a striking enlargement of the disc of Jupiter was observed whenever the heated air of the funnels came between us and the planet. On passing away from the heated air, the flat dim disc would immediately shrink to a luminous point. The effect was one of retinal persistence. The retinal image of the planet was set quivering in all azimuths by the streams of heated air, describing in quick succession minute lines of light, which summed themselves by persistence to a disc of sensible area.

At six o'clock next morning the gun at the signal-station on the summit of the rock boomed. At eight the band on board the *Trafalgar* training-ship, which was in the harbour, struck up the national anthem; and immediately afterwards a crowd of mite-like cadets swarmed up the rigging. After the removal of the apparatus belonging to Captain Parson's party we went on shore. A visit to the Governor was proposed, as an act of necessary courtesy, and I accompanied Admiral Ommaney and Mr. Huggins to the convent, or Government-house. Winter was in England when we left, but at Gibraltar we had the warmth of summer. The vegetation was luxuriant. Palm-trees, cactuses, and aloes, all ablaze with scarlet flowers. We sent in our cards to the Governor, waited for a time, and were then conducted by an orderly to his Excellency. He is a fine old man, over six foot high, and of frank military bearing. He received us and conversed with us in a very genial manner. He took us to see his garden, where the orange-trees were loaded with fruit, his palms, and his shaded promenades, in all of which he took manifest delight. Evidently "the hero of Kars" had fallen upon

quarters after his own heart. He appeared full of good-nature, and engaged us on the spot to dine with him that day.

We sought the town-major for a pass to visit the lines. While awaiting his arrival, I purchased a stock of white glass bottles with glass stoppers, and gave directions to the chemist, Mr. Roberts, to have them thoroughly cleansed, packed, and sent on to the *Urgent*. Mr. Huggins and myself, who wished to see the rock, were taken by Captain Salmond to the library, where a model of Gibraltar is kept, and where we had a capital preliminary lesson. At the library we met Colonel Maberly, a courteous and kindly man, who gave us good advice regarding our excursion. He sent an orderly with us to the entrance of the lines. The orderly handed us over to an intelligent Irishman, who was directed to show us everything that we desired to see, and to hide nothing from us. We took the "upper lines," traversed the galleries hewn through the limestone, looked through the embrasures, which opened like doors in the precipice, over the hills of Spain, reached St. George's Hall, and went still higher, emerging on the summit of one of the noblest cliffs I have ever seen. Beyond, were the Spanish lines, marked by a line of white sentry-boxes; nearer, were the English lines, less conspicuously marked out; and between both was the neutral ground. Beyond the Spanish lines was the conical hill called the Queen of Spain's Chair. The general aspect of Spain from the rock is bold and rugged. Doubling back from the galleries, we struck upwards towards the crest, reached the Signal Station, where we indulged in shandy-gaff and bread and cheese. Thence to O'Hara's tower, the highest point of the rock. It was built by a former Governor, who, forgetful of the laws of terrestrial curvature, thought he might look from the tower into the port of Cadiz. The tower is riven, and may be climbed along the edges of the crack. We got to the top of it. Thence descended the curious Mediterranean Stair—a zigzag, mostly of steps down a steeply falling slope, amid palmetto brush, prickly pear, and aloes. Passing over the Windmill Hill, we were joined at the Governor's Cottage by a car, and drove afterwards to the lighthouse at Europa Point. The tower was built, I believe, by Queen Adelaide, and it contains a fine dioptric apparatus of the first order, constructed by the Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham. The dinner-hour of the Governor was eight. During dinner the same genial traits which appeared in the morning were still more conspicuous. The freshness of his nature showed itself best when he spoke of his old antagonist in arms, Mouravieff. Chivalry in war is consistent with its stern prosecution. These two men were chivalrous, and after striking the last blow became friends for ever. Our kind and courteous reception at Gibraltar is a thing to be remembered with pleasure.

On the 15th of December we committed ourselves to the Mediterranean. The views of Gibraltar with which we are most acquainted represent it as a huge ridge; but its aspect, end on, both from the Spanish lines and from the other side, is truly noble. There is a sloping bank of sand at the back of the rock, which I was disposed to regard simply as the *débris* of the limestone. I wished to let myself down upon it, but had not the time. My friend Mr. Busk, however, assures me that it is silica, and that the same sand constitutes the adjacent neutral ground. There are theories afloat as to its having been blown from Sahara. The Mediterranean throughout this first day, and indeed throughout the entire voyage to Oran, was of less deep a blue than the Atlantic. I saw nothing in it to match the water of the Bay of Biscay. Possibly the quantity of organisms may have modified the colour. At night the phosphorescence was delicious, breaking with the suddenness of a snapped spring along the crests of the waves formed by the port and starboard bows. Several large phosphorescent masses were passed in the darkness. They had a weird appearance. The strength of the phosphorescence was not uniform. Having flashed brilliantly for a time, it would in part subside, and soon afterwards regain its vigour. On the morning of the 16th we sighted the fort and lighthouse of Marsa el Kibir, and the white walls of Oran lying in the bight of a bay, sheltered by dominant hills. The sun was shining brightly; during our whole voyage we had not had so fine a day. The wisdom which had led us to choose Oran as our place of observation seemed demonstrated. A rather excitable pilot came on board, and he guided us in behind the Mole, which had suffered much damage last year from an unexplained outburst of waves from the Mediterranean. Both port and bow anchors were cast in deep water. With three huge hawsers the ship's stern was made fast to three gun pillars fixed in the Mole; and here for a time the *Urgent* rested from her labours.

M. Janssen, who had rendered his name celebrated by his observations of the eclipse in India in 1868, when he shows the solar flames to be outbursts of incandescent hydrogen, was already encamped in the open country about eight miles from Oran. On the 2nd of December he had quitted Paris in a balloon, with a strong young sailor as his assistant, had descended near the mouth of the Loire, seen M. Gambetta, and received from him encouragement and aid. His encampment was visited by Mr. Huggins. It bore the best repute as regards freedom from haze and fog, and commanded a free outlook, but it was inconvenient for us on account of its distance from the ship. The place next in repute was the railway station, between two and three miles distant from the Mole. It was inspected; but being enclosed, was abandoned for an eminence in an adjacent garden, the property of Mr. Hinshelwood, a Scotchman who had

settled some years previously as an esparto merchant in Oran.¹ In the most liberal manner he placed his ground at the disposition of the party. Here, the tents were pitched on the Saturday by Captain Salmond and his intelligent corps of sappers, the instruments being erected on the Monday under cover of the tents. Close to the railway station runs a new loopholed wall, intended for the defence of Oran, through which the highway passes into the open country. Looking southwards along the highway, about twenty yards to the right, is a small bastionet, intended to carry a gun or two, the roof of which I thought would form an admirable basis for my telescope, while the view of the surrounding country was unimpeded in all directions. The authorities kindly allowed me the use of this bastionet. Two men, one a blue-jacket named Elliot, and the other a marine named Hill, were placed at my disposal by Lieutenant Walton; and thus aided, on Monday morning I mounted my telescope. The instrument was new to me, and I wished to master all the details of its manipulation.

After some hours of discipline, and as the day was sobering towards twilight, the telescope was dismounted and put under cover. Mr. Huggins joined me, and we visited together the Arab quarter of Oran. The flat-roofed houses appeared very clean and white. The street was filled with loiterers, and the thresholds were occupied by picturesque groups. Some of the men are very fine; we saw many straight, manly fellows who must have been six foot four in height. They passed us with perfect indifference, evincing no anger, suspicion, or curiosity, hardly caring to glance at us as we passed. In one instance only during my stay at Oran was I spoken to by an Arab. He was a tall, good-humoured fellow, who came smiling up to me, and muttered something about "*les Anglais*." The mixed population of Oran is picturesque in the highest degree. The Jews, rich and poor, varying in their costumes as their wealth varies; the Arabs, more picturesque still, and of all shades of complexion. The negroes, the Spaniards, the French, all grouped together, and each preserving its own individuality, formed a picture which intensely interested me.

On Tuesday, the 20th, I was early at the bastionet, with the view of schooling both myself and my men. The night had been very squally. The sergeant of the sappers took charge of our key, and on Tuesday morning Elliot went for it. He brought back the intelligence that the tents had been blown down, and the instruments overturned. Among these was a large and valuable Equatorial from the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. It seemed hardly possible that this

(1) Esparto is a kind of grass now much used in the manufacture of paper. On the day of our arrival I had noticed an English vessel taking on board what I supposed to be bundles of hay. It was esparto.

instrument, with its wheels and verniers and delicate adjustments, could have escaped uninjured from such a fall. This, however, was the case; and during the day all the overturned instruments were restored to their places, and found to be in practical working order. This and the following day were devoted to incessant schooling. I had come out as a general star-gazer, and not with the intention of devoting myself to the observation of any particular phenomenon. I wished to see the whole—the first contact, the advance of the moon, and the successive swallowing up of the solar spots, the breaking of the last line of crescent by the lunar mountains into Bailey's beads, the advance of the shadow through the air, the appearance of the corona and prominences at the moment of totality, the radiant streamers of the corona, the internal structure of the flames, a glance through a polariscope, a sweep round the landscape with the naked eye, the reappearance of the solar limb through Bailey's beads, and, finally, the retreat of the lunar shadow through the air. For these observations I was provided with a telescope of admirable definition, mounted, adjusted, packed, and most liberally placed at my disposal by Mr. Warren De La Rue. The telescope grasped the whole of the sun, and a considerable portion of the space surrounding it. But it would not take in the probable extreme limits of the corona. For this the finder was suitable; but instead of it, I had lashed on to the large telescope a light, but powerful instrument, constructed by Ross, and lent to me by Mr. Huggins. I was also furnished with an excellent binocular by Mr. Dallmeyer. In fact, no man could have been more efficiently supported than I was. It required a strict parcelling out of the two minutes and some seconds of totality to embrace in them the entire series of observations. These, while the sun remained visible were to be made with an unsilvered diagonal eye-piece, which reflected but a small fraction of the sun's light, this fraction being still further toned down by a dark glass. At the moment of totality the dark glass was to be removed, and a silver reflector pushed in, so as to get the maximum of light from the corona and prominences. The time of totality was distributed as follows:—

1. Observe approach of shadow through the air:—totality.
2. Telescope 30 seconds.
3. Finder 30 seconds.
4. Double image prism . . . 15 seconds.
5. Naked eye 10 seconds.
6. Finder or binocular . . . 20 seconds.
7. Telescope 20 seconds.
8. Observe retreat of shadow.

It was proposed to begin and end with the telescope, so that any change in the field of view occurring during the totality might be noticed. Elliot stood beside me, watch in hand, and furnished with a

lantern. He called out at the end of each interval, and I moved from telescope to finder, from finder to polariscope, from polariscope to naked eye, from naked eye back to finder, from finder to telescope, abandoning the instrument finally to observe the retreating shadow. All this we went over twenty times, while looking at the actual sun, and keeping him in the middle of the field. It was my object to render the repetition of the lesson so mechanical as to leave no room for flurry, forgetfulness, or excitement. Volition was not to be called upon, nor judgment exercised, but a well-beaten path of routine was to be followed. Had the opportunity occurred, I think the programme would have been strictly carried out.

But the opportunity did not occur. For several days the weather had been ill-natured. We had wind so strong as to render the hawsers at the stern of the *Urgent* as rigid as iron, and, therefore, to destroy the navigating lieutenant's sleep. We had clouds, a thunder-storm, and some rain. Still the hope was held out that the atmosphere would cleanse itself, and if it did, we were promised an air of extraordinary limpidity. Early on the 22nd we were all at our posts. Spaces of blue in the early morning gave us some encouragement, but all depended on the relation of these spaces to the surrounding clouds. Which of them were to grow as the day advanced? The wind was high, and to secure the steadiness of my instrument I was forced to retreat behind a projection of the bastionet, place stones upon its base, and further, to avail myself of the shelter of a sail. My practised men fastened the sail at the top, and loaded it with boulders at the bottom. It was tried severely, but it stood firm. The clouds and blue spaces fought for a time with varying success. The sun was hidden and revealed at intervals, hope oscillating in synchronism with the changes of the sky. At the moment of first contact a dense cloud intervened, but a minute or two afterwards the cloud had passed, and the encroachment of the black body of the moon was evident upon the solar disc. The moon marched onward, and I saw it at frequent intervals: a large group of spots were approached and swallowed up. Subsequently I caught sight of the lunar limb as it cut through the middle of a large spot. The spot was not to be distinguished from the moon, but rose like a mountain above it. The clouds, when thin, could be seen as grey scud drifting across the black surface of the moon; but they thickened more and more, and made the intervals of clearness scantier. During these moments, I watched with an interest bordering upon fascination the march of the silver sickle of the sun across the field of the telescope. It was so sharp and so beautiful. No trace of the lunar limb could be observed beyond the sun's boundary. Here, indeed, it could only be relieved by the corona, which was utterly cut off by the dark glass. The blackness of the moon beyond the sun was, in fact, confounded with

the blackness of space. Beside me was Elliot with the watch and lantern, while Lieutenant Archer, of the Royal Engineers, had the kindness to take charge of my note-book. I mentioned, and he wrote rapidly down, such things as seemed worthy of remembrance. Thus my hands and mind were entirely free; but it was all to no purpose. A patch of sunlight fell and rested upon the landscape some miles away. It was the only illuminated spot within view. But to the north-west there was still a space of blue which might reach us in time. Within seven minutes of totality, another small space towards the zenith became very dark. The atmosphere was, as it were, on the brink of a precipice; it was charged with humidity, which required but a slight chill to bring it down in clouds. This was furnished by the withdrawal of the solar beams; the clouds did come down, covering up the space of blue on which our hopes had so long rested. I abandoned the telescope and walked to and fro, like a leopard in its cage. As the moment of totality approached, the descent towards darkness was as obvious as a falling stone. I looked towards a distant ridge where I knew the darkness would first appear. At the moment a fan of beams, issuing from the hidden sun, was spread out over the southern heavens. These beams are bars of alternate light and shade, produced in illuminated haze by the shadows of floating cloudlets of varying density. The beams are really parallel, but by an effect of perspective they appear divergent, like a fan, having the sun, in fact, for their point of intersection. The darkness took possession of the ridge to which I have referred, lowered upon M. Janssen's observatory, passed over the southern heavens, blotting out the beams as if a sponge had been drawn across them. It then took successive possession of three spaces of blue sky in the south-eastern atmosphere. I again looked towards the ridge. A glimmer as of day-dawn was behind it; and immediately afterwards the fan of beams which had been for two minutes absent revived in all its strength and splendour. The eclipse had ended, and, as far as the corona was concerned, we had been defeated.

Even in the heart of the eclipse the darkness was by no means perfect. Small print could be read. In fact, the clouds which rendered the day a dark one, by scattering light into the shadow, rendered it less intense than it would have been had the day been without cloud. In the more open spaces I sought for stars, but could find none. There was a lull in the wind before and after totality, but during the totality the wind was strong. I waited for some time on the bastionet, hoping to get a glimpse of the moon on the opposite border of the sun, but in vain. The clouds continued, and some rain fell. The day brightened somewhat afterwards, and, having packed all up, in the sober twilight Mr. Crookes and myself climbed the heights above the fort of Vera Cruz. From this

eminence we had a very noble view over the Mediterranean and the flanking African hills. The sunset was remarkable, and the whole outlook exceedingly fine.

The able and well-instructed medical officer of the *Urgent*, Mr. Goodman, observed the following temperatures during the progress of the eclipse :—

Hour.	Deg.	Hour.	Deg.
11.45	56	12.43	51
11.55	55	1.5	52
12.10	54	1.27	53
12.37	53	1.44	56
12.39	52	2.10	57

The minimum temperature occurred some minutes after totality, when a slight rain fell.

The wind was so strong on the 23rd, that Captain Henderson would not venture out. Guided by Mr. Goodman, I visited a cave scooped into a remarkable stratum shell-breccia, and, thanks to my guide, secured specimens. Mr. Busk informs me that a precisely similar breccia is found at Gibraltar at approximately the same level. During the afternoon Admiral Ommaney and myself drove to the fort of Marsa el Kibir. The fortification is of ancient origin, the Moorish arches being still there in decay, but the fort is now very strong. About four or five hundred dragoons, fine-looking men, were looking after their horses, waiting for a lull to enable them to embark for France. One of their officers was wandering in a very solitary fashion over the fort. We had some conversation with him. He had been at Sedan, had been taken prisoner, but had effected his escape. He shook his head when we spoke of the termination of the war, and predicted its long continuance. There was bitterness in his tone as he spoke of the charges of treason which had been so lightly levelled against French commanders. The green waves raved round the promontory on which the fort stands, smiting the rocks, breaking into snow, and jumping, after impact, to a height of a hundred feet and more into the air. On our return, our vehicle broke down through the loss of a wheel. The Admiral went on board, while I hung long over the agitated sea. The little horses of Oran well merit a passing word. Their speed and endurance, which are both heavily drawn upon by their drivers, are extraordinary.

The wind sinking, we lifted anchor on the 24th. For some hours we went pleasantly along; but during the afternoon the storm revived, and it blew heavily against us all the night. When we came opposite the Bay of Almeria, on the 25th, the captain turned the ship, and steered into the bay, where, under the shadow of the Sierra Nevada, we passed Christmas night in peace. Next morning "a rose of dawn" rested on the snows of the adjacent mountains, while a purple haze was spread over the lower hills. We got away at eight A.M.,

passing for a time through shoal water, the bottom of which had been evidently stirred up. The adjacent land seemed eroded in a remarkable manner. Doubtless it has its times of flood, which excavate these valleys and ravines, and leave those singular ridges behind. I had no notion that Spain possessed so fine a range of mountains as the Sierra Nevada. The height is considerable, but the form also is such as to get the maximum of grandeur out of the height. Towards evening I climbed the mainmast, and, standing on the crosstrees, saw the sun set amid a blaze of fiery clouds. The wind was strong, and bitterly cold, and I was glad to return to the deck along a rope which stretched from the masthead to the ship's side. That night we cast anchor beside the Mole of Gibraltar.

On the morning of the 27th, in company with two friends, I drove to the Spanish lines, with the view of seeing the rock from that side. It is an exceedingly noble mass. The Peninsular and Oriental mail-boat had been signalled and had come. Heavy duties called me homeward, and by transferring myself from the *Urgent* to the mail steamer I should gain three days. I rowed to the boat, saw a berth, learned that she was to start at one, and returned with all speed to the *Urgent*. Making known to Captain Henderson my wish to get away, he expressed doubts as to the possibility of reaching the mail steamer in time. With his accustomed kindness, he, however, placed a boat at my disposal. Four hardy fellows and one of the ship's officers jumped into it; my luggage, hastily thrown together, was tumbled in afterwards, and we were immediately on our way. We had nearly four miles to row in about twenty minutes; but we hoped the mail-boat might not be punctual. For a time we watched her anxiously; there was no motion; we came nearer, but the flags were not yet hauled in. The men put forth all their strength, animated by the exhortations of the officer at the helm. The roughness of the sea rendered their efforts to some extent nugatory; still we were rapidly approaching the steamer. At length she moved, punctually almost to the minute; at first slowly, but soon with quickened pace. We turned to the left, so as to cut across her bows. Five minutes' pull would have brought us up to her. The officer waved his cap and I my hat. "If they could only see us, they might back to us in a moment." But they did not see us, or if they did, they paid no attention to us. I returned to the *Urgent*, discomfited, but grateful to the fine fellows who had wrought so hard to carry out my wishes.

Glad of the quiet, in the sober afternoon I took a walk towards Europa Point. The sky darkened, and heavy squalls passed at intervals. Rain began to fall, and I returned home. Private theatricals were at the convent, and the kind and courteous Governor had sent cards to the eclipse party. I failed in my duty in not going. I had

heard of St. Michael's Cave as rivalling, if not outrivalling, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. On the 28th Messrs. Crookes, Carpenter, and myself, guided by a military policeman who understood his work, explored the cavern. The mouth is about 1,100 feet above the sea. We zigzagged up to it, and first were led into an aperture in the rock some height above the true entrance of the cave. In this upper cavern we saw some tall and beautiful stalactite pillars. The water drips from the roof charged with bicarbonate of lime. Exposed to the air, the carbonic acid partially escapes, and the simple carbonate of lime, which is hardly at all soluble in water, deposits itself as a solid, forming stalactites and stalagmites. Even the exposure of chalk or limestone water to the open air partially softens it. A specimen of the Redbourne water exposed by Messrs. Graham, Miller, and Hofmann in a shallow basin, fell from eighteen degrees to nine degrees of hardness. The softening process of Clark is virtually a hastening of the natural process. Here, however, instead of being permitted to evaporate, half the carbonic acid is appropriated by lime; the half thus taken up, as well as the remaining half, being precipitated. The solid precipitate is permitted to sink, and the clear supernatant liquid is limpid soft water. We returned to the real mouth of St. Michael's Cave, which is entered by a wicket. The floor was somewhat muddy, and the roof and walls were wet. Our guide took off his coat, but we did not follow his example. We were soon in the midst of a natural temple, where tall columns sprang complete from floor to roof, while incipient columns were growing to meet each other, upwards and downwards. The water which trickles from the stalactite, after having in part yielded up its carbonate of lime, falls upon the floor vertically underneath, and there builds the stalagmite. Consequently, the pillars grow from above and below simultaneously along the same vertical. It is easy to distinguish the stalagmitic from the stalactitic portion of the pillars. The former is always divided into short segments by protuberant rings, as if deposited periodically, while the latter presents a uniform surface. In some cases the points of inverted cones of stalactite rested on the centres of pillars of stalagmite. The process of solidification and the architecture are alike beautiful. We followed our guide through various branches and arms of the cave, climbed and descended steps, halted at the edges of deep, dark shafts and apertures, squeezed ourselves through narrow passages, where the sober grey of my coat suffered less than the black of my companions'. From time to time we halted, while Mr. Crookes illuminated with ignited magnesium wire the roof, columns, dependent spears, and graceful drapery of the stalactite. Once, coming to a magnificent cluster of icicle-like spears, we helped ourselves to specimens. There was some difficulty in detaching the more delicate ones, their fragility was so great. A

consciousness of Vandalism which smote me at the time haunts me still ; for though our requisitions were moderate, this beauty ought not to be at all invaded. Pendent from the roof in their natural habitat, nothing can exceed their delicate beauty ; they *live*, as it were, surrounded by organic connections. In London they are curious, but not beautiful. Of gathered shells, Emerson writes :—

“ I wiped away the weeds and foam,
And brought my seaborne treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.”

The promontory of Gibraltar is so burrowed with caverns that it has been called the Hill of Caves. They are apparently related to the geologic disturbances which the rock has undergone. The earliest of these is the tilting of the once horizontal strata. Suppose a force acting upon the promontory at its southern extremity, near Europa Point, tending to twist the strata in a direction opposed to that of the hands of a watch, and suppose the rock to be of a partially yielding character, such a force would turn the strata into screw-surfaces, the greatest amount of twisting being endured near the point of application of the force. Such a twisting the rock appears to have suffered ; but instead of the twist fading gradually and uniformly off in passing from south to north, the want of uniformity in the material has produced lines of dislocation where there are abrupt changes in the amount of twist. Thus, at the northern end of the rock, the dip to the west is nineteen degrees ; in the Middle Hill it is thirty-eight degrees ; in the centre of the south hill, or Sugar Loaf, it is fifty-seven degrees. At the southern extremity of the Sugar Loaf the strata are vertical, while further to the south they actually turn over and dip to the east. The rock is thus divided into three sections, separated from each other by surfaces of dislocation where the rock is much wrenched and broken. These places of dislocation are called the northern and southern *Quebrada*, from the Spanish “ *Tierra Quebrada*,” or broken ground ; and it is at these places that the inland caves of Gibraltar are almost exclusively found. An excellent and most interesting account of these caves, of the human remains, and works of art which they contain, founded on the observations of Dr. Falconer and himself, was given by Mr. Busk at the meeting of the Congress of Prehistoric Archæology at Norwich, and afterwards printed in the “ *Transactions* ” of the Congress.¹ Long subsequently to the operation of the twisting force just referred to, the promontory underwent various changes of level. There are sea-

(1) In this essay Mr. Busk refers to the previous labours of Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, to whom we owe most of our knowledge of the geology of the rock.

terraces and layers of shell-breccia along its flanks, and numerous caves which, unlike the inland one, are the product of marine erosion. The Apes' Hill, on the African side of the strait, Mr. Busk informs me has undergone similar disturbances.¹

The colour of the sea had long interested me, and on my way out I collected a number of bottles of water, with a view to subsequent examination. But the bottles were claret bottles, and I could by no means feel sure of their purity. At Gibraltar, therefore, I purchased fifteen white glass bottles, with ground-glass stoppers, and at Cadiz, where we spent a day, on our return, I secured a dozen more. These seven-and-twenty bottles were filled with water, taken at different places along the line between Algeria and Spithead.

And here it is fit that I should express my warm acknowledgments to Captain Henderson, the commander of H.M.S. *Urgent*, who aided me in my observations in every possible way. Indeed, my best thanks are due to all the officers for their unfailing courtesy and help. The Captain placed at my disposal his own coxswain, an intelligent fellow named Thorogood, who skilfully attached a cord to each bottle, weighted it with lead, cast it into the sea, and after three successive rinsings, filled it under my own eyes. The contact of jugs, buckets, or other vessels, was thus avoided, and even the necessity of pouring the water out afterwards through the dirty London air.

The process of examination to which these bottles were subjected after my return to London, is in some sense complementary to that of the microscope, and may I think materially aid inquiries conducted with that instrument. In microscopic examination attention is directed to a small portion of the liquid, and the aim is to detect the individual suspended particles. By the method I pursued, a large portion of the liquid is illuminated, its general condition being revealed, through the light scattered by suspended particles. Care is then taken to defend the eye from the access of all other light, and thus defended, it becomes an organ of inconceivable delicacy. Were water of uniform density perfectly free from suspended matter, it would, in my opinion, scatter no light at all. The track of a luminous beam could not, I think, be seen in such water. But an amount of impurity so infinitesimal as to be scarcely expressible in numbers, and the individual particles of which are so small as wholly to elude the microscope, may, when examined by the method alluded to, produce not only sensible, but striking effects upon the eye.

For the sake of sparing time, let us direct our attention to nineteen bottles, filled at various places between Gibraltar and Spithead.

(1) No one can rise from the perusal of Mr. Busk's paper without a feeling of admiration for the principal discoverer and indefatigable explorer of the Gibraltar caves, the late Captain Frederick Brome. —

The results of the examination of the water in these nineteen bottles are here tabulated :—

No.	Locality.	Colour of Sea.	Appearance in Electric Beam.
1.	Gibraltar Harbour	Green	Thick with fine particles.
2.	Two miles from Gibraltar . .	Clearer green . .	Thick with very fine particles.
3.	Off Cabreta Point	Bright green . .	Still thick, but less so.
4.	Off Cabreta Point	Black-indigo . .	Much less thick, very pure.
5.	Off Tarifa	Undecided . . .	Thicker than No. 4.
6.	Beyond Tarifa	Cobalt-blue . . .	Much purer than No. 5.
7.	Twelve miles from Cadiz . .	Yellow-green . .	Very thick.
8.	Cadiz Harbour	Yellow-green . .	Exceedingly thick.
9.	Fourteen miles from Cadiz . .	Yellow-green . .	Thick, but less so.
10.	Fourteen miles from Cadiz . .	Bright green . .	Much less thick.
11.	Between Capes St. Mary and Vincent	Deep indigo . . .	Very little matter, very pure.
12.	Off the Burlings	Strong green . . .	Thick with fine matter.
13.	Beyond the Burlings	Indigo	Very little matter, pure.
14.	Off Cape Finisterre	Undecided	Less pure.
15.	Bay of Biscay	Black-indigo . . .	Very little matter, very pure.
16.	Bay of Biscay	Indigo	Very fine matter. Iridescent.
17.	Off Ushant	Dark green	A good deal of matter.
18.	Off St. Catherine's	Yellow-green . . .	Exceedingly thick.
19.	Spithead	Green	Exceedingly thick.

We have, first, three specimens of water, described as green, a clearer green, and bright green, taken in Gibraltar Harbour, at a point two miles from the harbour and off Cabreta Point. What does the home examination reveal about these waters? It says that the first was thick with suspended matter, the second less thick, and the third still less thick. Thus the green brightened as the suspended matter became less.

The excellent navigating lieutenant, Mr. Brown, to whom I am specially indebted, steered along near the coast, thus avoiding the adverse current which sets in through the Strait of Gibraltar from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. He was at length forced to cross the boundary of the Atlantic current, which was defined with extraordinary sharpness. On the one side of it the water was a vivid green, on the other a deep blue. Standing at the bow of the ship, a bottle could be filled with blue water, while at the same moment a bottle cast from the stern could be filled with bright green water. Two bottles were secured, one on each side of this remarkable boundary. In the distance the Atlantic had the hue called ultramarine; but looked fairly down upon, it was of almost inky blackness—black qualified by a trace of indigo.

What change does the home examination here reveal? In passing to indigo, the water becomes suddenly augmented in purity, the suspended matter has become suddenly less. Off Tarifa, the deep indigo disappears, and the sea is undecided in colour. Accompanying this change, we have a rise in the quantity of suspended matter. Beyond Tarifa, we change to cobalt-blue, the

suspended matter falling at the same time in quantity. This water is distinctly purer than the green. We approach Cadiz, and at twelve miles from the city get into yellow-green water; this the London examination shows to be thick with suspended matter. The same is true of Cadiz Harbour, and also of a point fourteen miles from Cadiz in the homeward direction. Here there is a sudden change from yellow-green to a bright emerald-green, and accompanying the change a sudden fall in the quantity of suspended matter. Between Cape St. Mary and Cape St. Vincent the water changes to the deepest indigo. In point of purity, this indigo water is shown by the home examination to transcend the emerald-green water.

We now reach the remarkable group of rocks called the Burlings, and find the water between the shore and the rocks a strong green; the home examination shows it to be thick with fine matter. Fifteen or twenty miles beyond the Burlings we come again into indigo water, from which the suspended matter has in great part disappeared. Off Cape Finisterre, about the place where the *Captain* went down, the water becomes green, and the home examination pronounces it to be thicker. Then we enter the Bay of Biscay, where the indigo resumes its power, and where the home examination shows the greatly augmented purity of the water. A second specimen of water taken from the Bay of Biscay held in suspension fine particles of a peculiar kind; the size of them was such as to render the water richly iridescent. It showed itself green, blue, or salmon colour, according to the direction of the line of vision. Finally, we come to our last two bottles, the one taken opposite St. Catherine's Lighthouse, in the Isle of Wight, the other at Spithead. The sea at both these places was green, and both specimens, as might be expected, were pronounced by the home examination to be thick with suspended matter.

Two distinct series of observations are here referred to, the one consisting of direct observations of the colour of the sea, conducted during the voyage from Gibraltar to Portsmouth; the other conducted in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. And here it is to be noted that in the home examination I never knew what water I had in my hands. The labels, which had written upon them the names of the localities, had been tied up, all information regarding the source of the water being thus precluded. The bottles were simply numbered, and not till all the waters had been examined were the labels opened, and the locality and sea colour corresponding to the various specimens ascertained. I must, therefore, have been perfectly unbiassed in my home observations, and they, I think, clearly establish the association of the green colour of sea-water with fine suspended matter, and the association of the ultramarine colour,

and more especially of the black-indigo hue of sea-water, with the comparative absence of such matter.

A preliminary remark or two will clear our way towards an explanation of the dark hue of the deep ocean.¹ Colour resides in white light, appearing generally when any constituent of the white light is withdrawn. The colour of a purple liquid, for example, is immediately accounted for by its action on a spectrum. It cuts out the yellow and green, and allows the red and blue to pass through. The blending of these two colours produces the purple. The liquid attacks with special energy the yellow and green colours, but it enfeebles the whole spectrum; and by increasing the thickness of the stratum, we cut off the whole of the light. The colour of a blue liquid is also accounted for by its action on the spectrum. It first extinguishes the red; then as the thickness augments it attacks the orange, yellow, and green in succession; the blue alone finally remaining. But even it might be extinguished by a sufficient depth of liquid.

And now we are prepared for a brief, but tolerably complete statement of the action of sea-water upon light, to which it owes its darkness. The spectrum embraces three classes of rays—the thermal, the visual, and the chemical. These divisions overlap each other; the thermal rays are in part visual, the visual rays in part chemical, and *vice versâ*. The vast body of thermal rays is beyond the red, being invisible. These rays are attacked with exceeding energy by water. They are absorbed close to the surface of the sea, and are the great agents in evaporation. At the same time the whole spectrum suffers enfeeblement; water attacks all its rays, but with different degrees of energy. Of the visual rays, the red are attacked first, and first extinguished. While the red are disappearing, the remaining colours are enfeebled. As the solar beam plunges deeper into the sea, orange follows red, yellow follows orange, green follows yellow, and the various shades of blue, where the water is deep enough, follow green. Absolute extinction of the solar beam would be the consequence if the water were deep and uniform, and if it contained no suspended matter. Such water would be as black as ink. A reflected glimmer of ordinary light would reach us from its surface, as it would from the surface of actual ink; but no light, hence no colour, would reach us from the body of the water. In very clear and very deep sea-water this condition is approximately fulfilled, and hence the extraordinary darkness of

(1) A note written to me the 22nd of October, by my friend Canon Kingsley, contains the following reference to this point:—"I have never seen the Lake of Geneva, but I thought of the brilliant, dazzling dark blue of the mid Atlantic under the sunlight, and its black-blue under cloud, both so solid that one might leap off the sponson on to it without fear; this was to me the most wonderful thing which I saw on my voyages to and from the West Indies."

such water. The indigo, to which I have already referred, is, I believe, to be ascribed in part to the suspended matter, which is never absent, even in the purest natural water, and in part to the slight reflection of the light from the limiting surfaces of strata of different densities. A modicum of light is thus thrown back to the eye, before the depth necessary to absolute extinction has been attained. An effect precisely similar occurs under the moraines of the Swiss glaciers. The ice here is exceptionally compact, and owing to the absence of the internal scattering common in bubbled ice, the light plunges into the mass, is extinguished, and the perfectly clear ice presents an appearance of pitchy blackness.¹

The green colour of the sea when it contains matter in a state of mechanical suspension has now to be accounted for, and here, again, let us fall back upon the sure basis of experiment. A strong white dinner-plate was surrounded securely by cord, and had a lead weight fastened to it. Fifty or sixty yards of strong hempen line were attached to the plate. With it in his hand, my assistant, Thorogood, occupied a boat fastened as usual to the davits of the *Urgent*, while I occupied a second boat nearer to the stern of the ship. He cast the plate as a mariner heaves the lead, and by the time it had reached me, it had sunk a considerable depth in the water. In all cases the hue of this plate was green, even when the sea was of the darkest indigo, the green was vivid and pronounced. I could notice the gradual deepening of the colour as the plate sank, but at its greatest depth in indigo water the colour was still a blue-green.²

Other observations confirmed this one. The *Urgent* is a screw steamer, and right over the blades of the screw was an orifice called the screw-well, through which one could look from the poop down upon the screw. The surface glimmer which so pesters the eye was here in a great measure removed. Midway down a plank crossed the screw-well from side to side, and on this I used to place myself to observe the action of the screw underneath. The eye was rendered sensitive by the moderation of the light, and still further to remove all disturbing causes, Lieutenant Walton had the great kindness to have a sail and tarpaulin thrown over the mouth of the well. Underneath this I perched myself and watched the screw. In an indigo sea the play of colour was indescribably beautiful, and the contrast between the water which had the screw-blades for a background, and that which had the bottom of the ocean as a background, was extraordinary. The one was of the most brilliant green, the other of the deepest ultramarine. The surface of the water above the screw-blade was always ruffled. Liquid lenses were thus formed, by which

(1) I learn from a correspondent that certain Welsh tarns, which are reputed bottomless, have this black inky hue.

(2) In no case, of course, is the green pure, but a mixture of green and blue.

the coloured light was withdrawn from some places and concentrated upon others, the colour being thus caused to flash with metallic lustre. The screw-blades in this case played the part of the plate in the former case, and there were other instances of a similar kind. The white bellies of the porpoises showed the green hue, varying in intensity as the creatures swung to and fro between the surface and the deeper water. Foam, at a certain depth below the surface, is also green. In a rough sea the light which has penetrated the summit of a wave sometimes reaches the eye; a beautiful green cap being thus placed upon the wave even in indigo water.

But how is this colour to be connected philosophically with the suspended particles? Take the dinner-plate which showed so brilliant a green when thrown into indigo water. Suppose it to diminish in size until it reach an almost microscopic magnitude. It would still behave substantially as the larger plate, sending to the eye its modicum of green light. If the plate, instead of being a large coherent mass, were ground to a powder sufficiently fine, and in this condition diffused through the clear sea-water, it would send green light to the eye. In fact, the suspended particles which the home examination reveals act in all essential particulars like the plate, or like the screw-blades, or like the foam, or like the bellies of the porpoises. Thus I think the greenness of the sea is physically connected with the matter which it holds in suspension.

We reached Portsmouth on the 5th of January. There ended a voyage, which though its main object was not realised, has left behind it pleasant memories, both of the aspects of nature and the genial kindness of men. It is right to add that I should not of my own thought have offered this slight article to the readers of the *Fortnightly Review*.

JOHN TYNDALL.

OLD CRITICISMS ON OLD PLAYS AND OLD PLAYERS.

II.

IN the preceding number of this Review I endeavoured to transfer to the imagination of modern playgoers some of the impressions of Garrick's acting in the character of Hamlet, which, while they were yet fresh in his mind, an intelligent German gentleman, hastening home from Drury Lane Theatre about a hundred years ago, recorded for the benefit of ~~of~~ of his countrymen, and, as it happens, for our own. The necessary limits of a monthly article then obliged me to leave unfinished the outlines which I am now permitted to complete.

We left Garrick at the conclusion of Hamlet's first monologue in the second scene of the first act of the play, and Garrick's German admirer, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, unconsciously grasping the hand of his neighbour in the pit. Lichtenberg's next letter brings us to the celebrated monologue "To be or not to be;" which, he tells us, "produces no such tumultuous effect upon ~~the~~ audience. Nor is it either fit or possible that it should do so," he adds.

"The effect of the monologue, however," his letter continues, "is more impressive than you could possibly expect from a long disquisition upon life and death occurring in the midst of a tragedy. And for this there are, I think, two reasons. In the first place, the English public knows the verses by heart as well as it knows its *Paternoster*; aye, and listens to them, I may say, as reverently as if they were the *Paternoster*. True, the ideas associated with this great monologue are not *devotional*, but they are of a solemn and dignified character, which no one can understand who knows not what England is, and, perhaps I should add, what Shakespeare is to the English. In this island Shakespeare is not famous, he is sacred. His words are household words. You hear them everywhere, in every mouth, and *apropos* of everything—in the streets, in the coffee-houses, in the pulpit, in Parliament, where, by the way, I myself happened to hear them more cheered than anything else that was spoken in the course of an animated debate on the 7th of February last. Thus, in England, the name of Shakespeare is surrounded by the most venerable, and withal the most familiar, the highest, as well as the homeliest, associations. The people not only speak *of* him, they also speak *out* of him. The majority of English boys know Shakespeare almost as soon as they know their A B C, and certainly sooner than they know their catechism.

"Hamlet, as I mentioned before, appears in deep mourning throughout the play. But in this scene, which occurs after the commencement of his simulated madness, he appears with dishevelled hair. One of his black stockings, ungartered and half-fallen, shows part of the white stocking beneath it. The knot of one of his red garters dangles half down his calf. Thus negligently clad, he enters slowly, wanderingly, and as though lost in thought. His chin

is propped upon the palm of his right hand, and the elbow of the right arm upon the hand of the left. He is looking, not straight before him, but sideways, and on the ground. At last, with a dreamy motion, he removes the right hand from his chin, still supporting the right elbow with the left hand, however. The words, 'To be or not to be,' are muttered very faintly and softly. If they are distinctly audible, it is not from any art in the management of the actor's voice, but in consequence of the profound silence which he commands. Here, by the way, one word on a point of grammar. Many persons advocate an alteration of the text in the fourth line of this monologue. They suggest that we should substitute the words, 'Against assailing troubles,' for the words, 'Against a sea of troubles,'! observing that it is a solecism to speak of taking arms against a sea. Garrick, however, retains the original text. I merely record his opinion, without examining the grounds of it."

And surely there is no need to examine them. It is unfortunately even less easy to take arms against troubles, than for troubles to be as overwhelming as the sea. Doubtless the good people, whose suggestion Garrick rejected, would, if they could, have struck from the text of Milton the line in Comus which represents a song as "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled." But the only way to deal with troublesomely assailing suggestions of this sort is by opposing them. Instead of attempting to correct the stature of Shakespeare's colossal genius by putting our inch of grammar on the top of it, let us, by all means, leave him in the full possession of his imperial privileges *supra grammaticam*.

Here is a pretty picture of Mrs. Smith's Ophelia, which is worth stopping to look at, as we pass:—

"In Ophelia's madness there is the same decent disorder of attire. This part was played by Mrs. Smith, a young woman excellently well adapted to the character, and a good singer, which latter qualification I take to be more im-

(1) The reader will remember that *sea* was then pronounced *say*. Thus Pope—

"That stranger guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with encircling seas."—*Od.*, b. i.

"The raging deeps I trace,
And seek my sire thro' storms and rolling seas."—*Ib.*, b. ii.

"We cut the way
With Menelaus thro' the rolling sea."—*Ib.*, b. iii.

And Dryden—

"No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose
As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea."

Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell.

Gay, too—

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturesome lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?"

Ballad from the What-d'ye-call-it.

portant for the representation of Ophelia than almost any other, except youth and beauty. The part is a negative one, and the acting of it should be carefully subdued. The long fair hair of this charming actress falls in loose tresses down her back and over her pretty shoulders. She held in her left hand a bundle of gleaned straws, and all the motions and gestures of her madness were soft and gentle as the sentiment which had caused it. Her songs (which she sang to perfection) had in them something so plaintive, so full of tender melancholy, that the echoes of them haunted me all the night long. Indeed, the whole of this scene is touching, to the point of pain. It leaves in the soul a wound which the genius of Shakespeare keeps open. One almost wishes never to have seen that poor, unhappy Ophelia. The lingering recollection of her hovers reproachfully about us, like an unlaidd ghost. Surely had Voltaire been here, and could he but have heard Mrs. Smith's musical commentary on Shakespeare, that extraordinary man would have repented him of all he has written about these scenes. All I know is, that if I myself had written such things (with Voltaire's *esprit*, of course, you understand, and his unrivalled ascendancy over minds inferior to his own), and if, after writing them, I had seen what I have now seen, I would remorsefully have asked pardon of Shakespeare's genius in all the public journals. Voltaire, however, has had a victory at Drury Lane. The scene of the gravediggers is suppressed. At Covent Garden this scene is retained. Garrick should never have assented to the omission of it.

"In this smooth, sugary age of ours, when the language of nature is forced to give way to that of convention and affectation, the truthful representation of so old and noble a drama, preserved, in all its characteristic asperity, pure from the tampering of modern taste, might yet break our fall, if it could not altogether prevent it! I must needs pass over, unnoticed in this letter, some of the finest scenes. Among others, the scene in which Hamlet instructs the players, and that other in which he thunders into his mother's heart the startling comparison between his uncle and his father, and the Ghost reappears. One stroke after another, before we can recover from the effects of the last. So, wavelike, emotion tumultuously urges and chases emotion, on, on—into the infinite!"

If any reader has graciously accompanied us thus far through these letters of Lichtenberg, doubtless it may seem to him that what he has been reading is not criticism, but mere praise, all fat and no lean. Well, certainly, it is not what we now call criticism. There is nothing smart about it, no pungency, no playful impertinence. Moreover, it is sadly deficient in that display of omniscience which we should be entitled to expect from any modern critic who is up to the mark. These criticisms, if for form's sake we may so call them, are, it must be confessed, almost as meekly deferential, self-mistrustful, poor-spirited, and painstaking as, for instance, Goethe's criticisms of Byron and Manzoni.

Perhaps it is on account of their German origin, whereby they lack that robust fibre which can only be acquired from the free play of our own large English life. It was not the good fortune of either

(1) Surely Lichtenberg was, in sentiment, beyond the age he thus describes!

Goethe or Lichtenberg to be trained from boyhood in that great school to whose daily teaching even the least cultivated of our more favoured countrymen is indebted for a manly self-confidence equal to all occasions, and the keen practical good sense which perceives and understands things at a glance. Moreover, both Goethe and Lichtenberg were not, even in their own more backward land, professional, but only what we may call *amateur*, critics, in whom a certain degree of modesty is perhaps not altogether unbecoming. May we not also concede to criticisms of this inferior kind a merit, perhaps, incompatible with the superior quality of those which are so abundantly supplied to us by the day and week? Not, of course, the surpassing merit of perceiving and understanding things at a glance, but yet a praiseworthy patience and genial good-will employed in the reverent endeavour to perceive and understand things rightly?

Still, after making all such allowances for Lichtenberg's too monotonous admiration of Garrick, it is rather a relief to find him saying in one of his letters to Mr. Heinrich Baye, "You ask me if I have *never* observed in Garrick's acting anything I could fairly find fault with?" One is curious to know how he will answer the question:—

"It is not an easy one to answer," he says, "because Garrick now only plays those parts in which he has for a quarter of a century commanded the admiration of persons of the best taste. I do, however, remember one occasion (only one) when the impression made on me by Garrick's acting was unsatisfactory and disagreeable. It was in *Hamlet*, and just before the beginning of that monologue which follows upon the scene in which the Ghost has revealed to Hamlet the murder of his father. Up to this point Garrick's acting was admirable. You see him overwhelmed by his emotions, compassion, indignation, horror. When Hamlet at length recovers from this prostration of mind and body, enough to give expression to his feelings, and when he begins slowly, vaguely, to recognise and shape the secret purpose of the life to which he returns, Shakespeare has been careful to indicate by Hamlet's broken utterances the depth and tumult of those sensations with which the prince has been struggling. Garrick, on his part, is no less careful to give to every look and gesture the same significance, and so successfully, that a deaf spectator could not miss the meaning of his action. With one exception, however. There is just one line which, as Garrick delivered it, could not possibly have satisfied either a deaf spectator or a blind listener. It is that observation in physiognomy which Hamlet suddenly notes down in his tablets: 'That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.' These words (on the occasion in question) were spoken by Garrick with a mimicking, made-up face, and a petty gesture of mock homage, as though he were caricaturing the villain in his mind. Nothing, I think, could be more mistaken. But the second time I saw Mr. Garrick in the same part, I had the extreme satisfaction of hearing him speak the same words sternly and seriously, in the tone of a man who, with bitter intensity of hate and scorn, is recording an observation which he intends to make subsequent use of. The smile of the villain whom Hamlet is thinking of at that moment is surely much too formidable on the one hand, and on the other much too

detestable, to be made the subject of mere *persiflage*. The lips which have smiled that hideous smile must now receive from Hamlet's hand the solemnity of death, and that with all speed.

"I know not what may have induced Garrick to give to this line any other signification when I first heard him speak it. I suspect he must have been led away by the soft sibilation of the wording, which almost provokes a kindred expression of countenance."

But of all Lichtenberg's letters about Garrick, the most ingenious and suggestive is the letter in which he discusses Garrick's choice of costume for the character of Hamlet:—

"I think," he says, "I must have mentioned in a former letter that Garrick plays Hamlet in a modern dress, our ordinary full-dress coat *à la Française*. This will strike you as an anachronism, a sort of solecism in costume. I have often heard it blamed as such. Never, however, during the *entr'actes*; never on the way home from the theatre; nor at supper, immediately after the play. Only long afterwards; only when time had cooled the enthusiasm and faded the impression occasioned by the man's marvellous acting. And then only by persons who were more anxious to show off their own erudition than to examine this question of costume from all sides round; and who, thinking it fine to find fault, could yet think of nothing else to find fault with. Their objection has never greatly weighed with me. I have, however, considered it carefully; and these are my reasons for rejecting it. Judge if they be sound. In the first place, I know Mr. Garrick to be a man of the acutest intelligence, who keeps in his mind a strict register of the taste of his countrymen; and I think it, *a priori*, improbable that he should have adopted this costume without some good reason. In the next place, his theatrical wardrobe contains costumes of all kinds, appropriate to all periods and characters; and the man himself is one of those rare observers, whose daily experience is constantly correcting and developing his judgment. Yet he persists in performing Hamlet in a modern dress. Assuming, therefore, that so conscientious and cultivated an artist could not, from sheer ignorance or want of thought, have overlooked a point which is patent to the merest *macaroni*, I felt unable to endorse, off-hand, the objections I have heard made to his (obviously deliberate) choice of costume in this character, without any endeavour on my own part to ascertain and examine the motive of it.

"I must confess that it was not till I had seen him a second time in the part of Hamlet, that I completely divined, as I think, the actor's idea. But if my own interpretation of it be the right one, and I give it you only as my own, then must I not only approve his choice of costume, but also avow that I should think less highly of Garrick's intelligence had he chosen otherwise. Hear why; and form your own opinion. *Dabimus petimusque*. I am aware that in matters of this kind over-reflection and refining sometimes lead us with much wasted effort to the verge of absurdities, quite as ridiculous as those into which others fall, easily enough, for want of thought. However, if you are dissatisfied with my own explanation, I doubt not that Garrick could give you a better one.

"Well, then, I conceive that to those who have no great antiquarian interest in such things, there must always be something of a *masquerade* character in the appearance of antique dresses on the stage. If the dresses are pretty, the sight

of them, doubtless, is pleasing *quantum valeat*. But the pretty incidental pleasure they give us counts for nothing in the sum total of our impressions of the piece. The effect on my own mind is as if I saw a German book printed in Roman type. I seem to be reading a translation. Between the eye and the brain there is a momentary interruption of correspondence, and *seeing* and *feeling* are no longer synonymous. Men's pleasurable sensations are, as it were, suspended imperceptibly in the mind by the finest and frailest threads of association. It were a sin to sever one of these delicate filaments unnecessarily. I apprehend, therefore, that whenever a familiar and customary costume can be worn upon the stage, without offending the susceptible majesty of our erudition, it is the best and fittest of all for the actor's purpose. The less our attention is diverted from him to the dress of him the better. Now, for us moderns, the coat *à la Française* has, from long use and wont, acquired all the character of a *second skin*. It is a coat with a physiognomy. There is significance in its slightest wrinkle, and every crease and fold of it has human expression. We can *understand*, indeed, but we can hardly *feel*, hardly translate into immediate sensations of our own, those gestures which are clothed in unfamiliar garb. I see a man in a scuffle. He struggles; and his hat falls off his head. I know at once how that happens, and why. But if the man, instead of a hat, wears a helmet, and I see the helmet fall from his head, what am I to think of it? How can I tell what is the precise degree of stability which a helmet ought to retain when it is set on a man's head? I have never worn one on my own. Not being immediately able to realise the exact significance of the action I am looking at, I might misinterpret it, and attribute the fall of the helmet to the awkwardness of the actor. In that case, the action would at once become ridiculous.

"There is a scene of *Hamlet* which I described in a former letter. In that scene Garrick speaks with his back to the audience. The effect of his utterance depends chiefly on that of his attitude. You can't see his countenance; you can only see his coat. But the coat is familiar to us, and experience has enabled us to attach, instinctively, particular meanings to particular changes in the appearance of it. At the moment I am speaking there was a diagonal crease across the back of this coat from the shoulder to the hip, which unmistakably indicated the effort made by its wearer to repress some strong emotion. When I saw that crease in his coat I saw almost as much of the inner workings of the man's mind as the face of him could have shown me had it been visible. Suppose, now, that Hamlet's "inky coat" had been cut according to antiquarian prescription. What should I have seen in the crease of it? Nothing intelligible. An actor who has a good figure (and every tragic actor *ought* to have a good figure) cannot but lose effect, by acting in a costume which strikingly differs from the dress in which our eye is helped by habit to distinguish, to a straw's breadth, the too much and too little. Let me explain. I am not asking Julius Cæsar and the English Henries and Richards to appear upon the stage in the uniform of the Life Guards. The general public has picked up, either at school, or from coins and popular prints, quite enough antiquarian knowledge to understand and appreciate, when it sees them on the stage, a great number of costumes which it sees nowhere else. All I mean is, that whensoever and wheresoever the antiquary is still dormant in the brain of the public, the actor, if he rightly understands his art, will be the last person to awaken him. The poor little episodic satisfaction which is afforded me by the supposed historic

accuracy of some unfamiliar stage costume does not compensate the loss of what, in all such cases, it takes away from the general effect of the play. All the spectators experience this loss, although not all of them can detect the cause of it. But here it is that we need the tact of an intelligent actor. His intuitive knowledge of the strength and weakness of the eyes that watch him is above all rules and prescriptions. Now, as regards the historic Hamlet, London happens to be precisely in the case I have supposed. The antiquary is still asleep in the brain of the public. Who can wish that the greatest English actor should deprive this great English public of its *naïveté*? Not I, at least; and, for my own part, I think that Mr. Garrick has wisely foregone the small personal satisfaction of a few commonplace eulogiums on his antiquarian accuracy, in order to achieve and hold fast the conquest of a thousand hearts."

Here, I think, we have the explanation of many failures of effect in works of art. Art produces its effect by combining two forces, one of which resides in the artist, the other in the artist's public. Perhaps the quality of the result is determined chiefly by the latter. For the ultimate value of any gift must depend more on the character of the recipient than on that of the donor. But in all cases the perfect fusion of these two forces produces a something which neither of them can produce except in combination with the other; and in this complex something we can always detect by analysis the genius of the artist *plus* that of his public, and *vice versa*.

When we see the tragedies of Racine acted in Greek tunic or Roman toga, those costumes appeal to our present notions of Greek and Roman life; and, because the notions thus appealed to are not in unison with the sentiment and language of the tragedies, which are only Greek and Roman *à la Française*, the final effect is unsatisfactory. But fancy the effect of these tragedies when acted, as they were written to be acted, in wig and powder, lace, ruffles, and rapier, upon the floor of a royal *salon*, and in the presence of the *Grand Monarque* and his court! Then all the conditions of a perfect effect were united in harmonious co-operation—the conventional age which was the child of the author's genius, and the living age which was its parent, the place and time, the actors and the public, the scenery and the dresses. Subtract the court of Louis XIV. from the effect of Racine's genius, and, although the genius remains, it represents only one factor of a sum of which the other has been cancelled.

The Fool in *Lear* says, "This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time." Every poet who lives either before or after his time, is the fool of the time he has missed. But every great poet creates a time of his own; and if the imagination of his contemporary public be able to live in that time, it becomes the progenitor of its proper past.

At present the antiquary in the public brain is not only awake, but abroad. The *naïveté*, however, with which Lichtenberg was so

well pleased, is no more. When the late Mr. Kean "revived" *Macbeth*, was not the antiquarian and geographical accuracy of the scenery and dresses the chief attraction of the resuscitated tragedy? more especially the plaid, in which the Scottish tyrant "for the first time" appeared upon the stage? Did not an enterprising manager succeed some few years ago in inducing our highly-cultivated public to tolerate for a while the representation of Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, on account of his costly scenic imitation of the architecture of old Assyria? For a public still *naïf*, the geography of Shakespeare would doubtless be like the geography of Fairyland, through which we need no guide-book save that of the imagination. But we are not *naïfs*; and we demand, above all things else, accuracy in art—geographical, historical, philological, and logical accuracy. Marlowe presumed to tell us that Dr. Faustus was born

"In Germany, within a town called Rhodes."

But we know better; and doubtless our late lamented great histrionic teacher, Mr. Charles Kean, deserved all the praises he received for rendering Shakespeare *possible* to our imagination, by allowing Antigonus to be cast ashore on the coast of Bithynia, instead of Bohemia—which latter kingdom, as he truly instructed us, has no seacoast.

Lichtenberg's last-quoted criticism, however, is applicable to many arts besides that of the actor. The scarcely avoidable vice of all modern art is *pedantry in costume*. We are so little at our ease in the costume of our own age, that we must be always masquerading in that of the past, though, heaven knows, we wear it awkwardly enough! The sad thing is, that we cannot become Knights of the Round Table by putting on their armour; nor ancient Greeks by wearing sandals and worshipping Aphrodite in the Haymarket; nor well-bred, witty, graceful men and women by patching the face and powdering the hair. Some years ago the nation had need of a commodious building for the accommodation of those six hundred and odd gentlemen, who then so worthily represented in Parliament the collective wisdom of it. Parliament patriotically voted that Parliament should have a house built for it. Our æsthetic enthusiasm was aroused. We were all of one mind that so important a public building should be ornamental as well as useful. Our eclectic age had no architecture which it could properly call its own, but this deficiency was compensated by a highly critical knowledge of all the architectures of past times, from which, after due deliberation, our collective wisdom selected, for the purpose in hand, the Gothic architecture; I know not why, but I suppose it was because, of all architectures that have ever flourished in England, this is the one least associated with Parliamentary institutions, and most inconvenient for Parliamentary purposes. Our choice having been made, however, we set to work, regardless of expense, and we have successfully produced a struc-

ture in which every detail is strictly and accurately Gothic, and of which the whole effect is as essentially un-Gothic as that of a pastry-cook's sugar castle—pedantry of costume, poverty of conception.

The painters of the *cinque cento* were gifted by the age they lived in with a ready-made series of subjects, which the popular Christian story had rendered not only sacred, but also familiar; while the popular faith in the Christian story made these subjects as intelligible to the peasant as the prince, and the genius with which they were represented immediately eloquent to all alike. Here, then, was that harmonious interchange of give and take between the artist and his public, that simultaneous reciprocity of emotion, which is the invariable condition of a perfect effect in art. But in regard to all such subjects this condition is now wanting; nor can the artist's utmost genius recall it. In contemplating a Crucifixion or an Adoration of the Magi by Perugino, my sensations are agreeable, because I recognise in such pictures the full outcome of a perfect co-operation between the artist and his age for the production of a genuine work. For the agreeable effect of these pictures on my own imagination, I am as much indebted to the sentiment of Perugino's public as to the sentiment of Perugino himself. The two forces are indivisibly united in the perfection of their common result. True, I do not contemplate with the same satisfaction The Death of Hector, painted by David, although this picture also is as much the work of the painter's public as of the painter himself. But why? Because here I immediately detect insincerity on both sides. The subjects of Perugino's pictures were intense emotional realities, both for himself and those for whom he painted. David's pictures only express the affectation of his age—a fashion in *taste*, which the public probably imposed on the painter. The conditions of an artist's success in art have never been independent of the character of the public by which he is surrounded, not even in the case of Shakespeare. I know not how David might have painted had he been born in the age of Perugino, with the advantage of Perugino's public to paint for; but I am confident that had Perugino been born in the age of David, with the disadvantage of having to paint for the public of that age, he could not have painted as he did paint. Nor am I less confident that if David had painted Christian instead of classical subjects, his painting would have been equally insincere, affected, and conventional.

I confess that in contemplating a Crucifixion or an Adoration of the Magi, or any other subject of the same kind, painted by a modern painter, my sensations are generally disagreeable. Especially are they disagreeable, when I detect in such pictures a pretension on the part of the painter that he and his public are fifteenth-century Christians. How can we contemplate such subjects from any point of view which is not intercepted by a long train of associations quite incompatible with the *naïveté* affected by the modern painter of them?

Between us and them are there not a thousand disconcerting presences? Rousseau, Voltaire, the French Revolution, Strauss, Renan—

“Cosmogony,
Geology, ethnology, what not,
—Greek endings, with the little passing-bell
That signifies some faith's about to die.”

We may determine to ignore all such interferences with a simulated simplicity of sentiment; but 'tis like talking with a man who squints, and pretending not to have noticed the cast in his eyes.

The old masters often painted sacred personages, as Garrick acted Hamlet, in the costume of the artist's own time—a familiarity which would nowadays be as shocking as a servant's assumption of that homely intimacy with his lord, which was formerly rescued from irreverence by the natural simplicity of a patriarchal age. Can the antiquary help the artist out of this difficulty? Hardly. No doubt by making a journey to Egypt or Syria the artist may see in common usage costumes much the same as those which Oriental scholars assign to the worthies of ancient Palestine; but it is not in his power to make the general public as familiar with these costumes as, doubtless, he is himself, when he has studied and copied them with consummate skill. Consequently, when we see such costumes in his picture, we hardly see anything else in it. The strangeness and peculiarity of them absorbs all our interest; they become the virtual subject of the picture. If the artist does not claim our interest in any other and higher subject, well and good; but when he puts these startling and effective costumes upon sacred personages, he lowers the dignity of such personages, by making them do service as lay figures. Ordinary historical painting fares no better. For what does it give us? Pictures of the history we are living—that history of which succeeding ages will certainly prize the poorest pictorial record, even as we ourselves now prize, in preference to a gallery of Davids, the most faded etching by Callot of Anne of Austria driving across the Pont Neuf, or the hastiest sketch by Goyon which gives us a glimpse into the genuine Spanish life of his time? By no means. But, in their stead, portraits of hired models and lay figures, so clothed and arranged as to represent the (probably erroneous) notions formed by the present age of the dresses and manners of a past one. The next age will probably have different notions of its own about such things, and will turn our historical paintings with their faces to the wall, as we now turn the paintings of Fuseli and Haydon. And yet Fuseli and Haydon were men of genius.

Everywhere the same difficulty of how to *costume* modern art! And to poetry, no less than to painting and architecture, Lichtenberg's observations seem applicable. But poetry is a bewildering region, into which not even Lichtenberg shall induce us to enter. It

is all too remote from anything now connected with the British stage, to the contemplation of which subject I return with a somewhat heavy heart, after reading Lichtenberg's frequent allusions to the interest once taken in it by "persons of the best society and the best taste." Garrick, he says, "helped to form" many such persons. Imagine the graces of a society formed by the best of our present English actors!

In almost all continental countries the stage is regarded as one of the great educational agencies of the nation. In that capacity it is paid and controlled by the State. We are a free people, and prefer the voluntary system in all things, except Church matters. But what man "of good taste" would now willingly go three nights running to any English theatre? If the best London acting is inferior, certainly not always in talent, but almost always in taste, to the acting of any average provincial theatre abroad; if we have no dramatic poet, no school of dramatic art, no dramatic critic, who is to blame—the authors, the actors, or the public? Surely not the authors; for what poet with any literary reputation to lose would risk it by writing for such a stage as ours? Surely not the actors; for what man of genius and culture would willingly embrace the career of an actor, in a capital where society dines at nine o'clock, and the theatres open at seven?

When Dramatic Art found lodging in a barn, a few rags were all she needed, to drape herself in tragic pomp. No elaborate or costly apparatus is required for imparting to the imagination those impressions, which it is spontaneously disposed to receive. Now-a-days we build temples to Art. The stage is decorated, as its enterprising managers assure us, on a scale of unlimited splendour. Celebrated painters labour at the scenery. Scientific chemists contrive the illumination of the scenes. Antiquaries dictate the dresses of the players. Fashionable upholsterers provide the costly curtain which is, perhaps, as well worth the attention of the public before it, as anything on which it ever rises at the tinkle of the prompter's bell. Ay, even though the play we have come to see be of Shakespeare's own writing. A work of art is ineffectual by itself. There must be an eye capable of seeing it, an ear capable of hearing, a co-operative æsthetic sense capable of understanding, that is to say *imagining*, what the eye sees or the ear hears. The imaginative faculty of the audience, who receive, must busily co-operate with that of the actors, who impart, the impression which the work of the dramatist can only produce by means of such co-operation. But what dramatic impressions are we any longer capable of receiving? Is not the public satiated?

"The fields that sprang beneath the ancient plow,
Spent and outworn, return no harvest now."

R. LYTTON.

ON THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF THE MORAL IDEAS.

THERE have been of late years three—what the Germans would call —“moments” towards the solution of the time-honoured question as to the Nature and Origin of the Moral Ideas in Man. (1) Mr. Herbert Spencer's bold reduction of them to inherited but half-forgotten associations of utility.¹ (2) Mr. Hutton's protest on the negative side against the tenability of this theory.² (3) Sir J. Lubbock's contribution towards a more positive view, based on the tribal maxims of savages.³ The following paper is an attempt to take up this question anew from the point where it now stands. In the first place, however, while according full admiration to the interesting investigations of Sir John Lubbock, I must confess the great difficulty I feel in accepting the thesis that the savages of the present day are fair representatives of Primitive Man, and show us by living examples the condition of our ancestors and the starting-ground upon which civilisation has proceeded. I think that to establish this thesis, a “prosyllogism” was needed, and that Sir J. Lubbock has assumed his thesis, instead of demonstrating it.

It is true that historical *data* for the question are wanting, and that the whole is a matter of speculation. Yet still, regarding the very unprogressive condition of savage society, and the apparently utter absence in it of all those elements of intellect and genius which must have been at work to produce even the beginnings of that complex system of Morals, Law, Art, and Literature, under which we live, I must submit that all our analogies would guide us to the belief that the savages of the present day are the back-waters and swamps of the stream of humanity, and not the representatives of its proper and onward current.

What may have been the causes that have made savages what they are, whether they are the stunted and arrested specimens of an originally noble stock, and if so, what has stunted and arrested them; or whether they sprang from an originally different and inferior stock, and if so, why that stock was originally inferior, it is not my present business to inquire. I have only to state a general belief that the evolution of what we call Morals took place among bright and brilliant races of mankind, and that towards judging of even the earliest condition of those races the phenomena of savage life afford us no assistance whatever. Still, it may be urged, and

(1) Quoted in Professor Bain's “Mental and Moral Science,” p. 721.

(2) *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1869, p. 271.

(3) “On the Origin of Civilization,” &c., p. 270, *sqq.*

probably must be conceded, that the savage is, at all events, a man, and therefore that if a moral principle be essential to humanity, it must be found in the savage. I would quite accept this, and I think that any account of our moral nature ought, in order to be adequate, to embrace even that *travestie* of morals which, as far as I can gather, does not appear to be absent even in the most grovelling of the savage tribes.

Returning, then, to what I would call the main stream of historical humanity, to the noble instances of the Aryan and Semitic races, the question is, what does the literature of the past and our own internal consciousness and external observation in the present lead us to believe, as to the nature of those moral feelings in us which Kant declared to appear to him as sublime and wonderful as the starry heavens? Every one knows that the theories in answer to this question may be grouped generally under two leading classes, the Intuitionist and the Empirical. Of the Intuitionist schools of moral philosophy, Bishop Butler may be taken as a representative. He tells us that in addition to various passions and impulses, there is in every man an authoritative principle, called Conscience, which judges under every circumstance of the right and wrong of each impulse, and gives the sense of self-approval, or self-condemnation, according as the right or the wrong is followed. Thus, according to Butler, conscience would be a separate faculty, containing in itself both the standard and the sanction of morality. In the sermon on the character of Balaam, Butler tells us that every man who is true to himself knows at once what it is right or wrong to do.

The opposite or empirical view finds an exponent in Paley, who points out the diversity of moral ideas in different countries and times, as incompatible with the theory of an innate *a priori* standard. He maintains that the right and the wrong can only be discriminated by a reflection on the general consequences of particular lines of action, right actions being such as have a tendency to produce good results, in the shape of the welfare of mankind. Being further led to inquire How it comes to pass that we have a feeling of obligation to perform right actions rather than wrong ones? Paley can only account for this fact by saying that we are constrained by the fear of punishment in a future life, such having been declared to us by revelation to be the infallible result of wrong action. Paley's "sanction," therefore, is something wholly external to the mind, and in the way in which he states it, it is inapplicable to a large portion of the human race.

Kant is, on this question, more like Paley than is, perhaps, generally supposed. Kant's well-known maxim, Act so that thy mode of acting may serve as a law universal, is really identical with Paley's theory that general consequences form the test of right

and wrong. We find that in order to settle whether a mode of action is fit to be a law universal, Kant is driven to a consideration of consequences, *i.e.*, to utilitarian and empirical considerations. As to the question of the sanction of morality, Kant, of course, differs from Paley, since for the fear of eternal punishment he substitutes the Categorical Imperative of the Will. Kant appears to attribute to the Will an *a priori* function analogous to the *a priori* asserting power of the Reason. As the Reason asserts *a priori* and necessarily "*A* is *A*," and even in some cases "*A* is *B*," so the Will says to itself *a priori*, "I must," though this is left as a blank formula. What "I must" *do* in each case? has to be filled up by the further consideration of "What is fit to be the law universal?" *i.e.*, by empirical considerations. The internal sanction of morality, the sense of moral obligation, is thus affirmed by Kant to be an *a priori* intuition of the Will or Practical Reason, and it is not analysed further.

We may now go on to Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose bold and striking proposition is that "experiences of utility, organised and consolidated during all past generations of the human race, have been producing nervous modifications, which by continued transmission and accumulation have become in us certain faculties of moral intuition, certain emotions responding to right and wrong conduct, which have no apparent basis in the individual experiences of utility." Mr. H. Spencer is himself a moralist of a high type, and in the sentence quoted he evidently acknowledges the deep moral nature of man as an existing fact in the present; but, as a historical speculation, he conceives the "emotions responding to right and wrong conduct" to be inherited instincts derived from shadowy recollections of the utility attaching to good actions and the disadvantage attaching to bad actions—only, as the Frenchman said when he heard that *jour* was derived from *dies*, "O'est diablement changé en route!" According to Mr. Spencer's theory, to be deterred by one's moral sense from telling a lie, would be analogous to the instinctive motion of a young pointer making a half-defined halt at the scent of the first partridge that he encountered. In addition to what has been so well urged against such a proposition, I would submit that with the young pointer it is the scent of game which is the essential cause of his mechanical motion; he does not point at stones and clods; he does not exhibit a general tendency to point irrespective of the presence of a particular smell. But with the young child the case is different. The young child exhibits at once a general tendency to feel the emotions of right and wrong, irrespective of the exact character of the actions which are to call forth these feelings. For instance, the children of honourable European parents, when left much to the society of Indian servants, often exhibit a callous-

ness about lying which seems incompatible with Mr. Spencer's doctrine about inherited instinct, and yet the same children think some things wrong according to the ideas they have picked up. I remember hearing a child, under circumstances of the kind, express great horror at the notion of *burning bread* as if a heinous moral offence! This idea had doubtless been derived from some scolding he had received from a servant.

Thus it would be seen that the blank formula of Conscience—the idea that some things are right and some wrong—the capacity (at all events) for feeling “I must” and “I must not,” is more native to the mind, than a tendency to discriminate as right those actions which our forefathers have approved; and if this be the case, Mr. Spencer's doctrine of inherited associations connected with particular lines of action falls to the ground. If we examine our own individual history, we become, I think, conscious that the formula “I must” has been, at all events, comparatively a fixed element in our nature, while the contents of that formula have varied and been modified by the progress of time and the growth of our knowledge.

In the history of civilised mankind the same phenomenon appears. Look back for two thousand years, and the sense of “duty” (τὸ δέον) appears as strong in the minds of individuals as in the present day. This general formula remains unaltered, though the filling-up of it is in many respects changed. What could express more strongly and passionately the idea of an “immutable morality,” than the words which Sophocles puts into the mouth of Antigone?—

Οὐδὲ σθίνειν τοσοῦτον φόβον τὰ δά
 Κηρύγμαθ', ὥστ' ἀγραπτα κάσφαλῇ θεῶν
 Νόμιμα δύνασθαι θνητὸν ὄνθ' ὑπερδραμεῖν.
 Οὐ γάρ τι νῦν τε κἄχθις ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ποτε
 Ζῆ ταῦτα, κούδεῖς οἶδεν ἐξ ὄρου φάνη.

It is true that in this passage a religious sanction is connected with the obligations of morality, and the particular duty referred to, namely, that of not leaving a relation unburied, belongs rather to the ceremonial than to the moral law of the Greeks. But yet what could give a finer and deeper expression to the formula of moral duty than the words, “The unwritten and certain laws of God, which are not of to-day or yesterday, but have an eternal existence, and whose origin no man can tell?” Here, again, then, in the thoughts attributed to Antigone, the formula of morals is greater than the contents of the formula.

But must we really make no attempt to tell the origin whence these sure, unwritten laws have sprung? I think we may; and that to do so we must separate the matter from the form of duty. It is the form of duty—being a form of the mind itself—which gives rise to the feeling of the eternal immutability of the par-

ticular, concrete duty; just as first love, from its depth and passion, impels the man who feels it to declare that it must be eternal. Let us, then, try to analyse this form of duty in the mind, and see if we can give any account of its origin. The law of parsimony prevents us from assuming the existence of Conscience as a separate faculty, if the phenomena which are attributed to it can be accounted for more simply.

I think that these phenomena will be found to be all involved in and necessarily deducible from the simple notion of the human soul, when we consider what that notion is; and here I wish to make no assumption and to build on no hypothesis, beyond what all would grant. Whether the soul be the result of material organisation, and dependent for its duration on the duration of material organic conditions, or whether it be a principle transcending matter and capable of self-existence, need not for the present purpose be discussed. All that I mean by a human soul at present is, a human personality such as we must be perfectly certain of as existing in ourselves and others. Such a personality is a self-conscious agent, conscious also of the not-self; knowing, thinking, and acting; capable of pleasures and pains; and invariably possessed with the idea, whether true or false, that it has a certain choice in action, this being the characteristic of a personal agent as distinguished from a machine. Every man that exists, every human personality, must have, or be, a soul possessed of these properties, though in sleep, madness, and the like, they may be held in suspension. And whether man was developed out of lower organisms, or originally created in full humanity—at whatever point man became man, he must have possessed, or been, a soul as above described.

Now, all living monadic existences we find to be provided with an impulse or tendency towards self-preservation. The struggle for existence characterises alike all the different types of organised nature. In the instinct of animals we see marvellous developments of this impulse, resulting in methods, faculties, arts, we might almost say sciences, and even in societies, polities, and governments. The impulse of self-preservation of course exists equally in the human soul. But the wonder of it is that in a self-conscious reasoning agent this impulse is metamorphosed into something far greater and higher. By the fact of its union with self-consciousness and reason this impulse no longer remains a mere struggle for existence, but comes out under the new and deeply important form of self-love, and in this all morality is implied.

Bishop Butler did well to distinguish self-love from selfishness, and in some parts of his writings (though he is inconsistent with himself) to speak of self-love as if synonymous with conscience. But, on the other hand, adhering too much to words, instead of thinking

of things, Butler failed to recognise that, essentially, selfishness and self-love are merely different manifestations of the same principle. The one principle of the impulse of self-preservation, when existing as modified in a self-conscious agent, becomes generally self-love, but at the same time is capable of Protean varieties, ranging from the lowest selfishness to the noblest conscientiousness and self-abnegation.

It may seem a paradox to speak of self-abnegation as a form of self-love. But Aristotle fully recognised it as being so, and in a beautiful passage of his *Ethics* (IX. viii. 9) he speaks of the good man being actuated by the dictates of self-love to die for his country or his friends. Aristotle explains his use of terms by saying that self is of two kinds,—the lower self, consisting of appetites and passions, and the higher self, consisting of reason and the moral nature. Self-love in the highest and truest sense is, then, according to Aristotle, identical with a self-devotion to what is noble and great.

It may, however, appear too metaphorical to talk of two selves within a man. I think that the same idea might be more simply expressed by saying that the better forms of self-love differ from the inferior forms in being more thoroughly transfused with consciousness. The more fully a man can realise to himself his own personality as a whole, the less blind will be his instinct of self-preservation, the less animal in character will it become. Given such a being as man, with a self-consciousness of his own nature as a voluntary agent; constituted also, as man evidently invariably is, with a tendency to discriminate between things, and *admire*¹ some in preference to others, and at the same time endowed with a great inherent regard for himself—it could not but follow that that regard must come to take the form of self-respect, and a great desire to be able to respect himself. It could not but follow subsequently that the pleasure of self-respect, self-approval, self-admiration, would be found on experience to outweigh all other pleasures; and thus Aristotle says that the reason for a man being able to sacrifice his life for a noble cause is, that he prefers the intense pleasure of a moment to inferior pleasures for a longer period. We may add that not only is self-

(1) It may be thought that in this use of the word *admire*, in attributing to man an inherent tendency to admire some things in preference to others, I concede the whole intuitionist theory. But this is not really so. By some things I mean undefined things; *what* those things are to be that man shall admire, is not predetermined in his own individuality, but will be determined for him by external circumstances and experience. The word *admire* really expresses a later development, of that which I conceive to be inherent in a personal agent—in an *ego*—in a will—namely, *choice*. The agent in either acting or not acting, necessarily performs an act of choice: choice repeated becomes approval or admiration; and this feeling of admiration or approval in a self-conscious being, becomes attached both to the idea of self and also to certain external objects. The *genesis* of morals seems to consist in the weaving together of the purely subjective impulses of the will with objective elements gradually added on.

approval naturally desired by the self-conscious soul, but the want of it causes so great a discord and uneasiness as to be almost unbearable. Hence self-approval comes to be viewed as a paramount necessity by the mind, and this is perhaps the real explanation of Kant's Categorical Imperative, of the formula "I must," of moral obligation; of the sense of duty; and all other synonymous terms. This, then, is the subjective, and at the same time the permanent, element in morality. It is universal, and exists in every man, being the necessary result of the instinct of self-preservation in a reasoning and self-conscious agent. It gives rise to the distinction between right and wrong. The right may be defined as That which an agent fully conscious of his own personality would approve of himself as doing.

This is evidently a mere blank formula, as devoid of content as that of the categorical imperative, or any other mode of expressing the individual's sense of obligation to do, or leave undone, certain things. It is submitted, as being perhaps a simpler account of the idea of duty than has yet been given. It is not a shallow account, for it is based on the "abyssal depths of personality," on the idea of the ego as necessarily implying in itself morality. And it is universally adaptable, as we find when we come to inquire how this formula has been variously filled up. It explains the morality of the savage, who is pleased with himself for doing what his tribe approves, and therefore thinks that he "ought" to take bloody vengeance, and put a feather in his cap by the slaughter of some human being, and the like. Having no other standard, he approves himself for such deeds, and is morally happy in doing them. It explains from the subjective side the overpowering force of the idea of religious duty. For when once the individual entertains, without doubt, the idea that a course of action is prescribed to him by a divine command, self-love, whether under the form of fear and hope, or of desire to see himself in harmony with that which he believes highest, must urge him to the pursuance of that course.

Again, this permanent element of self-love and desire for self-approbation in the individual soul must always have been a powerful auxiliary in the working out of those moral ideas, which independently of religion, we find to have gradually taken hold of the best races of mankind. Whatever the household maxims of families, or the edicts of the legislator, or the generalisations of the philosopher enunciated as good in action, *that*, if accepted by the reason of the individual, would be ratified by the self-love of the individual as right to do. The reason of the individual has, however, always a power of protest, and in the long run it is the common sense of most, whether in a country or in a course of ages, that decides what

is right. In all cases it has been the self-love¹ of the individual which has supplied the subjective side to moral ideas. This is the necessary spring of all action, but we need not conceive that it has invariably assumed its highest form. Self-love, of course, readily takes the form of prudence, and gives rise to prudential ethics; again, in all but the strongest minds, it tends to rest in the approbation of others, and thus produces a conventional and superficial morality, what the Germans call *Sittlichkeit*—a sort of decent conformity with custom.

Moral philosophy has a threefold province: *firstly*, it has to inquire psychologically into the nature of that idea of duty which is universal in the human race, and into the relation of the individual to that idea; *secondly*, it has to trace historically the filling up and development of the idea of duty through the various stages of society, so far as we have any record of them; *thirdly*, it has to supply criticism and corrections of the last fillings-up and developments of the idea, at which society may have arrived. The history of morals is extremely interesting, and also very important, as throwing light on the validity and worth of the moral tenets of the present day. But the materials for a full history of this kind do not exist. The first books of this narrative, so to speak, like the concluding books of Livy, are lost to the world, and we are reduced to speculation in the attempt to replace them. I would fain believe that the primeval fathers of the Greeks and the Hebrews, from whom we also are collaterally descended, did not pass through a period of the disgusting customs of savages. I conceive them placed on the earth, in whatever way, as gracious creatures, not civilised, indeed, for that would imply a later development, but endowed with such rich potentialities of mind, that to acquiesce or settle down into national institutions and moral ideas which we should now condemn as brutal, would have been to them impossible. It is all a speculation, and yet the earliest historical monuments seem to bear out this view. And at all events, we know for certain that if the best races did pass through a period of communal marriages, and the like, they passed out of it early and completely.

I think that the conception of great capacities is absolutely necessary for primeval man, else I do not see where we are to get the starting-point for civilisation; and it seems to me much more natural to conceive of the typical progenitor of the Aryan race as an undeveloped Pericles, than as a Feejee Islander of the present day, contentedly acquiescing in a degraded round of life, without the glimmer of an idea beyond it. But however this may be, wherever man was

(1) The word self-love is likely to cause a prejudice against my suggestions. It is so hard not to associate it with selfishness. But I beg to repeat that, as Aristotle said, it is finally developed into complete self-denial.

man, there must have been the human personality, with its deep instinct of self-love, taking the form of a desire for self-respect. And from this, morality of some kind or other is a necessary deduction. The Utilitarian theory is powerless to explain the deep and mysterious feelings of duty; to account for these we must look into the human soul itself. But the Utilitarian theory will explain a very large proportion of the maxims of duty gradually adopted by the human race, and it will form an important element in the speculative history of morals. The system of Kant, equally with that of Paley, admits the Utilitarian criterion of every so-called moral law as the test of its validity.

I doubt, however, if Morality came to primeval man under the guise of the useful. It has been well remarked that the saying, *Honesty is the best policy*, is not the original form of the doctrine about honesty, but is a modern epigrammatic inversion of the original doctrine, which probably was to the effect that instead of being politic, one "must be" honest. Morality has no existence except in an individual mind, and it is contrary to, rather than identical with, the idea of the immediately useful, that is, the pleasant. The first realisation of a moral idea was probably when a man became conscious of the existence, exterior to himself, of another personality, when, by sympathetic imagination, he conceived a peculiar interest in that personality, perhaps a sort of awe for it, or a feeling of love for it. Sir John Lubbock tells us of savages who are devoid of the idea of family affection. But it is difficult to believe that the highest type of primeval man was in this condition, else we should have to believe in some Prometheus who invented affection, as well as the art of procuring fire, for the barbarous world. Anyhow, wherever the sense of another's personality first struck upon the mind, there the birth of morality¹ took place, for morality is essentially, beyond anything else, the relation of soul to soul.

All that is implied in this relationship was by no means early or speedily unfolded even to the best races—nay, it is not fully unfolded, or, at all events, not acted on, even yet. But the idea of a person as opposed to a thing, of one possessed of rights by virtue of personality, of one that must be respected and considered, and not merely used as a means to selfish ends—this idea was probably got at a very early period, only limited at first to persons within the family, or within the tribe. When the idea of the world as a City of Souls is fully realised and acted on by all, then the Christ may be said to have come again, and the golden age of the future to have been attained.

(1) I mean on the objective side. The idea of its being right to behave to persons in a particular way, would require the subjective element of the thought of the agent about himself.

Another highly moral notion may be conjectured to have been not long hidden from primeval man—that is, the subordination of the particular to the universal. This notion springs necessarily from the nature of things as recognised by the reason of man. The individual recognising himself to be the particular, cannot long fail to see himself as surrounded and swallowed up by the members of the tribe or nation; he sees around him a society of which he is but a unit, which existed before him, and will exist after him. Hence arises the consciousness of something greater than himself, and more enduring; hence the idea, perhaps dimly felt, yet still apprehended, of a universal law to which the individual must give way. When once the idea of the universal was entertained, however indistinctly, self-love would prompt the individual to endeavour to be in harmony with it; for nothing can conduce to greater satisfaction and peace of mind than a sense of being in harmony with the universal. This is what later philosophers called "*Naturæ convenienter vivere*." Morality consists, from one point of view entirely, in the acceptance of the truth of things as they exist; and the recognition by mankind at an early period of the greatness of the universe, must have had a great determining influence on the feelings of the individual about himself. The sense of the contrast between the illimitable greatness of the world and the comparative nothingness of the individual finds its expression in the Psalms of David: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy hands, and the moon and the stars which Thou hast created, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou so regardest him?" From the impressions thus enforced upon the mind, there would arise a whole train of moral ideas regarding the attitude of the individual soul, more especially the idea of humility, which in its healthy form is only a recognition of the greatness of the not-me.¹

My conception of the progress of morals in pre-historic times, is that it might be described in the same terms in which Aristotle described the progress of metaphysics, *πρῶτον δ' οὕτως, αὐτὸ τὸ πρᾶγμα ὁδοποιήσεν αὐτοῖς*. "As men went on, the nature of things was their guide, and conducted them from one point to another." I think it unnecessary to enter into the question of the divine revelation of morals. In one sense all truth is of divine revelation, in another sense, man seems to discover everything for himself under the guidance of nature. Man by his constitution was evidently predestined to life in society; he was predestined, as I have endeavoured to show, to realise the sense of his own personality, and then the personality of others; he was predestined to attain the idea of the universal in contrast with himself as the particular; his own natural

(1) That is, in society and generally—not with relation to the Universe alone. This also is an objective filling in of the blank formula, "I must."

instincts as a self-conscious agent necessarily gave rise to deep and mysterious feelings in his mind—undefined feelings of responsibility, generally, it is true, taking the form of religious hopes and fears, but also, sooner or later, existing independently of religion, and capable of application to all the different parts of life. The particular maxims, arrangements, customs, and laws relating to the different parts of life, such as property, the sexes, and the family, were perhaps only gradually arrived at after many experiments, and under the guidance of a common consent as to their utility. But in order that conformity with these customs and laws should assume the form of duty, and in order that the ideas of the virtues—courage, temperance, justice, and the rest—should arise, a subjective element was required, and that subjective element is to be found in the self-regard of the individual soul. The development of this principle is an instance of the elevation in the course of nature of a mean and beggarly element into one of the most dignified phenomena on earth. It begins with the mere instinct of self-preservation, and it rises into the feeling expressed by Plato, *Οὐ γὰρ ἔχω ἔγωγε οὐδὲν οὕτω μοι ἑαργες ὄν, ὥς τοῦτο, τὸ εἶναι ὡς οἶόν τε μάλιστα καλόν τε καὶ ἀγαθόν*. “I have nothing in me more clear and certain than this, that I must be as noble and good as it is possible for me to be.”

One word in conclusion. The universality of this principle, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the perfect naturalness of the development of morals, and the consequent general consensus with regard to them of all the highest races of mankind, seem conjointly to have given rise to the theory that moral ideas are intuitional in the mind. That theory appears to me to be at variance with facts, and I have endeavoured to show that the phenomena for which it would account can be explained differently.

A. GRANT.

DO MILITARY INVENTIONS PROMOTE PEACE?

Yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspired
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instruments to plague the sons of men.—*Paradise Lost.*

WE saw, two months ago, in the market-place of a Belgian town, some prophetic handkerchiefs for sale, on which were printed rough German pictures of the delivery of the keys near the *Arc de Triomphe*, and of the entry of the Prussian army into Paris. The confidence, thus indicated, with which the Prussians counted on erasing the disgrace of Jena and of the capture of Berlin—a confidence which recent events have so amazingly warranted—seemed naturally to suggest the question how far their late astonishing successes are due to the personal qualities of their Chancellor and their General, how far to the corrupting and paralysing influence of the Imperial system, and how far to that perfect training to the immediate use of the more recent military inventions which stood them in such good stead at Sadowa. The data, however, for answering this question fully are not yet in existence; and we must be content to bequeath the final solution of it, as Bacon bequeathed the care of his reputation, to the next age. We, therefore, now propose to confine ourselves to offering a few general considerations on the last of the causes specified, and to inquiring as to the effects that may ultimately follow from what are called improvements in the art of war. In the answer commonly given to such inquiries there is, we cannot but think, some confusion of thought. The progress of artillery is frequently represented, not merely as necessarily flowing from a civilization like our own; not merely as having in certain cases powerfully reacted on that civilization for good; but as opening everywhere and always the shortest, if not the only, road to the dominion of universal peace. It is urged that, if men could wage war almost without suffering, they would probably wage it without ceasing; whereas (to put an extreme case on the other side), if some powder or gas could be discovered capable of destroying or disabling whole armies at once, no army would dare to take the chance of being the first exposed to its influence. And it is thought that, by some such means, if at all, war must one day be extinguished. Small weight, apparently, is attached to the advantage that might be taken of such an invention by any unprincipled government that should go to war without giving due notice, or by rebels and criminals who should use it as the Fenians

used Greek fire. Perhaps it would be answered that the secret could be kept from such rebels. Finally, history is appealed to in evidence of the tendency of past inventions. From age to age, the implements of war have become more numerous and effective; yet, in spite of frightful exceptions, wars themselves have, on the whole, become fewer and shorter.

Such is, we believe, a not unfair statement of views that continually find utterance in the drawing-room, in the lecture-room, on the platform; yet such views may suggest an obvious criticism. The notion that killing more is equivalent to killing less, reminds one of quadratic equations, in which the square root is indifferently either *plus* or *minus*. At any rate, the idea seems paradoxical, and further it involves one of those numerous paradoxes which many of us uphold at a distance, but of which personal contact tends, as the French would say, to disillusionize us. Earnest Protestant writers never tired of proclaiming that the temporal power of the Pope brought only discredit on him, and was injurious to the Catholic cause. Yet it is remarkable, not merely that the same persons, though enemies of the Pope, wished to destroy that power, but that the Pope himself was so little alive to his true interest as to be deaf to the words of these sympathetic counsellors, and to be unwilling to divest himself of his baneful prerogative.

It is said, too, that, at the beginning of the siege of Paris, schoolmasters were directed to exhort their unhappy pupils to abstain carefully from butter and other delicacies, and to bear in mind the instructive and consolatory passage about Pharaoh's lean kine devouring the fat kine. Yet, conclusive as such reasoning must doubtless have been to most boys, there were probably a few who would fain have run any visionary risk that might be incident to abundance, and who would have preferred eating to starving. Just so, it is singular that, although philanthropists sometimes talk glibly about the civilizing effect of infernal engines, yet, when any fresh engine of the sort is devised, their theory cannot overpower the instinct of shuddering; and it should be added that this repulsion shows itself among those who have the best means of judging. There is (or was) a Committee of scientific men to whom inventions of this kind are submitted. To this Committee, as the most distinguished of living inventors has informed us, plans are sometimes proposed of a most "murderous" character—plans for destroying whole armies, or for putting them into a sound sleep, which their enemies may make yet sounder. But, so far from giving a welcome to these harbingers of millennial felicity, the Commissioners will not let the authors of the most destructive schemes have even a hearing. Judging from the popular theory, we should have looked for conduct the very reverse. If infernal engines and "stink-pots" really propagate peace, why not

stimulate their invention by rewards and bounties? When there is so glaring a discrepancy between the common theory and the actions of men who are respected by all, and who are in the present instance unbiassed, one is tempted to ask whether the theory may not have something wrong in it? May it not be, in some sort, a cover for a hidden regret at the vast outlay of mechanical ingenuity on the work of death, and even for a fear that this ingenuity, if carried much further, might one day arrest or retard progress?

Let us now consider the theory, not in comparison with the conduct of a particular class of men, but on its own merits; and, with this view, let us endeavour to draw from what war once was, a lesson as to what it must not be suffered to become. In early times, as all know, conquered races, and especially prisoners taken in the field and the garrisons of captured towns, were treated with the extreme of severity; and it has only been by very slow degrees that this severity has been relaxed. So, too, in war, harbours were without scruple blocked up and destroyed, other public injuries of a lasting kind were sanctioned, and private property was not recognised as, to some extent, it is at the present day. Now, the point to which we desire to call attention is, that, in defence of the old abuses, it might always be pleaded that the rigours of war are the normal effects of war, and that, by dispensing with those rigours, we are cutting away the chief inducement to peace; but, practically, this excuse has been disallowed. The same considerations that have prevailed in this instance, may to some extent be applied to the present complicated and daily complicating apparatus of war. The two cases are not indeed altogether parallel. To multiply deaths on the field can never be as demoralising as it would be to kill captives in cold blood, or to keep open the perpetual sore of slavery; but, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that what our forefathers did can scarcely have been more shocking to them than a great increase of carnage might be to us. With this reservation, therefore, we may sum up our argument as follows:—In ancient war, there were horrors occurring chiefly after the battle; in modern war, there are, or may arise, horrors occurring chiefly during the battle. In favour of both classes of horrors it may be pleaded that, without them, hostilities might, in the first instance at any rate, be protracted;¹ but in the case of the former class of horrors, the consent of civilized nations has determined that their possible curtailment should be postponed to their certain mitigation. Why should the decision be different in the case of the latter class?

(1.) We may compare Mr. Goldwin Smith's comments on the slaughter of the garrisons at Drogheda and Wexford. "Unlike some of his admirers, he (Cromwell) had the grace to excuse it on grounds of humanity, as being likely, by striking terror, to save more blood. This excuse cannot be admitted. An example of atrocity, though it may cut short one war, tends to make all wars more atrocious."

It may serve to point the moral of what we have urged, if we draw one or two illustrations from the events of the present war. It is said that the North Germans laid by a considerable provision, not merely for themselves, but for the inhabitants of Paris after the capture. It might be argued that, if the besieged heard of this provision, they would feel less hesitation in holding out, as the phrase is, to the last biscuit; and, whether the besieged heard of it or not, the example set by the Prussians would tend to be enforced by custom, and might in after times become obligatory. If besiegers were practically bound to love their enemies, the enemies would at length count on being loved, and often might not scruple to resist when resistance was hopeless. In the phraseology of political economy, the temptation to a certain kind of imprudence is thus increased through its natural penalty being withdrawn. Yet, although the provision made by the Prussians may in some cases have the effect of prolonging the agony of sieges, there are few persons who in practice would condemn such merciful forethought. In the treatment of the *Franks-tireurs*—those anomalous men, who, like Milton's angels, "can either sex assume or both," or, in plain English, who, according to the point of view of the beholder, seem either heroes or criminals, or both at once—in her treatment of these unhappy patriots, and (as was said) of at least one village which partook of their supposed guilt, Prussia has furnished us with an illustration far less agreeable than the last, but perhaps even more to the purpose. The captive *Franks-tireurs* were shot, and the village was reported to have been burnt with petroleum. Here were two methods employed corresponding to the two already indicated: an ordinary method of killing, and a more scientific method of wholesale destruction. How far the exceptional character of the *Franks-tireurs* and their abettors may have justified the rigour shown towards them is not now the question.¹ It is enough to remark that the two methods employed, the shooting and the burning, would alike be defended on the general grounds that, in order to stop a particular species of warfare, it was

(1) In this, as in other matters, the policy of the North Germans has a peculiar, and almost needless, harshness of aspect, which we dislike even when we do not condemn. Perhaps such harshness may be connected with that unpoetic and unimpassioned strength of will which so conspicuously marked Count Bismarck's reported conversation with M. Jules Favre, and which, as it distinguished the ancient Romans from the ancient Greeks, seems often to distinguish the modern Teutons from the modern Celts. Of this innumerable instances might be given. Thus, for example, the writer heard the late Sir Edmund Head remark, that one reason why the English succeeded better in colonization than the French was, that an Englishman, who lived with a squaw, was careful to keep her and her children separate from her family, and from all native influences; a Frenchman had not cruelty or resolution to do this. Let us add that, slowly, but surely, the Romans prevailed over the Greeks; and possibly a cynical apologist might urge as the least bad defence of Napoleonism, that it kept the French in an easy decline until a stronger, because more orderly, race should begin to displace them.

necessary to make examples. The two methods are thus seen to be similar in kind; and it is not very clear why, under ordinary circumstances, severity towards captives is condemned, while the discovery of more effective modes of destroying life is exalted among the achievements of science.

The confusion that exists in the popular theory, arises from a misunderstanding as to the simultaneous decrease of war and increase of warlike inventions. The question is not whether, with all the military inventions, the cause of peace may not have gained ground, but whether it would not have gained ground much faster without them. With the advance of civilization, various relations (commercial especially) have abridged warfare. With the advance of science, military inventions will be made, as well as others. The spread of the science of war, then, and the spread of peace, instead of being regarded as processes contemporaneous but distinct, and as effects of cognate causes, are, in the popular theory, treated as cause and effect. Two kinsmen, contrasting in every feature, are mistaken for parent and child.

Our general proposition as to the tendency of military inventions would, indeed, admit of a most happy exception if the arts of offensive war could be subordinated to those of defensive. But as, unfortunately, to destroy life is easier than to save it, the course of invention is all the other way:¹ no shield is proof against cannon-balls. Moreover, in spite of the present use of that compendious antidote to famine, Liebig's Extract—with which, by the way, if only the reported contrivance for making balloons navigable and capable of carrying weights should prove successful, besieged fortresses may one day undergo a continuous process of re-victualling—historians assure us that sieges were longer and harder operations in ancient times than among us.²

We have hitherto looked at the dark side of the picture by contemplating the evils that may be apprehended from the scientific character of modern warfare. Let us now inquire what amends are made for those evils. In what follows, we may be compelled to consider the art of war, not so much in its direct relation to peace as in

(1) We merely say that, in the natural order, offensive inventions will generally outrun defensive. Artificially, no doubt, this order may be reversed. Morality or policy may turn to purposes chiefly defensive, inventions that of themselves have an offensive or neutral character. The use of the torpedo at the mouths of harbours may in some measure illustrate this: it defends by attacking. It is, however, probable that, both for offence and defence, a more destructive apparatus is employed in naval warfare than in military. Is this on the same principle on which the private property of belligerents is less respected by sea than by land? or is it merely owing to the insecurity of the sea as a battle-field—to its adding the risk of being drowned to the risk of being shot?

(2) Herodotus mentions the siege of Ascalon, which lasted more than twenty years.

its relation to human progress. Whatever tends to progress must tend ultimately to peace.

In the first place, any circumstance that increases the control of science over war, can hardly fail to increase its control over other matters. This was at one time conspicuously true in respect of the assistance rendered by the art of war to hunters. Gunpowder, for example, helped men, not merely in struggling with each other, but also in struggling with wild beasts, and in procuring food and whatever else animals furnish; and, though this particular form of the service rendered by war to peace is now a thing of the past, there are some forms of that service that still continue. We of course do not mean that the altered construction of a gun, or even of a ship of war, is at all likely to promote any other object than that for which it is designed. But the arts of war may stimulate those of peace in less direct ways. If, for example, any such demand as that for a substance which should be more effective than gunpowder and less bulky, were to create an extra supply of chemists or, what would be equivalent, extra exertions on the part of existing chemists, it is quite possible that such chemists might incidentally hit on a discovery of real utility—like the brothers who, in search of an imagined treasure, turned over the soil and made an excellent garden; or, like Raleigh, who, though failing of his El-Dorado, brought home the potato. But it is not to rare accidents of this sort that we are looking, when we say that some good thing may come out of military inventions. The chief service that these inventions render is, that they make science valued by persons who would otherwise regard it with indifference, if not with suspicion and dislike. The principal cause of the influence which, in spite of certain strong antipathies to science, is now enjoyed by scientific men, is to be found in the tangible results that they have produced. They have ministered to our material comforts; they may minister, also, to our military destructiveness. We do not pretend to regard either of these causes (especially the latter) of the rank that is held by science, as indicating a very enlightened tone of feeling on the part of the public; but it is as well that, even by such means, science should get a position, for the position, once gained, will be kept. The Rector of Lincoln College has proposed to convert the universities into organized institutions for the prolonged study of all the sciences, physical and moral, especially in the higher branches of those sciences; and he places his chief hope of the realisation of his wishes in the repeated failures, even of able and enterprising men, when destitute of scientific guidance. Whether the particular scheme which he advocates be feasible or not, this is not the place to consider. But one thing is certain. If anything could generate—in whatever place and on whatever footing—such institutions as he desires, on

the scale on which he desires them, it must be something palpable and evident, something that should dissipate the vulgar contempt which the man of action is tempted to feel for the man of thought, and which, above all, the soldier is tempted to feel for one who, like Cassio, is—

“Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster.”

And, if anything could finally dispel this contempt and jealousy, it would be this, that military manœuvres should become secondary to the combination of gases, and that the battle should, as it were, be fought in the laboratory. We are well aware that most inventions in artillery have been made, not by scientific, but by practical men. But the scientific inquirer may be termed the grandfather of such inventions, when not the actual father of them; for even practical men are at length alive to the fact that it is the man of science who supplies them with materials and, so to say, prepares their briefs; and that, in truth, they are now raised on a scientific pedestal, from which they can see what persons, with visions as good as theirs, could not see before.

In the second place, the progress of the military art produces beneficial results, in so far as, through its agency, battles cease to be fought hand to hand. In ancient times the bitterest feelings arose, from the fact that on the field the warriors sought out their antagonists; and that, moreover, each felt that, in case of defeat, the proximity of the enemy must render escape so difficult. But now war has assumed what may be called an impersonal form. The soldier's acrimony is directed rather against the hostile army than against the individuals of whom that army is composed; and thus it almost loses itself in its generality. There are, indeed, persons who would doubt whether a change of this sort is, on the whole, a change for the better. Such persons might allege that the soldier, being restricted to mechanical duties and being made to move almost like a chessman, loses much of a soldier's spirit; that the resentment which properly belongs to war can alone make war tolerable; and that war, if in no degree nerved by animosity, would approach to the wanton and debasing character of mercenary hostility, and the field would degenerate into a slaughter-house. There probably is truth in this reasoning; but it is far more important to bear in mind the supplementary truth, that, with the decline of the passions of war, war itself will probably dwindle away. If men must kill each other, it may, in some cases, be the less evil that they should hate each other; but generally it is far better that they should leave off hating, as they will then be less disposed for killing. Is it not, moreover, possible that the keenest sense of patriotism and public duty should exist unalloyed by personal bitterness towards enemies?

It should be added that the subjection of war to the methodical principles of science, and still more, the discontinuance of fighting hand to hand, may tend to promote peace, by stinting battles of the excitement that is natural to them, and by thus rendering them, if not in fact more disagreeable, at any rate in prospect more unattractive. Fighting *eminus* is especially barren of occasions for the exhibition of adventurous boldness; it thus takes the gloss off heroism. It demands fortitude, indeed, and that too of a most trying kind, especially when the soldier has to stand still under a heavy fire. But this passive description of courage has little attraction, even for non-combatants. To illustrate this, we need only contrast the disregard with which thoughtful writers now treat the "vulgar courage" which almost any one may acquire, with the rapturous panegyrics that were formerly elicited by deeds of prowess. No one can contemplate, without an emotion akin to regret, this altered estimate of the great military virtue. But it is a comfort to reflect that anything which strikes what is noblest in an institution, will strike the rest of the institution much harder; and thus the dethronement of heroism is the degradation of war. In truth, war must in this manner be unmasked, before the world can see it as it is. So, also, before those who are to take part in it can possibly see it as it is, it must lose the best, as well as the worst, side of its excitement. The loss, whenever it is completed, will be one on which men may congratulate themselves. If all the excitement could be strained off, leaving only a residuum of risk and suffering, few would be willing to bear—or, if forced to bear, few would bear heartily—the manifold hardships of a soldier's life.

Again, military science, if we may so term it, propagates civilization, by furnishing civilized nations with weapons in their struggles with half-civilized nations and with barbarians. It tends to make the more instructed of belligerents the more powerful—it promotes Natural Selection among races. Its action may be either defensive or offensive. The action has been defensive in all those numerous instances in which comparatively small civilized states have, during long periods of time, held rude and aggressive multitudes at bay. If we desired to select one among the many illustrations of this defensive action of science, we should endeavour to choose an instance in which the weight of science has turned the scale of success with a turn of civilization. Our allusion to the Greek fire at the beginning of this article, may suggest an occasion on which science, in this manner, almost changed its side. That great invention continued for a long time the exclusive property of the Greeks; it prolonged for centuries the death-struggle of the Eastern empire; and, by erecting a barrier against Islam, it may even have saved Christianity. It was at length turned against its

original possessors, but not until the Greeks had probably gone back in knowledge, until their enemies had certainly made progress, nor, indeed, until the latter had reached such a point that it may perhaps be doubted whether their successes were, on the whole, pernicious. In other words, the Greek fire did not become known to the Mahometans until the Mahometans were least likely to do harm by knowing it. The corresponding action of science on offensive war is sufficiently obvious. It is hardly necessary to glance at the astonishing rapidity with which Europe gained possession of the treasures, and, what was vastly more important, of the territory, of the New World. Our Eastern empire, indeed, sprang up under different circumstances; for the natives of India, in the time of Clive, unlike the natives of America three centuries ago, were not unacquainted with artillery and cavalry. Still, is it not probable that the maintenance of our dominion in India, in the face of vast multitudes, and in spite of the Indian climate, is due, not so much to a difference in the natural organization of the two races (they being kindred in their origin), as to the direct effect of our superiority in the arts of war, and to the moral effect of our superiority in the arts both of war and of peace?

Once more, it is often remarked that science, by increasing the expense of wars, has tended to make Governments beware of them. It is possible that rather too much may have been made of the benefit thus conferred; but, at any rate, it is desirable that war should be curtailed by being made more costly, rather than by being made more bloody. We think, however, that the expense of wars may have rendered civilization another service fully as great as this, though less direct and obvious. It has a tendency to make the issue of wars depend more on wealth than was formerly the case, and less on mere numbers. Of course, we do not mean that at any time the result of military operations could be determined by either or both of these causes, independently of mental and moral qualities; but, in comparing past with present wars, we may give prominence to these causes, both because mental and moral qualities form a constant element, being requisite alike for all wars, and also because mental and moral qualities are themselves in some measure dependent on the relation between population and wealth. Limiting ourselves, then, to these two causes of military success, we may say confidently that, in ancient times—in the time of Herodotus, for example—population was deemed by far the more important. Indeed, from a military point of view, wealth was regarded with suspicion, both as tempting invaders and as inducing habits of self-indulgence.¹ The

(1) *Μάλιστα δὲ τῆς γῆς ἡ ἀρίστη αἰετὰς μεταβολὰς τῶν οικητόρων ἔχειν.* (Thucyd. i. 2.) Compare the warning given to Croesus not to attack the Persians, as there was little to be gained by victory, and much to be lost by defeat. Again, compare the

change that has arisen in the comparative estimate of wealth and population is due to several causes, the employment of mercenaries being the most obvious.¹ On the present occasion, it is enough to say that, with those causes, the expense of warfare has contributed; and, indeed, into this expense most of the other causes may be resolved. Nor can it be doubted that the change to which we have alluded is a happy one. The riches of a nation may, no doubt, degenerate into an instrument of luxury; but this is mostly the case when they consist of treasures amassed by the few, rather than when they diffuse well-being through the many. It also occurs chiefly when, for want of the means of profitable investment, those who do not care to hoard idly are led to dissipate wantonly. In short, we may lay it down as a rule, that, though wealth is by no means a perfect test of a nation's fitness for supremacy (any more than of an individual's fitness for the franchise), it nevertheless is a test, and a far better one than population. We consider, therefore, that the results which have followed from the expense of modern warfare are of a salutary kind. That this expense is mainly due to the progress of science is commonly taken for granted. The statement, however, needs to be qualified. It is not the ordinary effect of science to raise an obstacle to the full gratification of our desires. Science must lessen the cost of production, before it can raise the demand for the produce. It may make our wants more numerous; but it does so by satisfying each individual want more easily. Why should war form an exception to this rule? Science must doubtless develop artillery; but it might be expected to lower its cost in like proportion. Why should the demand for destruction grow faster than the cheapness of the means of destroying? In a word, why does not war become cheaper, instead of dearer? As a matter of fact, it is probable that, if an unprincipled Government were to use in war all the appliances that might be placed at its disposal by science and experience (including our, at present, very empirical knowledge respecting the propagation of diseases), it might inflict more injury, and at a cheaper rate, than could be done by much of the artillery now in use; but such expedients would admit of easy retaliation, and would only make war worse than it is. In fact, it is the costliness

advice said to have been given by Croesus to Cyrus, that the subject Lydians should be unnerved by luxury, so as to be rendered incapable of giving trouble.

(1) Another principal cause of the change is that an army is now unable to enrich itself by pillaging, or at any rate by selling, the inhabitants of a conquered country, or by demanding ransom. It may almost be said that formerly soldiers made wealth, whereas now wealth makes soldiers. This must not, however, be pressed too far. People sometimes speak as if riches were now everything in war, and population nothing. Do such persons remember the saying of Napoleon, that England, if deprived of the advantage of its insular position, must sink before a country with double its inhabitants? We need not also refer to his well-known reply to Madame de Staël, as to the highest excellence of woman,—“*celle qui a le plus d'enfants.*”

of the means of slaughter that cripples our ability to slay. Public opinion, therefore, has exercised a wise discretion in being strict with regard to all methods of wholesale or permanent destruction, especially if those methods can be effected with little cost and trouble; and, if the progress of science should be prolific of such methods, morality will doubtless become proportionally more exacting. To what has been said, it should be added that the increase in the expense of warfare is partly due to modern sentiments of humanity, which forbid some of the means by which an invading army used to be supported at the enemy's cost. Here, then, is another reason to conclude that, while the costliness of modern war is doubtless a boon to us, the credit of that costliness is due, not exclusively to science, but to the joint action of science and morality.

We have now endeavoured to do justice to the services rendered by the art of war to the cause of civilization and peace; and, though those services have relation more to what has been than to what is or will be, there can be no doubt that their operation is in some measure continued. Here, then, is something to be set off against any dangers that may be apprehended from the marvellous development of the military art. Still, however we may modify and abate our general proposition, our general proposition remains. The devising of means of death needs rather the rein than the spur. We cannot hope permanently to create harmony by augmenting discord, or to send peace on earth by sending a sword. It may doubtless be objected that, without putting a stop to scientific investigation or subjecting it to an impossible censorship, we cannot arrest the discovery of means of destruction, and that these, being known, had better be known to the Government. In dealing with this objection, it must be borne in mind that military inventions, before they can be made available in battle, have, in nearly all cases, to undergo repeated trials on a large area of ground, and with a good deal of publicity. Even explosive and noxious gases would probably have to be subjected to some such test before it could be pronounced that they, while fatal to the enemy, would bring no peril on those who used them. And from trials of this kind, not only the Government and men of science, but the public at large—ill-disposed persons included—might gain information. Indeed, it is in great part owing to the difficulty of experimenting in artillery without attracting general observation, that the ingenuity of conspirators in all countries has not devised more infernal machines than it has. The question is, therefore, seen to have reference not so much to the prosecution of a certain class of inquiries as to the promulgation of their results. With the progress of general information, an extended knowledge of methods of destruction will inevitably follow, and it

will be for future ages to determine whether, or how far, it may be necessary to check the publication of knowledge that may be so easily misapplied. The difficulty, though an increasing, is at any rate not a new one. It is the same in kind with that which has long since found expression in laws against the indiscriminate sale of poisons, and in the reluctance to let the composition and even the existence of some of the subtler (especially vegetable) poisons be known to uninstructed persons.

It remains to advert to an objection not less obvious than the preceding one, which is founded on a charge of inconsistency. We have heard it said on high authority that there is something arbitrary in the line that is drawn between the means of slaughter that are sanctioned and those that are proscribed; and it is often urged, to the same purport, that it would be more consistent either to admit all such means or to exclude all. The fact, however, is that the difficulty of drawing lines is by no means limited to the instance that we are considering. The embarrassment of casuists in discriminating what ought from what ought not to be done, has passed almost into a proverb, and is often made a source of ridicule, especially if those who discriminate happen to hold unpopular opinions. No ridicule, assuredly, could be more misplaced, for it would apply equally to moral distinctions, not universally, indeed, but generally. In moral as in biological classifications, there are occasions on which nature may almost be said to leave open a broad gap, as if for the express purpose of designating the spot fittest for a boundary. To draw the line of demarcation is easy in such cases. But such cases are unhappily rare. In the majority of instances, the actions just allowed differ but by a hair's breadth from those just disallowed. The instance now under consideration belongs to the majority. Draw the line where and how we will, our distinction must appear capricious and fanciful.¹ No broad principle can be laid down as to what may and what may not be done in war. Indeed, the rule must vary with time and circumstances. The tendency of civilisation should certainly be to make this rule from time to time grow stricter. But whether at the present moment it would be judicious for any people—such, for example, as the people of Great Britain—to make a step in this direction, is another question. The difficulty of doing so arises from the want of joint action among nations, or, in other words, from the infantile condition of international morality. To relinquish belligerent rights, to dispense with existing and recognised methods of destruction, or even in the present state of science to desist from devising fresh methods, might amount to a species of

(1) There is but a step from blowing-up to poisoning, and even between these stifling intervenes. Pelissier is said to have stifled, by means of sulphur, great numbers of Arabs in caves in Algeria.

disarming: and disarming is not very safe, if one's neighbours are armed to the teeth. It is probable, however, that the chief Powers will one day support each other in making a change, and we may even now be on the eve of a struggle between international morality and a certain branch of science—science offering new weapons to war, and morality tending to rob war even of its old weapons. If this be so, we may hope, in spite of appearances, that morality will gain the day.

Having said thus much, we need hardly return to the second form of the objection—namely, that, as we cannot banish all weapons, we should never discourage any. Those who hold this language are themselves not free from the charge of inconsistency. To poison the water of besieged towns, to deal with captured towns as the Black Prince dealt with Limoges, and with prisoners as Napoleon dealt with the twelve hundred Turks—these are practices, the operation or apprehension of which differs rather in degree than in kind from that of some potent form of artillery;¹ they are merely weapons of exceptional deadliness. And persons who, while disapproving those atrocities, should be willing to let the art of war do its worst, would be drawing a line at least as arbitrary as any other. Such, indeed, are the capabilities of science, that, if science were fairly let loose on the path of destruction, it is difficult to say where it would stop; we could even conceive it as at length bringing desolation on armies, cities, countries. This would evidently resemble, only to exaggerate and caricature, practices that we now severely reprobate: sending small-pox among negroes would be a trifle to it.² To gain tranquillity by any such means would be to purchase it very dear. It would be to carry out the celebrated saying of Tacitus, to make a desert and to call it peace.

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

(1) We might have included in our list, the employment by a civilised nation of barbarous allies against another civilised nation (the English so employed the Red Indians in the American War of Independence); and we even felt tempted to include the singling out of prominent men in the hostile army for destruction,—a line of conduct inevitable in the days of hand-to-hand fighting, and common even now, but concerning which some military men entertain scruples. Certainly, of all schemes for shortening war by making it an object of dread, this is the least open to objection, both because it is the least murderous, and because it throws the chief penalty of war on the class of society which is, as a rule, chiefly responsible for war. We have understood that Mr. James Mill, the historian (probably not intending his words to be taken quite literally), used to maintain that war would at length be made to cease by this means. Apart, however, from other objections to such a theory, has not the practice of "fighting neither with small nor great, save only with the" General been repeatedly frustrated by the simple expedient of a disguise?

(2) Twenty-one years ago, at a time when a disturbance among the black population was apprehended, a relative of the writer, travelling in America, was present when the expedient mentioned in the text was advocated.

ANNE FURNESS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I WAS first in the breakfast-room ; but mother presently stole down stairs white and noiseless as a ghost.

"Your father is asleep," she said, almost in a whisper, although his room was far out of earshot. "I have no heart to disturb him. It is better that he should sleep."

In truth, we both dreaded the moment when, awaking from the heavy stupor that steeped him in forgetfulness, he should live to the full consciousness of all that had happened yesterday.

I persuaded mother to take some tea. For a long time she refused to attempt to eat, saying that she felt as if food would choke her. But I finally succeeded in getting her to swallow a few mouthfuls, on the plea that if she broke down and fell ill, it would be an overwhelming blow for father. I told her, as we sat at the breakfast table, what Gervase Lacer had said to me last night. She leant her head on her hand, and looked at me thoughtfully. "I expected this," she said. "What answer did you make him?"

"I told him that I could make him none at that time, mother," I replied, casting down my eyes under her gaze.

"Do you love him, Anne?"

"Love him! I—I don't know, mother."

"My darling, I have watched him closely, and I am afraid ; afraid that he is not good enough for my Anne."

"Oh, mother!"

"It is not foolish mother's fondness that makes me say so ; nor any prejudice against Gervase. I like him. He is genial and kind——"

"I am sure, mother," I broke in, "that we have reason to like him, and to be grateful to him!"

She made no answer.

"Is it not generous and noble on his part to ask me to be his wife at the very moment when—when loss and trouble have fallen upon us?"

"Do you think he is the only one who could be so generous? Love does not reckon and balance in that way."

"I cannot be insensible or unmoved by it, mother."

"That is pity and gratitude. Gervase is too chameleon-like. He has no holdfast in himself. He takes his colours from those he is with, and sways backwards and forwards weakly."

"He has been steadfast enough to father," I said, with a little touch of indignation; for I thought she was hard on Gervase.

"Against what temptation to be otherwise? His is just the nature to flatter itself that it is devoted to friendship, at the very moment it is simply following the current of its own inclinations. But I will not vex you, my child. If you loved him indeed——"

She stopped and returned my glance, with a wan half-smile. "No, Anne; you do not love him. Ah, no, no, no! If you loved him, I should be anxious and uneasy. Many things would conspire to make me so; things that I am only now beginning to see in their true light. But as it is——Hark! Was that your father's bell? Is he stirring yet?"

Mother glided out of the room, and up the stairs, with a light, stealthy tread.

The idea of my father's waking, and all that it involved, came to banish in a measure the thoughts called up by the conversation that had just come to an end. They remained in abeyance, as it were. I listened breathlessly for a long time. There was no sound to be heard up-stairs. Mother must have been mistaken, I thought. I stole up to the door of my parents' chamber. It was open, and I entered softly. Father was up, and dressed; sitting by a little table on which he leant his elbows, while his face was hidden in his hands. A cup of tea stood untasted beside him. Mother was bending over him, with her hand upon his head. She looked up as I entered, but said no word.

Presently my father groaned aloud. "Go away and leave me, Lucy. I am a wretch! You can never forgive me. You must hate me!"

"Oh, George, if you knew what a knife you plunge into my heart when you say so! Though I know, darling, you don't mean it, yet I cannot bear to hear the words."

"I do mean it. You must hate me. You ought to hate me."

"Hate you, my own one! Oh, George, George, if I could hate you, whom should I love?"

"Those who have done you good, and not evil; who have not ruined and disgraced you and your child—your father!" And he groaned again in his misery. It was the first time that he had voluntarily mentioned my grandfather for many a long day, and I noted it.

"You know, George," returned mother, with a quiet air of conviction, "that you are the first and dearest in the world to me. It would be late in the day for you to begin to doubt that, or for me to protest it."

"So much the worse for you, my poor girl! So much the worse, so much the worse!"

Mother took up the cup, and offered it to his parched lips. "Take some tea, dear George," she said; "it will do you good."

He turned away with a gesture of disgust. "Pah!" he exclaimed, "I can't touch it. I can't touch anything, unless—— Get me some brandy." He saw me standing hesitatingly just within the door, as he turned his head away from the cup mother was proffering to him, and fixed a haggard gaze on me.

What a face it was that I saw! White, with burning eyes, and stubbly beard, and wild, unkempt hair! Father seemed to have grown ten years older since yesterday.

"Is that you, Anne?" he said hoarsely. "Poor lass! It is a hard thing to have to be ashamed of thy father."

"Ashamed!" echoed my mother, fixing a kindling eye on me, as though to prompt me to protest against the word. But I was tongue-tied. I *could* not utter a syllable.

"Ay, Lucy, ashamed. The girl would fain tell a lie and deny it, but she cannot. You may thank God for that, Lucy. I mind the time when *I* could not have told a lie to save my life. Oh-h-h!"

He uttered a long-drawn, quivering sigh, partly extorted by bodily pain, for as he closed his heavy eye-lids and pressed his hands to his brow, it was easy to see that he was suffering from a racking headache.

"Won't you try to take anything, my darling?" said mother, in a coaxing tone. "And let me bathe your forehead. There—so. That's my own dear. Poor, burning forehead!"

She drew his head on to her breast, as if he had been a child, and steeped her handkerchief in some sweet waters, and laid it on his brow. Father remained passive for a second or two. Then his broad strong chest began to heave, and the great veins stood out on his forehead like cords, and he burst into a terrible passion of tears. Terrible it was, very terrible to me, to see the powerful man's frame gasping and struggling, and to hear his labouring sobs.

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy, you are an angel from heaven! Oh, my poor, gentle Lucy! I—shall—die!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, and drawing a long gasping breath between every two or three words.

Mother made a sign for me to go away. As I closed the door I saw her kneel down on the floor and put her arms round my father, and I heard the murmur of her voice lavishing every fond and loving epithet upon him she could think of, and beseeching him to be comforted.

Down-stairs, I found Mr. Lacer, who had just arrived. He asked for my father, and how Mrs. Furness was this morning, in nearly his ordinary tone. Then he looked at me wistfully and said—

"How I wish, my dearest, that it were any comfort to you to know that I love you better than all the world beside! That your happi-

ness and welfare are the dearest wish of my heart! Well, Anne, I will say no more at this moment if it distresses you. But—you will owe me some kindness for my patience, Anne! Throw me a crumb or two of hope to live on, won't you? Not even a kind look?"

This tone was distasteful to me. And as I felt that it was so, as I shrank away from the hand he stretched forth to take mine, mother's words came into my head; "You don't love him, Anne. Ah, no, no, no!" I own to a perverse vexation on remembering them. I was unreasonable, irritable, and altogether out of tune. But I made a struggle to conceal, if I could not overcome, the feeling.

Mr. Lacer began to move restlessly about the room. Now looking out of the window into the flower-garden; now idly fluttering the leaves of some books of prints that lay on the side-table. Where was my father? Was he not coming down? A head-ache? Well, some soda-water and brandy would cure that, and the fresh air. Or, if not cured, it must be endured. Time was precious, and the morning was slipping away.

"What is there to be done that is so pressing? Must my father go into Horsingham?" I asked.

"Yes, yes; he must go, of course. And so must I. I have appointments with—several people. And this is the last race-day, and the Horsingham Plate will be run for at three——" Mr. Lacer checked himself, and turned away abruptly to the window.

"Oh, you are not going; father is not going again to that dreadful race-course?"

"I don't suppose Furness need show there."

"But you? Are you going?"

"I must!" he answered sharply, and with an impatient frown on his face.

A week ago, I should have remonstrated against this resolution. Now, I felt it was impossible for me to assume any privilege of intimate friendship with Gervase Lacer. His sternness displeased me less than his tenderness. And again mother's words rang in my ears, "You do not love him, Anne. Ah no, no, no!"

"I wish," said I, after a minute's pause, "that grandfather were here!"

Gervase turned quickly, and asked with eagerness, "Has Dr. Hewson been here? When did you see him last?"

"He has not been at Water-Eardley for many weeks. Mother spoke of sending for him. But she feared it might displease my father, if she did so without consulting him. And now, less than ever, would she dream of disregarding father's wishes. So she waited until she should be able to ask him about it, and hear what he would say."

"She was right. She was quite right."

"I should like grandfather to be at hand on her account. But self is her last consideration always."

"I trust that I should wish that which was best for her and you. But—I have no reason to desire Dr. Hewson's presence for my own sake."

"You? Why not?"

"He is an enemy of mine; or, at least, no friend."

I was taken by surprise, and felt that I flushed and stammered as I tried to combat this assertion. I had a secret conviction that it was true, although I could not in the least tell how I had arrived at the conviction.

"I do not think grandfather ever saw you in his life! How can he be your enemy? Enemy! Grandfather is too just and too sensible to entertain a baseless prejudice. And why should he be prejudiced against one who—who has shown such friendship for my parents?"

"H'm!" muttered Mr. Lacer, with closed lips, and tapping his foot impatiently on the floor. "But did it never strike you, Anne, that Dr. Hewson might not be disposed to like one who cherished a warmer feeling than friendship for your parents' daughter?"

"How could he know——?" I began hastily; and left my sentence unfinished.

"Ha! Then you think that if he did know, he would not approve? So think I! You need not try to deny it, Anne. It is no news to me."

"But——"

"And as to knowing,—why, do you suppose all Horsingham does not know that I am your suitor?"

"All Horsingham," I answered coldly, "concerns itself very little with me or my affairs, I am confident." But though I spoke coldly, my heart was throbbing painfully, and I felt some hot tears well up into my eyes. All my shy pride was in arms at the idea thus abruptly presented to me of having furnished food for vulgar gossip, and of my name having been bandied from mouth to mouth accompanied by comments and speculations and suppositions, whereof the most good-natured would have been humiliating in my eyes. I do not justify this over-sensitive pride. I merely faithfully record it.

I think he perceived that he had vexed me, for he said that he would go round to the stable-yard and hasten Flower in putting the horse into the gig, and by the time the vehicle was ready, he supposed that father also would be ready to accompany him to Horsingham. And so he left me.

Presently my father and mother came down-stairs. Father was ready to go, he said. The servant had brought him word that

Mr. Lacer was waiting for him. But in a very few minutes Mr. Lacer came hurrying into the house declaring that he could not find Flower, and that the two women-servants said they had not seen him that morning.

Father was sitting huddled together on the sofa, holding his hat in his hand. He scarcely raised his eyes at Mr. Lacer's intelligence.

"Is the mare in the stable?" asked my mother. Yes; the mare was safe in the stable, but Flower was nowhere to be seen.

"It's my belief the fellow has bolted!" exclaimed Mr. Lacer. Father muttered something about a falling house, and the rats flying from it; but neither rose nor moved.

"Well, what is to be done? We must get into Horsingham somehow," cried Mr. Lacer, after standing irresolutely for a few seconds looking from one to the other. "If you will tell me where to find the harness, I'll put the horse into the gig myself."

"Is it absolutely necessary that you should go to Horsingham this morning?" I asked.

Mr. Lacer looked at my father as though expecting him to answer. But as father remained passive in the same bowed, despondent attitude, Mr. Lacer replied himself, with some heat, "I have told you that it is absolutely necessary for *me*. As to Furness—he must do as he pleases. But I should think there can be no doubt about his having to show. I took it for granted. I came out here on purpose to accompany him to town. You can tell Mrs. Furness and your daughter whether or not you ought to go, can't you?" he added, turning to my father with an impatient shrug. I felt that his impatience was justified. After all, he was here on our business—to serve us.

"I *must* go!" said father, rising up from the sofa. He followed Mr. Lacer slowly from the room.

"George—George, darling! say good-bye!" cried my mother from the window, as the two men passed through the garden on their way to the stable-yard. Father stopped, turned, hesitated. Mother held out an imploring hand to him; and he came straight up to the open window, raised his tall figure to its full height, and taking mother in his arms, pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy!" he murmured, "how much better for you, my poor dear lass, if this was the last good-bye, and you could be quit of me!"

He was gone before she could say a word. Mother's face was blanched to a deadlier white than it had worn that morning; and as she withdrew her head into the room again, she shivered from head to foot, although the hot sunshine had been pouring its rays directly upon her.

I stole up to her side, and took her hand. She returned the pressure

of mine, but we did not speak for some time. There was still that shade between us to which I have alluded ; for, although it had never for a moment entered into my thoughts to utter a reproach against my father, she knew that reproaches were in my heart ; that my yearning compassion for her almost implied a reproach to him who had caused her so to suffer. This same slight shade between us had not been lessened by our conversation about Gervase Lacer. It seemed to me that mother's devotion to her husband made her unjust towards her husband's friend, and that she accepted Gervase's good offices with scant gratitude.

"Do you know what father has been obliged to go to Horsingham for, mother dear?" I asked at length.

"To meet the men who have claims on him," she answered briefly.

"The—the tradesmen?"

"No, no, child—the men he has lost money to. My poor darling—my poor George! He who was afraid to look no man in the face! And now—— He dreaded meeting these people so. He told me that he was going with the feeling of death at his heart."

"But he will be able to meet these claims?"

"If we sell the clothes off our backs, they shall be met! Surely there is property enough here to suffice. I told him that there is no sacrifice we will shrink from to save him from disgrace and humiliation. We will blot out the past—and forget it."

"And then, mother dearest, if we go away to some distant place, and begin life anew——"

"Yes, yes; that is what I told him. I begged him to look forward. You would not repine, my Anne?"

"I should thank God with all my heart for any change that promised you peace of mind."

"And peace of mind for father. You must pray God for dear father."

"And for dear father."

"That's my precious treasure!" cried mother, throwing her arms around me and pressing me to her breast. "Poor dear, dear father! He loves you so, Anne. You were always his pet from a baby. He thought more of you than of any of the little ones that were born before you—more even than of our blessed little Harold. Do you know, Anne, that he wears a little flaxen lock of hair, like the down of a wee yellow fledgling, that was cut off your head when you were two years old. And now look at the thick dark-brown tresses!—well, father wears that flaxen baby hair in a little plain locket on his breast. He is so proud of you, Anne; and it would break his heart to believe that you no longer loved him!"

The tears were pouring down her cheeks. But the constraint which had fettered her tongue was broken, and she talked, and wept,

and eased her poor aching heart. And after awhile she grew very calm; and I saw with thankfulness that her face had quite lost the rigid, stony look it had worn since last night.

"And will you not send to grandfather?" I asked. "Did you speak to father about doing so?"

"Yes; I said a few words. George had a confused idea that he had heard that my father was absent from Horsingham. But I will write to him. After to-day, when your father is more settled, he will meet your grandfather, and talk with him."

Then I coaxed mother to take a little stroll with me in the shade of the trees by the river-side meadows. The whole place was steeped in peace and sunshine. Not a creature was to be seen. Every one who could get leave was away at the race-course. We had no fear of coming upon Flower's insolent face. He was gone, it seemed, for good. I thought afterwards that we had all taken his desertion with much indifference. It had scarcely caused even surprise. But we had no emotion to spare for Flower. The only sensation his absence caused in me was one of relief. And I believe mother felt as I did.

The sweet influence of the country sights and sounds, and of the serene autumn day, came down upon us, despite of all.

Before we returned to the house, mother and I had actually begun building castles in the air, to be inhabited in the new days that lay before us.

As we crossed the flower-garden, we had a glimpse of a hired fly from Horsingham driving quickly up the avenue that led to the front door. A hired fly was so unusual an apparition at our gates that we both stopped in surprise to look at it. As we did so, the vehicle stopped also. Mr. Lacer jumped out of it, and ran towards us.

"Don't be frightened!" he cried breathlessly, for mother was alarmed and trembling.

"George?" she exclaimed. "Where is George?"

"He's quite well. He's all right. I left him in Horsingham. There's nothing the matter, on my word. But I—I want to say a word to you and Anne."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"A FRESH trouble?" said my mother, seating herself in the little sitting-room, in the place where father had sat last night. She clasped her hands and leant them on the table before her. Mr. Lacer placed himself opposite to her, and I sat down on the sofa by her side.

"No; not a fresh trouble," answered Mr. Lacer. "At least, it

need not be one, if you are collected and firm—as I am sure you will be.”

He spoke eagerly, and yet with a certain embarrassment and abstraction, as though he had something to say which it was not easy to put into words, and were casting about in his mind how to say it.

“A trouble that it is in *my* power to avert!” exclaimed mother, with an incredulous shake of the head.

“Exactly. Yes; it is entirely in your power, and Anne’s, to avert it,” answered Mr. Lacer, catching at her words.

We sat silent and expectant.

“The fact is——” began Mr. Lacer, and then stopped, and began to pull to pieces a flower he wore in his button-hole. All at once he looked up with an air of decision. “Yes,” he muttered; “there’s no time to be lost. I must come to the point at once, Mrs. Furness. Your husband’s liabilities are very heavy—very heavy indeed. Of course, you were prepared to hear that. Race-horses are not bought and trained for nothing. And then he has had the devil’s own luck, poor Furness! Well, now a way of meeting those liabilities has been suggested—by Whiffles, and others—and I started off without loss of time to—to warn you, you know: and to beg you on *no* account to consent to it. Though I’m sure—quite confident—that your own sense would tell you to resist.”

“Resist!” echoed my mother quietly. She kept her eyes fixed on his face, and a little faint colour flushed up into her cheek as she spoke that one word; and then it faded, and she sat pale and still again.

“Yes, resist. If not for your own sake—I’m afraid that wouldn’t weigh with you—for your daughter’s.”

The colour rose again, more brightly this time, in mother’s face, and she put her hand out and took mine, but without withdrawing her eyes from Mr. Lacer’s face.

“Well,” said the latter, a little impatiently, “I suppose you can guess what it is that has been suggested?”

“I am very ignorant and inexperienced in business matters—more so, I’m afraid, than most women,” answered mother humbly. “Pray explain to me, as simply as possible——”

“Oh! it is simple enough. You are only to be asked to give up your marriage settlement.”

The hand that held mine tightened its grasp with a start, but mother did not yet look at me. I remained perfectly still.

“Give up——! But—*can* I?” asked mother, in a trembling voice.

“Can you, indeed? You may well ask, dear Mrs. Furness. The notion is a preposterous one. I was sure you would feel it to be so.”

But though the words were confident, the tone in which Mr. Lacer

said them was by no means so. He kept giving quick restless glances at me, and pulling the stalk of the flower, from which the petals had long disappeared, into long fibrous strips.

"No; but I mean—*can* I? Have I the power to do this? I thought that a settlement was binding—irrevocable."

"In your case it can be done—could be done," he said hastily, correcting his phrase, "with your daughter's consent. Anne is of age."

"Three days ago."

"But of course I need not point out to you the folly—the madness, I may say—of such a course. It would leave you utterly without any provision. It is not to be thought of."

"You know," said mother slowly, "that George has the hope—almost the certainty, indeed—of a situation in Scotland?"

"In Scotland!"

"Did he not tell you of it? You know, at all events, that he has for some time past been thinking of giving up this place, and seeking employment?"

"Yes; I know that."

"Through my father's influence, such a place as we were looking for has been found for George—through my father's influence, and that of a dear young friend of his, Donald Ayrle."

Mr. Lacer's face changed, and a lowering expression came over it which I had never seen there before. "Oh!" he exclaimed shortly.

"So that, you see," pursued mother, still in the same slow, quiet manner, "we should not be destitute even if—the settlement were to be given up."

"Good heavens, Mrs. Furness, you don't mean to say that you contemplate such a step!"

"It does not rest with me," answered mother. And with that she relinquished my hand, and rose and walked to the window, where she stood with her back to us, looking into the garden.

"Anne!" cried Mr. Lacer, "*you* surely understand that this would be fatal—simply fatal."

"Fatal to whom?" I asked, in a low voice. I saw in mother's attitude, in the turn of her head, in the tension of the hand which leant on the window-sill, that she was listening with a painful concentration of attention; but she remained with her back to us, looking out into the garden.

"Fatal to whom? Fatal to all! Only think of it! Why, it seems too absurd to argue the thing."

"What did my father say? How did he receive the proposition?" I saw the hand upon the window-sill move nervously.

"Oh, Furness at once saw the matter in its true light. He rejected the idea altogether—at first."

The hand on the window-sill stopped its quick movement suddenly, and the bent head was bent a little lower.

"He has too much sense and good feeling not to have done so," went on Mr. Lacer, following the direction of my glance towards the window, and speaking with emphasis. "And this ought to be considered, that Furness himself would be the first to regret such a step afterwards, when excited, Quixotic feelings had had time to cool."

"My father rejected the plan? Then why did you hurry here to warn us against it?"

"*At first*, I said—he rejected it at first. But Whiffles pressed it, and played upon his feelings so; and made out that it was the only chance—the only chance for *him*, he meant. That was merely his selfishness. Of course he'll be a loser; but he took a certain risk. He knew that Furness was not a millionaire."

"I wonder," said I, "how Mr. Whiffles came to know anything about my mother's marriage settlement." I spoke in all simplicity, but my words had a strange effect on Mr. Lacer. His face grew dark crimson from brow to chin, and he turned away and walked across the room once or twice before he answered. When at length he did so, it was with a curious air which I can scarcely describe, as if he were replying impulsively and instantly upon my words, instead of having suffered a minute or so to elapse before speaking.

"Wonder! There's no cause for wonder. The fact that Dr. Hewson's daughter had a marriage settlement is well enough known. It is no secret. I—I may have mentioned it in Whiffles's presence myself, for aught I know. Anyway, he *is* aware of it; and he means to try to make use of it for his own interest. But if you and Mrs. Furness are only firm—as you will be, I am sure, dear Anne, remembering that it is your *duty*, your plain duty towards your parents—Master Whiffles will take nothing by his move."

"There would not be property here sufficient to meet all demands? I mean, by giving up everything—farm, house, stock, furniture, everything?"

"It can't be done! I mean there are claimants enough in Horsingham to swallow up all that, and more. No; your father must just quietly go through the Bankruptcy Court. He has been unfortunate. Well, men *are* unfortunate sometimes. It can't be helped. The thing is done every day."

"Mother," said I, getting up from my seat, and going a step or two towards her, "if you are willing to give up this settlement, I agree to it with all my heart."

"My child!" "Anne!" exclaimed mother and Gervase Lacer simultaneously, but in very different tones.

"I agree to it with all my heart."

"Anne, you are mad! Mrs. Furness, you won't let her sacrifice

herself in that way!" cried Mr. Lacer, looking from me to mother, with a countenance of the greatest agitation.

Mother had turned round from the window, and was standing opposite to me. She kept clasping and unclasping her hands with piteous irresolution. She had been calm and strong up to this point, but now her own strong inclination to the step, made her suspect the righteousness of it. For her to practise self-abnegation was so habitual, that it appeared to her impossible that her duty could in this case coincide with the secret yearnings of her heart. I understood it all; and I assumed an air of decision and self-will, in the hope of strengthening her in this conflict of feeling.

"I am not in the least mad, Mr. Lacer," I said haughtily. "This plan approves itself to my reason and to my conscience; and I very soberly and sanely intend to carry it out—with my mother's permission."

"My child! my child! ought I?—is it right that you should beggar yourself?"

"Mother dear, don't let us allow words to frighten us out of our senses. Beggar myself! What does that mean? I shall not have to beg any more than I should have had to beg if you had had no marriage settlement—which might easily have happened. Besides, it is *your* money that is in question; if you are content to devote it to a just and honest purpose, who has a right to oppose you?"

Gervase Lacer stood biting his moustache and looking at me from beneath bent brows.

"Anne," he said, in a stifled kind of voice, "you say a good deal about 'reason' and 'justice:' don't they suggest to you that *I* have a right to be heard?"

"A right!"

"You are very cold and statue-like in your pride and self-will; but *I*—I am made of flesh and blood, and—and—I think you are using me badly."

"No, Gervase," cried my mother, putting her hand on his shoulder; "no! Don't say that. We appreciate your motives. Of course, I understand that you desired to serve Anne and me in coming here to say what you have said."

He gave a short, bitter laugh, and moved his shoulder—not roughly—from beneath her hand. "Thank you," he said; "that's kind!"

"You are angry with us," said mother gently.

"Angry! I am hurt, and vexed, and disheartened. I don't deny it." The tears positively rose in his eyes as he spoke, and he turned away and sat down, resting his head on his hand.

I was sorry for him, and I would have soothed him if I could, even at some cost of the pride he charged me with; but it was not easy

to me to find words that should avail. I went up to him, and held out my hand. "Don't take it in this way," I said. "You may think me foolish and mistaken, but you ought not to be *hurt* that I reject your advice. I don't thank you the less for it."

He caught my hand and held it as he answered with a sudden return of eagerness and animation—"Anne, dearest Anne, I implore you not to be rash. Don't be led away by a mistaken feeling of generosity! Or if you must be generous," he added tenderly, raising his eyes to mine, "be a little generous to *me*!"

"I have no power to be generous. But I shall try to do what my conscience tells me to be right."

"But this sacrifice is not right!—cannot be right!" he cried. And then he went over all the arguments he could think of to show me what wretched consequences must result from giving up the settlement. He spoke chiefly, almost solely, to me; merely throwing in an occasional appeal to mother to confirm what he was saying. Mother looked painfully distressed. I understood the mental struggle she was undergoing.

I listened patiently until he ceased. Then I said, "But granting all you say to be true—I think it exaggerated, but let that pass—even so, I see no reason to refrain from giving up this money. No—pray don't interrupt me! Hear me first. All you show me, is that I should be very poor, and perhaps have to labour for my bread. Well, there are worse evils than that!"

"Anne! you talk like a child."

"Not so; I know what poverty is, and what hard work is. I have seen both. There is a great hope, as you have heard, of my father obtaining a good situation. I don't despair at all events of his finding *some* employment. I can look the future in the face. But could I do so, if my father's good name for uprightness and honesty were to be destroyed? See, Mr. Lacer; perhaps to your town-bred notions all this seems overstrained; but we are country folks. My father's fathers have lived on the land for generations, and no man could say a word to blacken their good name. Furness, of Water-Eardley—it was as clear and bright as the sun at noon-day."

"Why, Anne, let us speak plainly, since it must be so. Don't you know that all that is over? Don't you understand? Why, your father's name will be in every mouth in Horsingham before this evening! If you make this sacrifice in the hope of stopping people's tongues, you will make it in vain."

The tears poured down my mother's cheeks, and she hid her face in her hands.

I was shocked by this tone; it made my heart sink heavily. "I'm afraid," said I, "that we shall not be able to understand each other aright. 'Stopping people's tongues!' Do you suppose that is what

I chiefly care for? We cannot help their talking. I would prevent that if I could; I don't pretend not to mind it. But it is not merely what people will say! There is a real right and wrong that remains, let them say what they will. How can we keep money that is not justly ours? Would it make us happy to enjoy comforts that had been—*stolen*?"

"Pshaw! It is not stealing to hold your own."

"Nothing is ours so long as we are in debt."

"If your father gives up his own property, surely that is as much as his creditors can expect!"

"You have told me that there is not sufficient to satisfy all claims. Besides, I cannot separate my interests from my parents."

"And you think nothing of *me*? You care not one straw——" Mr. Lacer sprang to his feet, wiping his heated forehead, with his handkerchief, and began to walk wildly about the room, talking and gesticulating in much excitement. "It is heartless! Cruel! And for your own sake! Was ever such madness heard of? Good God, what can I say to persuade you?"

I stared at him in bewilderment.

"What does this mean?" I asked at length. "What possesses you?"

He came to me and took hold of my wrist. "Anne! Darling Anne!" he cried. "Mrs. Furness! Speak to her! Make her promise to wait, to re-consider this folly. Her father will be here soon, and then it will be too late! You know how I love her. You *know* it! Don't let this part us for ever!" Then as I stood speechless, less from disinclination than positive inability to speak, he changed his tone again, and shook my arm, which he still grasped, so roughly and impetuously that he broke a little simple bracelet which I wore, and it fell rattling to the ground, whilst he reiterated, "Anne! Promise not to do this thing! Anne! Do you hear me?"

"Gervase! Mr. Lacer!" said my mother tremblingly. He released my wrist, or rather threw it from him, and, folding his arms, stood looking at me and biting his moustache.

"Well," said he at length, in a bitter, angry manner, "I have done what I can. You are resolved, I suppose, to follow your own way. As for me, I have to go away; almost immediately. Not that you will care for that!"

I did not answer him; but my mother echoed his words, "You have to go away?"

"Yes, Mrs. Furness; I have spent too much of my life here already. I asked your daughter to be my wife; but—you and she must understand that if she persists in this obstinate infatuation it will part us."

Mother looked quickly and anxiously at me. Gervase Lacer kept

his eyes averted from me, and went on speaking still in the same bitter, angry manner. It is needless to repeat his words. They were a revelation for me of the vast difference in his eyes between Anne Furness comfortably dowered and Anne Furness without a penny. I was pained, deeply pained, and ashamed for him; as in his passion and disappointment he forgot all his former protestations of disinterested devotion, and heaped accusations of heartlessness and hypocrisy upon me. I was pained and ashamed, and yet—yet at the bottom of my heart there was a feeling of relief! And the relief came from the clear certainty which rose in my mind that I had never loved him. No, no, no! I had never, never loved Gervase Lacer. If I had loved him, I think the shame and anguish of this would have broken my heart.

Mother uttered a broken word or two of remonstrance now and then, watching my face the while. But I remained quite silent under all the taunts and reproaches which Gervase showered on me in his ungoverned temper. Perhaps my very silence exasperated him.

"It is all over," he said, with his hand upon the lock of the door; "all over! I have tried—I did mean to change myself—to strive to undo the past and become worthy of you—or of what I thought you! But your 'good' people have no heart! Hypocrisy and humbug! Why should I care for the world's good opinion? There's not one living soul cares whether I go headlong to the devil or not. You might have saved me by stretching out your hand. Why did you fool me on? *You* knew well enough—you *all* knew what the bait was that drew me here! But you may take this comfort to your conscience: let what will become of me now, it will lie at your door!" He dashed out of the room, and in a minute or so we heard the wheels of the fly rattling at a furious pace along the road to Horsingham.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THERE had been two trustees under my mother's marriage settlement. One, old Mr. Ashby—of whom mention has been made as being the former owner of the house in which Mr. Arkwright lived, now in the possession of Matthew Kitchen—was dead, and no successor to him in the trust had been appointed. The other trustee was Mr. Cudberry. Him I resolved to see without delay. I was aware that his consent would be necessary to enable my mother and myself to give up the settlement. Mother, when this consideration had first been presented to her, had almost despaired.

"Your uncle Cudberry will never consent, Anne!" she had ex-

claimed. "And I know well that he will say I am not doing my duty as a parent in allowing you to contemplate such a step for a moment."

"I do not despair, mother, of inducing him to consent. And as to what he will say—we must bear it as well as we may. It would be far easier to follow one's conscientious convictions if all one's friends looked on approvingly. But it seems to me that one of the most necessary lessons to learn in life, is to bear being blamed for doing right."

"But how are you to see Uncle Cudberry? How shall I send to him?"

"I will go to Woolling myself. Look here, mother darling; I want the matter to be settled by the time father returns. It will be easier and better for us all if you can meet him with the news that the thing is resolved upon, than to leave it to him to broach the subject."

Mother kissed me fondly, but her eyes were full of tears. I was anxious to put an end to the irresolution which I knew would torment her until the matter should be irrevocably settled; and I declared that I would set off at once.

"But how are you to go, Anne? The horse is in town; and even if it were not, Flower is gone, and there is no one to drive you. What shall we do?"

"Do? I mean to walk to Woolling, mother. The day is fine. I know every inch of the road. Uncle Cudberry will send or bring me back. There is no difficulty. I shall really like the walk. It will do me good. Take care of yourself, dear mother. And if father returns before I come back, tell him that I hope to bring good news, and that I am quite cheerful and hopeful. I do believe that I see the beginning of the end of all our troubles!"

It was a long walk from our house to Woolling, and the day was sunny and the roads dusty. But I had said only the truth in declaring to my mother that I should like the walk. The air and exercise seemed to calm the excitement of my spirits, and my brain grew clearer, and I was able to think with some calmness. At first it cost me an effort to enforce my wandering attention to the point I had to contemplate—the arguments, namely, which were most likely to avail with Mr. Cudberry, and the probabilities for and against his consenting to my request. A thousand emotions and images distracted my thoughts and made my pulse flutter. At length, when I reached a point in the road where a grassy lane intersected it, shaded by ancient trees, and quite deserted, I turned my footsteps aside on to its short daisy-speckled sward, and sitting down on a hillock of moss that rose around the roots of an elm, I let my tears have way, and cried unrestrainedly.

Then, having bathed by eyes and face in a little clear runlet that went gliding half-hidden in the long grass beneath the hedge, I arose and walked on, wonderfully refreshed and calmed, and so busied with my purpose, that the first stile of the series that led across the Woolling meadows appeared close to me before I had thought I could have arrived within half a mile of it.

Here I halted, and held brief debate with myself as to how I had best approach Mr. Cudberry. I had a strong repugnance to entering the house and demanding a private interview with him, under a cross-fire of questions from the assembled family. If I could but find him wandering about the farm! The corn was already cut, or I should have been sure at that hour to find him among the reapers. All at once I heard the sound of a gun, and in another minute I saw Uncle Cudberry's stooping figure crossing the stubble, two fields off, followed by his old dog Ponto. I sprang over the stile, and ran as swiftly as I could towards him, calling out breathlessly—

"Uncle Cudberry! Uncle Cudberry! Will you stop an instant? I want to speak to you."

His hearing was not very quick, but his eyesight was as keen as ever; and as soon as he became aware of my approach, he recognised me instantly, as I perceived, and stood still, gun in hand, waiting for me to come up with him.

"Why, Miss Anne," said he in his usual slow manner, "is it you? Nothing amiss at home, is there?"

"No. That is——"

"Your mother all right? Ah, well, get your breath a bit. It isn't a pleasant running ground for a young lady, isn't a stubble field. Come along into the house. Down, Ponto! The beast knows you. Come and get a—a sup of wine; or maybe you'd like a drink of buttermilk best this warm day?"

"If you don't mind, Uncle Cudberry, I should like to say what I have to say to you out here, without going into the house."

He did not seem surprised. But then, I never remembered to have seen him exhibit any strong emotion of that sort.

"Ah!" said he. "Well, if that's to be it, we may as well go and set ourselves down in the shade, if we can find a bit. 'Tisn't a vast sight o' shade you'll find on Woolling Farm—no hedgerows; nothing but wire fences. My neighbour, Sir George, cusses 'em up hill and down dale every hunting season. But I don't find as that injures the crops partic'larly, so I let him cuss away. I've rode to hounds, too, in my day; *but it was over other folk's lands*. And, mind ye, I never destroyed a fox in my life. No, no; the man don't draw breath in this county as can say a Cudberry of Woolling was ever known to be a vulpicide, as the newspaper chaps call it; and as I onderstand you got lessons in Latin from the parson at Horsingham,

no doubt you know what that means, Miss Anne. But farming is farming, and fox-hunting is fox-hunting. And here we are, and we can set quiet here without having our brains fried in our skulls. You see, I pay you the compliment of s'posing you have some to be fried, Miss Anne. Tell you what, that's more than I'd say of every young lady within a hundred miles around Brookfield parish church."

Talking on thus, in his slow, deliberate, dry tones, he had led the way to a large barn that stood in an isolated position on the edge of his farm, where it was bounded by one of the leafy winding lanes I have spoken of as running through the country that lay at the back of the Cudberrys' house.

The wide doors of the barn stood open. Within, it looked dark and cool. Mr. Cudberry drew forward a truss of straw near to the doorway, and bade me sit down on it. Then he carefully rested his gun against the wall, first assuring me that it was unloaded, took off his broad-brimmed felt hat, wiped his face and bald yellow head with a red cotton handkerchief, whistled to Ponto (who came and flung himself down with a flapping noise on the barn floor), and finally sat down on a heap of straw opposite to me, with his lean, gaitered legs stretched straight before him, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the sunny landscape that lay before them, framed by the wide doorway.

"Now," said he, "let's hear."

I found it not easy to begin my task; but its very difficulty spurred me to waste no words in preparatory speeches, but to plunge straight to the point.

"Uncle Cudberry," said I, "I want your consent, as my mother's trustee, to our giving up her marriage settlement for the payment of father's debts."

The leather gaiters, stretched out under my eyes, were not more absolutely devoid of any change in their tough surface than was Mr. Cudberry's countenance.

I paused and looked at him. He kept his eyes fixed in the same *unseeing* way on the landscape, and after a minute's silence, observed in the tone of one admitting the truth of some incontrovertible assertion—

"Old Ashby's dead. Yes, he's dead, surely."

"He is dead, and no other trustee was ever appointed to replace him. The matter, therefore, rests with you."

I went on to put before him, with what force I could, all the arguments in favour of his consenting to the scheme. I was aware that he listened; but I cannot explain how I became aware of it, for his face remained as unchanging as if it had been carved in wood.

When I ceased speaking, he turned his eyes upon me—keen, hard, bright, black beads of eyes, and said—

"Well! this is a serious business."

The remark appeared to me superfluous—just one of those unmeaning, word-wasting phrases which are peculiarly irritating in moments of decisive importance. I reflected, however, in time to check any manifestation of impatience, that although the events of the last forty-eight hours had left indelible traces in *me*, and had carried me for ever beyond the hazy, dreamy, debateable border-land that lies between childhood and womanhood, yet they could not have been expected to work any magical change in old Mr. Cudberry. That which he had been yesterday he was to-day, and would be to-morrow.

"Yes," said I, shortly; "it is most serious."

"A pretty kind of a market your father has brought *his* pigs to! I had heard something of this. But it's worse than I could have credited. 'Bout as bad as can be, I reckon—hey?"

"Not quite. There might have been no means of paying all claims. At all events, we have this money—mother's money; and we are resolved to give it up—if you will consent."

"Why—have you thought what you're asking? Your mother, you know, she's that soft and that fond of George, as she'd give him her skin, or the two eyes out of her head. Ah, she would! and then say as it was *he* was to be pitied for having a blind wife. What differences there is in women!" added Mr. Cudberry contemplatively. "But as for you, you know," he resumed, more briskly, "it's a horse of another colour. You ain't bound to give up your fortin'—'tis but a little bit o' money, but still all you've got to look to—nor nobody wouldn't think o' blaming you if you didn't."

"As for blame or praise, Uncle Cudberry—the blame or praise of people who know little about us and care less—I have made up my mind not to take that into consideration at all."

"Ah! well, my lass, I don't know but what you're in the right of it. It's the principle I've acted on—not quite all my life, I won't say, but for many a long year past—and I found it answer. You do what suits *yourself*. The world'll come round to it in the long run. As for the talk and jabber o' fools, it's like my neighbour Sir George's cussing and swearing;—it don't hurt no man's crops, that don't!"

"Then, Uncle Cudberry——"

"*Only*—only you must be cock-sure as what you're doing *will* suit yourself! There's the main point. Folks make terrible mistakes in haste, and repent 'em at leisure."

I repeated all my arguments with what patience I could muster, and then Mr. Cudberry began to talk in his turn.

The hours were passing, and my father would return home, and my mother would be awaiting me with wearing anxiety. But it was vain to hope to spur Mr. Cudberry's mind to quicken its cautiously

slow pace. It was vain to hope to check his tedious iteration by the assurance that I had already perceived and considered the objections he presented to me, and that they had not availed to shake my resolution. It was vain to hope to gather from his voice, or his face, or even from his words, what impression I had made on him—what likelihood there was of his consenting to my petition. I forcibly controlled my quivering nerves, which would have prompted me to I know not what demonstrations of impatient excitement, and sat still, and held my tongue.

At length I began to discern a little light—a little dim ray, that faintly struggled through the semi-opaque medium of Uncle Cudberry's speech and manner. In coming to make my appeal to him I had not reckoned on finding him lenient to my father, sympathetic with my mother, or indulgent towards my own strong wish in the matter; but I had founded some hope upon a trait which I knew to be a strongly-marked one in the old man's character—family pride. Oddly as it manifested itself, I well knew the feeling to exist in his breast; and to be—next to his love of power, and of money as power—the feeling which most nearly approached to a passion in him. He was clannish. His wife's relations, even to quite distant cousins, were included in his conception of "the family." Furness of Water-Eardley had been an honoured name in our county for generations, otherwise he would never have chosen one of that stock to be his wife. Of the greatness of his own ancestors he had an idea which I believe would signally have amazed many of his grandee neighbours, could they have conceived its existence. But Uncle Cudberry's pride was of a very self-sufficing kind, and required no audience. It partook, moreover, of the eccentricity and disdain for polite appearances which had grown up during a long life passed chiefly in rustic seclusion and amongst dependants and inferiors.

Gradually, as I have said, he allowed a glimmer of his intentions to become apparent.

"You're of age, you know—a woman grown, not a babby. You know, or might know, what it is you're asking. I can't be held responsible like as if you was a child; or a giddy, vain, feather headed thing like the most o' the lasses. You've got sense and resolution. Better for your poor mother if she'd ha' had a bit more o' your sort o' stuff in her. But that's the Furness blood—never without a bit o' mettle. Though maybe," added Mr. Cudberry, with a shrewd glance from his bead-black eyes into my face, "maybe it takes a wrong turn now and then, as in George's case. If my wife's nephew George had put his mettle into—growing wheat say, or mangold-wurzel (I doubt George's is but poor wheat-land, most on it), or even kept steady to prize beasts, why things would ha' gone very different. But he's Furness of Water-Eardley, and—

'twould be a crying shame in the county side for him to smash up like a poor peddling little counter-skipping Jack of a Horsingham tradesman, as can no more tell you who his great-grandfather was, than I can say what my great-grandson will be!"

"They talked of the Bankruptcy Court," said I, not without a touch of stratagem—woman's cunning, it is called in books!—cunning being a weapon never used by men (in war or otherwise), when they are indubitably strong enough to do without it. But my cunning was not of a very deep or finished sort. That inner, superior "*me*," the conscience that watched my actions and motives, pitilessly spoilt the effect of the stroke by making me blurt out, "But I don't in my heart believe it would come to that, even without giving up the settlement. If we could not pay over the capital in a lump, we could, and would, devote the income; and creditors would not push us and press us beyond bearing. But still——"

"Ah! and who's to guarantee the expenditure of a penny of the income on paying of debts? Why, child, there might come more race-horses, more Horsingham stakes, more strokes of *luck*, good or bad. And *would* come! Best make a clean sweep, and get George off to Scotland, or wherever it be. Bankruptcy Court! Damn the Bankruptcy Court!"

I knew that I had gained my point.

Not yet, though, was I allowed to depart. There was to be no flush of victory, no return, in the heat of triumph, to solace poor mother's trembling heart. Uncle Cudberry had much more to say—or, rather, to say the same things many more times—before he distinctly gave the consent which I had been sure of long ago.

At length he did give it;—not indeed quite explicitly, but in terms which were sufficiently unmistakable to me. "Well, Anne, I shall come in to-morrow and meet the lawyer at Water-Eardley, or maybe bring him out to your father's with me. I shall have a good deal to say to him. And I mustn't get *myself* into a hobble, you understand. I must be clear in the eye of the law. That's on'y fair and just." Such was his fashion of agreeing to the request that had been made to him.

"Thank you, Uncle Cudberry, with all my heart!" I cried. "And mother will thank you too."

"You're not a common kind of lass," he answered, looking at me curiously. "You're as pleased now as if I had given you a fortin', 'stead o' helping you to make away with 'un. Some folks might call you a fool for your pains,—and *will*, you may take your oath. But I don't. No; I've the name of being a close-fisted old chap. I know how folks talk of me; nobody better. But I tell ye what, I'd rather at any time of my life have married a woman as could give up her bit o' cash for the honour of her family,—ah, and have took

her without a farthing,—than I'd have had the biggest heiress in the land, if she came of a bad stock and had low notions! No; I don't think you a fool, Anne Furness."

I was anxious to be gone homeward with my news. Mr. Cudberry did not again offer to take me into the house, but he insisted that I should have some refreshment. He would order Daniel to get ready the "sociable," and meanwhile he would himself bring me some wine and some food, if I would wait there in the barn. He would take no denial; and all I could obtain was his promise that Daniel should be ordered to make what speed he could in bringing the vehicle round for me.

It was strange to me to wait alone in the great barn, watching Mr. Cudberry striding away on such an errand, and actually—yes, actually hurrying his pace! It was stranger still, to see him come back in a very brief space of time, carrying a covered basket on one arm, and a bottle of wine under the other, and to hear him press me to eat a bit of cold fowl, and to drink some of the wine he had brought, with really hospitable warmth. He had forgotten nothing. There was bread and salt, and a bright glass goblet, into which he poured some of the pale yellow wine. "This," said he, very deliberately closing and then opening one eye, without stirring any other muscle of his face—which was his manner of winking—is neither cowslip nor raisin, my lass. This here is old sherry, as has been more than thirty years in my cellar. It's as good a glass of pale sherry as is to be had in this county. You take a sup. Water? No; hang me, if you do! The missis's vintages are good enough to be drowned—this is meant to be drunk. If you want a drink o' water, take a drink o' water; but you don't have none o' my old East India sherry with it;—not a sup! I hate waste, and that would be waste with a vengeance!"

I ate and drank very willingly, and should have enjoyed my meal, being healthy and hungry and tired, had it not been for my impatience to be gone. At length I heard the sound of wheels. Daniel had been ordered to await me at the last stile that gave access from the farm to the high-road. Mr. Cudberry insisted on accompanying me across the fields, and on seeing me into the vehicle.

"Good-bye, Uncle Cudberry. You will come to-morrow?"

"I will come to-morrow. Drive Miss Furness home to Water-Eardley, and take care of her, Dan'l."

As I waved my hand to him out of the sociable, he took off his felt hat, and stood bareheaded in the sunshine, looking after me until I was out of sight.

CRITICAL NOTICE.

LOGIC, DEDUCTION, AND INDUCTION. Two Volumes. By ALEXANDER BAIN.
Longmans, 1870.

THE study of Logic in this country seems to be receiving a new impetus. For although it is certain that there has long existed a want of good manuals, bringing the results of latest research within the reach of the ordinary student, the fact that this want has but recently made itself effectively felt, is itself a sign of the increased energy of interest now directed to the subject. More than one of these publications—we refer especially to the manuals of Mr. Fowler, Mr. Jevons, and Mr. Bain—have points of interest for others than candidates for examinations; and although we confine ourselves here to the last-named work, we hope to return by-and-by to a wider survey of the main problems of the science, as presented in the recent expositions we have received.

Of Mr. Bain's treatise it may be said, that its value lies scarcely less in its expansion and elaboration of the subject-matter, than in its improvement of the expository form. Although Mr. Mill's reconstruction of the science serves as the rough plan of the edifice, the details are worked out in a characteristically independent spirit. In some, and by no means subordinate, points, divergence from Mr. Mill's views is openly announced; whilst, in others, there is so much new in the enunciation and illustration, as to render it a real contribution to the growth of the science. At the same time, the well-known sharpness of outline and squareness of form in Mr. Bain's style, though not without their drawbacks, are eminently fitted for didactic purposes. The first part of the treatise expounds the ordinary Syllogistic Logic, and discusses from Mr. Mill's stand-point the value of the Syllogism as the normal type of reasoning, and its relation to induction. The reference of the distinctions between Singular and General Names, Positive and Negative, to the psychological principles named by Mr. Bain Consciousness of Agreement, and Consciousness of Difference, is an addition which is characteristic of the psychologist. The more subtle distinction between Things and Properties, Subjects and Attributes, is not probed so unflinchingly to its psychological root, although its true nature is implied in the definition of the concrete given in the Introduction, where, after asserting the Individual to be nothing but "an aggregation of many generalized impressions," he adds, that these "must be such as to give it a definite or special character, instead of leaving it indefinite or common." "The tree that I now look at, is individualized by a concurrence of properties never realised before; or, if not by such concurrence itself, by its surroundings of time and place." A similar kind of thorough-going dissection places the relation of the Notion to the Proposition in clear light. Many notions have more than one feature or property in common, and so far resemble propositions which always imply a conjunction of properties. In this case, the distinction "no longer turns upon the number of common properties, but upon the manner of expressing their conjunctions. In the class, the conjunction of the properties in a group is assumed; there is no question raised as to whether they are conjoined. In the proposition, this is treated as open to doubt, and the doubt is met by a positive assurance."

Coming now to the *vexata questio* of the underlying principle or axiom of the Syllogism, we find Mr. Bain, in spite of Mr. Mill's destructive onslaught, retaining the time-honoured *dictum*, modified, however, by allowing more dignity to the Minor Premiss, thus: "Whatever is true of a whole class (class indefinite, fixed by connotation), is true of whatever thing can be affirmed to come under or belong to the class." Mr. Bain supposes this form of the axiom to be free from Mr. Mill's criticism, that it does nothing but define a class. Without attempting here to estimate this difficult problem, we may just point out that Mr. Bain's view seems far more consistent with Mr. Mill's own chapter on the Functions and Value of the Syllogism. The form of the axiom adopted by Mr. Mill, "Things which co-exist with the same thing co-exist with one another," has always seemed to us to invest the syllogistic process with the dignity of real inference from the known to the unknown, though it is plainly Mr. Mill's object to denude it of this value. Yet, on the other hand, we think Mr. Bain's view of the ultimate basis of the syllogistic principle may be deemed by many to err in the same direction, and provoke a similar criticism. "The *Dictum*," he says, "is not a mere rule of consistency, . . . it is a mediate process, and the mediation has to be justified by an appeal to the facts. As far as proof goes, it resembles in character the second form above given—'Things co-existing with the same thing, co-exist,' and the mathematical axiom—'Things equal to the same thing, are equal.' All the three principles stand upon the same foundation; some philosophers refer them to intuition, others to experience; but the mode of proof for one is the mode for all. Nobody would accept even so obvious an inference as, 'Men are mortal: kings are men: kings are mortal,' without first verifying upon examples the peculiar kind of transition involved." There are probably those who would still contend that the fact of the conclusion's being implicitly contained in two propositions, instead of in one (as in Immediate Inference), does not render it less a process of merely ordering our conceptions according to the law of consistency as opposed to real inference. In fact, Mr. Bain, following Sir W. Hamilton and other logicians, reckons the Hypothetical Syllogism a case of immediate or apparent inference; though here, too, the conclusion contradicts, not one premiss, but two. Taken together, the whole question here raised really turns on the point whether the conclusion of the syllogism is *ἐκτέλεσις τῆς τῶν κειμένων*, as Aristotle asserts, that is, a *bonâ fide* new assertion, or merely the explicit declaration of an affirmation necessarily implied in the premises, and capable of being detected there *à priori*.

The second part, on Inductive Logic, is, as we might have anticipated, more clearly affiliated to Mr. Mill's treatise. After the meaning of an Ultimate Uniformity, or Law of Nature, has been defined, and its varieties classified, the pre-eminent importance of Causation, in a logical aspect, is powerfully exhibited. "Causation is singular," says Mr. Bain, "in providing a comprehensive uniformity, which may be appealed to deductively for all cases. The Uniformities of Co-existence (independent of Causation) can be proved only piece-meal: . . . no one assists us to prove another. . . . The same defect, strange as it may sound, attaches to the Uniformities of Quantity, based on the relations of Equality and Inequality. The certainty of the mathematical axioms, is a certainty due to their easy and thorough verification, one by one; not to their falling under any uniformity more comprehensive than themselves." To this

system, or consensus of Uniformities, then, out of which Inductive Logic springs, our author now passes. A notable addition to the exposition of Causation is effected by the recognition of the new aspect given it by the discovery of the Law of the Conservation of Force. By this means we are able to analyse every case of causal antecedence into two elements, the transfer or redistribution of a certain amount of energy or moving power, and the collocation of the materials engaged. The determination of these collocations grows more difficult as we rise from the simple Mechanical Forces, to the combinations of Mechanical and Molecular Forces manifesting themselves in the living body. Whilst welcoming this first step towards the incorporation into Logical Method of what is doubtless the grandest generalization of modern science, we trust our author will go still further in the same direction, and modify the Canons of Induction to accord with the new view of sequent phenomena. It would not be difficult to show that the Law of the Persistence of Force might become the basis of a method of discovering, not only the antecedent of a phenomenon when it comes into being, but also its consequent, its new appearance as a mode of transformed force, when it ceases to be. Perhaps, too, the truth that Force or Energy, in this connection, is nothing but the name of groups of phenomena, and implies no assumption of a noumenal entity, might with advantage preface this part of the exposition.

The setting forth of the Experimental Methods and the other matters falling under Induction need not detain us, and we may pass on to the subject of Definition, to which Mr. Bain has given great prominence. The methods of defining may, according to his view, just as those of reasoning, be reduced to canons. All Definition must ultimately rest on generalization, or a discovery of resemblances among the things falling under the name or notion; and in order to compass it most efficiently, we must assemble first a widely selected group of objects having the connoted property, and then (since all knowledge implies Consciousness of Agreement and of Difference or Contrast) a similar group of objects having the opposed or contrasting property. "The notion of Straightness, for example, is thoroughly set forth by placing a series of straight objects (of all varieties in other properties) side by side with a series of bent, curved, or crooked objects." Every notion may in this way be more accurately defined by contrasting it with its usual opposite, the species of the same genus from which it is familiarly distinguished. Thus Chemical Combination is defined by the help of other modes of combination, mechanical mixture, and solution. No reader of Plato need be reminded how venerable a plan of arriving at the true contents of a notion (to speak in the German fashion) is here formulated; but though so familiar a process, we think its logical recognition in a Positive and a Negative Method well deserves attention. In conclusion, we can only just refer to the completeness Mr. Bain gives to his work by illustrating so fully the applications of Logical Theory in the Method of the various sciences. All that is characteristic in the notions and definitions, axioms and reasonings of the principal material and moral sciences is here presented to our view; and the student of Logic who is fortunate enough to begin his subject with an extensive scientific culture, will now be able to retrace the Logician's own course from the actual operations of the reasoning mind in scientific discovery to the formulated rationale of those operations in Logical Theory.

JAMES SULLY.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE reprint of Mr. Hutton's *Essays*,¹ most of which appeared some years ago in the *National Review*, affords the reader a far better opportunity of arriving at a true estimate of Mr. Hutton's extraordinary critical sagacity and penetrating acumen than could have been obtained by the desultory study of occasional papers. The very character of the topics, as they appear side by side, is an index to the peculiar and remarkable mode in which Mr. Hutton's mind works. Theology of the most profound and metaphysical cast, philosophy and politics the most comprehensive and humane, a literary and poetical interest the most affectionate and absorbing, are each in turn presented or involved in the different essays throughout Mr. Hutton's volumes. Mr. Hutton has the advantage, in all he writes, to be possessed of a strict positive view of the universe and of human life. The certainty of this possession suffices to give him intensity and courage, but does not, as it would and does with smaller men, result in anything approaching to intolerance or unsympathetic repulsion. The most enthusiastic votaries of Goethe and Shelley will scarcely allege that Mr. Hutton has misunderstood their heroes, or failed to do complete honour to their most characteristic merits, far apart as Mr. Hutton is himself from inclining to the views or sentiments he most bitterly rejects or denounces. Some of the psychological criticisms in these volumes are almost masterpieces of art in themselves. Thus Goethe is described as moulding himself with such flexible mind to everything he studied, that he caught, not only the existing present, but the state which had just preceded, and the state which would follow. He had no gift for experimental science. He did not even believe in laws of nature, that did not make themselves felt on the living surface of things. As to Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann*, Mr. Hutton notices that "he flows round his disciple like an atmosphere, looks into you at every pore, and envelops you in such a calm wide mist of wisdom, that you can only say what he means you to say, as long as you breathe that atmosphere." Mr. Hutton complains of Shelley that he was a pure idealist. There was no moulding, no subduing, no conquering element in the Beauty he worshipped. It conquered by passive fascination alone, not by any inherent dominating force. There was no inherent strength in his conception of beauty. He abstracted it from the world, instead of impressing or imposing it on it. These volumes contain a most interesting study of George Eliot and her works, and of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his; also a very remarkable analysis of the qualities of Mr. Browning's poetry. He is said to have no moods, but "his mind seems to leap at once from its centre to its surface, without passing through the middle states which lie between the spirit and the senses," and his interpreting intellect is said to have gained through this hiatus in his imagination.

In a series of *Essays*, originally published before the commencement of the

(1) "*Essays, Theological and Literary.*" By Richard Holt Hutton, M.A. In Two Vols. Strahan. 1871.

present war, Captain Brackenbury¹ investigated, as by anticipation, many of the military and political topics to which that war has now given the most serious significance. Among the more out-of-the-way matters discussed in this volume, having a special bearing on the reconstitution of the British army, the chapters on the Russian and the American military systems are the most novel and important. In the Russian army, the policy of the Czar has been to fuse Poles, Lithuanians, Great Russians, White Russians, and Russines, into a common whole, so that there is but one army, with the same modern history and the same aspirations. The Russian soldier is as Russian as the Jew is Jewish. The Cossacks, a thoroughly Russian institution, are of great military value. They are partly regular, partly irregular troops. They are handsomely dressed, well mounted, and form a fine body of soldiers. The Cossack tribes—emigrants from other parts of Russia so long ago that nothing certain is known about most of them—have free democratic constitutions, and retain their freedom on condition of giving military service when called upon. Captain Brackenbury believes that the perfect discipline and patriotic temper that pervades the wholly heterogeneous mass of the Russian army, the laborious efforts that are being made to improve the artillery, to fortify all the weak places, to perfect the system of railways, and to reconstruct the whole military institutions on a system of universal service, like the Prussian—all point to Russia's becoming shortly the greatest military Power in Europe. Her weak point is Poland, and here are her artificial defences, while the national feeling of the Poles is likely to grow weaker year by year. Captain Brackenbury describes with much sympathetic admiration the American military system, as exemplified in the organisation of the militia of the State of New York in the year 1862. All men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five are liable to be called out, except persons in the army and navy and the volunteer forces, clergymen, public officers, Quakers, teachers, students, idiots, lunatics, paupers, habitual drunkards, and persons convicted of infamous crimes. Two classes are formed, the first including persons between the ages of eighteen and thirty, the second those between thirty and forty-five. These two classes constitute the Militia Reserve, the militia force itself being raised from the reserve by volunteering, or conscription if necessary. The organised militia is known as the "National Guard," and consists of thirty-two brigades, or a hundred and twenty-eight regiments and battalions, of ten companies each. A company must not have less than thirty-two men, or more than a hundred. The whole body is organised according to strictly popular and democratic principles. Captain Brackenbury, in applying the foreign lessons to England, notices that the general regulations of the New York Militia represent an organisation somewhat between the English Militia and Volunteers, but the State authorities have more power over the "National Guard" than that placed in the hands of our English officers. Whether the country decides upon submitting to a general liability for service, or retains the principle of individual volunteering, the system (says Captain Brackenbury) must clearly be voluntary. In the one case, every man decides for himself; in the other, as in America, the Legislature decides for the whole. In either case, whatever men are needed might be ready at a moment's notice were sufficient powers given to a competent and

(1) "Foreign Armies and Home Reserves." By Captain C. B. Brackenbury, R.A. London: Chapman and Hall. 1871.

carefully criticised public authority. It is to be remembered that the actual men to be drawn from by the English Government in case of emergency are more numerous than is generally supposed. The regular army, including the local forces in India, amounts to upwards of 350,000. There are reserves, home and colonial, including volunteers, amounting to 370,000 trained men. There are forces liable to be called forth without new legislation, including the "trained bands," 580,000. The total is, 1,300,000 men.

There is no better way of studying the features, physical and moral, of a great war than by concentrating attention upon some one of the leading places or centres of interest with which a large measure of the most characteristic features of the war have associated themselves. Metz is eminently such a place and centre, and Mr. G. J. Robinson,¹ Special Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, has published an account of his whole experience during the siege. Mr. Robinson gives an interesting account of the history of Metz from the days when the Mediomatrici, a tribe of the Belgic Gauls, settled there, and the Romans subsequently occupied the city, under the name of Divodurum. Mr. Robinson evidently believes firmly in the alleged treachery of Marshal Bazaine, and much of the evidence he produces as to the resources in the place at the last, the bad economy in the management of provisions, the secrecy and reserve of the commanders, certainly tells very unfavourably against those responsible. The story of the close of the siege, given in the chapters *In extremis*, is pathetic in the highest degree.

Among the curious and anomalous antagonisms which the present war has brought to the surface, not the least remarkable are displayed in the floating pamphlets on both sides, by which writers in every class of society—French, German, and English—have tried to gain an ear for their feverish, and most often, very quaint speculations. Dr. Petavel-Olliff,² "Doctor in Theology," writes quite a touching appeal to the Emperor of Germany, reminding him that, if he attempts to annex the coveted provinces, he will find arrayed against him the vested rights of a million and a-half of electors, the whole of France, the democratic principle, and the public opinion of the world, ready to charge him with an outrage on the human conscience. France, aided by revolutionary spirits in Germany itself, by England, by the United States, will one day lead him to deplore the abuse of his early triumphs, and pray for peace at the hands of that very republic to which now the boon of peace is relentlessly refused. The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley,³ on the other hand, calling himself "one of the English aristocracy, a soldier, and a gentleman," says that never yet has the world seen such an example of the true nature of republicanism, nor has it ever before had the real beast at large, and roaring in restless and mischievous power over the expiring and starving hordes of a deceived and a prostrated people.

Whatever other advantages Mr. Darwin's speculations have carried in their

(1) "The Fall of Metz." By G. J. Robinson, Special Correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian*. London: Bradbury, Evans, and Co. 1871.

(2) "Lettre à sa Majesté le roi de Prusse." Par E. Petavel-Olliff. Londres. 1870.

(3) "A Pamphlet on the French and Prussian War." By the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. London: Ridgway. 1871.

train that of stimulating research and whetting curiosity is one of the most, unquestionable. Mr. St. George Mivart¹ writes a work on the "Genesis of Species," which is full of the results of diligent physiological and geological investigations, having for their purpose, not a refutation of Mr. Darwin's arguments as wholly inconclusive, but an exhibition of the facts, indicating that Mr. Darwin's final position may need considerable qualification, even if, in some parts, it must not be wholly abandoned. Mr. St. George Mivart handles a subject peculiarly provocative of an intemperate demeanour, with a coolness and honesty that much enhances the interest of a work in itself abounding in valuable materials. The direct object of the book is to establish, through an assemblage of carefully-selected facts, that the incipient stages of useful structures cannot be sufficiently accounted for on the theory of Natural Selection alone, and that this theory fails to account for the co-existence of closely similar structures of diverse origin; that, again, there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually, and that species have definite, though very different, limits to their variability. As a proof of the last position, Mr. Darwin's own admissions as to *reversion* and as to the sterility of certain species when crossed, are quoted against him. It is alleged that the curious instances of reversion alluded to in Mr. Darwin's "Animals and Plants under Domestication" tell in favour of a limited variability, while the cases of non-reversion do not contradict it. It is observed that Mr. Darwin gives no clear case in which mongrel animals, descended from the same undoubted species, have been persistently infertile *inter se*, nor any clear case in which hybrids between animals, generally admitted to be distinct species, have been continuously fertile *inter se*. Again, as to the time needed to produce the development of the animal kingdom claimed by Mr. Darwin's theory, Mr. Mivart calculates that it would require 25,000,000 years for the deposition of the stratas down to and including the Upper Silurian. If then, he argues, the evolutionary work done during this deposition represents, as it must be admitted to do, only a hundredth part of the sum total, it would require 2,500,000,000 years for the complete development of the whole animal kingdom. "Even one quarter of this, however, would far exceed the time which physics and astronomy seem able to allow for the completion of the process."

The Amsterdam Exhibition of Domestic Economy, held in the year 1869, and opened on the 15th of July in that year, was an event of sufficient social importance to justify a more elaborate and attractive account of its main results than could be gained from what is to many the tedious study of a Parliamentary Blue-book. Such an account Mr. Hovell Thurlow² has provided the English people with, under the rather misleading title of "Trades' Unions Abroad, and Hints for Home Legislation." A very small portion of the entire work is, in fact, devoted to the evidence presented at the exhibition as to trades' unions properly so called, and the suggestions for "home legislation" are the minutest and most shadowy possible. Mr. Thurlow does little more than deprecate the

(1) "On the Genesis of Species." By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. London: Macmillan.

(2) "Trades' Unions Abroad and Hints for Home Legislation: reprinted from a Report on the Amsterdam Exhibition of Domestic Economy." By the Hon. J. J. Hovell Thurlow. London: Harrison. 1870.

excesses to which some of the members of certain English unions unhappily committed themselves for a time, and express a modest hope that the legislature, in legalising trades' unions as such, will not treat them as superior to the criminal code, nor neglect to provide stringent legal enactments to limit and define the laws of arbitrary rule, thus rendering impossible future repetitions of the rattening and picketing systems. The matters of investigation at the Amsterdam Exhibition were of the greatest possible interest, as bearing on the welfare and improvement of the artizan and agricultural classes of the community. They were such as houses, furniture, and household necessities; clothing, food, mechanics', farm labourers', gardeners', and other tools and implements; means for moral, and intellectual development, and reports, statutes, rules, and regulations of associations for promoting the well-being of the working-classes. It was under this last head that societies—co-operative, loan, and trading—were enabled to communicate the degree of their success, and the modes of attaining it. Societies, as they are called abroad, "of consumption," that is co-operative stores, are said to have hitherto found most favour in Great Britain, societies of "production" in France, and societies of "credit" are said to be ubiquitous wherever the German tongue is spoken. In Belgium, all three are found; but in the sister kingdom of the Netherlands, the first and third alone, and that in limited though augmenting numbers. The author strongly recommends trades' unions and co-operative associations to make stringent rules for the discouragement of marriage at the age of thirty or thirty-five years in default of ascertained means of support.

The movement in favour of the election of women on the recently constituted London School Board derived no small impulse from the special ability and address of the actual female candidates who appeared in the field. Mrs. William Grey¹ has published three of the Addresses she delivered in the course of her candidature for the division of Chelsea. Her arguments afforded a good specimen of the sort of reasoning which, when thoroughly apprehended, as the time of the elections drew nigh, produced so great and fruitful an impression on the minds of the electors. Mrs. Grey argues that the Board could not be complete without women to represent the mothers, as men would represent the fathers. There were girls to be educated as well as boys, and women had acquired more experience and practical ability in teaching, at the least children, than men had. For one man, not a teacher by profession, who had given much of his attention to teaching or to the superintendence of teaching, there were many women who had done so. The matter, again, of popular education indicated the claims of women to take part in it. Women were needed to see that schoolmistresses were competent to teach common domestic duties, the properties of food, the elements of cooking, the arts of private life, over which it never could be claimed that the male sex had any exclusive, even if it had a concurrent, jurisdiction.

There is no place in the world where so many incongruous objects of interest are hustled together, and where such widely different periods of history are brought to mind at one view, as Rome. Travellers, painters, poets, and histo-

(1) "Three Addresses of Mrs. William Grey in the Borough of Chelsea, with a Speech by William Grove, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S." London: W. Ridgway. 1871.

rians have laboured in each successive age to impart to others something of the conflicting and bizarre nature of their own impressions, yet generally with the loss of some precious elements, or the undue prominence of certain features peculiarly interesting to themselves. Mr. William W. Story's¹ "*Roba di Roma*," of which the sixth edition is now reached, is an almost unique specimen of a work doing for the reader at home very much what an actual traveller on the spot, not without curiosity, imagination, and competent knowledge, would do for himself. The whole of the actual Rome of to-day, or rather of November last, is painted at full length, with its traffic, its festivals, its births, deaths, and marriages, its markets, streets, Campagna, its games, its priests, and its Jews. In describing each part of the picture, no ancient memory, grave or gay, is left out of account, no piece of pageantry, with its heroic or ecclesiastical or princely surroundings, is unrecorded, no corrupt custom or antiquated ceremonial fails to find its place. In describing the "*Mimes and Masks*" of modern Rome, Mr. Story notices that the peculiar characteristic of the Roman dialect, as of the Roman humour, is its satire. It abounds in proverbial utterances, in transferred phrases, in odd similes and metaphors, in vivid impersonations, and satirical nicknames of persons and things. Consonants are misplaced, grammar upset, and words are often ludicrously mispronounced; "but there is a sharpness and wit in their idiomatic speech which stings and tickles." The climate of Rome has greatly changed since the imperial days. Many theories have been invented to account for the malaria in the Campagna. It seems now to be agreed on all hands that the true remedy for it is to be sought in cultivation, drainage, and population. The only hope for the Pontine marshes is said to be the "united assault by a mighty army of labourers, backed by government, and enforced by millions of money." If an army of 100,000 labourers could be turned into it together, and directed by science, without regard to the prime expense, "the foul fiend who shakes his foggy mantle of fever over the country, might be driven out of his stronghold." Mr. Story, in introducing this new edition of his work to the public, notices that the former editions were during the last two years persistently stopped at the custom-house, on the avowed ground that the miraculous Bambino of Ara Cœli was mentioned with disrespect in its pages. Owing to the abolition of the censorship of the press under the new Government, this objection will no longer prevail, and travellers will be enabled to carry it into the city with them.

The publication of a highly improved form of legal text-book, dealing with one of the most technical and artificial, not to say unattractive departments of a legal system, in a way which gives complete satisfaction both to the logical faculty and the requirements of literary taste, is an event which, at the present moment, is one of no small public importance. Such a work is Mr. Dicey's "*Treatise on the Rules for the Selection of the Parties to an Action*."² The mode in which the subject is handled does what every good text-book on law ought to do, that is, pave the rugged path intervening between the present state of the written sources of English law and the future one when the law is codified or digested. The rule is placed first in clear and unambiguous terms. Ex-

(1) "*Roba di Roma*" By William W. Story. Sixth Edition, with Additions. London: Chapman and Hall. 1871.

(2) "*A Treatise on the Rules for the Selection of the Parties to an Action*." By A. V. Dicey, Esq. London: Maxwell. 1870.

planations, examples, exceptions, subordinate rules and unsolved questions, are then appended in order, with strict reference to the state of the law in all its departments, as most recently settled by positive decision or statute. Perhaps it may be open to question whether it is advisable, even for passing convenience in the present, to take a mere technicality of procedure as a ground and starting-point for an entire redistribution of the legal system, and whether the doing so does not tend to perpetuate the prevalent indisposition in England to systematic principles of making and administering law.

Hugh Miller¹ was eminently one of those eccentric, capricious, and almost unaccountable geniuses, whose life is well worth writing carefully, both for purposes of mere psychological curiosity and of instruction. Mr. Bayne publishes the two volumes of the "Life and Letters of Hugh Miller," which, taken together with the autobiographical work, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," will enable all the phenomena of his dazzling and comet-like existence to be made fully visible. Mr. Bayne's life is perhaps over-studded with moral and quasi-philosophical reflections of the writer's own, and the result is a certain amount of ponderosity and prolixity. Stone-mason, poet, newspaper-correspondent, sceptic, religious enthusiast, if not fanatic, and geologist, Hugh Miller's life stands out amid the monotony of modern cultivation as a fascinating and romantic anachronism. The present volume is concerned chiefly with his early struggles after the death of his father, while the son was a child, with his strange religious struggles, his introduction to Mr. Carruthers of the *Inverness Courier*, to whom he presented himself "in the guise of a stone-mason, shy, taciturn, ungainly, with a quire of rugged verses in his pocket," and with his earlier letters, describing, sometimes in the most imaginative and glowing language, the different objects which were from time to time fixing his attention. A curious incident, arising out of the digging of a grave, is related in one of these letters, which affords something of a key to, or at least illustration of, the almost morbid fervency of Hugh Miller's imagination throughout his life. "The sexton raised a coffin which, though much decayed, was still entire, and placed it on the earth he had thrown out. I was a mere boy at the time, and out of a foolish curiosity, when his back was turned, I raised, with the edge of his spade, the lid of the coffin. The appearance of the mouldering remains which it contained, nothing can erase from my memory. I bare my arm, and look at the blue veins shining through the transparent skin—when I look and think that the day may not, cannot, be far distant when it shall become as black and mouldy as that of the skeleton, I start, for there is something in the contrast which removes all the accumulation of commonplace which the habit of hearing and speaking at second-hand of death hath cast upon that awful thing."

SHELDON AMOS.

(1) "The Life and Letters of Hugh Miller." By Peter Bayne, M.A. Two Vols. Vol. I. London: Strahan. 1871.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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MORALS AND MORAL SENTIMENTS.

IF a writer who discusses unsettled questions takes up every gauntlet thrown down to him, polemical writing will absorb much of his energy. Having a power of work which unfortunately does not suffice for executing with anything like due rapidity the task I have undertaken, I have made it a policy to avoid controversy as much as possible, even at the cost of being seriously misunderstood. Hence it happened that when, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, 1869, Mr. Richard Hutton published, under the title of "A Questionable Parentage for Morals," a criticism upon a doctrine of mine, I decided to let his misrepresentations remain unnoticed until, in the course of my work, I arrived at the stage where, by a full exposition of this doctrine, they would be set aside. It did not occur to me that, in the meantime, these erroneous statements, accepted as true statements, would be repeated by other writers, and my views commented upon as untenable. This, however, has happened. In more periodicals than one, I have seen it asserted that Mr. Hutton has effectually disposed of my hypothesis. Supposing that this hypothesis has been rightly expressed by Mr. Hutton, Sir John Lubbock, in his "Origin of Civilisation," &c., has been led to express a partial dissent; which I think he would not have expressed had my own exposition been before him. Mr. Mivart, too, in his recent "Genesis of Species," has been similarly betrayed into misapprehensions. And now Sir Alexander Grant, following the same lead, has conveyed to the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* another of these conceptions, which is but very partially true. Thus I find myself compelled to say as much as will serve to prevent further spread of the mischief.

If a general doctrine concerning a highly-involved class of phenomena could be adequately presented in a single paragraph of a letter,

the writing of books would be superfluous. In the brief exposition of certain ethical doctrines held by me, which is given in Professor Bain's "Mental and Moral Science," it is stated that they are—

"as yet nowhere fully expressed. They form part of the more general doctrine of Evolution which he is engaged in working out; and they are at present to be gathered only from scattered passages. It is true that, in his first work, 'Social Statics,' he presented what he then regarded as a tolerably complete view of one division of Morals. But, without abandoning this view, he now regards it as inadequate—more especially in respect of its basis."

Mr. Hutton, however, taking the bare enunciation of one part of this basis, deals with it critically; and, in the absence of any exposition of it by me, sets forth what he supposes to be my grounds for it, and proceeds to show that they are unsatisfactory.

If, in his anxiety to suppress what he doubtless regards as a pernicious doctrine, Mr. Hutton could not wait until I had explained myself, it might have been expected that he would use whatever information was to be had for rightly construing it. So far from seeking out such information, however, he has, in a way for which I cannot account, ignored the information immediately before him.

The title which Mr. Hutton has chosen for his criticism is, "A Questionable Parentage for Morals." Now he has ample means of knowing that I allege a primary basis of Morals, quite independent of that which he describes and rejects. I do not refer merely to the fact that, having, when he reviewed "Social Statics,"¹ expressed his very decided dissent from this primary basis, he must have been aware that I allege it; for he may say that in the long interval which has elapsed he had forgotten all about it. But I refer to the distinct enunciation of this primary basis in that letter to Mr. Mill from which he quotes. In a preceding paragraph of the letter, I have explained that, while I accept utilitarianism in the abstract, I do not accept that current utilitarianism which recognises for the guidance of conduct nothing beyond empirical generalisations; and I have contended that—

"Morality, properly so called—the science of right conduct—has for its object to determine *how* and *why* certain modes of conduct are detrimental, and certain other modes beneficial. These good and bad results cannot be accidental, but must be necessary consequences of the constitution of things; and I conceive it to be the business of Moral Science to deduce, from the laws of life and the conditions of existence, what kinds of action necessarily tend to produce happiness, and what kinds to produce unhappiness. Having done this, its deductions are to be recognised as laws of conduct; and are to be conformed to irrespective of a direct estimation of happiness or misery."

Nor is this the only enunciation of what I conceive to be the primary basis of morals, contained in this same letter. A subsequent

(1) See *Prospective Review* for January, 1852.

paragraph, separated by four lines only from that which Mr. Hutton extracts, commences thus:—

“Progressing civilisation, which is of necessity a succession of compromises between old and new, requires a perpetual re-adjustment of the compromise between the ideal and the practicable in social arrangements: to which end, both elements of the compromise must be kept in view. If it is true that pure rectitude prescribes a system of things far too good for men as they are, it is not less true that mere expediency does not of itself tend to establish a system of things any better than that which exists. While absolute morality owes to expediency the checks which prevent it from rushing into Utopian absurdities, expediency is indebted to absolute morality for all stimulus to improvement. Granted that we are chiefly interested in ascertaining what is *relatively right*, it still follows that we must first consider what is *absolutely right*; since the one conception presupposes the other.”

I do not see how there could well be a more emphatic assertion that there exists a primary basis of morals independent of, and in a sense antecedent to, that which is furnished by experiences of utility; and, consequently, independent of, and in a sense antecedent to, those moral sentiments which I conceive to be generated by such experiences. Yet no one could gather from Mr. Hutton's article that I assert this; or would even find reasons for a faint suspicion that I do so. From the reference made to my further views, he would infer my acceptance of that empirical utilitarianism which I have expressly repudiated. And the title which Mr. Hutton gives to his paper clearly asserts, by implication, that I recognise no “parentage for morals” beyond that of the accumulation and organisation of the effects of experience. I cannot believe that Mr. Hutton intended to convey this erroneous impression. He was, I suppose, too much absorbed in contemplating the proposition he combats to observe, or, at least, to attach any weight to, the propositions which accompany it. But I regret that he did not perceive the mischief he was likely to do me by spreading this one-sided statement.

I pass now to the particular question at issue—not the “parentage for morals,” but the parentage of moral sentiments. In his version of my view on this more special doctrine, Mr. Hutton has similarly, I regret to say, neglected the data which would have helped him to draw an approximately true outline of it. It cannot well be that the existence of such data was unknown to him. They are contained in the “Principles of Psychology;” and Mr. Hutton reviewed that work when it was first published.¹ In the chapter on The Feelings, which occurs near the end of that work, there is sketched out a process of genesis by no means like that which Mr. Hutton indicates; and had he turned to that chapter he would have seen that his description of the genesis of the moral sentiments out of

(1) His criticism will be found in the *National Review* for January, 1856, under the title “Atheism.”

organised experiences is not such a one as I should have given. Let me quote a passage from that chapter.

“Not only are those emotions which form the immediate stimuli to actions thus explicable, but the like explanation applies to the emotions that leave the subject of them comparatively passive: as, for instance, the emotion produced by beautiful scenery. The gradually increasing complexity in the groups of sensations and ideas co-ordinated, ends in the co-ordination of those vast aggregations of them which a grand landscape excites and suggests. The infant taken into the midst of mountains is totally unaffected by them; but is delighted with the small group of attributes and relations presented in a toy. The child can appreciate, and be pleased with, the more complicated relations of household objects and localities, the garden, the field, and the street. But it is only in youth and mature age, when individual things and small assemblages of them have become familiar and automatically cognizable, that those immense assemblages which landscapes present can be adequately grasped, and the highly aggregated states of consciousness produced by them, experienced. Then, however, the various minor groups of states, that have been in earlier days severally produced by trees, by fields, by streams, by cascades, by rocks, by precipices, by mountains, by clouds, are aroused together. Along with the sensations immediately received, there are partially excited the myriads of sensations that have been in times past received from objects such as those presented; further, there are partially excited the various incidental feelings that were experienced on all these countless past occasions; and there are probably also excited certain deeper, but now vague, combinations of states, that were organised in the race during barbarous times, when its pleasurable activities were chiefly among the woods and waters. And out of all these excitations, some of them actual, but most of them nascent, is composed the emotion which a fine landscape produces in us.”

It is, I think, amply manifest that the processes here indicated are not to be taken as intellectual processes—not as processes in which recognised relations between pleasures and their antecedents, or intelligent adaptations of means to ends, form the dominant elements. The state of mind produced by an aggregate of picturesque objects is not one resolvable into propositions. The sentiment does not contain within itself any consciousness of causes and consequences of happiness. The vague recollections of other beautiful scenes and other delightful days which it dimly rouses, are not aroused because of any rational co-ordinations of ideas that have been formed in bygone days. Mr. Hutton, however, has assumed that in the genesis of moral feelings as due to inherited experiences of the pleasures and pains arising from certain modes of conduct, I am speaking of reasoned-out experiences—experiences consciously accumulated and generalised. He altogether overlooks the fact that the genesis of emotions is distinguished from the genesis of ideas in this: that whereas the ideas are composed of elements that are simple, definitely related, and (in the case of general ideas) constantly related, emotions are composed of enormously complex aggregates of elements which are never twice alike, and that stand in relations which are never twice alike. The difference in the resulting modes of consciousness is this:—In the genesis of an idea the successive

experiences, be they of sounds, colours, touches, tastes, or be they of the special objects that combine many of these into groups, have so much in common that each, when it occurs, can be definitely thought of as like those which preceded it. But in the genesis of an emotion the successive experiences so far differ that each of them, when it occurs, suggests past experiences which are not specifically similar, but have only a general similarity; and, at the same time, it suggests benefits or evils in past experience which likewise are various in their special natures, though they have a certain community of general nature. Hence it results that the consciousness aroused is a multitudinous, confused consciousness, in which, along with a certain kind of combination among the impressions received from without, there is a vague cloud of ideal combinations akin to them, and a vague mass of ideal feelings of pleasure or pain that were associated with these. We have abundant proof that feelings grow up without reference to recognised causes and consequences, and without the possessor of them being able to say why they have grown up; though analysis, nevertheless, shows that they have been formed out of connected experiences. The familiar fact to which, I suppose, almost every one can testify, that a kind of jam which was, during childhood, repeatedly taken after medicine, may become by simple association of sensations so nauseous that it cannot be tolerated in after-life, illustrates clearly enough the way in which repugnances may be established by habitual association of feelings, without any idea of causal connection; or rather, in spite of the knowledge that there is no causal connection. Similarly with pleasurable emotions. The cawing of a rook is not in itself an agreeable sound—musically considered, it is very much the contrary. Yet the cawing of rooks usually produces in people very pleasurable feelings—feelings which most of them suppose to result from the quality of the sound itself. Only the few who are given to self-analysis are aware that the cawing of rooks is agreeable to them because it has been connected with countless of their greatest gratifications—with the gathering of wild flowers in childhood; with Saturday-afternoon excursions in school-boy days; with midsummer holidays in the country, when books were thrown aside and lessons were replaced by games and adventures in the fields; with fresh, sunny mornings in after-years, when a walking excursion was an immense relief from toil. As it is, this sound, though not causally related to all these multitudinous and varied past delights, but only often associated with them, can no more be heard without rousing a dim consciousness of these delights, than the voice of an old friend unexpectedly coming into the house can be heard without suddenly raising a wave of that feeling that has resulted from the pleasures of past companionship. If we are to understand the genesis of emotions, either in the individual or in the

race, we must take account of this all-important process. Mr. Hutton, however, apparently overlooking it, and not having reminded himself, by referring to the "Principles of Psychology," that I insist upon it, represents my hypothesis to be that a certain sentiment results from the consolidation of intellectual conclusions! He speaks of me as believing that "what seems to us now the 'necessary' intuitions and *a priori* assumptions of human nature, are likely to prove, when scientifically analysed, nothing but a similar conglomeration of our ancestors' *best observations and most useful empirical rules.*" He supposes me to think that men having, in past times, come to see that truthfulness was useful, "the habit of approving truth-speaking and fidelity to engagements, which was first based on this ground of utility, became so rooted, that the utilitarian ground of it was forgotten, and *we* find ourselves springing to the belief in truth-speaking and fidelity to engagements from an inherited tendency." Similarly throughout, Mr. Hutton has so used the word "utility," and so interpreted it on my behalf, as to make me appear to mean that moral sentiment is formed out of *conscious generalisations* respecting what is beneficial and what detrimental. Were such my hypothesis, his criticisms would be very much to the point; but as such is not my hypothesis, they fall to the ground. The experiences of utility I refer to are those which become registered, not as distinctly recognised connections between certain kinds of acts and certain kinds of remote results, but those which become registered in the shape of associations between groups of feelings that have often recurred together, though the relation between them has not been consciously generalized—associations the origin of which may be as little perceived as is the origin of the pleasure given by the sounds of a rookery; but which, nevertheless, have arisen in the course of daily converse with things, and serve as incentives or deterrents.

In the paragraph which Mr. Hutton has extracted from my letter to Mr. Mill, I have indicated an analogy between those effects of emotional experiences out of which I believe moral sentiments have been developed, and those effects of intellectual experiences out of which I believe space-intuitions have been developed. Rightly considering that the first of these hypotheses cannot stand if the last is disproved, Mr. Hutton has directed part of his attack against this last. But would it not have been well if he had referred to the "Principles of Psychology," where this last hypothesis is set forth at length, before criticising it? Would it not have been well to have given an abstract of my own description of the process, instead of substituting what he *supposes* my description must be? Any one who turns to the "Principles of Psychology" (first edition, pp. 218-245), and reads the two chapters, The Perception of Body as presenting Statical Attributes, and The Perception of Space, will

find that Mr. Hutton's account of my view on this matter has given him no notion of the view as it is expressed by me ; and will, perhaps, be less inclined to smile than he was when he read Mr. Hutton's account. I cannot here do more than thus imply the invalidity of such part of Mr. Hutton's argument as proceeds upon this incorrect representation. The pages that would be required for properly explaining the doctrine that space-intuitions result from organised experiences may be better used for explaining this analogous doctrine at present before us. This I will now endeavour to do ; not indirectly by correcting misapprehensions, but directly by an exposition which shall be as brief as the extremely involved nature of the process allows.

An infant in arms, that is old enough to gaze at objects around with some vague recognition, smiles in response to the laughing face and soft caressing voice of its mother. Let there come some one who, with an angry face, speaks to it in loud, harsh tones. The smile disappears, the features contract into an expression of pain, and, beginning to cry, it turns away its head and makes such movements of escape as are possible. What is the meaning of these facts ? Why does not the frown make it smile, and the mother's laugh make it weep ? There is but one answer. Already in its developing brain there is coming into play the structure through which one cluster of visual and auditory impressions excites pleasurable feelings, and the structure through which another cluster of visual and auditory impressions excites painful feelings. The infant knows no more about the relation existing between a ferocious expression of face, and the evils that may follow the perception of it, than the young bird just out of its nest knows of the possible pain and death which may be inflicted by a man coming towards it ; and as certainly in the one case as in the other, the alarm felt is due to a partially-established nervous structure. Why does this partially-established nervous structure betray its presence thus early in the human being ? Simply because, in the past experiences of the human race, smiles and gentle tones in those around have been the habitual accompaniments of pleasurable feelings ; while pains of many kinds, immediate and more or less remote, have been continually associated with the impressions received from knit brows and set teeth and grating voice. Much deeper down than the history of the human race must we go to find the beginnings of these connections. The appearances and sounds which excite in the infant a vague dread, indicate danger ; and do so because they are the physiological accompaniments of destructive action—some of them common to man and inferior mammals, and consequently understood by inferior mammals, as every puppy shows us. What we call the natural language of anger, is due to a partial contraction of those muscles which actual combat would call into play ; and all

marks of irritation, down to that passing shade over the brow which accompanies slight annoyance, are incipient stages of these same contractions. Conversely with the natural language of pleasure, and of that state of mind which we call amicable feeling: this, too, has a physiological interpretation.¹

Let us pass now from the infant in arms to the children in the nursery. What have the experiences of each one of these been doing in aid of the emotional development we are considering? While its limbs have been growing more agile by exercise, its manipulative skill increasing by practice, its perceptions of objects growing by use quicker, more accurate, more comprehensive; the associations between these two sets of impressions received from those around, and the pleasures and pains received along with them, or after them, have been by frequent repetition made stronger, and their adjustments better. The dim sense of pain and the vague glow of delight which the infant felt, have, in the urchin, severally taken shapes that are more definite. The angry voice of a nursemaid no longer arouses only a formless feeling of dread, but also a specific idea of the slap that may follow. The frown on the face of a bigger brother, along with the primitive, indefinable sense of ill, brings the sense of ills that are definable in thought as kicks, and cuffs, and pullings of hair, and losses of toys. The faces of parents, looking now sunny, now gloomy, have grown to be respectively associated with multitudinous forms of gratification and multitudinous forms of discomfort or privation. Hence these appearances and sounds, which imply amity or enmity in those around, become symbolic of happiness and misery; so that eventually perception of the one set or the other can scarcely occur without raising a wave of pleasurable feeling or of painful feeling. The body of this wave is still substantially of the same nature as it was at first; for though in each of these multitudinous experiences a special set of facial and vocal signs has been connected with a special set of pleasures or pains, yet since these pleasures or pains have been immensely varied in their kinds and combinations, and since the signs that preceded them were in no two cases quite alike, it results that to the last the consciousness produced remains as vague as it is voluminous. The myriads of partially-aroused ideas resulting from past experiences are massed together and superposed, so as to form an aggregate in which nothing is distinct, but which has the character of being pleasurable or painful according to the nature of its original components; the chief difference between this developed feeling and the feeling aroused in the infant being, that on bright or dark

(1) Hereafter I hope to elucidate at length these phenomena of expression. For the present, I can refer only to such further indications as are contained in two essays on *The Physiology of Laughter* and *The Origin and Function of Music*.

background forming the body of it, may now be sketched out in thought the particular pleasures or pains which the particular circumstances suggest as likely.

What must be the working of this process under the conditions of aboriginal life? The emotions given to the young savage by the natural language of love and hate in the members of his tribe, gain first a partial definiteness in respect to his intercourse with his family and playmates; and he learns by experience the utility, in so far as his own ends are concerned, of avoiding courses which call from others manifestations of anger, and taking courses which call from them manifestations of pleasure. Not that he consciously generalises. He does not at that age, probably not at any age, formulate his experiences in the general principle that it is well for him to do things which bring smiles from others, and to avoid doing things which bring frowns. What happens is, that having, in the way shown, inherited this connection between the perception of anger in others and the feeling of dread, and having discovered that particular acts of his bring on this anger, he cannot subsequently think of committing one of these acts without thinking of the resulting anger, and feeling more or less of the resulting dread. He has no thought of the utility or inutility of the act itself: the deterrent is the mainly vague, but partially definite, fear of evil that may follow. So understood, the deterring emotion is one that has grown out of experiences of utility, using that word in its ethical sense; and if we ask why this dreaded anger is called forth from others, we shall habitually find that it is because the forbidden act entails pain somewhere—is negatived by utility. On passing from the domestic injunctions to the injunctions current in the tribe, we see no less clearly how these emotions produced by approbation and reprobation come to be connected in experience with actions that are beneficial to the tribe, and actions that are detrimental to the tribe; and how there consequently grow up incentives to the one class of actions and prejudices against the other class. From early boyhood the young savage hears recounted the daring deeds of his chief—hears them in words of praise, and sees all faces glowing with admiration. From time to time also he listens while some one's cowardice is described in tones of scorn, and with contemptuous metaphors, and sees him meet with derision and insult whenever he appears. That is to say, one of the things that comes to be strongly associated in his mind with smiling faces, which are symbolical of pleasures in general, is courage; and one of the things that comes to be associated in his mind with frowns and other marks of enmity, which form his symbol of unhappiness, is cowardice. These feelings are not formed in him because he has reasoned his way to the truth that courage is useful to the tribe, and, by implication, to himself, or to the truth that cowardice is a cause of

evil. In adult life he may perhaps see this; but he certainly does not see it at the time when bravery is thus associated in his consciousness with all that is good, and cowardice with all that is bad. Similarly there are produced in him feelings of inclination or repugnance towards other lines of conduct that have become established or interdicted, because they are beneficial or injurious to the tribe; though neither the young nor the adults know why they have become established or interdicted. Instance the praiseworthiness of wife-stealing, and the viciousness of marrying within the tribe.

We may now ascend a stage to an order of incentives and restraints derived from these. The primitive belief is that every dead man becomes a demon, who remains somewhere at hand, may at any moment return, may give aid or do mischief, and is continually propitiated. Hence among other agents whose approbation or reprobation are contemplated by the savage as consequences of his conduct, are the spirits of his ancestors. When a child he is told of their deeds, now in triumphant tones, now in whispers of horror; and the instilled belief that they may inflict some vaguely-imagined but fearful evil, or give some great help, becomes a powerful incentive or deterrent. Especially does this happen when the narrative is of a chief, distinguished for his strength, his ferocity, his persistence in that revenge which the experiences of the savage make him regard as beneficial and virtuous. The consciousness that such a chief, dreaded by neighbouring tribes, and dreaded, too, by members of his own tribe, may reappear and punish those who have disregarded his injunctions, becomes a powerful motive. But it is clear, in the first place, that the imagined anger and the imagined satisfaction of this deified chief are simply transfigured forms of the anger and satisfaction displayed by those around; and that the feelings accompanying such imaginations have the same original root in the experiences which have associated an average of painful results with the manifestation of another's anger, and an average of pleasurable results with the manifestation of another's satisfaction. And it is clear, in the second place, that the actions thus forbidden and encouraged must be mostly actions that are respectively detrimental and beneficial to the tribe; since the successful chief is usually a better judge than the rest, and has the preservation of the tribe at heart. Hence experiences of utility, consciously or unconsciously organised, underlie his injunctions; and the sentiments which prompt obedience are, though very indirectly and without the knowledge of those who feel them, referable to experiences of utility.

This transfigured form of restraint, differing at first but little from the original form, admits of immense development. Accumulating traditions, growing in grandeur as they are repeated from generation to generation, make more and more superhuman the early-

recorded hero of the race. His powers of inflicting punishment and giving happiness become ever greater, more multitudinous and varied; so that the dread of divine displeasure, and the desire to obtain divine approbation, acquire a certain largeness and generality. Still the conceptions remain anthropomorphic. The revengeful deity continues to be thought of in terms of human emotions, and continues to be represented as displaying these emotions in human ways. Moreover, the sentiments of right and duty, so far as they have become developed, refer mainly to divine commands and interdicts; and have little reference to the natures of the acts commanded or interdicted. In the intended offering-up of Isaac, in the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, and in the hewing to pieces of Agag, as much as in the countless atrocities committed from religious motives by other early historic races, we see that the morality and immorality of actions, as we understand them, are at first little recognised; and that the feelings, chiefly of dread, which serve in place of them, are feelings felt towards the unseen beings supposed to issue the commands and interdicts.

Here it will be said that, as just admitted, these are not the moral sentiments properly so called. This is true. They are simply sentiments that precede and make possible those highest sentiments which do not refer either to personal benefits or evils to be expected from men, or to more remote rewards and punishments. Several comments are, however, called forth by this criticism. One is, that if we glance back at past beliefs and their correlative feelings, as shown in Dante's poem, in the mystery-plays of the middle ages, in St. Bartholomew massacres, in burnings for heresy, we get proof that in comparatively modern times right and wrong meant little else than subordination or insubordination—to a divine ruler primarily, and under him to a human ruler. Another is, that down to our own day this conception largely prevails, and is even embodied in elaborate ethical works—instance the "Essays on the Principles of Morality," by Jonathan Dymond, which recognises no ground of moral obligation save the will of God as expressed in the current creed. And yet a further is, that while in sermons the torments of the damned and the joys of the blessed are set forth as the dominant deterrents and incentives, and while we have prepared for us printed instructions "how to make the best of both worlds," it cannot be denied that the feelings which impel and restrain men are still largely composed of elements like those operative on the savage—the dread, partly vague, partly specific, associated with the idea of reprobation, human and divine, and the sense of satisfaction, partly vague, partly specific, associated with the idea of approbation, human and divine.

But during the growth of that civilisation which has been made possible by these ego-altruistic sentiments, there have been slowly

evolving the altruistic sentiments. Development of these has gone on only as fast as society has advanced to a state in which the activities are mainly peaceful. The root of all the altruistic sentiments is sympathy; and sympathy could become dominant only when the mode of life, instead of being one that habitually inflicted direct pain, became one which conferred direct and indirect benefits; the pains inflicted being mainly incidental and indirect. Adam Smith made a large step towards this truth when he recognised sympathy as giving rise to these superior controlling emotions. His "Theory of Moral Sentiments," however, requires to be supplemented in two ways. The natural process by which sympathy becomes developed into a more and more important element of human nature, has to be explained; and there has also to be explained the process by which sympathy produces the highest and most complex of the altruistic sentiments—that of justice. Respecting the first process, I can here do no more than say that sympathy may be proved, both inductively and deductively, to be the concomitant of gregariousness; the two having all along increased by reciprocal aid. Multiplication has ever tended to force into an association, more or less close, all creatures having kinds of food and supplies of food that permit association; and established psychological laws warrant the inference that some sympathy will inevitably result from habitual manifestations of feelings in presence of one another, and that the gregariousness being augmented by the increase of sympathy, further facilitates the development of sympathy. - But there are negative and positive checks upon this development—negative, because sympathy cannot advance faster than intelligence advances, since it presupposes the power of interpreting the natural language of the various feelings, and of mentally representing those feelings; positive, because the immediate needs of self-preservation are often at variance with its promptings, as, for example, during the predatory stages of human progress. For explanations of the second process, I must refer to "The Principles of Psychology" (§ 202, first edition, and § 215, second edition) and to "Social Statics," part ii. chapter v.¹ Asking that in default of space these explanations may be taken for granted, let me here point out in what sense even sympathy, and the sentiments that result from it, are due to experiences of utility. If we suppose all thought of rewards or punishments, immediate or remote, to be left out of consideration, it is clear that any one who hesitates to inflict a pain because of the vivid representation of that pain which rises in his consciousness, is restrained, not by any sense of obligation

(1) I may add that in "Social Statics," chap. xxx., I have indicated, in a general way, the causes of the development of sympathy and the restraints upon its development—confining the discussion, however, to the case of the human race, my subject limiting me to that. The accompanying teleology I now disclaim.

or by any formulated doctrine of utility, but by the painful association established in him. And it is clear that if, after repeated experiences of the moral discomfort he has felt from witnessing the unhappiness indirectly caused by some of his acts, he is led to check himself when again tempted to those acts, the restraint is of like nature. Conversely, with the pleasure-giving acts: repetitions of kind deeds, and experiences of the sympathetic gratifications that follow, tend continually to make stronger the association between such deeds and feelings of happiness.

Eventually these experiences may be consciously generalised, and there may result a deliberate pursuit of the sympathetic gratifications. There may also come to be distinctly recognised the truths that the remoter results are respectively detrimental and beneficial—that due regard for others is conducive to ultimate personal welfare, and disregard of others to ultimate personal disaster; and then there may become current such summations of experience as “honesty is the best policy.” But so far from regarding these intellectual recognitions of utility as preceding and causing the moral sentiment, I regard the moral sentiment as preceding such recognitions of utility, and making them possible. The pleasures and pains directly resulting in experience from sympathetic and unsympathetic actions, had first to be slowly associated with such actions, and the resulting incentives and deterrents frequently obeyed, before there could arise the perceptions that sympathetic and unsympathetic actions are remotely beneficial or detrimental to the actor; and they had to be obeyed still longer and more generally before there could arise the perceptions that they are socially beneficial or detrimental. When, however, the remote effects, personal and social, have gained general recognition, are expressed in current maxims, and lead to injunctions having the religious sanction, the sentiments that prompt sympathetic actions and check unsympathetic ones are immensely strengthened by their alliances. Approbation and reprobation, divine and human, come to be associated in thought with the sympathetic and unsympathetic actions respectively. The commands of the creed, the legal penalties, and the code of social conduct, unitedly enforce them; and every child as it grows up, daily has impressed on it, by the words and faces and voices of those around, the authority of these highest principles of conduct. And now we may see why there arises a belief in the special sacredness of these highest principles, and a sense of the supreme authority of the altruistic sentiments answering to them. Many of the actions which, in early social states, received the religious sanction and gained public approbation, had the drawback that such sympathies as existed were outraged, and there was hence an imperfect satisfaction. Whereas these altruistic actions, while similarly having the religious sanction and

gaining public approbation, bring a sympathetic consciousness of pleasure given or of pain prevented ; and, beyond this, bring a sympathetic consciousness of human welfare at large, as being furthered by making altruistic actions habitual. Both this special and this general sympathetic consciousness become stronger and wider in proportion as the power of mental representation increases, and the imagination of consequences, immediate and remote, grows more vivid and comprehensive. Until at length these altruistic sentiments begin to call in question the authority of those ego-altruistic sentiments which once ruled unchallenged. They prompt resistance to laws that do not fulfil the conception of justice, encourage men to brave the frowns of their fellows by pursuing a course at variance with customs that are perceived to be socially injurious, and even cause dissent from the current religion ; either to the extent of disbelief in those alleged divine attributes and acts not approved by this supreme moral arbiter, or to the extent of entire rejection of a creed which ascribes such attributes and acts.

Much that is required to make this hypothesis complete must stand over until, at the close of the second volume of "*The Principles of Psychology*," I have space for a full exposition. What I have said will make it sufficiently clear that two fundamental errors have been made in the interpretation put upon it. Both Utility and Experience have been construed in senses much too narrow. Utility, convenient a word as it is from its comprehensiveness, has very inconvenient and misleading implications. It vividly suggests uses and means and proximate ends, but very faintly suggests the pleasures, positive or negative, which are the ultimate ends, and which, in the ethical meaning of the word, are alone considered ; and, further, it implies conscious recognition of means and ends—implies the deliberate taking of some course to gain a perceived benefit. Experience, too, in its ordinary acceptation, connotes definite perceptions of causes and consequences, as standing in observed relations, and is not taken to include the connections formed in consciousness between states that recur together, when the relation between them, causal or other, is not perceived. It is in their widest senses, however, that I habitually use these words, as will be manifest to every one who reads the "*Principles of Psychology* ;" and it is in these widest senses that I have used them in the letter to Mr. Mill. I think I have shown above that, when they are so understood, the hypothesis briefly set forth in that letter is by no means so indefensible as is supposed. At any rate, I have shown—what seemed for the present needful to show—that Mr. Hutton's versions of my views must not be accepted as correct.

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE NEW FOREST: A SKETCH.

"Intruders, who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety."

WORDSWORTH.

THE remark has often been made, that, although a nation of tourists, the English are strangely apt to overlook the claims of their own country upon their attention, its exceptional variety of atmosphere, contour, and vegetation notwithstanding. It is, therefore, the less surprising that a sequestered district like the New Forest should be comparatively little known, and its value to the nation in general, whether from an æsthetic or an economical point of view, imperfectly recognised. Travellers by the South-Western Railway often admire, upon the heaths of Surrey and Sussex, isolated patches of wild woodland, where scattered oaks and beeches overtop groups of holly that rise amidst heather and fern, but are seldom aware that the objects of their admiration are only samples of New Forest woodland. And when traversing the dreary bogs and wastes, adroitly sold to the Southampton and Dorchester Railway Company, few observers would suspect that scenery of unusual beauty lies concealed from view on either hand. Yet, hard by, landscapes unfold themselves from the elevated moorland, comprising grand undulations, far-reaching woods, an arm of the sea and island downs beyond, and illustrating, to an unusual degree, owing to their extent and aspect, the rich variety and exquisite graduation of colour that characterise our maritime climate. Nor does the ordinary visitor judge the forest aright. Its woodland is of an unobtrusive, domestic character, and, to be fully appreciated, should be studied lingeringly and in detail, at different seasons and under varied skies. Meanwhile, the usual passports to notoriety would seem to have been denied; no nature-loving writer has made it share his fame, and the New Forest is still almost unknown to art. It is tantalising to think that such congenial scenery should have been unseen by Crome and other English landscapists, and that Nasmyth, who lacked neither the opportunity nor the skill to do it justice, should have been content to paint the mere wayside relics of the ancient forest, oases in the expanse of tillage on its western boundary.

But strange as it may seem that the New Forest should have remained unexplored by the pleasure-seeker or the artist, it is yet more surprising that, although it is the largest unenclosed district in

England, and although vast sums of public money have been expended upon it of late years by a department unrepresented in Parliament, the forest should have escaped for some time past the watchful eye of the political philosopher and economist. But the fact must be admitted, that since 1848 little information on this subject had reached Parliament, until the appeal of the foresters against the official report presented to the House of Lords in 1868 led to an inquiry, but an inquiry of very limited scope, by a committee of the Upper House in the same year. The New Forest, being thus out of sight and out of mind, has been committed to the tender mercies of the Department of Woods, and within the last twenty years several thousand acres have been cleared, enclosed, and planted, at the sacrifice of some of its grandest old woods, and of the wild picturesqueness of whole districts. Instead of the varied intermixture of moor and wood, and the groups of oak, beech, and holly scattered over the open spaces between the pervious woods, monotonous plantations of Scotch fir are gradually overspreading the soil and obliterating its undulations. Ditches, banks, and fences of hoop-iron now check the wanderer, and the old timber is gradually falling before the axe, to be succeeded eventually by a wearisome uniformity of well-managed nurseries of oak. The damage done is irreparable; but there is yet time to plead for the remnant which is left.

A detailed account of the state of the New Forest, and of the questions involved in its fate, would fill a volume; it is, therefore, proposed in the following pages merely to sketch in rude outline the salient features of its scenery, and to trace the causes and progress of the changes which have taken place in its appearance, in their order. The reader will thus be enabled to gather a general idea of what the New Forest has been, of what it now is, and of what it must inevitably become unless Parliament intervene; and will realise some of the difficulties which beset any attempt to preserve the last relics of its primitive beauty. The descriptions have necessarily been drawn from memory, but pains have been taken to insure their accuracy; the sources whence the general information has been taken are indicated with more or less precision in the course of the paper.¹

The boundaries of the New Forest have never been accurately ascertained;² but it may be described, in general terms, as occupying

(1) When this sketch was almost complete, a pamphlet was published by H. T. J. Jenkinson, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law (Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly), entitled "The New Forest: the Preservation of the Old Timber, the Open Commons, and Common Rights in the New Forest, a matter of National Interest." Without pledging himself to the views of the pamphleteer, the writer would refer those readers who desire more detailed information to his work.

(2) The Royal Commission of 1850 reported "that an authoritative ascertainment and map of the boundaries was perhaps indispensable to any accurate investigation of, or report upon, rights or claims over the forest;" but the recommendation seems to have been overlooked to this day.

the centre of a district contained between the Avon, the southernmost tributary of the Test, and the sea, and separated from them by a ring of manors from one to five miles in breadth. Its acreage is also uncertain; but the total area measures about 63,000 acres, of which 2,089 acres are the demesne lands of the Crown; about 27,000 acres are now more or less covered with wood, natural or planted; the remainder is moorland. The moors are situate to the south, west, and north-west, and consist of a series of tabular plains and heaths, elevated between 100 and 420 feet above the sea-level, and sloping towards the south at the rate of 18—34 feet in the mile. The regularity of the surface is very remarkable; but the flanks are extensively cut up by the descending streams. The plains are continuous, and form the northern and north-western portion of the forest; their elevation varies from 250 feet to 420 feet, so that they form its watershed. The heaths, which occupy the south, are much lower, with a mean level of about 100 feet, and have been pierced by the streams that drain the forest—the Avon Water and the rivers of Boldre and Beaulieu. Enclosed between the high moorland and the manors that fringe Southampton Water, lies the woodland of the forest—a succession of basins with radiating valleys, separated by bold ridges projecting from the highlands, or by isolated hills, often flat-topped and covered with gravel. Geologists are of opinion that this portion of the forest has been scooped out of a plateau, continuous with the moors around, by the winter rains, and gradually prepared for the reception of its native woodland by the removal of an obstructive covering of barren gravel. It is needless to enter upon geological questions which have been sufficiently discussed elsewhere;¹ but this view may well be borne in mind, as a clue to the general appearance and the possible uses of the New Forest. Here it may serve to suggest and explain the intimate connection between the physical features of the region and the distribution of its vegetation. The valleys and the vegetation increase together; as the stream deepens and enlarges the seed-bed, the barren heath loses itself in the broadening woodland; as the woodland climbs the slope, the oak and beech give way to hollies and thorns, and these, in their turn, to the gorse and heather of the flats. The nearer to heaven, the humbler the plant.

Several varieties of heather share with mosses and lichens the niggyard soil of the plains—a black, peaty earth, which, being held together by root-fibres, is cut for fuel and miscalled turf. The patches of earth and a peculiar white gravel thus laid bare harbour a few self-sown fir-trees much bitten by the cattle. But this “wild and heathy scene” is neither lonesome nor dreary; its commanding height secures for it every charm that distant prospects, exhilarating

(1) *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, Nov. 1, 1870, p. 629.

air, and a sense of unlimited freedom can give. The eye, ranging wide over the hollow woodland, and Southampton Water or the Solent, rests on the soft outline of the Isle of Wight; the view in other directions is bounded by the far hills of Purbeck, or the nearer downs of Wiltshire, from amongst which rises the "dim discovered spire" of Salisbury Cathedral. In summer, the heather and gorse interweave their purple and gold, and the cattle of the commoners, driven by the flies from the woods below, stud the heath or congregate around the open ponds. Although the once-familiar herds of deer are there no longer, the ponies and cattle nearly knee-deep in the water—

"A little sky
Gulfed in a world below"—

or grouped upon its encircling margin of close turf, stand all but motionless in the glowing sunshine—subjects to inspire a Cooper or a Cuyyp.

The loftiest ridges share the vegetation of the plains from which they project; on others—where a sandy brick-earth is found amongst the gravel—gorse, crab-trees, thorns, hollies, and occasionally yews, are scattered in picturesque confusion. On the grooved sides of plain and ridge, bogs covered with ruddy mosses and furzebrakes break the monotony of the heather, and cup-like hollows shelter clumps of holly and thorn, or a solitary, stunted oak overshadowing a patch of turf or an alder-bed. The woodland of the lower and more denuded ridges is richer and more varied, and perhaps unrivalled elsewhere. Of such scenery, Old Sloden was probably the noblest example. Hollies, yews, and whitebeam of the largest growth stood singly or in small groups, at intervals sufficient for the full appreciation of their form and colour, and for glimpses of distant landscape. Here and there a shapely oak or beech overhung the evergreen clumps, and aged birches or hawthorns studded the open spaces. The forest can still boast many a sunny ridge, bright with bell-heather and fern in summer, or dappled with the innumerable tints of decay in autumn; but we can recall no other of similar extent where the trees were so uniformly large and so picturesquely distributed. The red-berried whitebeams,¹ too, gave it a special character, particularly when, ruffled by the breeze, they displayed the silver under-side of their leaves in contrast with the sombre foliage of the holly and yew. But Old Sloden exists no longer; its site was one of the first selected for planting under the *régime* of 1851; all its trees, including, it is said, more than three hundred ancient yews, were swept away, and a sea of Scotch fir now conceals even the configuration of the soil.

A few woods of beech are found upon the highlands of the forest, but these are evidently artificial, and were doubtless placed there to

(1) A species of service; the hoar-withy.

give variety to the landscape. The sites have been selected with an artist's eye, and it is to be regretted that these memorials of great opportunities grandly used should not have been taken as models for imitation. Two such, Puckpits and another wood on the same ridge, were prominent features in the prospect from Soldiers' Oak on the road between Ringwood and Stony Cross.

This landscape, one of the finest in the forest, was too comprehensive for pen or pencil to describe. The view extended over terraced undulations of heath, upon an unbroken but varied woodland and the silver Solent, being closed at length by the blue downs of the Isle of Wight. Not a sign of civilisation marred the wildness of the scene. The foreground, a landscape in itself, lay close at the feet of the observer, and combined every characteristic feature of the open forest. Streams, converging from amongst the undulations, united in a grassy bottom overshadowed by isolated oaks and clumps of holly and thorn. On the curving sides of the valley-basin, furze-brakes and beds of fern, and, lower down, hollies and larger trees, standing singly or in groups, measured out the distance, and displayed the endless variety of the surface. The two large beech-woods, placed with indescribable taste upon the farthest ridge, and rising in solitary grandeur against the sky, perfected the foreground, and set off the distant prospect. In the calm lustre of an October afternoon, few spots, even in the forest, could vie with Highland Water in wealth of warm and harmonious colour.

It will hardly be credited that modern Vandalism has selected this scene for its latest and, it is to be hoped, its last achievement. The surveyor has undone the work of the artist, and replaced with hard outlines the soft irregularity of Nature. The old beeches have been felled and sold for firewood ; the dimpled hollows, bared of their trees, are scored with parallel trenches ; the winding stream is become a straight dyke ; and a dull monotony of fir plantation will soon cover, with a not unkindly mantle, the last traces of ruined beauty. It is with a deep sense of relief that the observer raises his eyes from this scene of desolation, to contemplate the varied effects of light and atmosphere which give a never-failing interest to such a landscape, and to the whole of the highland of the forest. Their subtle beauty is indescribable in words, and must be left to the mind's creative eye—the poverty of language cannot cope with the limitless fancy of Nature ; but no one, to whom the plains or the ridge of Stony Cross is familiar ground, will hesitate to acknowledge that few localities elsewhere offer a field so favourable for their display.

The slopes that connect the moorland with the timbered lowland partake of the vegetation of both, and form a debatable land between them, where descending tongues of heath interpenetrate the advancing wedges of rough woodland. The exquisite interchange of hill

and dale, and the random wild-wood characteristic of this intermediate region, give to New Forest scenery its peculiar beauty. The hardier vegetation of the ridges intermingles with the more lordly growths of the lowland, the hollies and hawthorns aspire to the dignity of trees, and the oak and beech rise solitary, or in small, isolated groups, from thickets of thorn, or among beds of gorse and fern. In this natural commonwealth the birch finds a congenial home, and attains a perfection almost unknown beyond the limits of the New Forest. The lustrous smoothness of stem and bough, in contrast with the deeply-fissured bark of the dusky trunk and its soft drapery of variegated moss and lichen, the developed form, that ideal of picturesque symmetry and grace, are fully represented here. And whether overhanging some shadowy hollow in the brown heath, or the grey-streaked wall of the red gravel-pit, or the ever-blossoming furzebrake between the woods, the old tree is ever in perfect harmony with its setting, and thus a crowning charm is added to its beauty.

The native woods are surrounded by such scenery as this, and are themselves also remarkable for their open character. The trees stand apart in groups or groves, separated by irregular patches of dwarf gorse, heather, and crisp turf, or by glades fringed with fern, broad lawns, or moor. Many of the hollies have been pollarded to browse the deer, and, in the absence of underwood or brambles, the fern alone checks the free passage of man and beast, and veils the old grassy ways. The oak and beech, spreading towards the light, "train their young boughs in graceful intricacies, with snatches of the sky between, and frame shady roofs and arches rude;" the sun, descending at every opening, flickers on the foliage and chequers the party-coloured floor, or breaks up the long avenues into alternate breadths of light and shade. The seeker after trees noticeable for age, size, or form, will not be disappointed, but will find the intervening scenery yet more attractive. A sense of unlimited freedom, the calm seclusion and orderly disorder of the leafy wilderness, give it a fascination peculiarly its own.

The herds of deer, indeed, just tame enough to suffer themselves to be admired, are sorely missed, but the woodland yet harbours life enough to give a zest to its seclusion. The pigeon, dove, and nightingale, with mellow, fitful notes, "at once far off and near," or the busy woodpecker, intensifies the silence; the colt, half shy, half curious, beside its shaggy dam under the oak upon the glade, the grouped cattle and flock of geese upon the broad lawn, enliven the scene. But in autumn the wanderer may find his day-dream rudely broken by the sullen grunt of routing pigs, or the defiant bark-like cry of the galloping drove as it charges in a wedge the scared dog that hurries for shelter behind him. Perhaps some future Morland will

justify the remark that the pigs are indispensable, as its element of humour, to the New Forest landscape.

The undulating character and southerly aspect of the woodland render it peculiarly susceptible of the manifold effects of sunlight. Spots, indeed, there are where the clustering hollies cast at broad noonday a depth of shadow that often realises, and sometimes exceeds, the "green night" of Marvell, and woods and groves where

"There is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways;"

but these are few and far between. The warm glow of sunset streams along hill and slope, illumining at times some group of beech till the very boughs and limbs grow indistinct radiant with lambent flame, or paints a background to the towering grove; and the level rays of autumn search the inmost recesses of the forest. Among the old woods, where the trees are tall and their boughs gaunt and scanty, even "old December's bareness" ceases to be dreary. The softened sunshine, "everywhere pervasive yet nowhere emphatic," lends an amber gleam to the evergreen ferns and mosses on the trees and soil, and is weirdly reflected by group after group of holly on the slope. The glossy leaves, with alternately receding and advancing curves, disperse the ray and rob it of its colour; and as each leaf capriciously meets or evades the light, the bushes are speckled with a broken sheen, not unlike that of moonlight on faintly-rippled water, but strangely still, and sometimes iridescent.

But it is time to pass on and examine the old woods more in detail; yet henceforward the changes that confront the explorer become at each advance more extensive and more lamentable. The task of enumerating the old woods that are yet standing is only too easy; but, fortunately, almost every one has a special character of its own. Burley Old, Bramshaw Wood, Denny Wood, and Mark Ash are the noblest relics of the ancient forest; of these Mark Ash is acknowledged to be the finest. It should be visited from Boldrewood, whence it is approached along a ridge, of which it occupies the lower and broader portion, through groups of oak and beech rising from the heather and fern. An abrupt slope, studded with tangled thickets or single hawthorns hung with grey moss and honeysuckle, unites the two fragments of the ridge; Mark Ash veils the foot of the slope, and, barring the view, concentrates attention on itself.

On entering the wood, the change of scene is startling and complete. The drooping boughs that veiled the entrance now conceal the approach, and a deep gloom succeeds to the open sunshine. A narrow band of light on either slope marks the limits of the grove; the dim space in front is broken only by the low, massy trunks and soaring limbs of great beech-trees, in every feature eloquent of

antiquity. The expressive silence, the "listening gloom," and cloistral solitude, produce in the beholder a strange sense of mystery and awe.

On a nearer view, the trees are found to stand wide apart, and are all of great size; at the edge of the wood they are fully developed, and the boughs feather towards the ground, but within it the growth tends upwards. Bare limbs, each a tree in itself, spring from a corded bole, and rise like vaulting arches to a great height; aloft, the boughs form a continuous canopy, almost impenetrable by the sun, and rarely stirred by a passing breeze; below, the faint trackway loses itself beneath a russet covering of undisturbed leaves, the accumulation of successive years.¹ The grouping of this

"Noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,"

is especially suggestive where a double row encircles, as with an aisle, an opening to the sky, left by the fall of a central tree. In this pantheon of Nature's building, it is easy to understand the existence of the four hundred prophets of the groves, which did eat at Jezebel's table, and the mediæval imagination which put the dry bones of history into fancy dress, and produced the picturesque traditions of the ancient Druids.

Intermediate in extent and style between the native forest and the new plantations are the woods planted under the Act of William III. But before describing these it is necessary to pause and review the circumstances under which that Act was passed, and its provisions. The practice of enclosing portions of the New Forest for the growth of artificial timber, thus first introduced (1698), is the cause of all the changes which have taken place in its aspect. The Act is also specially important as the basis of all subsequent legislation on the subject of a district always regarded as exceptional in character, and therefore exempted from the operation of all general measures, and even of those relating to the other royal forests.² The Act of 1851, however (as will be seen presently), while preserving the language, reversed the intention of the Act of 1698.

Hitherto, the condition and management of this forest had suffered no material change since it was subjected to the Norman forestal law by the Conqueror. It provided (nominally at least) a hunting

(1) Since this sketch was written, the attention of the writer has been called to an article on the New Forest in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1868, in which another description of this "core of some boundless primæval forest" occurs on page 219.

(2) The New Forest is not less than six times the size of any other forest (*Evidence*, 1868, p. 737), and no parallel can be correctly drawn between it and any other, the circumstances being always different.

ground for the sovereign, and pasturage for the cattle of the owners and tenants of the adjacent manors and freeholds. A court of verderors, probably a Saxon institution adopted into forest-law, regulated the exercise of the common rights for the protection of the soil and timber, as the representatives of the Crown and commoners. The members of the court seem (as at present) always to have been elected by the freeholders of the county of Southampton, in pursuance of a writ issued by the sovereign, as vacancies occurred. The lands to which these rights attached are still traceable in Domesday Book, and had been registered in 1670 to the extent of 65,000 acres, probably as the first step necessary to the introduction of such a measure as that of 1698. It should be observed that this registration (although the ascertainment of their rights was persistently requested by the commoners) was only completed, at their instance, by the Royal Commission of 1854, since which time these privileges of common right have been exercised by the indefeasible tenure of immemorial usage, confirmed by a parliamentary title.

The general appearance of the forest in the sixteenth century may be inferred from the preceding sketches of its primitive beauty, and from the fact that a survey made in 1608 shows that it then contained a large amount of old and valuable timber. But during the civil wars of the Commonwealth, one of the historic periods of the New Forest, its woods, as well as those of the kingdom in general, had been so much wasted and impaired that ship-timber had become very scarce. This forest, being close to Portsmouth and well supplied with suitable ports, was naturally selected for the growth of timber for the use of the Royal Navy. An Act was therefore passed to enable the Crown, through a Special Commission to be appointed under the Act, to plant a limited amount of oak only for this particular purpose. But this extraordinary power to plant commonable land was neither lightly granted nor unattended by efficient safeguards. Its exercise was strictly limited to the growth of oak for national purposes, and special clauses jealously guarded the rights of the commoners. The plantations were to be made very gradually; 2,000 acres were to be enclosed immediately (before 1700), but the remainder, 4,000 acres, at a rate not exceeding 200 acres in one year; the land was to be taken in every case where "*it could be best spared from the commons and highways,*" and the plantations again thrown open to pasturage so soon as the trees were past damage by the deer and cattle. The whole amount of 6,000 acres having been disenclosed, a similar quantity might again be planted on the same terms. It is to be noted that, even if the powers thus granted had been exercised to the extreme, and under the system adopted in 1850, the commoners would only have lost the pasturage of one-tenth of the forest. The earlier enclosures were, however, agreeably to the

spirit of the Act—as the reader will presently observe—actually restored as fair woodland pasture. But the plantations thus authorised were not completed, and it may be presumed, therefore, that the powers granted were found by experience larger than the need; for in 1851 only 9,600 acres had been enclosed and planted, the whole of which had been disenclosed with the exception of 1,800 acres; and it is a curious fact that the probable value of the timber in 1608 and the estimated value of the entire forest in 1849 nearly agree.

The woods thus brought into existence, owing to their limited extent, the system of planting adopted, and the tasteful selection of many of the sites, altered but little the general aspect of the forest, and in many cases added to its beauty. The surface planted suffered little change, and the banks were soon trodden down by the cattle when the plantations had been again thrown open to pasture; glades appeared where the young trees failed, and were enlarged by the deer and ponies which, in winter especially, consumed the rough overgrowth of the soil. The stronger trees, outgrowing and supplanting the weaker, gave variety of form and a natural wantonness to the wood. In the Bentleys art is almost lost in nature; noble oaks, sloping glades shaded by shapely hawthorns and hollies, the stream winding through the crisp sward tufted with blackthorn, compose park scenery of the wildest character. A stroll in early spring through such a woodland, when the silence is broken only by the babble of the brook or the plaintive cry of the lapwing, and when the sunlit air is fragrant with opening buds, is not readily forgotten. But later on, when the air is languid with the dropping mayflower, when the oak-blossom hangs from its sheath of half-developed leaves, and the tracery of the limbs is yet unveiled, when the young foliage of the beech, brilliant with imprisoned light, casts the tenderest of shade, and the uncurling fern yet leaves the vistas free to display the witchery of broken lights on stem and bough—with such a scene in view, amidst

“The symphony of spring, the passion of the groves,”

even the approach of summer and her “matron grace” is almost regretted. Even in the denser and more formal woods the ragged undergrowth of holly and fern, and the mossy, rush-tufted glade which the blackcock makes his curling-ground, show that Nature has resumed her own.

The plantations made just previous to the year 1851, and since that date, are of a very different character. Instead of small woods picturesquely distributed over the whole forest, plantations measurable by the square mile, and closely adjacent to each other, occupy its most beautiful hollows. In such places the native woodland has been completely swept away, and the old ornamental woods

have gone to drug the timber market. Many a grassy valley and cattle-studded lawn has disappeared for ever beneath a sombre sea of Scotch fir. The pastures thus planted are destroyed, the old winding ways are filled with trees and intersected by indelible trenches, the new rides are laid out on no intelligible principle of convenience or picturesqueness, so that the plantations, when again thrown open to the public and the commoners, will offer neither free-passage, pasturage, nor beauty.

This radical change is the result of the Deer Removal Act of 1851, under the provisions of which the last relics of the primitive forest will inevitably be cleared away in a few years, and the whole area may be planted over almost within the present century, unless Parliament intervene. Strange as this statement may appear, the sequel will show how such a national loss was involved in the fate of a few hundreds of deer. The fact, however, should be borne in mind, that the hereditary rights of the Crown over the forest comprised only the usual rights of a lord of the soil, and those resulting from the imposition of forestal law upon the district by William the Norman—the latter being represented in modern times by the right to keep deer in it. Nor could any extension of power over the New Forest be obtained except by the grant of the Legislature and for national purposes.

It is difficult to understand why the deer were preserved in the forest when they could no longer minister to the amusement of the sovereign; their value, however, as an ornament to the landscape could hardly be over-estimated. The average number is said to have been about 3,000 head, of which a small proportion were red deer. The fallow deer were generally harboured about the keepers' lodges for protection, and fed daily with boughs of holly and ash, with hay and other food specially provided for them; the pollard ash on the village-green still preserves in the neighbourhood of the forest the memory of the old order of things, and of the days when such trees were a small annuity to their owners. The feeding of the deer at Bramble Hill Lodge was one of the most attractive sights in the forest, the prospect thence being probably unsurpassed by any in the South of England. A lawn, not quite reclaimed from the little moor encircled by woods, slopes towards the lip of a densely-timbered depression; beyond,—on one side, the flat ridge of Stony Cross bars the view, but falls at length partly across the middle distance, and in a succession of swelling knolls tufted with trees subsides into the plain; on the other side, the diagonal line of the estuary leads the eye onward from the gleaming spires of Southampton to the point where the unbroken forest veils its junction with the Solent, and seems to touch the sea. The landlocked waters of Cowes and the wavy outline of the Isle of Wight close the scene. The fore-

ground lies in shadow, for the wall of Stony Cross holds back the sidelong rays that create islets of light in the green expanse beyond ; but the hollow woodland, with its myriad domes of foliage and depths of blue atmosphere between that shroud the radiating slopes, displays, whatever the hour or season, a never-failing variety of colouring or form. At the foot of the lawn a miscellaneous collection of fodder lies outspread in the afternoon sunshine ; the keeper whistles again and again. Slowly but suddenly, as if by magic, the deer begin to appear, and attended by the fawns enter at the opened bars. Some, eyeing coyly the group of visitors beneath the pollard ash in front of the cottage above, begin to feed ; others, shy and wistful, are grouped on the heather around. The attention of the lingering observer is divided between the intermingling hues of the distant landscape and the animated scene at his feet ; but at each return from long wanderings through space, where

“ All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air,
A thousand shadows at her beck,”

the eye notes with surprise the lessening groups upon the slope, as the deer disappear silently and mysteriously as they came.

But ornamental as the deer undoubtedly were, their presence in the forest was on other grounds very objectionable. Being imperfectly protected, and harboured in large numbers near some of the villages, they were an ever-present temptation to the poorer classes, and by constant inroads upon the manors discouraged and injured the farmers. Reports made to Parliament from time to time recommended their removal upon public grounds ; but upon the principle that its forestal rights would go with the deer, such excessive demands seem to have been made on behalf of the Crown, that these recommendations could not be carried into effect. Compensation was required, not only for the right to keep deer, but for a right to keep an unlimited number of them to the extinction of the pasturage of the commoners. Yet every attempt to increase the number to any extent had been frustrated by the starvation of hundreds during severe winters. Nay, more, although the expense of keepers and of large supplies of artificial food entailed a heavy annual loss upon the sovereign, unaccompanied by any corresponding advantage, compensation was claimed for that which was in fact a costly and useless privilege as though it had been a valuable and profitable right. One attempt, however, that was made for their removal deserves a passing notice, and is also of interest as illustrative of the condition of the forest and the views of the Legislature with regard to it at the time. A Royal Commission in 1789 (after an inquiry extending over nearly three years) made an elaborate and careful report, in which extraordinary revelations were made of waste and wanton mismanagement

in the New Forest. A Bill was, therefore, introduced in 1792 to provide for the further increase and preservation of timber there, and for the removal of the deer and the forestal laws connected with their preservation.

The sanction of Parliament was requested to the enclosure of 20,000 acres for the growth of timber for the use of the Royal Navy, the 6,000 acres granted for the same purpose by the Act of William III. being included in the amount. It was further proposed that the deer should be confined in a park (part of the enclosures now to be authorised being set apart for that purpose), and the commoners relieved of the liability to have their cattle driven from the forest during the fawning month and in the winter. But the important recommendation of the Royal Commission, that an equitable arrangement should be made between the Crown and the commoners, and the wastes apportioned between them by an impartial tribunal, had been disregarded. The omission proved fatal to the measure. The Bill had actually passed the House of Commons without attracting attention; but on the presentation of a petition of a few landowners to the House of Lords, to be heard by counsel, against it, nothing further was heard of this somewhat singular attempt at legislation. The deer, therefore, remained in the New Forest, and although it was transferred in 1810 to the nation, with the other royal forests, and passed under the management of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the subject seems to have escaped notice for fifty years. Certain honorary forestal offices, indeed, had been distributed from time to time amongst the principal landowners, and an annual quota of venison was paid as compensation to those who did not kill the deer which invaded their fields; but the patience of the inhabitants of the New Forest was mainly due to the conciliatory policy adopted by the advisers and representatives of the Crown, who consulted the chief proprietors upon matters of importance.

At length a Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons (of which Lord Duncan was the chairman) sat and took evidence on the subject of this and other forests during the sessions of 1848 and 1849, and the revelations of half a century then made public rendered it impossible for the Crown to continue to keep the deer in the New Forest. The draft report (for the session closed before the report had been presented) recommended the total abolition of the deer and forestal laws connected with them, on the ground that the deer were a public nuisance and an unjustifiable annual expense.¹ The committee was also "of opinion that henceforward the royal forests should assume the character of ordinary property, to be

(1) "It was proved beyond the possibility of doubt that every buck killed in the forest cost £100 and upwards, and not more than 110 bucks were killed in a year, and they went principally in payment of compensation to those landowners who did not kill the deer which came upon their property."—Evidence, 1868, q. 319.

managed by officers appointed by the Crown acting under the authority of Parliament."

But the recommendations of this committee were not carried out in their integrity nor in the spirit in which they were made; advantage, however, was taken of some of them by the Office of Woods to initiate an entirely novel policy. This revolution in the management of the New Forest was brought about very gradually, and with such ingenuity, that it will be well to let the facts speak for themselves. But the impartial inquirer, who would unravel the complications of a very difficult subject, must accurately distinguish the theoretical and actual, the forestal and manorial rights of the Crown, and sever the forestal rights from the right of chase or free warren; and must further investigate the intention of Parliament, and of the several parties to the Deer Removal Bill when it was under consideration, and separate in thought the powers actually conferred by the Act from the extraordinary and destructive powers developed by the method of its execution. The outline of so large a subject can only be indicated here.

In the course of the year 1850 a keen eye might have observed blocks of land of unprecedented size, and closely adjacent to one another, marked out as if for planting, their size and form indicating an intention to enclose the best land only, and some of the lawns which could least "be spared from the commons" of the New Forest. But nothing further was done, and the marks attracted little attention, because the foresters had been lulled into a fatal security by the limited and unimportant results of the Act of William III.¹ In 1850 a Commission, appointed "to inquire into and report upon rights and claims over the New Forest,"² visited the locality; but the Commissioners, desiring to make a report in time to enable "legislative steps thereupon in the present session," and finding that they did not "possess the means or authorities essentially requisite legally to effect a complete and accurate investigation of the matters in question," decided to place at once before the Treasury such information as their secretary had been able to collect, in order to "suggest or promote inquiry." But in 1851 the Chief Commissioner of Woods introduced a Bill providing for the removal of the deer, and fixing arbitrarily the compensation for this forestal right of the Crown at 14,000 acres, to be enclosed and planted on the terms of the Act of William III.; no provision, however, was made for the ascertainment or registration of the rights of the commoners. The very language and terms of the Act of William III. having been adopted,

(1) In fifty-two years after this Act was passed only 1,022 acres were planted, and until 1786 little more was done. In 1808, 1,100 acres only were under enclosure; and in 1816 the full amount of 6,000 acres was taken in. At the time of the Deer Removal Act there were only 1,772 acres under enclosure.

(2) On this subject see Mr. Jenkinson, pp. 20, 21.

the Bill seemed to be but an extension of its powers, but actually involved a totally new principle—that of planting for profit only. The foresters were taken completely by surprise; but a few of the landowners sent up a petition against the Bill, alleging that the compensation proposed was extravagant, and that the preamble had been declared proved without any sufficient inquiry into the nature and extent of the commoners' rights, or into the *value* of the right of the Crown to keep deer.¹ This hurried opposition was so far successful that the Bill would probably have been thrown out by the Select Committee, but its opponents were induced to negotiate by the threat of a general enclosure of the forest,² and seem to have consented to the reduced grant of 10,000 acres as the price of the surrender of the deer and of the forestal laws relating to their preservation. These negotiations, however, are involved in much mystery, and have not yet been satisfactorily explained; but it is certain that the clauses under which the common rights were ascertained and registered in 1854 were inserted by the Government at the instance of the opponents of the Bill, and that the commoners, as a body, had no opportunity of protecting their interests. The Bill, however, had no sooner passed than notices posted in the forest announced that ancient and hitherto unknown forestal laws were still in existence, and especially that the restrictions of Winter Heyning and Fence Month had been reserved, and would be enforced (contrary to the habitual practice when the deer were still in the forest) with full legal strictness. This notice created such an agitation among the people of the district, that the intention to enforce these laws was publicly disavowed. But this was not the only unforeseen result of the Act. The enclosures marked out in 1850 (4,000 acres), under the Act of William III., became immediately subject to the new principle of planting for *profit*; and with this view a new system of planting³ was introduced. It gradually became evident that the clause in the Act designed for the protection of the common rights would be rendered inoperative

(1) Evidence, 1868, q. 319.

(2) Ibid.

(3) The resident deputy-surveyor writes (Dec. 31, 1853) to the Chief Commissioner of Woods (Mr. Kennedy): "It appears to me to be important that the Crown should, as soon as possible, exercise its right of enclosing the 16,000 acres, because, exclusive or other advantages, by so doing, all the best pasture would be taken from the commoners, and the *value of their rights of pasture would be thus materially diminished*, which would be of importance to the Crown in the event of any such right being commuted." (Evidence, 1868, q. 807; compare q. 130.) The writer would venture the opinion that inasmuch as (by the admission of the deputy-surveyor himself, who was appointed in 1849) the moorland, while worthless for other purposes, might be profitably planted with fir, it was unnecessary and impolitic to *commence* operations in 1851 by the enclosure and the plantation of the better land in the forest. The removal by the Deer Removal Act of the restriction to plant oak only, enabled the Office of Woods to adapt the system of planting to the circumstances of the forest, and the reclamation of the "worthless" portion of its wastes (30,000 acres) might fitly have been made a national undertaking, being far too costly for private enterprise.

if this system was pursued; the land thus planted would obviously be valueless for pasturage when again disenclosed, and yet the sites of the new enclosures embraced some of the most valuable pastures in the forest. Remonstrances were repeatedly made, in the hope that the Department of Woods and Forests would forbear to exercise to the full the powers thus developed of destroying the value of the common rights, but in vain; the only answer given was, that this effect of the Acts ought to have been foreseen in 1851, before the "compromise" embodied in the Deer Removal Act was accepted. Both Acts, it is true, provided for the due representation of local interests upon the Commission by which the enclosures are set out, but this check was neutralised in practice. The site of an enclosure was rarely known until it had been authorised by the Commission, and sufficient opportunity was seldom, if ever, given to the local commissioners to examine the bounds proposed; they were called together by the Chief Commissioner of Woods as though they were expected simply to endorse the proposals emanating from the department.

Huge enclosures, therefore, gradually overspread much of the best land, till in 1867 the enclosures upon the eastern and most densely-peopled side of the forest, made and marked out for planting, formed a nearly continuous belt about sixteen square miles in extent. A large proportion of the commoners thus lost the lawns near their homes, and found themselves (their cattle being practically excluded from the forest) almost debarred from the exercise of their rights. The danger thus brought home to the mind of the foresters produced louder and more pressing complaints. But the Chief Commissioner replied in 1868 by a report, which declared that the commoners had no rights over the forest but by the forbearance of the Crown to enforce the forestal laws, and that they were causelessly interfering with the due execution of the Acts. Against this report petitions were presented in the House of Lords, and a Committee of Inquiry was granted in 1868. The report and evidence having been so lately published, a brief summary of the results of that inquiry will be sufficient for the present purpose. The evidence shows that the powers given to the Crown by the Deer Removal Act are incompatible with the preservation of the rights of its co-proprietors, and that a conflict of interests had ensued;¹ that it would hardly be possible to carry the Act into effect, for while it only authorised the planting of such land "as could be best spared from the commons," it virtually conferred a power to confiscate all the

(1) To protect the "lawns" and "greens," which constitute the chief pasturage of the forest, the Act of 1851 provided that no enclosures should be made of less than 300 acres, "by virtue of any Commission hereafter to be issued" under any of the Acts. But, as a new Commission was not appointed for some years, much invaluable pasture-land was planted, which otherwise would have escaped enclosure.—Evidence, 1868, q. 424-5, 433-5.

pasturable land in the forest. Other unforeseen results of the Deer Removal Act were also brought forward. Evidence was tendered to show that the pastures remaining unenclosed had suffered by the removal of the deer (the value and extent of such pasture depending largely upon the number of *species* by which it is depastured), and by the diminution of the head of cattle turned out in consequence of the planting of the lawns and the threatened enforcement of the Winter Heyning. It was also proved that, unless Parliament intervene, the forestal character of the entire district must inevitably be destroyed, and its whole area converted into a monotonous nursery of timber within a comparatively limited period. The Committee finally advised the immediate partition of the forest between the Crown and the commoners, adding that the rights of the latter should be "equitably" estimated.

The remark has been made that the interest of the public in general was too little considered in the course of this inquiry, and in the management of the New Forest. Certain subjects, therefore, which have a special bearing on the preservation of its open lands and native beauty, have been reserved to the close of this sketch—namely, the condition and peril of the old woods and of the most picturesque portion of the woodland. In 1849 the natural self-sown forest covered 9,000 acres, but between 1851 and 1869, 4,000 acres have been cleared of their ancient timber, which has been sold to meet the current expenses of the new plantations. Much ornamental timber of incalculable value has thus been sold at nominal prices,¹ and some of the grandest old woods, including even Mark Ash and Denny Wood and Burley Old, owe their preservation to the efforts of the commoners and residents. But in the early part of the autumn of 1870, notwithstanding the recommendations of the Committee of 1868, and an express assurance made to Parliament that during the recess nothing should be done to alter the character of the district,² the local commissioners were called together, and requested to set out "5,000 acres for plantation, including almost all the old woods." The Commission authorised the plantation of 2,500 acres, but refused to include the woods. If, however, some doubts which exist as to the interpretation of the Acts were removed, the Commission would find the claims of the Office of Woods irresistible. Immediate action, therefore, is necessary, if these relics of the primitive forest are to be preserved for the enjoyment of the public. The open spaces among the woodland are in no less danger, for about 6,000 acres only remain comparatively free from

(1) Oak fetches in the forest 1s. 4½d., beech 3½d., per foot. Return (Mr. Bonham Carter), July 16, 1867.

(2) See Mr. Jenkinson, p. 27 and pp. 31, 32, who submits that to enclose the old woods without cutting them down would be "simply illegal," as the law stands, with regard to enclosures of the New Forest.

timber, and these will shortly be enclosed in due course, unless some arrangement be made for their preservation. In spite of various delays, that probably will not recur, about 11,500 acres have been enclosed in eighteen years, and the amount of land that may be taken for planting in the next few years will absorb the remainder of the unenclosed lowland. Such is the inevitable result of the powers conferred by existing Acts, even upon the most moderate interpretation of their language; but if a partition of the forest take place, its open lands may immediately suffer further diminution, for claims will be advanced by the Office of Woods, which, unless disallowed by the Legislature, must be compensated by further concessions of land for planting or in fee. The Chief Commissioner, relying partly upon the perpetuity of the right of the Crown to keep deer, states that all plantations made under the Acts may be successively disenclosed and replaced by others of similar extent *ad infinitum*; but it is difficult to believe that such unlimited powers over the New Forest were conferred by Parliament, in exchange for the barren right to keep deer there. Compensation is also expected for the surrender of certain laws of the forest, the scope and nature of which it is probably impossible to define. The larger proportion of these laws would seem to be antiquated and impracticable relics of the oppressive Norman law imposed upon the district by the Conqueror; but as a formal announcement has been made that 26,000 acres of private property are "within the regard of the forest," and, as well as the wastes, are subject to the operation of these laws, the amount of compensation demanded is likely to be large. It should, however, be added that this view is as yet unsupported by evidence, and has been disavowed by former Chief Commissioners.¹ Two only of these forestal rights have found their way into the statute-book. Whilst the deer were in the forest, the Crown had the right to exclude the cattle of the commoners from it during the Fence Month, when the does were dropping their fawns (June 20—July 20, Old Style), and during the Winter Heyning (Nov. 4—May 4, Old Style), but the Fence Month had not been enforced within living memory, and the Winter Heyning was gradually becoming a dead letter, even before the removal of the deer. It was, therefore, naturally believed that these rights would go with the deer, and had been compensated under the Act of 1851, as part of "the right to keep deer;" but further compensation was demanded

(1) The subject of these forestal laws was first broached in the subreport of the Secretary to the Commission of 1850, submitted by him, "not as a complete and sufficient report upon the various matters inquired into, but rather as notes made in the course of my investigations hitherto." "I may refer to the facts in that report and the subreport as containing substantially all the information I have to give on the subject, because I was in communication with Mr. Hume, and I believe a good deal of that matter was framed in communication with me."—Evidence of the Solicitor to the Office of Woods and Forests, 1868, q. 1,008.

in 1868 for the surrender of these rights also. While, therefore, in any event, the primitive beauty of the woodlands is on the eve of total destruction, the public may also lose a large portion of this unique pleasure-ground for ever, by the concessions to be made as compensation for these unsatisfied claims, if the partition of the wastes recommended by the Committee of 1868 be carried out.

A Bill for the disafforestation of the New Forest is to be brought before Parliament during the present session by the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Its provisions have been discussed in the pamphlet to which frequent reference has already been made. A searching inquiry will doubtless ensue, and it is hoped that the importance of the largest open space in England to the general public will be fully investigated before it is permitted to pass into the hands of any section of the nation. Economists must also determine the commercial value of the speculation upon which the Department of Woods has embarked, and inquire into the expenditure of large sums of public money upon the district; for it is at least an open question whether the nation is not much the poorer for what has been done.

The fate of the remnant that yet survives, now rests in the hands of the Legislature; meanwhile, in the interest of those whose only books are Nature's looks, and of those to whom an innocent taste acquired may prove a harmful taste forestalled, an earnest protest may perhaps be permitted against the further destruction of scenery unique in Great Britain, and, if represented in America at all, but imperfectly represented by the oak openings of Michigan.¹

G. E. BRISCOE EYRE.

PARIS AND FRANCE.

FRANCE, so rich in every natural advantage, and so unhappy in its political condition, is like the heroine of one of those incomparable fairy tales with which she has herself enriched European literature; like the spoilt child of many fairy godmothers, endowed with every good gift that imagination can conceive, all these blessings are marred by some fatal additional gift of one cunning and malicious enemy.

The obvious cause of the political restlessness of France, which denies to any political system time enough for a fair trial, is the incompatibility between town and country, and pre-eminently between Paris and the provinces. This is the reason why France

(1) ERRATUM.—A clerical error which occurs on p. 441 may mislead. The *average* of lands to which rights of common over the forest attach, was not ascertained till 1854. In the reign of Charles II., many manors were registered merely as "manors," without mention being made of their extent.

oscillates between the wildest experiments of revolution and apathetic submission to despotic authority. At one time it is Paris which, urged on to desperation by the desire to make the most of its opportunities, strives during the few days at its command to commit the nation to principles and ideas utterly strange and repugnant to it. At another time it is provincial France which, trembling lest Paris should be able to stir hand or foot, suffers itself to be bound, in company with her, by bonds infinitely tighter than it would think it necessary to endure were itself only in question.

On the one hand, a very large, and certainly the most energetic, portion of the Parisians are ardently desirous of trying the experiment of some socialist form of government; they cannot be brought into willing obedience to any other form, however mild and enlightened it may be. Nay, mildness and enlightenment are probably a positive disadvantage in their eyes, since such qualities may give a government a better chance of permanence. They wish as an ultimate object to abolish the institution of private property altogether. And this idea is no passing whim; it has grown with the growth of Paris; it is far more widely spread now than it was twenty years ago; under the Empire it spread and ramified in all directions. However chimerical it may seem to the majority of modern minds, it has the sanction of many great thinkers of the past, and it is in entire accord with many of the most intelligent and disinterested political men of modern France. Socialism has, moreover, the power to arouse an amount of enthusiasm which nothing else appears able to call forth from the Frenchmen of the present day, and it is extremely doubtful whether it will die out until it has been allowed a fair trial. The attempt to keep it down by physical force must be an ever-recurring cause of bloodshed and disorder. The provinces, on the other hand, are as ardently attached to the institution of private property as Paris is to socialist ideas. Cautious and patient, the country people of France would easily bear with almost any government rather than run the risk of war or revolution; but it is probable they would prefer a moderate republic or a monarchy to a "brilliant" empire, because they are shrewd enough to know that it is they who must pay the cost of the brilliancy. But there is nothing about them to forbid the success of such a republic or monarchy; for, provided it were founded on the present fundamental institutions of society, they would have patience enough to give it time to do its work; and if they are not remarkable for public spirit, it is doubtful whether they fall far or even at all below the average of the voters in other countries more fortunate from a political point of view.

Now, in this apparent political dead-lock between Paris and the provinces, it is encouraging to those who look to human nature for the signs of the elements out of which future progress must be evolved, to see how much more far-sighted are the people, and the representatives

of universal suffrage, than the writers and politicians of France—for statesmen she has none. It is an encouraging evidence of the true value of a widely-extended suffrage, that the majority of the men sent by the people to represent them in the National Assembly are strongly in favour of removing the seat of government from Paris. Paris, in truth, however much to the holiday-making foreigner it seems to constitute France itself, does not in any sense whatever represent the France of the French. Paris is the great meeting-place of foreigners in search of amusement; the French have the least sympathy with foreigners of any civilised people, and are probably content with as little amusement as any people in the world. Paris is the great centre of extravagant expenditure; the French are the most frugal of people. Paris is the great solvent of family ties; the French are deeply attached to them. Paris, in fact, if it represents any part of French society at all, represents only one element in it—the young men, for whom indeed it is in some measure a huge university, where they go up to graduate in vice. By this one point of contact between Paris and the provinces, the cold antipathy which the mass of the French people would otherwise feel to Paris is converted into deep detestation; Paris is too apt to be looked upon as a yawning gulf which sucks in honest, good-hearted young folk, and casts them up again in time upon the hands of their relatives, profligate spend-thrifts, worn out in person and in purse.

But this is not all. The radical discordance between Paris and the provinces is not confined to political ideas, nor does it stop at total disagreement in the whole domain of moral and social life. Did it end here it would surely be enough to give very grave cause for consideration whether Paris and the provinces ought to be tied together at all, whichever side is to be subordinate to the other; whether a nation which has to satisfy the demands of such antagonistic elements can possibly be expected to make peaceful and steady progress; whether, in short, the attempt to bind together parts so inevitably tending to fly asunder must not end, as it always has ended hitherto in France, either in despotism or anarchy. But the differences between Paris and the provinces are by no means confined to political, social, and moral aspects. They are different in their religion, their history, their traditions, their customs, and their language. The confident assertions so often made by French writers of the substantial unity of France are among the most remarkable evidences of their habitual ignorance both of their own and of foreign countries. Neither in Italy nor Germany are the differences of character between the different parts of the population more marked or more profound; and to find any that are equally so, it would be necessary to include Sicily in Italy and the Tyrol in Germany. Even now, since the cession of Alsace and German Lorraine, the portions of France where French is the language of

the people are not above one-half of the whole; and even where French is spoken, the religious sentiments, the historical antecedents, the traditions and customs of the people are widely divergent.

The great misfortune of France (the cunning curse of the malicious godmother, bestowed in the guise of a blessing) has been the passion for unity; a passion not shared by the mass of the people, who have always been and still are attached to their homes and their local customs (institutions they have none left), but a passion which, derived from the Catholic Church, has been fostered by French rulers for selfish objects, and by literary men as a subject for vanity and mistaken patriotism. This fatal passion, derived from the teaching of the Church, and acting in the name of religious unity, deluged Southern France with blood in the too successful effort to stifle religious liberty. To the honour of the people it should be remembered how many centuries it took to effect the diabolical work. It was only achieved at last, after five centuries, by Louis XIV.—the same man who, in pursuit of the same great object, revoked that Edict of Nantes which gave permission to some Frenchmen to think differently from others. Influenced by this same idea, now putting on a political dress, Richelieu, the great Churchman, achieved the debasement and corruption of the French nobility, fostering, for the purposes of political corruption, that moral corruption the fatal example of which is still only too powerful in France. This same passion, more fatal still at the time of the Revolution of 1789, swept away all those precious remnants of municipal and provincial liberties which had survived through centuries of misgovernment, and which, under happier auspices, attached as the people often were to them from custom, and familiar with their workings, might have formed nuclei of free institutions scattered over the whole of France. This same passion now, finding expression in the shibboleth "*La republique une et indivisible*," threatens to override the wise prevision of the people and of the majority of the Assembly, and in doing so to plunge France into anarchy or hand it over once more to a despot.

Popular instinct, far wiser than the limited foresight of her politicians, struggles to save France. On one point, and on one point only, have Paris and the provinces shown signs of being of one mind—they both wish to be free of one another. A feeling is growing up in both quarters in favour, not of national separation, but of substituting a looser bond of union than that by which both are now cramped and stifled, one which should leave each free to choose its own government for itself. While the provinces are protesting against Paris as the seat of the national government, in Paris itself a cry has been heard in favour of the "*republic of the Seine*." *L'Ordre*, a Paris journal, tells us that "it is necessary that Paris should establish a government of its own which should be stable, and which, without imposing itself upon France, and

without separating itself from France, should shelter itself from the consequences of the ignorance or blindness of the provinces."¹ The commune, that is to say, local self-government, says a Parisian correspondent of the *Daily News*, "is the Red man's idea of a good government, not only for Paris, but for France."² The *Cri du Peuple*, one of the journals suspended by General Vinoy, said, on its reappearance, that "Paris ought to proclaim herself a free town, an enfranchised commune, and a republican city; that she should govern herself by adopting the theory of direct government as applied in Switzerland."³ And the Central Committee of the National Guard, in one of the first, if not indeed the first proclamation issued after its successful establishment, says: "Paris has become a free city; despotic centralisation exists no more. . . . Without pretending to influence in any way the destinies of France, Paris demands, first, the election of a mayor of Paris, &c. . . . Paris has by no means the intention of separating herself from France; far from it . . . but simply to say to her, with the voice of an elder sister, 'do thou support thyself as I support myself; oppose oppression as I have opposed it.'"⁴ And again on March 22nd, after being several days in power, the Committee reiterated the same sentiments in another official proclamation:—"Paris has no ambition to reign, but she wishes to be free; she has no other aspiration than to dictate by her example; she neither desires to enforce her individual will, nor yet to forego it. She no more cares to issue decrees than to subject herself to a *Plébiscite*; she represents progress by marching forward herself, and prepares the liberty of others by assuring her own."⁵ A correspondent of the *Times*, frantically hostile to the whole revolutionary party in Paris, remarks that the aim of one section in it "is to make Paris a free city, independent of the rest of France, over which it has no intention of extending the tutelary power of its commune."⁶ Another correspondent of the same journal most judiciously observes that the Government at Versailles should "maintain an attitude of complete and entire forbearance from all interference in Paris or its affairs. The problem of departmental purification and removal from Paris, which lies at the root of all other administrative reform, will thus be solved by the force of circumstances, powerful enough of themselves to work the change, and Paris and the provinces will each have the opportunity, so inestimably valuable to both, of learning to govern themselves independently of each other."⁷

It will perhaps be objected that if Paris and the provinces were permitted to separate peaceably from one another by mutual consent,

(1) See the *Times*, March 22, 1871. (2) See the *Daily News*, March 21, 1871.

(3) See the *Daily Telegraph*, March 22, 1871.

(4) *Ibid.*

(5) See the *Daily Telegraph*, March 24, 1871. (6) See the *Times*, March 23, 1871.

(7) See the *Times*, March 22, 1871.

if Paris were allowed to establish a socialist republic while the provinces formed a monarchy or a republic, such as those of Switzerland or the United States, there would be no reason why the process of disintegration should stop here. Other of the large towns of France, I may be told, have socialist sympathies; and I have myself asserted that there is no closer natural bond of union between the provinces of France, than between those various portions of Italy and Germany which, until lately, were so sadly split asunder, and which have so lately been united amidst universal rejoicing. Why, I may be asked, if once the tight grip of that centralisation which holds France together were relaxed, why might not these provinces which differ so much claim different institutions for themselves? Why should not the same liberty be accorded to the other great towns which is accorded to Paris, to make new experiments in government, and found new institutions for themselves? And, truly, I am most ready to echo—why not? Why should not France try the experiment of federal government, if that is in harmony with the wants of the people? Why should it not go further, and try the experiment of free cities, if by that means free play can be given to the various tendencies of its population, and room for the expansion of their differing energies? If the idea seems startling and new, it can only be from want of familiarity with history. So far indeed from its being chimerical or Utopian, Italy and Germany, and Belgium in its most flourishing days, witnessed the sight of great cities, centres of commerce and manufactures, governed, too, by strangely free and republican institutions for their times, planted in the midst of agricultural populations which were subject to princely government. If France as a whole desires a king, why cannot Paris and Lyons (not to speak of Marseilles, which is a seaport) be allowed to live in the midst of the kingdom of France, as Bruges and Ghent lived and flourished, and were great centres of commerce, surrounded by the dominions of the Counts of Flanders; or as the free city of Frankfort, down even to our own time, was encircled by the princes of Germany? Strange as this conception may seem to those who are not well acquainted with the France of the people, it is very significant that it has reappeared during the last few months at widely separated places. It is by no means confined to Paris. Lyons also has manifested a strong desire to stand alone, while a league was formed during the war in the south of France (comprising Dauphiné, Provence, and part of Languedoc), called the *Ligue du Midi*, whose avowed object was to organise a government for the provinces it represented, in connection with the Central Government, but not subordinate to it. At Marseilles separatist tendencies have long existed, and the traditionary glories of that old free Phœnician and Greek city are dwelt on with a complacency altogether out of the ken of Parisians or Normans. In this great cosmopolitan port, too,

the problem of a voluntary nationality has occupied the minds of many men of the higher classes.

There is one besetting danger of highly civilised nations which it is of the greatest importance that our modern societies should avoid, and that is the tendency to shrink from new developments, and to rest contented with a few stereotyped forms. The especial characteristic of the Middle Ages, of which we are the heirs, and to which we owe so much, that which particularly distinguished them from the civilisations of the East, which have been so sterile, was the rich variety of mediæval life in all its manifestations, the child-like simplicity with which it adventured upon new paths. They have been called the "ages of faith," and to the sincerity of their faith it was in a great measure due that they dared to "try all things and hold fast by that which is good." From this experimental method of theirs, it resulted that while they had to undergo many of the troubles and disorders which are inseparable from life, they were the originators of a more progressive civilisation than any other that we know of. If we are the true heirs of our ancestors, novelty ought to have no terrors for us, and the degree to which we are apt to let our ideas run in fashions is a bad sign for the future. It is very natural that those members of French society who find political or social distinction in being portions—perhaps prominent portions—of a powerful nation, should shrink from even such partial dismemberment of their country as its formation into either a federal republic or a federal monarchy. Federal France would not be so likely to overawe her neighbours as royal and imperial France has been. There is not, however, such good reason why foreigners should regard with disfavour the wishes of the undistinguished multitude in France, yet they will very possibly be so regarded in many quarters even if they are recognised as the popular wishes, while the distaste which they are likely to inspire in many is sure to have a considerable effect in indisposing those who feel it to believe that the French people really entertain such ideas.

One reason, apart from the mere repugnance to whatever is unaccustomed, why the idea of a Federal France is likely to be rejected by many at first sight is, that we have just been all rejoicing at the union of Italy into one nation, and acquiescing in, if not rejoicing at, the closer amalgamation that is taking place in Germany. Our sympathies for the present have got into the habit of running into an anti-separatist channel. But, in fact, there is no reason at all why European politics should not run in two opposite and parallel currents; and to the credit of the English be it said, that they exhibit no unwillingness to concede separate institutions to their own colonies, probably because they are sufficiently intimately acquainted with the facts in these cases to be aware of the superior advantages of the loose federal tie. We ought to consider that the compact

unity of France is premature ; it was brought about, not by the wishes of the various populations, but by the ambition of sovereigns and the scheming of statesmen. Even thus, unnatural as was its origin, centuries of stern, unscrupulous despotism, like those which many Eastern nations have undergone, might possibly have welded the whole firmly together : had even the Napoleonic scheme, which has just broken up, lasted two centuries instead of barely two decades, the unity of France might have existed more in reality and less upon paper than it does now. But in truth its full completion is of comparatively recent date ; for grinding as in many respects was the despotism of the *ancien régime*, it was not systematic, and it fell far short of the minutely methodic levelling established since the Revolution. Thus while the unification and centralisation of French political life was premature, that is to say, it did not arise from the wishes of the people, it is also in a great measure incomplete ; for it has not lasted long enough to mould the people entirely to itself. Materially, the centralisation of France is probably more complete than the world has ever seen, unless perhaps in the palmy days of the Chinese Empire ; morally it falls far short of that of Italy. Italy and Germany have, perhaps happily for them, had to wait for national unity until it was felt as a national want ; hence, it will have a foundation in the sentiments of the people, and hence, too, there is some probability that it will not be carried beyond the wants of the time. Those remnants of separate government, which are in harmony with the people, and are found to be of practical utility, have some chance of being preserved to them in the new order of things. Or, if they are not preserved, the misfortune will be due to that same over-haste towards unity which has done so much mischief in France, and to which the centralising tendencies of Prussia may unhappily impel Germany, if they are not overbalanced and held in check by the generally deliberate habits of the German mind.

Some of my readers who have gone with me thus far may admit that it would have been happier for France had Louis XI. and Richelieu never lived, and had the great Revolution and the First Empire not destroyed what of local independence the old monarchy had spared ; but they may think that history cannot be recalled, and a nation cannot retrace its steps. But a free nation may retrace the steps which it has taken in a wrong direction, and for France the experiment of federal republics, or of free cities within a monarchy, or of a federation of sovereigns, would at least have the advantage that it would be clouded with none of those associations of failure which darken the prospects alike of monarchies and republics, empires or constitutional governments, in that country which has shown itself restless under them all. It would also have the advantage, which no other could have, that fresh failures among the most restless portions of the nation would leave the others free to pursue the even tenor of their way.

HELEN TAYLOR.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE LAND QUESTION.

MANY causes have conduced of late to draw an increasing share of public attention to the subject which stands at the head of this paper. The debates upon the Irish Land Bill of last session, supplemented by many valuable contributions that were called forth by the occasion, from writers of known authority, awoke questions of interest on the subject of Land Tenure in its widest sense, that were, or appeared, comparatively new to English ideas, and were quickly taken up for discussion amongst the other agrarian topics that now more than ever engage the attention both of owners and occupiers of land in this country.

But apart from the more technical questions which occupy the arena of agricultural discussion, the Land Question, so called, in a more exoteric character and on a broader scale, has ripened independently in other fields of controversy. The Corn Law debates of five-and-twenty years ago, though bearing close upon it, seemed to touch it but slightly; for, strange to say, amongst all the arguments that were urged against free trade in the produce of the land, the laws that govern the land itself, not in reference to the public only, but in the hands of the owners, or reputed owners, never found expression, scarcely an allusion. The subject showed its form in the Committee on the Burthens on Land in 1846; and again appeared on the surface for a moment in Mr. Pusey's Committee (as it was called) on Agricultural Customs. The establishment of the Irish Landed Estates Court, with the causes which led thereto, awoke it with a start, but in a sort of poor-relation character,—*Paries cum proximus ardet*, with the rest of the line omitted. The Irish Land Bill, however, brought it into view again, but still indirectly, modified by separation and circumstance. The Game Law discussions at local Chambers of agriculture are for ever treading on its tail, but with the discreet courage of Artevelde's Men of Ghent, keeping "only on the hairs." Its presence is known and felt, like the skeleton at the Persian feasts, yet none but a novice ever dreams of alluding to it. But we must not be surprised to find presently that underneath, and in spite of this reticence within the agricultural home sphere, the subject has gathered bulk outside, venting itself in theories and proposals connected with the land, that bring to mind those mysterious Agrarian controversies of ancient time that so long defied the explanation of the learned. And certainly, if the difficulty of a subject may be said to increase with the number of interests involved and the diversity of points from which it is looked upon, the Land

Question might fairly expect as protracted a conflict in this country as it had in Prussia under the Stein and Hardenberg reforms, extending from 1807 till the middle of the century.

Five different parties, each regarding it from separate and nearly independent points of view, claim a hearing, if not the chief right of judgment in it; the owner of the land, the cultivator of it, the man who is employed in every matter connected with its dealing or disposal, by sale, or settlement, or will; the man who, with no personal interest beyond what study confers, regards it as the most important form of national wealth; and lastly, the man who finds himself without any interest at all in it, and asks to be informed the reason why. In more simple category, the landlord, the tenant farmer, the lawyer, the political economist, and the un-landed public; and after all allowance made for certain incidental points of contact, it would be hard to say which differs most in view from all the others.

It is not for mere symmetry of statement, but in order to anticipate a cross-variety of opinion not often comprehended in one topic, that these several interests need to be distinctly brought into view. Opinions rivetted by habit upon a subject are often more fairly seen and even dealt with by mutual introduction—as is sometimes so happily exemplified in political and social life—than by mere pressure of argument. For this reason, one interest is here omitted, that of the labourer, as he does not argue his own case; for, the agricultural workman is too scattered, as a class, to have any correlative with Trades' unions, and perhaps happily for himself is never on strike. His case is always heard by proxy, and generally may be said to take its colour from the speaker.

The main issue between the parties, broadly stated, is this. It is alleged that the land in this country has become confined to a very small number of proprietors, individual and corporate; that in consequence of certain laws, and practices having the force of law, favouring its aggregation, this is not a mere condition, but a sensibly advancing process; and, so far as statistical research furnishes from time to time the means of calculation, the operation of these causes is constant and cumulative, already presenting a result that is said to have no parallel in any other civilised country—that of the proprietary interest in the soil having become limited to a body of owners numerically less than a hundredth part of the population of the kingdom.

The combined effect of these laws, it is urged, is to withdraw land from the opportunities of heritable distribution by Intestacy, and to discourage its acquisition by any class of purchasers except such as can afford to encounter expenses, difficulties, and delays of transfer amounting to a kind of lawsuit carried on, in spite of themselves, between willing sellers and willing buyers, and over the cost or the

duration of which they can exercise little or no control, depending as it does on the exaction on one side and production on the other of a string of documentary and other evidence dating back from sixty years ago, derived mainly from private sources, unauthenticated by any public or official Register, and, even when obtained, inconclusive except for the immediate transaction ; having, therefore, the singular character of being, in the hands of the purchaser who has just paid for it, unmarketable except on the terms of a repetition of the whole process. Again, under the name of the practice of conveyancers, this system operates to deter from investment in land not only those thrifty persons who fill our Savings banks, but also the whole of that shrewd middle class of capitalists who constitute the bulk of other investments. Finally this contraction of the field of land-purchase is aggravated by a curiously-devised system of strict settlement, which, by the creation of a self-renewing series of limitations (rightly so termed), cuts up the proprietary interest of the soil into life estates deficient in power, and, therefore, barren of motive for developing its full capacity.

By the political economist, in turn, it is urged that while the accumulation of wealth makes a nation, or part of a nation, rich, it is the distribution of wealth that renders states prosperous and happy, by the supply of active enterprise, and consequent diminution of idleness, pauperism, and crime ; that this truth applies emphatically to land, the original source of all wealth, and the most attractive field of labour ; and that, regarded in that connection, this country presents the perplexing phenomenon of a heavy mass of pauperism existing side by side with the greatest accumulation of wealth that has ever been known. This counter-growth of wealth and pauperism is challenged by foreign writers on both sides the Atlantic,¹ in terms not exhilarating to English readers.

From another quarter comes the inquiry whether it can be politic or right that this territorial scale of proprietorship, questionable in the case of land in cultivation, and so far responsive more or less efficiently to public need, should also embrace that large acreage, estimated in England and Wales at about seven million acres, that goes under the general title of Waste land. Much of this, it is asserted, is reclaimable by the Spade,—the pioneer of cultivation,—which, winning its way where no horse-implement is able to follow, can penetrate Nature's reserve, a large portion of which, though not yet able to furnish rent—that margin lying beyond the cultivator's profit²—yet offers a field of home employment for strong and willing

(1) See *North American Review*, July, 1869, October, 1870.

(2) The distinction is apt to be overlooked. Writers sometimes describe Waste lands as "unable to pay Rent," as if it was a conclusive reason against the attempt to cultivate them. Such a reason would have once been good against all cultivation whatever. Rent does not arise until that second stage is reached, when the occupation of land is worth something more than the profit of cultivation.

hands; that to invite these away to emigration seems like a sacrifice at once of power and material.

To these representations it is replied, that experience has shown that land can be farmed on a large scale at less cost per acre, through the use of an improved class of implements, the substitution of machinery for manual labour, the fewer homesteads and farm buildings required, larger enclosures, and other savings of expense of a like character, so as to leave a larger net profit than on a small one; that here the political economist is plainly out of court, and must relinquish his theory of distribution so far as land is concerned; that the *petite culture* so much applauded by well-meaning enthusiasts is a mistake; that the small capitals of the yeomen, whose loss is so loudly and poetically bewailed by many, can be employed more profitably in the tenancy of a larger acreage than in the purchase, or retention, of a small one; that this, in fact, has been proved by their general disappearance and absorption into the larger demesnes; that the much lauded Peasant proprietors of Belgium, Switzerland, Bavaria, France, and latterly of Prussia and Austria, lead a wretched life of persevering but misapplied toil, and mortgage-indebtedness; that their asserted thrifty habits, and efforts to add to their holdings, produce a penurious mode of living—a sort of land-mania; that the wealth of England is so great that her limited territory must be regarded rather as the pleasure-ground of the rich than an article of bargain and sale for middle-class proprietors, much less for that so-called intensive system of culture which, though raising a larger gross produce, does so at greater relative expenditure of time and labour, which could be employed to more advantage in other pursuits; that, consequently, the plea for a wider diffusion of the soil involves an economic solecism, a backward instead of advanced movement in Economic Science, practically refuted by our Manufacturing system, where the saving of labour by machinery developed wealth, and employed far more hands than it displaced; that, as to the law of Intestacy, the abridgment of Entail and Settlement, the abolition of the fictitious distinction of real and personal property, such proposals, however seemingly plausible, are not intended to rest there, but are, in reality, the thin end of the wedge for the breaking up of estates; in fact, the *amorcellement* of the Code Napoléon, and aimed, as that avowedly was, at the destruction of the aristocracy.

To this the political economist rejoins, that the comparative advantage of large and small farms is an agricultural question, totally irrelevant to that of the unrestricted freedom of proprietary interest, the obstruction of which, occasioning as it does a general substitution of tenancy for ownership on a scale unknown to other European countries, postpones the fair trial of that issue, by reducing the com-

parison to the special condition of the most superficial, instead of the most permanent, investment in that soil; that tenant-farming is a particular mode of conducting cultivation so as to obtain the largest net return, in the shortest time, at the least cost, and with the least investment of fixed capital; that this system may be found more successful on a large scale, without affecting the far more important trial of the same issue made under the condition of absolute ownership—just as in a race, where the swiftest horse might win a single heat, yet, for want of bone and staying qualities, would be distanced in the second or third. The state of cultivation, and value of land, in the Isles of Wight and Jersey, respectively, are cited in illustration, as offering a remarkable comparison of the results of the opposite systems.¹ With respect to the thin-end-of-the-wedge argument, the economist instances the recent land reforms of Prussia, Austria, and Russia,—the three most aristocratic and monarchical States of Europe,—to comfort his opponent's apprehension on that score, in case he should reject the axiom that of all conservative influences the extended proprietorship of land, a real stake in the country, is the most unquestioned; and that, moreover, in all those States the freed proprietorship has not interfered with the existence of large farms, and the examples of spirited cultivation which they occasionally present.

Happily, however, there exists in this land question one bit of neutral, or almost neutral ground, on which the most vehement partisans of either creed are, with one exception, able to meet upon a common stand-point. Whatever may be thought about primogeniture, entail, the fusion of real and personal property, legal and equitable estates, large and small farms, or fee-simples; on this one point the feeling has become general—that something must be done, some measure more efficient than any yet put forth must be adopted to abate the intolerable nuisance that stands in the way of the Free Transfer of land. Men of all shades of political opinion, of the most opposite views on the class questions commonly evoked in all land discussions, are agreed thus far—find here a basis for amicable conclusion on which to suspend for the moment a discussion often rising into acrimony—in the simple and abstract-seeming proposition that the power to buy and sell land without factitious hindrance of

(1) "The most remarkable statistics come from the Channel Islands, where a land system prevails totally different to our own. . . . Under this system we find 1,200 persons existing happily and in perfect comfort to the square mile (Belgium, the most densely populated country in Europe, has only 430), and land let (*when let*) at £5 to £6 the acre. . . . The Isle of Wight, with 86,000 acres of land, has a population of 55,362, and scarcely any shipping or commerce; while Jersey, with only 28,000 acres (less than one-third), has a greater actual population (55,613), and 55,000 tons of local shipping, carrying on trade and commerce with the whole world."—"Our Uncultivated Lands," *Fortnightly Review*, XLIV. p. 212.

cost or delay ought at least to be achieved; that it amounts to a national reproach to a people eminently practical, to be behind, as we actually are in this particular now behind, every other civilized state in Europe, and America.

It is truly said that English land is not different from other land; that what has been successfully and beneficially accomplished in other countries of Europe—in Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Austria, Russia—ought not to be insuperable here. In many of those states the difficulties were to a great extent identical, both in kind and origin, with our own—the obstinate remains of that mediæval system which rose out of the decay of Roman law, known, but with different shades of meaning in different countries, as Feudalism; and that their removal has *in no case* been accompanied or followed by any but the most profitable results, notably experienced by that class who feel the first effects, professional and official, of the augmented business of land purchase.

But it is the very speciality, which Professor Cairnes has justly ascribed to property in land, partly from its limited supply, more importantly from its interpenetrative power for good or evil, its relation direct or indirect with every section of the body politic, that renders it so necessary that there shall be no mistake in the laws which govern, or the practice which affects, its distribution. Powerfully impressed with the sense of this speciality from his own point of view, with what kind of sensation does the political economist or the agriculturist find a writer like Mr. Maine speaking of the land-law of England as “the Herculaneum of Feudalism, certainly much more closely allied to the laws of the Middle Ages than that of any continental country?”¹

Unfortunately, conveyancing lawyers are not necessarily political economists, or even agriculturists, and can hardly be expected to take a very broad view of the aggregate effects resulting from that process which they describe as essential to the security of the client—the full investigation of the title in each individual case of transfer, mortgage, settlement, or what not. What is emphatically true in agriculture, that the most striking improvements have been due to men who were not brought up to farming, will probably be found to apply to most other pursuits. Changes sufficiently comprehensive to supersede or materially vary accustomed forms of procedure, are hateful to the technically-educated mind; and where such changes are needed (as formerly, in the total abandonment of real actions, and the heroic remedy of ejectment), professional habit insensibly contracts the focus of view, shutting out the broad outline more daringly seized by outsiders. Hence the maxim that has grown up, ‘No craft reforms itself;’ a sentence from which it can

(1) Maine's “Ancient Law,” p. 226.

hardly be denied that even the profession of the law has achieved no striking exemption.

Yet it must thankfully be admitted that it has been from the chiefs of that noble profession, far more than from landowners themselves, that the greatest efforts have proceeded; efforts hitherto unsuccessful, except in the remarkable case of the Irish Landed Estates Court, where the Gordian knot was cut which no power on earth could unravel. And this being so, it may well cause surprise and discouragement to the lay public, to have witnessed the repeated failure of the highest legal science to unriddle this riddle, even to the modest extent of an effective Register of Title, as recently instanced in the case of Lord Westbury's Act of 1862.

A circumstance of late disclosure, since the establishment of the Landed Estates Court in Ireland, offers upon this head very striking matter of consideration. It is stated that even in the case of the Parliamentary titles granted during the early operations of that Court (under the name of the Encumbered Estates Court), the sovereign remedy has proved but temporary. Already in the period that has elapsed the trouble has begun to reappear; a fresh growth has revealed the existence of the old parasitic evil; the title has developed symptoms which, if only time enough be allowed, threaten to bring about a renewal of the former condition.¹ As no complaint of this kind has arisen in those European States where, since the year 1848, the registration of titles has been preceded by, and based upon, a revision of the Land Laws, some underlying causes seem indicated that are not only running counter to professional skill, but defeat even the exercise of judicial power to clear the framework of land transfer. The question that suggests itself is, Can any reform of technical procedure communicate simplicity of transfer to that which in its nature is not susceptible of this quality? Can any rules, laid down for registration, render English land titles fit to be registered to any practical advantage?

"Although," writes Mr. Bellenden Ker, "I consider a system of registration essential, yet I am of opinion that *a revision of the whole*

(1) This appears to have been not unanticipated. "In May, 1850, petitions, signed by numerous peers and other great landowners were presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying that the principles of the Incumbered Estates Act (then recently established) should be extended, so as to enable any proprietor to have his title investigated by a competent legal tribunal, and a Parliamentary conveyance executed to the purchaser. . . . But such a measure, if carried out, would only relieve existing proprietors for the moment. . . . With a continuance of the present unlimited powers of creating every species of charge, trust, and equity, as an encumbrance upon land, that relief would be of a very transitory character. Every new charge would be a fresh blot upon the young title, and these would go on accumulating as before, year after year, until the mischief would again become intolerable, and a future land-lock should lead to another violent and compulsory liberation of the land."—Evidence of M. R. Sausse, Q.C. Appendix to the Report of the Land Transfer Commissioners, p. 425.

law of real property should take place before registration is adopted, and as far as I can judge, I think that such judicial registry could only be effected where the law admits only of *absolute* ownership.”¹ “It is impossible,” says the Report of the Royal Commission of 1870, “to discuss any system for the more ready transfer of land without feeling that many of the impediments which exist are owing to *rules of law which permit landowners to make settlements of land for long periods*, and do not provide any certain power to order the conversion of that land into money, however expedient such a course may be.”²

“The ownership of landed estate,” writes Mr. Christie, “may in one sense be considered a unity, but it is a very complex unity. According to my own experience there are many estates, a complete and exact statement of the different interests in which would not be framed by a person of experience and ability without the labour of many weeks, and, after all, the existence of some error or imperfection in the statement would be far more probable than its exactness and sufficiency.”³

Coming from such authorities, it would be difficult to conceive words more crushing to the hopes of any who believe in a public registry in this country such as that now established in almost every Continental State, even by way of first step towards the emancipation of English soil. So long as, under cover of our laws, men are able, according to the Lincoln’s Inn adage, to “make their settlements as if they were just going to die, and their wills as if they were going to live for ever,” what relief to the cumbrous title does registration offer? We deprecate, and justly, the land-*amorcellement* of the Code Napoléon but does not our butchery of the *estate* present an analogous evil equally objectionable and mischievous in its way. Our French and Belgian neighbours subdivide the land, we mutilate the proprietary interest in it; they cut up the carcass, we perform vivisection upon the living springs of action, till the healthy motive power of actual ownership is lost to all useful purpose. ‘Any number of lives in being, and twenty-one years *afterwards*,’—twenty-one years of a life *not in being*, and that *may never be*, parcelled on to a string of life estates, presents a proprietorship, if the term be not a misnomer, distributed in such a manner and over such a period that it might have been invented, as indeed the later history of entails confesses, to suppress the identity of ownership, as it now does its real exercise. Well may the conveyancer himself stand amazed—

If erring custom have not braz’d it so
That it be proof and bulwark against sense—

when launching what one cynical writer calls “this stupendous

(1) Report of Commissioners on Registration of Title (1857), p. 357.

(2) Land Transfer Commission (1870), p. xxxi.

(3) Appendix to Report of Land Transfer Commission (1857), p. 328.

creation of an impossible foresight," whose other end, running seventy, eighty, possibly ninety years on into time, may keep the land entangled in the network of the past, tied and sealed up, and marked private from all the rest of mankind while England has twice over doubled her population!

We smile at the retrospective vanity of the Chinese who, having risen to sudden wealth and rank, incontinently sets about to ennoble his ancestors to the third and fourth generation back; may it not be that our one-sided contract with the unborn, who are not, and *may never be*, deserves a smile, if we could look on it as impartially? The subject of the Celestial Empire might fairly contend that the fashion of his pride is at least harmless. We cannot quite say that of ours, which, in order to accomplish its deferred object, fastens upon the soil a series of life-annuitants, dwarfed both in motive and capacity to enter into full relation with it for its own improvement, born and kept in the meshes of a strict settlement, which no sooner reaches its protracted limit, than the "infant fortune come to age" is invited to renew the chain, before he has the least idea of its nature or meaning; and having, by this irrevocable act succumbed in turn to the emasculating 'life estate,' which divorces him from that of which he is nominally proprietor, soon finds himself compelled, in order to meet the calls for capital which land every year more rigorously makes upon the owner, to resort to Government loans and special Acts of Parliament—to borrow from the public the funds needed to enable him to carry on what, in other ranks of life, would be called his own business.

Perhaps of all the interests involved in this question the one which is most commonly assumed on the representation of others, is that of the so-called landowner himself. It is the practice to speak of the class as if it was a perfectly homogeneous body throughout, chargeable with all kinds of monopoly and selfishness, of which it is at least as frequently the victim as the defender. It may with truth be said that the landowning condition is one that includes as much variety of circumstance as may be found in any other aggregation of units; and that a more potent argument could hardly be drawn from any feature in the case than from the contrasts which that condition embraces. On the one side you have the wealthy purchaser, who has entered on the fee-simple ownership of an estate clear of every family or other charge, with an ample moneyed fund to draw upon for the most liberal scale of improvement, and an income far beyond what his utmost acreage would indicate. On the other side, the tenant-in-tail, born into a condition which he did not choose, upon an old family estate burthened with the charges of two generations, probably a mortgage or two (as the aphorism, "once a mortgage always a mortgage," too readily suggests), and commonly some other parental

charges of a less declared character, of which he hears the first on that day when he is invited to affix his name to certain bulky parchments that already await his signature. Talk of young clergymen signing the Thirty-nine Articles at twenty-four!

Educated for no profession or occupation, surrounded by a wide and undrained acreage, not one-third of whose gross rental reaches his hands, except on its way to those of the jointress, the younger brothers and sisters, the mortgagee, the tax-gatherer, he finds his reduced balance subjected to the demands of all his tenantry for repairs, improvements, outlays of every kind, whose name is legion, all on scale with the acreage that calls him owner, not the paltry annuity—for it may be little more—that is left for him to live upon at a Place where economy becomes a grim jest. Presently a family grows up around him, splendidly exemplified by the eldest son and heir, whom he sees all the world conspiring to lead blindfold towards the same pitfall of self-deception that was practised on himself. What Hallam calls “the strenuous idleness” of field-sports becomes the almost unavoidable substitute for the nobler emprise of manly responsibilities.

No one who has marked the difference of character produced by that early trust which engenders activity and self-reliance, can easily approve the practice in our landed dispositions, which, under the phrase ‘life estate,’ eliminates from life that estate which constitutes life’s greatest privilege, a personal and responsible field of action. There are men no doubt in the world so naturally idle and indifferent as to be satisfied with a life without an object; there are probably more in this busy country who, from the unceasing struggle of arduous professions, look longingly upon such an existence. It is from one or other of these very opposite classes that arguments are often heard, which the objects of their envy or admiration, if personally consulted, would most reluctantly endorse; arguments which, assuming that all the landed class are advocates for long entail, assert that “it is idle to look to those who make a practice of mutilating their own proprietary interest in land, to restore to us that fulness and freedom of ownership which we need.”

Yet all this would matter little to any but the parties immediately concerned, were the game but played in some shape, say in plate, or pictures, or shares, or Consols, in any coin that affected no one else outside the family circle. But it becomes a serious thing when the subject matter of all these exclusive arrangements and unborn interests is the producing area which we call our common country, acres that are limited in extent but of unknown capacity of productive power and development, greedy, to a proverb, of free capital, and able to furnish occupation, interest, health, amusement, equally in large and small portions to the living generation, whose claim is surely preferable to that of the unborn.

It is much to be feared that the hope is vain for any practical improvement in the transfer of land, until we have first determined that each generation in turn shall have that control over its landed wealth without which full investment as well as responsibility cannot exist. The principle is well expressed in the initiatory edict of the Prussian land legislation of 1807, which asserts that "the welfare of the State is best consulted by the increase and free use of the forces of the individual, and the removal of whatever had hitherto hindered the individual from obtaining that degree of well-being which he was capable of reaching by exertions according to the best of his ability."¹

It is undoubtedly, and most happily, true that there are in this country, more perhaps than in any other of the world, men who can afford to invest large capitals, at the lowest rate of interest, in land. Such an investment is the most obvious for spare wealth, and in a prosperous country the most sure of steady increment. But not the less for this, the earth was made for all, and "there is much food in the tillage of the poor." At first sight, any competition with the surplus funds of the rich in such an investment might seem as impossible or hopeless as that challenge appears to represent. A less superficial inquiry would show, that, next to the wealthy landowner, the man in all England who accepts the lowest interest for his money is the Savings bank depositor. Is he to be told that he is but a madman to buy a piece of land, because the net return to the rich man is but $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while he himself is investing his savings at $2\frac{3}{4}$, or, at most, for 3?

But his reply would be ready to hand. He would tell us that the farmer, after paying the landlord's rent, looks for 10 per cent. on his invested capital, and that the poor man pays for his plot or garden a rent usually twice as high as the farmer; he is not so stupid as to be unable to make the calculation that if his spade can leave him a profit, after paying twice the rent obtainable from the plough, the return for his investment would embrace not the landlord's rent alone, but his own working profit in addition. There is no rivalry between the cases: the one consists of the mere net return to the proprietor, the sleeping partner, after writing off every outgoing, in rates and taxes, and the cultivator's profit; the other includes the whole gross return. It is certain enough that the man who rents a plot of ground, and invests his profits in a savings bank at less than 3 per cent., would gladly prefer to buy his land and save his double

(1) See "Reports on the tenure of land in the different countries of Europe" (Prussia, p. 236). The Report goes on to say, "The provisions of this edict were duly put into force, and the increase beyond all expectation in the national welfare during the next ten years bears testimony to the fruitfulness of Stein's policy. All ranks of the nation, landowners, citizens, and peasants, were most materially benefitted, and the latter raised to a much more important place in the economy of the State."—*Parliamentary Reports*.

rent, even were the motive confined to the mere question of interest of money, did no *other* discouragement prevent him.

As regards the tenant farmer the case is commonly stated thus. A capital of, say, £2,000, which would only purchase about 40 acres of land, would be sufficient to stock and cultivate a farm of between 200 and 300, with an expected profit of 10 per cent.; while the 40 acres, with the additional capital (say £300 or £400), required to stock it, would, at the same rate, bring only a return of £30 or £40, which, *plus* the rent, would bring for an outlay of £2,400 an aggregate return less than half that obtained by the renting farmer.

This is true; and putting aside all troublesome questions as to game, distress or hypothec, rates, &c., we have here the *raison d'être* of the immense proportion of tenancy in this country. But those who point to this in the light of an apology for the impediments which obstruct the acquisition of land, overlook the fact that not one in a thousand of those who would gladly purchase a few acres of land have any desire whatever to enter upon a farming speculation. The subjects have no connection with each other. The *modus agri non ita magnus* desiderated by the hosts of willing buyers who are discouraged from the purchase of land by its present conditions, have no such object in view. It would be but irrelevant advice to one of this numerous class whose desires are limited to the site for a house, with a garden, a paddock, or an orchard, of his own, to accost him thus; "My friend, you are going to do a very foolish thing! The money you are going to pay for these twenty or thirty acres you are so desirous of, would enable you to become a Farmer—a Tenant of two or three hundred!" *Solvuntur tabulæ*. Those who speak of land as the pleasure-ground of the rich should be reminded that it is precisely in that capacity that its freedom of purchase is most desired, and its practical denial most felt, by that large class of middle capitalists whose aggregate wealth far exceeds the colossal fortunes of the few; but who, unlike them, will not choose to face an investment where, in City phrase, the 'delivery is uncertain,' and the 'brokerage eats away the bargain,' and that too in an *inverse ratio with the amount* of the purchase! What deters one of a class, operates with all; and the wholesome gradation which obtains in every other form of wealth, obstructed in the case of land, elicits feelings towards the landowning class which could have no existence or excuse if it was guarded by the natural entourage which would gradually result from a free market. The jealousy of wealth in any shape may be always prevalent enough, but people do not in this country propose to subdivide the fortunes of a Baring, a Rothschild, or a Brassey, knowing full well that from such money capitals as these down to their own, however humble, the gradation is complete, and interfered with by no obstruction which legislation has the power to remove.

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TABLE OF EPITOMISED ABSTRACTS FROM THE

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move.

It is as singular as it is unfortunate that, in a country which offers an example of practical freedom not yet attained by some whose political forms pretend to a more theoretically popular basis, we should be found the last of the European family to solve a problem so vitally important as that which the land question still almost hopelessly presents; hopelessly, not from its intrinsic difficulty, for it has been solved successfully during the last twenty years, as the table accompanying these pages exhibits, in countries where the difficulties, both social and political, were far greater than those existing under our constitution. Surrounded as we are by a Continental system based upon the principle of the diffusion of landed wealth, and in the face of statistical returns which prove that more than half the farms in England and Wales are under twenty acres, it is idle to answer the demand for a free land-market, and the retention by each generation of its own fee-simple, with a theory about large farms, and a paternal anxiety as to the dangers of small proprietorship. A reference to the Returns presented last Session, very briefly epitomised in the table referred to, will show that, throughout almost the whole of Europe, land can be purchased, and an absolute title acquired, without immoderate cost or delay, by the existence of an official Register and Cadastre. But this in most cases was preceded by a revision and correction of those laws which, surviving from feudal times, or growing spontaneously during the lapse of centuries, would have rendered such machinery, by itself, abortive.

Such will it prove with us, unless we can make up our minds to the removal of the two impediments that obstruct the freedom of English soil; the exceptional law of landed Intestacy, which still awaits the Government Bill promised in the last session, and promised again in the present,—and the correction of that obsolete entailing power which successively disinherits each living generation of all practical ownership of the land.

There cannot be a wiser or more obvious policy for those who would defend the full liberty of landed possession on a large scale, than the removal of those vulnerable and provoking outworks that challenge question by obstructing the freedom of others who claim the same privilege in each variety of humbler grade. Every proprietor, however small, is a natural guardian of the sacred and inalienable right of property; as the safety of the highest pyramid lies in the breadth of its base. It is almost incomprehensible, at a time when every privilege is scrutinized, and the wildest land theories find support, that such a principle should need assertion, and that the ownership of land, the most conservative element in society, should be impeded with the sanction of those who claim the title of defenders of our social state.

C. WREN HOSKYNs.

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF HALIKARNASSOS.

"It was set up in honour of Mausolos, sometime king over the Halikarnassians; and was so admirable, not only from the magnitude of the work, but from the splendour of all its ornaments, that the Romans too held it for a great marvel, and called their grandest tombs *mausolea* after it."—PAUSANIAS, viii. 16.

THE passenger on his way westward from Knightsbridge becomes aware of a vast Rotundo lately arisen in red brick, and commanding the roadway on his left; and opposite this, within the park palings on the right, of a smaller and richer structure, which is still unfinished, but from about which the scaffold-poles have been removed, so that its unveiled summit aspires in all the glory of gilt crockets and pinnacles, carven niches, painted metal-work, and triangular fields of mosaic, which you may on a sunshiny day see flashing by glimpses across the park, all the way from Grosvenor Gate or the Marble Arch. This then, you may bethink yourself, as you admire the radiant edifice, this is the monument which the homage of a nation and the piety of a queen—how says the Laureate?—

"Her, over all whose realms to their last ile
The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,"

have contrived in honour of a virtuous prince of the latter days. And then it may perhaps come into your head that long ago there was set up another monument—tomb, monument, and sanctuary in one—to decorate which the most famous artists of the time were called together by another queen in her widowhood, and of which the renown was not inconsiderable at the time and afterwards. *There*, indeed, was no question of an empire on which the sun never sets, nor of a prince of estimable and cultured memory like our own, "dear to Science, dear to Art;" far from it; only of a grasping and tyrannical chieftain of Karia, who learnt by his father's example to take advantage of troubled times, and, coming down from the family principality beneath the Latmian mountain, succeeded by force and fraud in establishing for his house a temporary dominion on the coasts of Asia Minor, with the Doric city of Halikarnassos for its capital. An intriguing and anon rebellious tributary, no better, of Persian satraps two thousand years ago! Still, since there is no harm in comparing small things with great, and since these Karians undoubtedly were proud of their Mausoleum (which Artemisia had set her heart on having as beautiful as possible), you settle with yourself, let us say, to take the next opportunity of turning into the British Museum, and looking at the various marbles which, as you will remember, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Mr. Newton got over

from Budrum some years ago. You will be glad, at any rate, when the sculptures of our grand English memorial are finished and uncovered next season, to have in your mind's eye something classical to set beside them.

Your views will be assisted by the re-arrangements which have been in progress in the sculpture galleries of the Museum, and are now complete so far as the Mausoleum Room is concerned. A sanguine fancy can perhaps conjure up the day when we, the British public, shall like to see the splendid, the quite unrivalled stores, that lie crowded and but half available in Great Russell Street, put to something like serious and organised use for the purposes of our public education, and shall accordingly consent to spare a little of the two primary necessities of space and money for this end. Meantime, the resident authorities have long done their best under difficulties. It is not the fault of these zealous guardians, nor indeed any fault of mere arrangement, if little general teaching is actually got out of the achievements of the Hellenic genius which we have collected. For there are two orders of mankind, and two only, who can at present be said really to care for or enter into them; the German professor for one, the born and trained lover of art for another. To the former and to his spirit the sciences of the beautiful no more come amiss than the sciences of spoliation, or any others. It is to him that the study now in question, with its twin methods or instruments of æsthetic and archæology, is indebted for its chief advances in critical and constructive paths. Do we not know the zeal, the industry, the fruitful and indefatigable comparison of texts and fragments, the patience, the acuteness—the spectacles that nothing can elude? As for the instinctive lover of art, he is not, perhaps, a very common birth in any country; but given such an one, and these things will be as the breath of his nostrils; “the antique,” for him, is not the phrase or the tradition that it is for other men; when their magic has once caught him, he cannot choose but to come back to the remains of Greek work dispersed among the museums of Europe—and most of all to the shattered but consummate remains of the great time in our own Museum—with a passion that no familiarity can assuage. These things are without peer in the world; in them the highest has been revealed to him; Faustus has looked upon Helena, and hers he is for evermore:—

“Verschwinde mir des Lebens Athemkraft,
Wenn ich mich je von Dir zurückgewöhne.”

To resume: at the British Museum, then, an enlargement lately effected has made it possible to dispose the entire series of bas-reliefs from the cella of the Parthenon—casts where we have not the originals—round the walls of the Elgin room at the level of the eye. This work is still doing; but in the adjoining room the marbles

found on the site of the Mausoleum, together with a few of analogous style from Priene, have been placed for some time past according to an arrangement which is likely to be permanent. So that in two contiguous galleries, and in fairly visible situations, we have, with an odd exception or two, all that time, rage, and wantonness have spared of a famous temple of antiquity, and the most famous of all its tombs; the temple built and adorned at Athens in honour of the Virgin, patron of the sacred soil, by the artists of the first great Athenian school—the tomb by those of the second, in honour of a half-barbarian king at Halikarnassos.

The difference between the two undertakings is significant of the change of times. When Pheidias and Iktinos had, under the eye of Perikles, spent all the resources of supreme genius, craftsmanship, wealth, upon the structure and carvings of the Parthenon, they had had for inspiration the most exalted and engrossing conceptions of religion and patriotism—the one commensurate and commingled with the other—that ever fired the invention or sustained the industry of man. Not Florence herself, in later times, was ever more steadfastly and passionately identified with whatever was worthy of worship—not by Dante or Savonarola themselves, to whom her name was light, and her cause the cause of God—than was Athens in these days by each and all of her children. It was less than two generations since Athens had been the saviour of the world; she was still its leader, with her headship unshaken, if not unattempted; it was a church to Our Lady of Athens that her artists were called on to build worthily of her. To what summits of achievement, what triumphs imperishable, might not well the heart of the builder be lifted? But now all that was past. Almost before Pheidias was dead in his prison, there had broken out the war which ended in bringing his country low; the best manhood of Attica, what remained of it, had been thrust to rot in the quarries of Syracuse at the moment, as is most likely, while the workmen at home were putting the last touch to the temple of Athene Nike, the Wingless Victory; but victory had already flown, and soon it was the turn of the Spartans to set up the memorials of their own triumph and of Athenian defeat. And it was the sculptor of one such memorial at Amyklai, the Parian Aristandros, whose son (according to a conjecture of modern criticism) became in thirty or forty years more one of the two heads of the new school of Athens herself. Athens after her fall, as we all know, recovered something of her place and dignity among Grecian states, and during the agitated half-century from the expulsion of the tyrants to the first Macedonian war had retained more than all her former supremacy of the mind, at times even some shadow of her former supremacy of the arm. But neither at Athens nor elsewhere in Greece did there exist any longer the old rooted and lofty faith of a population in the state and its gods, the self-

conscious pursuit and proud attainment of a great ideal of collective life, subject to revealed and hereditary sanctions such as no man questioned. Take a single group of sculptures of the older school, of which there remain to us a few stones, together with a drawing of what it was like so late as two hundred years ago—that of the western pediment of the Parthenon—and try to realise the multiplicity of animating and elevating ideas, handed on so far with increment from generation to generation, which such a work had in it to awaken. In the centre, Poseidon and Athene starting apart, their contest over, he to his chariot and she to hers; the very Air of heaven having contended against the Might of the waters, and upon this very rock, for the sovereignty of the envied soil, and won; the olive-tree, the token of her victory, standing between them; and she not the pure air of heaven only, but Purity itself, ethereal purity one with spiritual wisdom, and turned by gradual gathering of attributes into a personification of valour, skill, art, justice; goddess of the inventions of the mind and industries of the hand, and withal and before all the queen and very present help of her cherished and chosen city; for though Athens might hold the kingdom of Poseidon in fee, and galleys from the Peiræus gather its riches together for her increase, yet Pallas it was whose gift had from old time been preferred, and her sovereignty set up in the Akropolis. Towards either wing a train of attendant or subordinate powers; on the side of Poseidon, the progeny of the sea, possessors of hidden knowledge; Amphitrite and Tethys ready with his chariot, behind them Leukothea with Palaimon, friends of the seafarer, Thalassa or Dione couched with the goddess of love naked and new-born, upon her knees, and Eros, the very Love, beside his mother; Doris or Galene, goddess of the ocean-calm. On the side of Athene, a maiden charioteer by some called Victory, but perhaps Pandrosos or other of her handmaid group, daughters of Attica, whose names are symbolic of refreshment and purification; next the thrice-sacred three associated with the rites of a wondrous worship at Eleusis, Demeter, mother of the earth's produce, Kore, queen of nether mysteries, and Iakchos, the boy-god breathing frenzy; then the ancient land-kings Kekrops and his wife, with the serpent-shape of Erichthonios. A little apart in either wing, figures of the rivers and springs that saved the soil of Attica from drought; Kephissos by himself; Ilissos laid along with the nymph of the fountain Kallirhoë. For the Athenian of the time, every figure among this train had its august and moving, if only partially deciphered, chapter of beneficent attributes, associated with all the schoolings of the child and all the civic activities of the man—attributes in the first place cosmic or physical, next ethical, then local, political, patriotic, embracing the whole sphere of his traditions, thoughts, and hopes.

But the new time, with its impaired aspirations and break-down of

the old religious reverence and national enthusiasm, its spirit of speculation and disillusion, no longer regarded its gods in the same temper, and made a new kind of demand upon its artists. Skopas might fashion the ocean progeny, ἡ θαλάσσης βένθεα οἶδεν, more beautifully than ever, to the despair of a posterity of connoisseurs; but they would mean for no man what Poseidon and his following had meant, in that place and company, for the Athenian citizen under Perikles. Art begins to substitute individual for its old collective motives and sentiment. Great public commissions become rarer, rarest at impoverished Athens; while for private monuments the best artists are hired from whatever quarter. The graver Olympians are by comparison neglected; the new types to which the genius of art is directed are the deities of pleasure, conceived of simply as such, with their satellites. And it is now for the first time that the artist turns himself with predilection to the phases of human emotion proper. Much that was religion for his grandfather has become mythology for him; but, to compensate, his range is wider, he has more scope and calling in the direction both of passion and sweetness.

This is no place, however, for a recapitulation of the tolerably well-known story of the general movement of the time. Only let it be marked by what steps it had come about that this building on the Dorian promontory overseas should be scarcely less characteristic of the new school of Athens, than the buildings of the Attic Akropolis had been of the school of eighty years earlier.

What the building on the Dorian promontory was like we know with some explicitness from Pliny, and the recovered architectural fragments have been made a basis for ingenious calculations and reconstructions, upon which the authorities may be consulted.¹ Imagine a structure a hundred and forty feet high, nearly half the height taken up with a massive basement of hewn stone, faced with marble, and perhaps architecturally decorated, divided, and enriched, about a hundred and twenty feet long from east to west, and ninety feet broad; planted upon this, an Ionic colonnade of nine columns on each front and eleven on each flank, enclosing a cella or walled sanctuary; then architrave, frieze, and boldly-projecting cornice, the whole order from plinth to cornice nearly forty feet high; and, surmounting this, a narrowing pyramid of twenty-four steps, crowned high overhead with a great sculptured group of chariot and figures. Upwards from the basement, everything of white marble,

(1) The chief of these are, the writings of the excavators themselves—"Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidæ," by C. T. Newton and R. P. Pullan, 1862, two vols., with third vol. of plates; "Travels and Discoveries in the Levant," by C. T. Newton, 1865; "The Mausoleum of Halikarnassos Restored," by J. Fergusson: London, Murray, 1862; an essay by Mr. Falkener in the Museum of Classical Antiquities; the treatise on "Skopas," by J. Ulrichs, Greifswald, 1863, with review of the same by Stark, Philologus, xxi., 415 seq.; and a monograph by Chr. Petersen, Hamburg, 1866.

taking the morning; with who shall say what splendours beside of carving and colour, gilded and enriched mouldings, bands of tinted sculpture?—a warrior group, it would seem, planted at each corner of the basement, lions in pairs watching in advance of either front of the colonnade, heroic figures looking out at you from between the columns, a chariot-race in full course around the cella walls behind them, Greeks and Amazons in combat round the outer frieze beneath the cornice, and high above all, on the top of the pyramid, Maussolos the king standing upright in his chariot, and guided towards Olympian destinies by the guardian goddess at his side.

Most of all this has passed utterly to nothing—overthrown, it seems, by an earthquake or other convulsion so late as the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the remains found handy by posterity in need of quicklime and building materials in general. It was in 1402 that the Knights of St. John, under their leader Heinrich Schlegelholz, began to build out of the sculptured blocks their famous castle of St. Peter in Mesy, afterwards Budrum. And a hundred and twenty years later it is related how others of the knights, sent on a refortifying expedition, found more remains, and, “having entertained their fancy with the singularity of the work, pulled it to pieces, and broke up the whole of it, applying it to the same purpose as the rest.” What we possess, partly picked out of the walls of this castle, partly dug up from the choked foundations of the tomb itself, consists of a few male and female heads (one of them with the nose on); the right leg and left hand of a mounted figure on the trunk of a rearing horse, two or three draped heroic *torsi*, two colossal standing statues, one male, put together out of sixty-five pieces and wanting the arms, the other female, broken in two at the knees and short of her face, forearms, and one foot; a ram—

“A mighty ram, greater than such beasts be
In any lands about the Grecian sea” —

but headless and legless; a number of broken lions, some halves of colossal horses, bits of a wheel, and slabs of two or three friezes, including eighteen of one in something approaching a complete state. It sounds a beggarly account enough; but to your professor, your art-lover, of what precious and inestimable significance! for is it not all we have (with the possible exception of a single Niobid in the Vatican) that comes straight and without doubt from the workshop of the renowned Attic school of Skopas? One Phyteus, we know, was chief architect of the monument—probably the same with the Pythis, who we also know was the carver of its crowning group, while Skopas was its chief sculptor, with Leochares, Timotheos, Bryaxis, and, according to one account, Praxiteles himself.

Beginning with those slabs in relief which inquirers are agreed in assigning to the external frieze of the order, and of which the best

preserved is one that was long in private custody at Genoa, the next best, those discovered among the ruins by Mr. Newton, and the most damaged, the twelve removed from the castle-walls through the initiative of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, we have here the scenes of an action long delighted in and often repeated by Attic art—a battle of Greeks and Amazons. There were four great occasions of mythical conflict between the Greeks and the race of warrior women whom rumour or imagination had planted about the eastern shores of the Euxine. There was the victory gained over them by Theseus when they invaded Attica in revenge for the rape of Antiope; and this, regarded as the first overthrow by Athenians of an enemy from barbarous shores, and hence as a prototype of the Persian wars, was a favourite theme of the patriotic school of Athens, and constantly coupled with the defeat of the Kentaurs by Theseus at the wedding of Peirithoos. There was the collision of the Amazonian contingent with the Greek besiegers of Troy, which in the death of Penthesileia and compassion of Achilles gave a choice motive to the sentimental schools of art, and occurs often enough both on vase-paintings and elsewhere. There was the inroad of the Amazons into Lykia and their defeat by Bellerophon, to which I do not know that any representations can be specifically appropriated. There was the battle against them by the river Thermodon, when Herakles slew their queen Hippolyte, and took her battle-axe for spoil. By this battle-axe hangs a tale, which has led critics to the supposition that it is the fight on the Thermodon which the carvers of the present Amazonomachia had in view. The Lydian name of the trophy was *labrys*, and at *Labranda* there was an ancient temple of the Karian Zeus, where this *labrys* had long lain, having been taken by a Karian from a Lydian king, in whose house it had been held for an heirloom from Omphale. It is also found on coins of Karia, and hence clearly shows a solemn and legendary connection of this exploit of Herakles with the Karian past. And on one of the slabs of the frieze there is a figure with the lion's fell cast about it, which has been called Herakles, and held to confirm the supposition. I think, however, there is nothing in this figure to prove it that of Herakles as distinguished from Theseus, whose habit it also is to wear a lion's hide (in the frieze from Bassai of Arkadia, in the next room, you may see where he has doffed and hung it upon a bough, in order the better to throttle a Kentaur with whom he is engaged), and, therefore, that it must be left an open question whether the subject, as a decoration for the tomb of Maussolos, has been conceived in relation to the traditions of his nation, or whether it is simply a favourite motive of Attic decorative art, imported here, as we certainly find it imported elsewhere, without regard to local circumstances.

The two sets of frieze-remains which offer analogies with this

sufficiently obvious to provoke comparison are those of the temple of Athene Nike, with its combat of Greeks against mixed Greeks and Asiatics (the battle of Plataiai, it may be) and those of the above-cited Arcadian temple of Apollon Epikourios at Phigaleia, with its deities looking on at a battle of Greeks against Kentaurs on the one hand and against Amazons on the other. But in either case the points of difference are more striking than the points of resemblance. The delicate and defaced little reliefs of the Wingless Victory have the true Attic distinction; they show the matchless instinct of harmonious distribution of figures in their space; their limbs and draperies are worked with the finest care and knowledge; with a monotony amounting to absolute poverty in the invention of incidents, they join not a little of that peculiar sentiment, arising out of bodily sufferings or predicaments in which the mind is not represented as bearing part or acknowledgment, which gives to so much in Greek art its characteristic colour and pathos. Above all, they subordinate the heat of action to the old high character of self-possession and quiescence, of which it is always hard to tell how much is due to ethical choice, and how much to technical prescription handed down from the immaturity of the art, but which at all events is proper to the Periklean period. The reliefs from Phigaleia are at many points the very opposite of all this. That Iktinos was the architect of that temple is recorded; but it cannot be that the carvers of its frieze were of the school associated with Iktinos in the monumental work upon the Akropolis. We have just used the word distinction, in reference to some fragments of probably late scholar's work of this kind; and distinction at its highest power, distinction exalted, sovereign, unapproachable, is the very note of the fragments done under the immediate inspiration of the master. The Phigaleian frieze, on the other hand, is the single piece of work of the time possessing qualities that may fairly be called vulgar. Full of invention, if you will, alive with diversified physical incident, vehement, exciting, inexhaustible—though even on these grounds it has perhaps been commonly overpraised; but in all this scene of animated tumbling and tearing, and sometimes of telling pathos, I can see hardly an instance of the true Attic exquisiteness, or even of the general Greek refinement and dignity. That the faces should take little part in the play of passion is right; but it is wrong that many of them should belong to coarse and almost lumpish types, that crowded combatants should straddle and rush uncouthly, that feet and hands should be coarsely drawn, and that draperies should flutter and twirl and flap in defiance alike of gravitation and composition. All these things, together with the fact that several of the motives and incidents of the composition recur in other places—on vases, mirrors, and the like—have been interpreted, as it seems

to me with reason, as showing that the frieze of Phigaleia is probably not a sculptor's invention at all, but rather a spirited cento of heroic scenes taken from paintings of the Athenian school, and carried out in stone by the provincial artists of Arkadia.¹ At any rate, it contrasts with the Mausoleum frieze just as strongly, from another side, as does that of the Nike Apteros. The one has fire and variety without style and exquisiteness; the other has style and exquisiteness without fire and variety. The work of the new school at the Mausoleum has both. The slabs differ among each other very sensibly in merit as well as preservation; and one seems to trace unmistakably in them the work of different hands. Their figures have all been under-cut in high relief, and elaborately finished: they are nearly all in strong, natural actions of fighting—and actions, this time, in which the face and its expression consent—not crowded upon the field, but generally almost clear of each other, and composed according to a very careful and singular system of diagonal symmetry, which can be reduced in some cases to an accurate geometrical expression. An Amazon who has turned round upon her horse to deliver a retreating stroke as he springs away with her, another striding forward to deal a blow upon the shield of a Greek who has flung himself upon his defence; another who will strike and not give ground as a Greek presses forward against her—these are three figures of unsurpassable execution, well preserved upon Mr. Newton's slabs from among the ruins, and such as make one feel what is meant when it is said that passion and sweetness were the gifts of the school by which they were turned out. They come from the eastern side of the ruins—the side on which Skopas worked himself; so that it is scarcely a dream to hope that we may here have the evidence of actual and first-hand chisel-strokes in support of that imperfect testimony of after imitators, or still more intangible echo of literary renown, which is all that so many of the classic masters have to report them to posterity.

Where sentiment proper, and the appeal to sympathy, are so strongly developed as here, it may be hard for the modern spectator to feel quite comfortable in looking at a scene from which the modern feeling towards women is so wholly absent; in which their contention on equal terms against men is taken for granted, and equal pity goes with one sex and with the other in defeat; as you may see, for example, in the very spirited and individual group from Genoa at the north end of the room. But if you want a piece in marble that shall hold and haunt you not only with its loveliness and rhythmic flow of line, but with the magic of an expression most eager, emulous, tender, indecipherable, look at the slender and bended figure of the youthful charioteer below—the least shattered fragment of a different

(1) Overbeck, *Gesch. der Griech. Plast.* 2nd ed., i. 376-7.

frieze from some other part of the building. It seems half to float and half to stoop; the face and throat, nearly detached from the ground, are carved with the minutest subtlety of perfection; as one traces the workmanship, one thinks of Pliny's word *calaverunt*, and understands the idea of exquisiteness which he must have meant to convey by it.

Passing to the severed heads from the same site, there are none that can be identified, and only one or two that possess particular interest. The imprisonment of the hair under a coif, with only three regular rows of small curls appearing round the forehead, robs the female heads among them of what in others, both of the greatest and of lesser schools, is an occasion of infinite and lovely art. But they have—and chiefly a colossal one only moderately defaced—the great build of face and arch of brow, the strong curves and full Attic oval of the cheeks carried almost to an extreme. But upon all this nobility is shed the softness of a secret charm, and in the bold and subtle flexure of the lips one knows not what yearning soul of tenderness seems resident beneath the habit of disdain. An almost identical character is found in the lovely head of a woman placed near by, which comes from the temple of Athene Polias at Priene. Inscriptions found in this temple show it to have been dedicated by Alexander; whence it might well be that its sculptures should be of the same style and school as those of the Mausoleum, its predecessor by twenty years or so.¹

Of other remains, the rearing horse and his trousered rider—a Persian warrior or satrap—is a superb piece of fragmentary action, carved with the finish and knowledge of the highest art, but with certain differences presently to be noted from the style of the Parthenon work in the next room. The great horses of the crowning quadriga (that is to say, the fore quarter of one and hind half of another, with sundry hoof and leg pieces) are cut in a way that combines roughness with preciousness of surface, for the sake of distant effect; they are impressive beasts, well ribbed-up with full flanks and level quarters, thick crest and small deep-jowled head; the mane not chopped square like that of Greek horses in general, including those the Amazons ride in the frieze we have just been looking at, but lying loose, although in short and even locks, upon the neck; the legs fine, and hocks and fetlocks made out with a beautiful articulation and precision. This has been a *quadriga lenta*, with its steeds walking slowly or only pawing as they stand; and the head of one preserved with its bronze head-stall is both less fiery and more

(1) As I write Mr. Newton has kindly communicated to me a discovery, made beneath the great pedestal of this temple, of coins of Orophernes II., made king of Kappadokia about B.C. 158, thus giving a very much later date for the construction, at all events, of this pedestal and its colossal statue.

naturalistic than those which the horses of Helios, in the east gable of the Parthenon, hurl aloft or aside with a splendid rage as they tear upwards into the day. The score or so of lions, which one restorer has sought to place on a terrace above the cornice of the monument, another in advance of its colonnade—which may have stood on the pyramid steps, or anywhere else, for aught that we can determine—are half conventional in type, as animals commonly are with the Greeks from their primitive adaptations of Assyrian design downwards; with fine composition in the manes, and delicate workmanship where it is demanded, but without much vigour of character or individual interest.

And now we come to the colossal standing figures which have been commonly taken, the one for Maussolos himself, the other for the tutelary *ἡρώχης* or divine female charioteer who should have stood beside him in his car of apotheosis. That the male statue is a portrait is clear; nay, it is probably the sole original portrait-statue of its date in existence, and marks a stage midway the purely ideal style exemplified, for instance, in the heads of Perikles which we possess (probably after the work of his contemporary Kresilas), and the completely individual style which begins after Lysippos and the Macedonian epoch. It is a broad head, with masses of hair flowing upwards and backwards from above a low, strong, fleshy forehead, a powerful build of the brows and nose, and commanding but not open expression; lips well shaped and set close; a short beard about the cheeks and sharply-narrowing chin; the character that of a man likely to get his own way. Our historical notices of Maussolos are not over-precise; but as you look at the face and think of frontiers extended, neighbours quarrelled with and dispossessed, naval stations annexed and fortified, a kingdom built together by craft and steel, you again, it may be, fall comparing small things with great, and try to find in the face a type of those who have had the Eternities and Veracities on their side, and to pick resemblances between it and another face which has been common of late in our shop-windows. The Karian cast of feature will please you best in spite of yourself.

A recent critic has disputed the opinion that this is the king's own portrait, and, with its companion female statue, belongs to the crowning chariot group of Pythis. The matter must remain one of conjecture, but I think the balance of probability rests with and not against this opinion. To Mr. Story, the distinguished American sculptor, the nation is indebted for the cast of a plausible if not convincing conjectural restoration and completion of the female figure, in the attitude of driving, which has been set up beside the original. The pieces of the original had been put together with a not quite satisfactory filling and placing of the missing knees; this Mr. Story's version corrects, and gives the figure a truer proportion and more

majestic station, though the head which he supplies is rather Roman and characterless. The draperies of both figures show the sense of composition, the gift of grandeur in complexity, as well as an extreme accuracy and delicacy of cutting, but do not add to these anything like the inexpressible loveliness which belongs to those, say, of the two Parthenon groups known, the one as Thallo and Auxo, the other as the daughter of Kekrops. Over the great breasts of the female figure the tunic flows down in minute parallel folds; while above the waists of each alike the outer cloak is bound and wound about the body with a daring fulness and projection such as to cast a shadow like a cornice beneath it, and to go far, I think, in evidence that the figures were meant to receive a strong light from above. Against the place assigned to them in the chariot two points have been chiefly alleged: that the draperies of their backs are worked with comparative carelessness, indicating that they were meant to be seen only from in front; and that the fall of the tunic about the feet, and the foot-gear itself, are exquisitely finished, indicating that they were *not* meant to be seen from a great way below.¹ The former objection has not great weight, inasmuch as it is a greater simplicity of the design only, and not any slurring of its execution, which belongs to the back draperies. In the latter there is much more force, inasmuch as it does seem a characteristic of this sculpture nicely to measure its effects, to economise its riches, and proportion the labour spent accurately to the result that it will produce. Witness the workmanship of the horses of the quadriga, unpolished everywhere, least polished upon the backs which would be unseen. Witness, again, the bridle hand of the mutilated rider, consummately modelled and finished on the outside where you can see it, but with the thumb a mere sketch; and the singular treatment of the surface for giving the look of hair upon certain prominent parts only of the rearing horse, and of a leopard also belonging to the remains. In the frieze, also, there are certain exaggerations and accentuations of drawing which belong certainly neither to ignorance nor caprice, but to calculated effect.

And here we touch a special note of difference between this art and the elder art of the Parthenon. In this we find various degrees of completion, the first traces of artistic calculation and artifice; in that nothing of the kind, but an equal perfectness, and much consummate work wasted, as one would say, in the place it was meant for. Passing over the question, how far the value of a frieze like that of the Panathenaia, with its low relief and innumerable refinements

(1) It is Stark, in his criticism *supr. cit.*, who urges these objections, and contends that these figures were placed against the wall in the interior of the cella. The position in which they were found, jumbled among pyramid steps beneath the silt outside the peribolos wall of the building, was one to which no conceivable agency could have thrown them from the cella, but to which they might well have fallen from the pyramid top.

of expression and composition, must have been lost up under the shadow of the roof between the colonnade and cella wall, look at the figures overthrown from the pediments; and consider the labour given to that which, but for their overthrow, no human eye would ever have rested on. Look at the back of the seat upon which the three sisters of the east pediment recline; you will find the draperies of it carved, in folds as of thin water which the tide sends forward and withdraws over the sand, with a marvellous devotion of exquisiteness: and so of the arm which one of the twin Hours, Thallo or Auxo, of the same pediment, rests upon the shoulder of her sister; and so, again, of the supple and richly-moulded back of the river-god of the western pediment, called Kephissos,—everywhere the instinct, the religion, of an artist who cannot choose but urge his work to the supreme goal of natural perfection, whether there shall be any to perceive it or no. This, which you may call a technical matter, is also pre-eminently a matter of the spirit, and furnishes a not remote clue to the nature of the famous grand style, the Pheidian majesty, the high ideal. The grand style is not the pale embodiment of a prototype transcending sense, the thing of abstraction and preconception, of which we have prated; it is above all things the work of watchful and perfect senses, sharpened and animated, no doubt, by the haunting of exalted thoughts, to seize and set down the aspect of whatever in the outward world bears the stamp and impress of these; but its loveliness is the loveliness of the real sights, its majesty the majesty of the actual nature, which have aroused in the mind of the witness a tireless passion of study leading on to a faultless art of imitation. Into the ideal of Pheidias, into the more restless but hardly less august ideal of Michelangelo, there goes, the imaginative motive given, a tenfold minuter truth, a tenfold firmer grapple with nature as she positively is, than into the whole art and method of the so-called realists. It is the ultimate reach of comparing and observing science, the miraculous development of the organic sensibilities in the eye and hand, by which the Greek sculptor of the great time can so build the frame of a body, or so make precious with a myriad subtle undulations the great slope and straightness of an arm or thigh, or so let slip and lie the delicate creases of the tunic about the heavings and hollows of a virgin breast, as to possess your being with high contemplations unawares, and lift the heart within you to a sense of things imperishable—

But we are going beyond our last, and meddling with matters too high for us. Helena was in the room, and we were tempted to lift a look into the immortal eyes. Another day will bring us the task of studying another work, the work of our own time and country, of which we spoke at the beginning:—happy if then, too, we may so much as catch far off the flutter of her garment.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

PARIS AFTER THE PEACE.

I RECOLLECT during the Danish war hearing the story of an officer which has abided in my memory. He left Denmark, in the autumn of 1863, to undertake some post in one of the remote Greenland possessions of the Scandinavian kingdom. The ice set in directly after his arrival in Greenland; the winter was, as the Prussians had cause to know, an unusually severe one, and it was not till towards midsummer in 1864 that the first vessel from Greenland brought him home to Copenhagen. On his return he heard for the first time of the war; learnt that Frederick VIII. had been carried off in the prime of life; that the old historic dynasty had been succeeded by the House of Glucksburg in the person of Christian IX.; that the armies of Denmark had been defeated; the Dannewerke abandoned; Duppel and Fredericia captured; Schleswig Holstein annexed to Germany; that his own brothers had all been killed in the campaign, and that his property in Jutland was still in the hands of a Prussian army of occupation.

One wonders whether, in any of the outlying dependencies of France, there are to be found Frenchmen who believe that Napoleon III. still reigns at the Tuileries, who have never heard of the Hohenzollern difficulty, to whom there has come no rumour of the war, no shadow even of a surmise that Paris might be besieged, captured, occupied in triumph by an invading army. Granted the existence of so isolated an exile, it is not absolutely inconceivable that if he landed suddenly in France he might reach Paris itself before he learnt the changes which had befallen his country during this unhappy year. What are the outward signs and symptoms, marks and tokens, by which he would be brought to a knowledge of the fact that the Empire had fallen, and that Paris had only just been relieved from the occupation of an hostile army? This was the question I asked myself constantly during a flying visit to the city that I have long known so well, and the answer to that mental query, in as far as I could form one at all, I will endeavour to convey herein.

There are, probably, few points of view in Paris better known to the travelling public than the avenue which leads from the Arc de Triomphe to the main entrance to the Bois. It now bears the name of General Uhrich, the defender of Strasburg, but to the world at large it is still known, and will be known for many a year, as the Avenue de l'Impératrice. As I write the name the avenue rises before me as I have witnessed it on many a sunny

afternoon. The great broad slopes of turf, which line either side of the broad thoroughfare, are gay with rich beds of flowers. It is the *Retour des Courses*, and, all Paris has crowded out to see the race-course company drive back into the capital. The trim gravel walks are thronged with family parties of kindly bourgeois folk, accompanied by children and nurses innumerable; the riding path is dotted over with cavalcades of horses; the great central road is filled with treble lines of carriages, moving slowly to and fro, —carriages of all kind, from the lordly barouche to the humble fiacre, from the four-in-hand of the Jockey Club to the Victoria, in which *ces dames* display the marvels of their toilette. Everything is bright, gorgeous, gay to look upon. The huge Imperial gendarmes, mounted on their iron-grey horses, patrol up and down, keeping the carriages in line. Then, when the avenue was at its fullest, and it seemed impossible to force a way through, the stream of carriages would part asunder, a cavalcade of wild-looking Spahis, digging their horses' flanks with their cruel stirrups as they galloped on, would pass through the opening, and in an open barouche, escorted by outriders in green and gold liveries, Napoleon III., the "wise prince," as the world, after Mr. Disraeli, then called him, the Badinguet of to-day, would drive past, bowing listlessly to languid salutations. Such is the framework of the constantly recurring pageant, familiar to me, as to all sojourners within the French capital, associated with the name of the Avenue de l'Impératrice. It has been my fortune to see most of the famous parks, drives, corsos of which the Old and the New World can boast; and according to my judgment, there is no promenade I have ever witnessed which, in brilliancy and outward show, bears any comparison to the avenue to the Bois in the days of the Second Empire.

Let me recall it now as I saw it but the other day. The grass-covered slopes were covered over with *tentes d'abri* by whose sides groups of soldiers sat around camp-fires lounging sullenly. The flower-plots had been trampled under foot, the trees cut down for the most part. The villa palaces, which lined the avenue, were closed and deserted. Not a puff of smoke could be seen rising from the chimney-tops. It was just the hour when Paris was wont to drive out to the Bois; but not a carriage was to be discovered from the Arc de Triomphe right down to the walls. An omnibus stood waiting by the gates, a solitary horseman galloped along the riding-path. The gorgeous gendarmes were replaced by two sentries in civilian dress, with broad red stripes down their velveteen trousers, who strutted about with their hands in their pockets, their muskets leaning against a wall hard by. The grass-grown walls, which, in spite of the cannon mounted in the embrasures, looked in the old days so quiet and so peaceful, had changed their aspect. Your first

thought, had you not known the truth, would have been that some great drainage works were going on along the sleepy Boulevard de Lannes, which runs inside the ramparts, and had been suspended by a strike of the workmen. As you looked down you saw that the banks were scored and furrowed with trenches, galleries, bomb-proof passages, and rifle-pits. Whether shells had actually fallen on this portion of the walls or whether the destruction had been wrought during the removal of the guns, I could not learn. But the whole line of fortifications hereabouts had the look of works which had suffered from heavy fire. There was everywhere that air of wilful, wanton destruction which you see in places that have been knocked about by a bombardment. The solitude was oppressive; the silence of the scene painful. A company of raw recruits were being taught the goose-step in a small square leading out of the Boulevard Lannes. Hard by was a house belonging to an old friend of mine. I rang at the bell, but found the place deserted. The last time I had driven along the road, not a year ago, I remember having seen a group of children playing on the slopes of the walls by the mounted cannon, and thinking how peaceful the whole place looked. I climbed up the walls, and looked down upon what was once the Bois. For a space some half mile in breadth from the walls, there stretched a lone bleak expanse, reminding one of the clearings I have seen in the backwoods of the Western States. The avenues, bosquets, winding paths, banks, arbours of the Bois had disappeared, and in their place was a plain covered with the stumps of trees, cut some foot or so above the soil. In the distance rose the dark belt of trees which still stands around the lake; and there no doubt before many months are over, the fashionable world of Paris will congregate once more; but the bared clearing between the walls and the entrance to the Jardin d'Acclimatation will remain for many years as a reminiscence of the siege. For the moment its desolation was complete; a party or two of wood-cutters collecting the fallen branches from amidst the stumps, an ambulance-cart with the red cross on its side, were all the moving things that supplied the place of the goodly company which was used to take its pleasure here day after day. The sky was dull, laden with snow-clouds, faint gleams of wintry sunlight flickered from time to time over the dreary scene; the bare spaces where the guns used to stand added to the look of desertion which surrounded everything; the ceaseless rat-tat of the drum, keeping time for the recruits' steps, sounded mournfully; half a dozen idlers like myself stood on the walls looking sadly at the solitude before them. Mont Valérien towered on the horizon above the Bois. All was cheerless, forlorn, desolate.

I have dwelt upon this scene because, in as far as I saw of Paris, it is the one sole position in the whole of the city in which the real

presence of the war is forced upon you unmistakably. Outside the walls there is ruin and desolation enough to show that a great warfare has just been carried on. But if you except the view from the walls adjoining the sometime Avenue de l'Impératrice, you might wander about the city for hours without coming on anything which would show you that war had passed by there. I have no wish to accuse the correspondents who described the siege of Paris in our English papers of wilful exaggeration; but I think, after the wont of chroniclers sadly in want of matter, they generalised from individual incidents, and confounded what they heard was likely to take place with what they knew to have actually taken place. We heard a great deal about the devastation worked by the bombardment. If you want to know what shelling a town really means in earnest, you can acquire the knowledge easily enough at St. Denis or St. Cloud. You will not learn the lesson in Paris. You must walk for a long time and use your eyes sharply about the quarter—that of the Panthéon—where the shells fell thickest, before you see a trace of the bombardment. As far as I could see, there has not been a single street or public building in this quarter which has been materially damaged by the Prussian cannon. Whether dropping a few hundred shells into a crowded city is or is not a more wanton piece of destruction than a serious bombardment, is a point on which I do not care to enter; but of this I am sure, that whatever the moral effect of the bombardment of Paris may have been, the material effect was absolutely insignificant. So, in like manner, there has been a strange amount of sensational reporting about the external injuries inflicted on Paris by its citizens. The trees which line the Boulevards are untouched; the Champs Elysées are just what they used to be; the Tuileries remain unshorn of their foliage.

Judging from what I see of things I cannot but fancy that there may likewise have been a great deal of exaggeration about the actual horrors of the siege. Of course, it is impossible to prove a negative; and I cannot pretend to say that the spectacle of famished women gnawing bones like wild beasts, and such like incidents of siege-life in Paris, as portrayed by imaginative chroniclers of the Besieged-Resident order, may not have been witnessed in the streets of the Capital. But I am convinced that such incidents were no more characteristic of the daily life of Paris during the siege than deaths by starvation at Bethnal Green are of the daily life of London. Putting together various accounts I heard from many people who lived through that time of trial, I have come to the following conclusions:—The great mass of the working class were by no means badly off. The men had for the most part their thirty sous a day as National Guards; the women and children had their rations; and though there was much sickness,

distress, and suffering amongst the operatives, it was scarcely, if at all, greater than in any ordinary hard winter when work is slack. The well-to-do classes, who had money at their disposal, had laid up large stores before the investment began; and though they also were exposed to great discomfort through the curtailment of their accustomed luxuries, they were as a body never brought face to face with actual want. The real pinch and stress fell almost exclusively on the class of small employés, clerks, shopmen, skilled artisans—in fact, on the whole class which lives by weekly wage paid for brain labour. The sufferings of this “Mezzo Ceto” portion of the community were terrible: they had no wages or earnings to receive, they had no savings to invest in food; they were too independent to beg for alms, too feeble to hustle and struggle for rations with the crowd. It was amongst this class, which starved and pined away, died and made no sign, that the mortality was the heaviest; and I have no doubt that if the true story of the siege could be written, it would reveal piteous cases of cruel misery, sad enough in all conscience, but be confined, with few exceptions, to the intermediate class between the workman and the employer. If this theory of mine is correct, it serves to explain a good deal that is otherwise inexplicable in the history of the siege.

How was it, I am often asked, that the population of Paris, so turbulent, hot-headed, and impatient of control, as its history in the past, and, alas! also in the present, shows it to be, exercised such wonderful self-restraint and moderation throughout their long isolation from the outer world. My answer is, that the governing class and the working class alike never had their resolution tested by the dire extremity of hunger; and that the class which really bore the burden of the siege is the class which never makes barricades or coups-d'état, but, under every administration, obeys the powers that be. Let me not be misunderstood as denying to the Parisians the claim of heroism. The resistance of the city would have been impossible, if amidst all classes there had not been an almost superstitious devotion to the cause of Paris, a readiness to sacrifice personal considerations to the common good—a conviction that the honour of France was entrusted to their hands, and that Europe was watching to see how the trust would be discharged. That this national sentiment has its strong as well as its weak side, I should be the last to deny. I wish I could feel confident that under like conditions London would exhibit a like patience and resolution. But I am only stating facts when I declare that the heroism of Paris, be it great or small, was not subjected to the fiery trial of starvation.

I have, however, wandered somewhat from my more immediate subject—the record of the changes which distinguish Republican from Imperial Paris. I started on my return homewards on the

night of Friday the 17th, within a few hours of the unsuccessful attack upon the heights of Montmartre. My comments therefore apply to what I suppose we must call now the pre-revolutionary era. In those days immediately preceding the outbreak, one of the things which struck me most was the apparent absence of any popular demonstration. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, stood inscribed on all public buildings, in the places where the word "Imperial" used to be seen; and all proclamations were headed with the title "République Française." But of mural literature there was little to be seen; of public manifestations in the streets next to nothing. The statues in the Place de la Concorde were still blindfolded with crape, and the likeness of Strasburg was covered over with immortelles. But flags, garlands, and crape bandages were tattered, sodden, and faded; and the shrines of those stone idols were deserted by their worshippers. So, in like manner, frequent visits to the Bastille and its neighbourhood never showed me anything more tumultuous than a group of some score of idlers like myself looking out for an invisible mob. I had heard and read much in the papers of open-air meetings on the boulevards, of crowds assembled round street orators, of resolutions passed by popular acclaim. All I can say is, that in many wanderings at all hours about the boulevards I never came across anything of the kind. Indeed, the few assemblages I saw in the streets were caused by itinerant hazard-players, who carried about portable roulette-tables, and held, or professed to hold, the bank against all comers. These copper-hells—five sous being, I think, the maximum *mise* allowed—were suppressed while I was in Paris by an ordinance of the mayor; and with their disappearance vanished the only crowds which I saw gathered in the public thoroughfares. In fact, nothing could be more quiet, orderly, and dull than the aspect of Paris during the days preceding the outburst of the revolution. London, on a wet Sunday, could scarcely have been more still and spiritless.

Events have succeeded each other so rapidly that my experiences of the Paris of yesterday are already out of date. It is not a week ago since I went round Montmartre by night. It was the fashion amongst idlers in Paris to go up and see the *Gouvernement des Buttes* at work; and I being an idler in Paris, did as other idlers did. Turning sharp to the north from the Boulevards, you have only to go up each steepest street you can see before you to reach the heights of Montmartre. At the best of times this quarter is a lonely outskirt of Paris—a sort of hybrid between a Parisian High-gate and a Parisian Bow Common, with a dash of a Parisian Spital-fields; and I was not surprised to find, as we got higher and higher, that the streets became very silent, the shops open singularly few. At last, the streets became a sort of flight of steps, like the *Scalas* you see in many Italian towns, or the *Grande Rue* which leads from Galata to Pera; and it was only natural that the passers-by should

become very rare in number. Still, to all outward seeming, there was no more reason why you should not stroll about this neighbourhood than, if you were so minded, about Pentonville or Maida Hill. Our party was unmistakably composed of foreigners, but no one stopped us, no one even challenged us. We found a dozen sentries or so standing beneath the walls; we saw a couple of pigmy barricades, which a child might have jumped over; we noticed that the cabarets and wine-shops were filled with National Guards, singing and drinking; and once we heard a long low whistle given from one of the streets we were ascending, and responded to from the other. Considerable experience of troubled countries has taught me caution, and in spite of the remonstrances of my companions I insisted on turning back when I heard this signal whistle. Still, at the risk of damaging my reputation for sagacity, I own cordially that, though we were then within four-and-twenty hours of the outbreak of the revolution, I saw nothing to lead me to believe that there was any serious danger of disturbance. On the contrary, my observation confirmed the unanimous opinion of Frenchmen of many classes and politics to whom I spoke, that the whole affair of "Les Buttes" was, to use their own phrase, an "enfantillage," not likely to be attended with any serious consequences. I feel, therefore, that in writing now about the aspect of Paris after the peace, I am writing somewhat at a disadvantage. Still, pending further proof, I cannot but hope that the Paris of the Republic will, in the long run, resemble more closely the Paris that I have just seen, than the Paris of the Barricades and the Commune.

And, if I am right in so thinking, I fancy that any patriotic Frenchman, no matter to which particular line of politics he belonged, would feel after revisiting Paris that his country had entered on a better era. The empire has fallen, and Paris has recovered much of the look she wore in earlier and simpler days. How long the reformation may last I do not pretend to guess. But, for the time, the reign of the Cocodès and Cocottes is at an end. The Victorias have vanished, and the ladies with the decorous gorgeous toilettes, which the small journals used to love to chronicle, have disappeared with them. I dare say there is vice and to spare still in Paris, but I am Philistine enough to think that vice, restricted, regulated, and kept in seclusion, is far less injurious to public morals than vice flaunting unrestrained about the streets. The cafés along the Boulevards are no longer crowded with public women, and the few you see about are quiet, not to say dowdy, in their costumes. While I was in Paris, a few returned *viveurs* gave a supper-party at the Maison Dorée, where the general portion of the guests belonged to the class which used to make the fortune of the *cabinets particuliers*; and, late in the evening, the revel became so uproarious that the sound of the women's voices could be heard on the Boulevards. Forthwith a

crowd assembled outside, and informed the landlord that the party must break up at once, or else the establishment would be attacked. At such a crisis as the present a revival of the scandals of the empire was an insult to public feeling. And, with all respect for the exercise of individual liberty, it seems to me this manifestation of popular sentiment was not an unhealthy sign.

In like manner, though Paris had now been at peace for weeks, there was no symptom of the revival of the passionate pursuit of pleasure which distinguished the era of the empire. For the first time for a series of years there were no public balls on the night of the *Mi-Carême*. An edict was issued on the evening previous forbidding any masquerades on the night in question; but the edict was much criticised by the press, on the ground that nobody had proposed giving any entertainment of the kind. The only ball advertised was one at *Salle Valentino*; and that was scantily frequented. And, as far as I could learn, there was not a single casino or *salle de danse* permanently open in the whole of Paris. There were not half a dozen theatres open in the city; not a single new piece was even advertised. Of course this lack of public amusement was due in no small measure to the fact that almost all the public *entrepreneurs* are ruined, and that the theatre and casino-frequenting public is very short of money. I have no idea that the Parisians are likely to become Puritanical, or to be made forthwith moral and virtuous. Before many months are over, the tide of pleasure will doubtless be again in full flow; but I question it ever reaching the height it did under the reign of Imperialism. It is no great credit to the Parisians that they should have no heart for merry-making, while the Prussians are within a couple of miles of Paris and their guns still command portions of the city. It would, however, be an infinite discredit to the Parisians were it otherwise; and when I am told, as I often am, that they are indifferent to the calamities of France, I think it only fair to say that their outward demeanour was that of a population still stunned by a terrible misfortune.

So, in like manner, it should be acknowledged that the print-sellers', book stores, and photograph shops of Paris have undergone an external purification. The inside of the platter may be as foul as ever, but the outside is scoured and burnished. I, like other newspaper readers, had read much of the infamous caricatures of the Imperial family, of the licentious literature and crapulous broad-sheets which were openly exposed for sale in the streets. At a previous period this may very likely have been the case. All I can state is, it was not so the other day. There was a portrait of Napoleon III. as a very decrepit, gouty old man in a night-cap wheeled along in a Bath-chair, which, with the heading of "*Le Retour du Vainqueur*," you might see exposed in every print-shop.

But this caricature assuredly did not exceed the licence of political warfare; and, with this exception, I hardly saw any caricatures of the late dynasty. Nor were the cartoons of the day with which the kiosques were filled of a personal or scurrilous character. The pictures of nude figures, the portraits of Lorettes, and of half-dressed actresses, had well-nigh disappeared from the shop-fronts; and though I suppose you could have found dépôts of prurient literature if you had chosen to search for them, I can only say that various shops about the Palais Royal, which I have noticed for years for their display of Holywell Street publications, were either closed or exhibited expurgated assortments.

So, again, there is a marked change—I may add, a marked improvement—in the tone of the public press. I am speaking rather of the social, than of the political, aspects of Parisian journalism. I know of no symptom in the condition of France beneath the Empire which always struck me as more discouraging than the immense circulation of journals like the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and their innumerable minor imitators. Day after day the tittle-tattle of the green-rooms; recitations of private scandals in high-life scarcely concealed beneath suggestive asterisks; the chronicles of the Anonymas and Incognitas of Paris, the stories of their liaisons, debts, dinners; the back-stairs gossip of the Court, were recorded in journals to be seen everywhere; by writers who enjoyed—and not without reason—a certain literary reputation. *La Chronique du Libertinage élégant*—such was the description which the proprietor of one of the most successful of these journals gave of his own newspaper; and though the appropriateness of the adjective “elegant” may be questioned, the justice of the description cannot be disputed. Well, all that is changed—for the time, at any rate. Paris does not care to learn how M. le Comte de X——, dining the other day, *en partie fine*, at the “Nid d’Amour,” recognised the voice of Madame la Comtesse in the next compartment; or how Mademoiselle Lais upset the Victoria of Mademoiselle Aspasie in driving home from *les Courses*. The *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* have both intermitted the *Chronique Scandaleuse*, and their columns are devoted to subjects of political and national interest. It is true that the gravest issues of the day are treated with somewhat of the old flippancy and jauntiness with which they used to discuss the precise length of an opera-dancer’s petticoat, or the *menu* of a Cocotte’s dinner; but still there is, to say the least, an infusion of good sense and solid argument and hard thinking. So, likewise, in all the papers I recognised a curtailment of the space devoted to the *Entre-flets* and *Faits de Paris*, an increase in the amount of news given, a disposition to treat grave subjects gravely. The truth I take to be is, that with the revival of political life the French public, corrupt and enervated as it may have become, demands a more healthy

pabulum from its literary instructors; and that, as always, the demand has created the supply. Speaking of French journalism, it is worth while recording the fact I have not ever seen noticed elsewhere, that with the restoration of freedom of the press, the practice of anonymous journalism is obviously reviving. In many of the principal journals the political leaders are published without signatures. Whether this change is one for the better or the worse, is a point on which I do not care to enter. I note it only as a sign of the times.

But of all the changes in the aspect of Paris which most strike a visitor who has not seen the city since the days of the Empire, the greatest is one which it is easier to appreciate on the spot than to describe at a distance. I know not how better to express it than by saying that the life has somehow gone out of Paris. It is not only that the streets are half empty, that carriages have well-nigh disappeared, that the shop-windows are bare of wares, that trade is obviously at a stand-still, that house after house is shut up, that there is no building going on, that beggars are to be met with everywhere; there is besides all this an unavoidable impression forced upon you as you wander about the city, that Paris has outlived its prime. Much of this impression may be owing to the circumstances of the moment, but still even when order is restored under a settled government, I question if the recovery of Paris will be a very rapid, or even a very thorough one. Beneath the Empire Paris was developed by artificial means. The wondrous aggrandisement and embellishment of the city were out of all proportion to the natural growth of the country, marvellous as that growth was. And the artificial stimulus afforded by the Imperial system being removed, the grandeur of Paris has, I think, collapsed for many a year to come. Except in the improbable event of a Napoleonic restoration, any government likely to be established in France must rely more upon the provinces than upon the capital. The desire exhibited by the great majority of the Bordeaux Assembly, elected as it is by universal suffrage, to remove the seat of government from the banks of the Seine, was not merely an ebullition of provincial jealousy or reactionary partisanship, but was the expression of a widespread, popular conviction that the virtual supremacy of Paris is fatal to the welfare of France. While France remains a nation, Paris must, in my judgment, remain its permanent capital. But the government of the future will have no motive to maintain, still less to augment, the importance of Paris; and therefore I see no prospect that in our days Paris will ever recover her pristine grandeur. That her loss may prove the gain of France, must be the wish of all who, like myself, believe that the existence of France as a prosperous and powerful community is essential to the welfare of Europe.

EDWARD DICEY.

LORD LYTTON'S *KING ARTHUR*.

THE object of this paper is not to enter into any elaborate criticism either in the way of blame or praise, but rather to awaken more general interest in a poem by an eminent writer, which, on account of its many and striking excellencies, seems worthy of a far larger amount of public attention than it has hitherto received. It is hardly too much to say that Lord Lytton's *King Arthur* has been more systematically neglected, and more unworthily depreciated than any poem of similar merit since the days of "The Excursion." There are many who will think that this very fact furnishes a decisive proof of its inferiority. Those who look a little deeper into literary history will remember a multitude of instances in all ages in which works which were originally received with cold neglect have subsequently won the very highest place in the popular regard. There is, indeed, no idler attempt than that of arguing an age into admiration of any work of genius. A poet who is in the least degree confident of his own powers must be undisturbed by the immediate verdict of his contemporaries. If he have well-grounded hopes of future recognition, he must be content to acquiesce in temporary neglect. It has, not unfrequently, been the lot of eminent writers to enjoy ultimately that popularity which has been long deserved, and to spend at least the close of their lives in a Martinmas summer of prosperity and applause. Not a few of our greatest living authors, among whom we may mention even Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Tennyson, were at first greeted with general depreciation. If Lord Lytton has not received from the hands of his contemporaries a poetic laurel so green as that for which he sighs, he has at least never suffered from ridicule so virulent as that which stung the sensitive soul of Keats, or from a neglect so long and absolute as that which awaited the splendid originality of Mr. Robert Browning.

King Arthur is so far from being a new poem, that it first saw the light no less than twenty-three years ago. The exquisite edition of it which has just been published has, however, received numerous corrections, and has undergone the most careful revision at the hands of its illustrious author. It has long been known that Lord Lytton considers it his greatest work, and rests upon it his strongest hopes of posthumous celebrity. In his preface, not without a touch of pathos, but at the same time with most perfect dignity, he presents it to the new generation which has grown up around him since it was first published, in the hope of a wider audience among the generations that succeed. "Such a hope," he says, "is natural

to every writer who has done his best to ensure the elements of durability to his work ; and, if it be often an erroneous, it is never an ignoble one." Lord Lytton is content to leave his reputation as a poet, as Bacon was content to leave his character as a man, to the judgment of posterity, but with a far stronger ground for the belief that he will at length be more impartially judged.

"Whatever worth," he says, "I have put into this work of mine, comprising, in a condensed form, so many of the influences which a life divided between literature and action, the study of books and the commerce of mankind, brings to bear upon the two elements of song, imagination and thought, that degree of worth must ultimately be found in it ; and its merits and its faults be gauged by different standards of criticism than experience teaches me to anticipate now. I shall be, indeed, beyond the reach of pleasure, or of pain, in a judgment thus tardily pronounced. But he who appeals to time must not be impatient of the test that he invites."

There is, in this vaticination about the poet's chances of an immediate recognition, a tone of sadness which has been amply justified. The new edition of *King Arthur*, aided by all the charm of some very beautiful designs, has been now for four months before the public, and it has been received with what looks like "a conspiracy of silence." The quarterlies have neglected, the monthlies have disregarded, the weeklies ignored it. With but two exceptions, scarcely any of the most conspicuous organs of criticism have vouchsafed to bestow upon it even the most cursory notice ; and the few criticisms which have appeared, while liberally acknowledging the most splendid merits in the design and execution of the poem, have coldly denied to its author the title of a poet. Now, when a man has been prominently before the world of letters for thirty years, and after having won for himself a high and permanent reputation in many branches of literature, publishes a work which he claims to be his best, he is surely entitled to a thorough and respectful consideration. It may possibly be decided that his literary judgment has gone astray in its estimate of the favourite child of his genius ; but, at any rate, it is neither just nor generous that this favourite child should be jostled into the throng of obscurities with scornful indifference or supercilious neglect.

No one who has read Lord Lytton's translation from Schiller, or his *Lost Tales of Miletus*, can doubt his possession of the poetic faculty. We do not add the translation of Horace, because that appeals mainly to scholars, and because, though it contains diamonds of the most brilliant water, many readers might be repelled by the novelty of their setting. But the *Lost Tales of Miletus* were, and are, decidedly popular. The extreme and artistic beauty of the stories, the subtle music of the expression, the refined yet noble taste which guided the form into which the separate poems are thrown, have been generally appreciated ; and the book, which is, of its kind, among the most perfect specimens of poetic narrative, rapidly attained

the honours of a second and a third edition. Strange that the *King Arthur*, a poem so immensely superior to the *Tales of Miletus* in scope, in power, and in beauty—an epic which enshrines a story far more rich, more varied, and more significant,—should, in spite of its remarkable passages, its sustained and long-continued music, and the high moral purpose by which it is animated from first to last, have first been abandoned for years to undeserved neglect, and then resuscitated with such moderate applause. An age which has bestowed its most lavish admiration on the simple and sensuous sweetness of Mr. Morris,—which can crown, not indeed undeservedly, but certainly with no grudging hand—

“The idle singer of an empty day,”

has nothing left but polite indifference for a poem in which the narrative is confessedly more original, incomparably more significant, and, as it appears to us, in itself superior to anything which Mr. Morris has written in splendour and sweetness of poetic diction.

The causes of such a preference and such a neglect are not far to seek, and as it is our only object to invite the judgment of impartial readers, without disturbing the cynicism of those critics “who would rather condemn without reading than read without condemning,” it will be sufficient for our purpose to remove one or two unjust prejudices, and then to give some account of the poem itself.

In the first place, there seems to be in England an almost invincible determination to allow to no one the reputation of conspicuous excellence in several fields of distinction. The late Dr. Whewell would have probably been regarded as equally eminent, and certainly he would have been less liable to sneers and epigrams, if he had contributed to one branch only of literature, philosophy, and science, instead of allowing himself to enrich so many. But this unwillingness to concede even a qualified success in any new field of exertion to a writer who has already been successful in another, is nothing better than a provincial and insular prejudice. And perhaps a main cause for the influence exercised over Europe by the German mind for the last century, may be found in the general and habitual culture of *all* the faculties for which the finest intellects of Germany have long been so conspicuous. Not a few of the principal modern writers in that country are remarkable for the width of their range, no less than for the loftiness of their flight. Not to mention Wieland and Lessing,—Schiller was dramatist, lyrist, novelist, historian, and metaphysician; and Goethe, besides being all this, added scholarship, archæology, science, and theology itself, to the enormous circumference of his art. It is true that many, whose speciality it was to be eminent physicists, endeavoured, in the case of Goethe, to cover with ridicule what they stigmatised as the intrusion of imagination into the region of science; but whatever may be said of the *Farben-*

lehre, yet Goethe's discovery of the maxillary suture, his early insight into the vertebral theory of the skull, and his luminous essay on the metamorphosis of plants, would have been more than sufficient to immortalise any other inquirer in these branches of inquiry alone. We are, in fact, distinctly suffering from the apotheosis of specialities; and the ridicule which has been heaped upon the isolated scientific errors of Buckle and Comte are but instances of the deterrent effect deliberately exercised by our insular criticism upon all attempt at the widest culture. Yet probably it is only by variety of exercise that the powers of the human mind are best brought into harmonious action. The names of Leonardo da Vinci, of Francis Bacon, of René Des Cartes, of Blaise Pascal, of Gottfried Leibnitz, of Isaac Barrow, are but a few of the many that at once suggest themselves in proof of such a belief; and though modern poets have for the most part been intimidated into keeping in the background their other acquirements, yet we could easily adduce living names in proof that it is by width of culture that the reconciliation of reason and imagination, which is the unconscious aim of the true poet, is most tranquilly effected. Had Lord Lytton never written anything but *King Arthur* he would have been regarded as a genuine poet; but, on the other hand, had he not been also a scholar, a statesman, a dramatist, and a novelist, it is by no means clear that he would have been able to write it at all. The poem unites and gathers into a condensed and symmetrical form the best of such natural faculties, and the most select of such experiences and acquisitions, as have been scattered and subdivided in other fields of literary effort.

Another and most powerful source of prejudice against Lord Lytton's *Arthur* arises from the accidental fact that the favour and attention of the public have been preoccupied by Mr. Tennyson's powerful treatment of the same heroic legend. But Lord Lytton tells us in his preface that he had selected his subject long before he could have guessed that it would form a main theme of the somewhat younger poet; and, in fact, *King Arthur* in its complete form was published only a few months after the *Morte d'Arthur* was given to the world. Since the appearance of the *Idylls of the King* and the *Holy Grail*, it is probable that ninety-nine readers out of every hundred will think that Lord Lytton has taken unwarrantable liberties with a well-established legend. That his story is in all its main outlines an original one is admitted; but in *modifying* a series of dim and confused legends into a poem, intended to be national in its character, Lord Lytton has the high authority of those consummate masters of art, the Athenian dramatists; and, moreover, the stories with which the exquisite genius of the Laureate has made us so familiar, are so far from possessing any intrinsic authority, that they boast no higher antiquity than that of the French *Tabliaux*, being

mainly taken "out of certain bokes of Frenche and reduced into Englysshe" by Sir Thomas Malory. In particular, as Lord Lytton tells us, there is in the genuine Cymric legend no authority for the guilty loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, which, "in common with other stories of the same character, drew down on Sir Thomas Malory's compilation the indignant censure of Roger Ascham." The abandonment of these sources has enabled Lord Lytton to introduce some of the mystical and gigantesque elements which he considers to be more consonant with the central conceptions of Cymrian imagination. Nevertheless, it remains true that the public mind is preoccupied with that version of the legend which Mr. Tennyson has interwoven with some of his own greatest thoughts; and to many of his enthusiastic readers it will almost appear a sacrilege to disturb the arrangement of the cycle of Arthurian myths with which the beautiful and famous Idylls have rendered them so familiar.

Once more, it must be seen by any attentive critic that there is in the poetry of the present day, in spite of its apparent varieties, one prevalent fashion—a poetic diction nobler indeed and less artificial, but no less marked, than it was in the days of Pope. Now, Lord Lytton has the good or ill-fortune to have chosen a style wholly apart from and independent of this fashion. In the first place, his poem is an epic, and epics are to this age almost unknown. The age of epic poetry seems for the present to have passed away as completely as the age for poetry which is really dramatic. Even Southey, in the preface to his *Madoc*, said that "it assumes not the degraded title of epic;" and though the expression woke the sneers of Byron, it furnishes an evidence that even then there was little chance of an epic being favourably received. But further than this, Lord Lytton's poetic style in no respect resembles any other by which the age has hitherto been fascinated. The few criticisms of *King Arthur* which have appeared bear witness to this fact, which the reader may regard as a merit rather than as a defect; for those criticisms may be summed up by saying that they admit *King Arthur* to be full of splendid passages, inexhaustibly fertile in incident, and excellent in metrical art, but wanting in *something*, which, if present, would constitute it poetry of a very high order. What is this mysterious something? The critics do not enlighten us. We must rest content with their oracular dictum; and meanwhile we believe that the "something" wanting is simply that indefinable style of poetic expression, that Tennysonian tinge of richness of colour, which is in reality a reflection from the predominant lustre of one poetic mind, but which many readers of modern poetry assume to be an essential of poetry itself. But meanwhile this poetic fashion is a thing remarkably evanescent. The admirers of Waller and Lovelace missed it altogether in Milton, and even Dryden did not seem to be quite sure that the Paradise Lost was really poetic till he had endeavoured to "tag Milton's

lines with rhyme." Similarly the admirers of Cowley found this *something* wanting in Dryden; and those whose taste Dryden and Pope had formed denied it altogether to Wordsworth; as again the admirers of Wordsworth denied it to Byron, and the admirers of Byron to Mr. Robert Browning. But poetry is in itself a metal of value apart from the form in which it is expressed, as gold is gold apart from the head of the sovereign which is stamped upon the coin that is in commonest circulation. No one, at any rate, will dispute the truth of Lord Lytton's graceful allusion to the Poet-Laureate, when he says, "the design and plan I had proposed to myself were so remote from the domains of romance to which the genius of Mr. Tennyson has resorted, that I may claim one merit rare in those who have come after him;—I have filled no pitcher from fountains hallowed to himself."

The poem of *King Arthur* is so extraordinarily fertile in incident, it is characterised to so remarkable a degree by the rich play of a teeming fancy, that not only is it a difficult task to present the reader with even a bare outline of its structure, but in doing so a necessary injustice is done to the poem itself, as it goes forth

"Amid the banks of old
And glides translucent o'er their sands of gold."

The scene opens in the smiling and lovely vale of Carduel, where

"Bright as the morn when all the pomp of cloud
Reflects its lustre in a rosy ring,
The worthy centre of a glittering crowd
Of youth and beauty, shone the British king.
Above that group, o'er-arched from tree to tree,
Thick garlands hung their odorous canopy.

"And in the midst of that delicious shade
Up sprang a sparkling fountain, silver-voiced,
And the bees murmured, and the breezes played;
In their gay youth the youth of May rejoiced—
And they in hers—as through that leafy hall
Chimed the heart's laughter with the fountain's fall."

In the midst of the voluptuous idleness of this gay and purposeless existence, a dark Shadow suddenly appears and summons the king to follow it. The bright assemblage breaks up in tumult and alarm, and the courtiers seek for the king in vain. In an hour he reappears sad and silent, and dismisses his company to their homes; and then

"Sleep, the sole angel left of all below,
O'er the lulled city sheds ambrosial wreaths
Wet with the dews of Eden; bliss and woe
Are equals, and the humblest slave that breathes
Under the shelter of those healing wings
Reigns half his life in realms too fair for kings.

"Too fair those realms for Arthur; long he lay
An exiled suppliant at the gate of dreams,
And vexed, and wild, and fitful as a ray
Quivering upon the surge of stormy streams;
Thought broke in glimmering trouble o'er his breast,
And found no billow where its beam could rest."

In his restlessness he catches sight of the lamp burning in the turret of Merlin, and goes to visit the Great Enchanter. He tells him that the Phantom had led him to a dark and lonely pool in the forest, gazing into which he saw as in a mirror the labourer's plough passing over the fields where Carduel had been, and the crown of the Cymri on the brow of the Saxon. Recovering from the swoon caused by the horror of the vision, Arthur had prayed no longer for pleasure as he had done in the gay valley, but for life and strength to save his native land, or at least to spend all in its defence. On hearing the dream, Merlin summons his subject-spirits to reveal the future. Arthur once more swoons at the sight—

"Reeled heaving from his feet the dizzy floor,
Swam dreamlike on his gaze the fading cell:
As falls the seaman when the waves dash o'er
The plank that glideth from his grasp—he fell."

In the morning the seer tells him that if he would save his country, and become the father of a line of kings, he must turn from pomp and pleasure to toil, man's noblest birthright; and, going forth armed but uncrowned, must win by desperate adventures the gem-hilted falchion, the silver shield which cradled the infant Thor, and a child-like companion,

"With looks that light the dark, and locks of gold."

The story of his wanderings, and the wanderings in his track of his two friends, Gawaine the Gay and Lancelot of the Lake, occupy the greater portion of the book. Guided by a dove, Arthur eludes the wiles of the King of the Vandals, and the dagger of Faul, an Aleman priest whom he converts to Christianity, and by whose aid he afterwards escapes from Harold, Earl of Mercia, whom he defeats in single combat. He is guided to a lovely Etrurian valley, and espoused to the young queen Ægle. From this valley he escapes under its gates of rock, from the sacrifice to which the priest has destined him, by a stream which rushes over the bed of a cataract. Ægle, attempting to follow him, is drowned; and her corpse is discovered lying beside the half-dead hero by Lancelot, who has followed Arthur with the guidance of a crystal ring. The king recovers; and as they sit beside the lake, the dove brings to Arthur in her beak a leaf which opens his eyes to the unseen world, and with sight thus purged he enters the magic bark of the Lady of the Lake.

"As when in Autumn nights, and Arctic skies,
 An angel makes a cloud his noiseless car,
 And, through cerulean silence, silent flies
 From antique Hesper to some dawning star,—
 So still, so swift along the windless tides
 Her vapour-sail the Lake's mute Lady guides.

"Along the sheen, along the glassy sheen,
 Amid the lull of lucent night they go;
 Till, in the haven of an islet green,
 Murmuring through reeds the gentle waters flow,
 Shoots the dim pinnacle to the gradual strand,
 And the pale phantom, beckoning, glides to land."

The land is the Meteor Island, which, as the feet of Arthur touch it, sinks downwards to the realms below. After a humorous canto, describing the adventures of Gawaine, who sets forth in search of his friend under the ill-omened guidance of a very malicious raven, a magnificent book is devoted to the adventures of King Arthur in the Lower World, where his steadfastness, his tenderness, his courage, and his unselfishness are gloriously tested, and where he sees a splendid vision of the future, the general conception of which is borrowed from the Vision of Æneas in the Sixth Book of Virgil's *Æneid*. But though the conception is not new, the treatment is entirely original, and so profoundly noble and imaginative, that this Christian Necyomanteia, with its pomp of foreshadowed history, is worthy of an immortal place in English literature. The adventures of Lancelot and Genevra, and the meeting of Arthur and Gawaine in the icy north, would occupy more space to narrate than can here be given; but the series of dangers incurred by the peerless king in the Mammoth cave and among the huge skeletons of extinct monsters, and the grisly shapes that haunt that fearful region, are conceived in the wildest spirit of Scandinavian gloom. Suffice it to say that Arthur wins the silver shield, and subsequently meets the destined maiden. Returning to England, he finds Carduel invested, and the Pale-horse banner of the Saxons everywhere victorious.

"King Crida's hosts are storming Carduel!
 From vale to mount one world of armour shines,
 Round castled piles, for which the forest fell,
 Spreads the white war-town of the Teuton lines;
 To countless clarions countless standards swell:
 King Crida's hosts are storming Carduel!"

When all seems lost, Arthur's third friend, Caradoc, the youthful poet, by a self-immolation noble as that of Decius, saves his native land; and in the last book, which is crowded with a marvellous variety of incidents, not only narrated in the most beautiful verse, but imagined with endless diversity and skill, King Arthur, at the sword's point, wins peace from the all-but-victorious Saxons; and the poem closes with the nuptials of Lancelot to Genevra, the daughter

of Earl Harold, and of Arthur himself to Genevieve, the daughter of Crida, the Saxon king. Both maidens have been previously converted to Christianity by a captive woman of Britain; and from the happy union of Arthur and Genevieve is destined to spring a line of kings in whom the blood of the Cymri and the Saxon is harmoniously blent.

“What gallant deeds in gentle lists were done,
 What lutes made joyance sweet in jasmine bowers.
 Let others tell:—Slow sets the summer sun,
 Slow fall the mists, and, closing, droop the flowers;
 Faint in the gloaming dies the vesper bell,—
 And Dreamland sleeps round golden Carduel.”

Such is the roughest and most incomplete outline of the main story in this magnificent but neglected poem—a poem into which have been interwoven, in accordance with its national purpose, not only the wild imaginations of Northern poetry and the gigantic symbols of Scandinavian mythology, but also the exquisite influences of classic taste upon the Gothic mind, the bright gaiety of the Troubadour, and the noble ideal of the Christian knight. We find in it the elements of humour and playful fancy side by side with the weird, the solemn, and the grotesque; and the epic grandeur—secured by the conquest of Christianity over Paganism, and the preservation of one exclusively Cymrian nationality, which is merged but not lost in the unity of a race that sprang alike from the conquerors and the conquered,—is with consummate skill typically shadowed forth by the glorious development of one heroic character.

We have space to quote but two passages as specimens of the verse. They will give but little idea of it, because, as is the case with all true poems—but as is more the case with *King Arthur* than with any other modern poem, from the more than usually exquisite construction of the tale—they lose indefinitely from isolation. Here, however, is a stanza or two of the lighter and gayer sort from Gawaine's adventures in the Land of Faerie:—

“Floated a sound of laughter, musical
 As when in summer noon melodious bees
 Cluster o'er jasmine buds, or as the fall
 Of silver bells on the Arabian breeze;
 What time, with chiming feet, in palmy shades,
 Move round the softened Moor his Georgian maids.

• • •

“‘By the bright diadem of dews congealed,
 And purple robe of pranksome butterfly,
 Your royal rank,’ said Gawaine, ‘is revealed.
 Yet more, methinks, by your majestic eye;
 Of kings with mien august I know but two,
 These have their Arthur,—happier fairies, you.’

• • •

“The banquet o'er, the royal Fay intent
 To do all honour to king Arthur's knight,

Smote with his rod the bank on which they leant,
 And Fairyland flashed glorious on the sight :
 Flashed through a silvery, soft, translucent mist,
 The opal shafts and domes of amethyst ;

“ Flashed founts in shells of pearl, which crystal walls
 And phosphor lights of myriad hues redouble :
 There in the blissful subterranean halls,
 When morning wakes the world of human trouble,
 Glide the gay race ; each sound our discord knows,
 Faint-heard above, but lulls them to repose.”

Three graver stanzas, out of many noble passages, are all that can now be added :—

“ Then boldly out into the blissful air,
 Sir Gawaine stept ! How solemn-sweet was night !
 With ocean's heart of music heaving there,
 Under its starry robe ! and all the might
 Of rock and shore, and islet deluge-riven
 Distinctly dark against the lustrous heaven !

“ Nature, thou earliest gospel of the wise,
 Thou never-silent hymner unto God ;
 Thou angel-ladder lost amid the skies,
 Though at the foot we dream upon the sod ;
 To thee the priesthood of the lyre belong—
 They hear religion and reply in song.

“ If he hath held thy worship undefiled
 Through all the sins and sorrows of his youth,
 Let the man echo what he heard as child
 From the far hill-tops of melodious Truth,
 Leaving in troubled hearts some lingering tone
 Sweet with the solace thou hast given his own.”

As a criticism of the poem of *King Arthur*, these few remarks would be wholly inadequate ; but for a criticism they were not intended. Their object, as defined in the first sentence, was a different and subordinate one. That object—dictated by a mere sense of literary justice—has now been fulfilled : and if any reader imagine that the praise which has here rather been implied than expressed is in any way exaggerated, it will be easy for him to test its value by reading the poem for himself. Unless he be bound by hopeless prejudices, or so entirely devoted to a particular style or fashion in poetry as to have lost all authority of taste, he cannot fail to gain from the poem the enjoyment of some very happy hours. The author of *King Arthur* need shrink from no candid or unbiassed judgment. It is a poem which this generation may neglect, but which—to say nothing of its unstained purity—is so sweet, so gay, so versatile, so noble, and so musical, that it would undoubtedly have been read with genuine admiration by Ariosto, by our own Spenser—nay, more, by that far greater poet to whom we owe the Sonnets and the Rape of Lucrece.

F. W. FARRAR.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

WITHOUT seeking here to discuss the abstract theory of the Beautiful, we may define it provisionally as the objective side of the purely pleasurable. A cause of one's pleasure is not thought of as beautiful until it is conceived as holding this common relation to other minds besides his own. Even when we seem to call a purely subjective fact beautiful, as a beautiful conception, it will be found that this is really due to its objective common originator, a written or spoken word. If this be so, the beautiful expresses the instinctive tendency of the emotional mind to be in harmony with other minds. When a man standing alone on a cliff, and gazing on the sun setting below the sea, exclaims involuntarily, "How beautiful!" we may see an illustration of this spontaneous movement. The very strength of his emotion begets the craving for some sympathetic response, some reflection of his own feelings in another creature.

The exposition of the various elements in external impressions of beauty has been carried far enough in existing works on psychology; and to these the reader must be referred for their formal classification.¹ The question now before us is how far and in what way human beings come to have æsthetic aspects attributed to them.

The difficulty that at once meets us here arises from the fact that the objects exciting the sentiment are identical with its conscious subjects. But every human being is not only a subjective mind; he is also, in regard to other minds, a part of the objective world. First of all, the bodily organism with its movements forms as much an external thing as a tree or a rock. Secondly, even the internal mental states become revealed by means of this material investiture in a way which will be dwelt on further on. Thus the whole individual existence, so far as it expresses itself outwardly, constitutes, in reference to other minds, an object of contemplation, and may be found to present features worthy of the name beautiful. The very consciousness which shares in the subjective feeling may, in turn, be the cause or objective source of the feeling for others.

The feelings of others being known to us only through the external signs of bodily movements and vocal sounds, it may be supposed that we attribute to these representatives qualities which properly belong to the represented states of consciousness; and it will be found that a large part of the beauty of expression is really due to the nature

(1) See especially the chapter on the Æsthetic Emotions in Mr. Bain's work, *The Emotions and the Will*, which has served as a starting-point and a guide-post to the present essay.

of the feelings expressed. Still, there are certain intrinsic beauties in expressional movement which are easily accounted for on the principles of material beauty already alluded to; and these in their turn lend, by association, much of their charm to ordinary conceptions of the inner character. What amount of gratification is thus derivable from the purely external presence may be roughly estimated by watching the infant's eye as it closely follows the complex and ever-varying movements of some lively boy. Very few, probably, are discriminative enough to detach all such bodily attractions from their idea of the in-dwelling mind.

This influence of the external on our æsthetic conceptions of character may be traced in the growth of language. It is a well-known fact in philology that distinctions between inner consciousness and the outer world are only very inadequately expressed in primitive tongues. The names of the various functions of mind, as thinking, feeling, and desiring, denoted originally material processes such as breathing, rushing, expanding, &c. And even now we familiarly describe mental features in terms of their external manifestations. We speak of a brilliant, acute intellect, a warm, quiet emotion, and a robust will. Along with the invariable concomitance of consciousness and bodily organism here implied, it must be remembered that although impressions of human character and those of material facts are perfectly distinct genera, the emotional effects produced by them may be analogous; and that just as we speak of a warm colour or a bright melody, so the observation of certain temperaments and dispositions may produce feelings both pleasurable and painful quite analogous to those we experience when acted upon by the sights and sounds of nature. As will be seen presently, some of the mental principles on which perceptions of beauty in external objects depend, as the effects of novelty, rarity, and contrast, or those of harmony and fitness, apply equally to our cognitions of others' minds; and in this way many of the rough analogies between properties of mind and matter are fully accounted for.

But leaving the subject of expression and looking at mind as far as possible apart from its connection with body, it may be broadly asserted that, irrespectively of any qualitative differences, all manifestations of conscious life are interesting; and since by their objective signs they are the common possession of other minds, under the ordinary conditions of observation, they easily come to be regarded as forms of the beautiful. Hence the many sayings about the superior and exclusive interest of man as an object of contemplation, as, for example, that which Goethe puts into the mouth of his hero in his *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*: "Man is the most interesting thing to man, and ought, perhaps, alone to interest him."¹

(1) Buch i., cap. 4.

The causes of this are almost too obvious to require naming, though they may not have been fully analysed. It is not necessary, for explaining our knowledge of each other, to assume any intuitive belief in the existence of other minds than our own; the objective sign, pre-eminently the word, is the common meeting-point of our own and others' consciousness. A little attention to the process here evolved will perhaps bring out the peculiar attraction of other minds just mentioned.

The first and most conspicuous feature of the case is, that our impressions of others' feelings must be interpreted in terms of our own. The external movement or sound calls up the idea of a feeling we ourselves have experienced. And here of course lies the main interest. Whatever comes into this close mysterious connection with our own sentient life, has all the borrowed interest of this life itself. But this is not all. There is a positive pleasure in every feeling of resemblance; and this pleasure is heightened in proportion as the resemblance strikes us in the midst of diversity. All of us have experienced the strange shock of discovering the rough image of a human face in a beetling crag. Now, the knowledge of another's mind is emphatically a consciousness of likeness amid wide difference. The boundary separating another's inner life from our own is of the most insuperable character. What the whole distinction involves need not be here discussed; suffice it that it is most fundamental and all-important throughout the whole range of our cognitions. It is this waking up to a consciousness like our own, yet so widely sundered from our own, which gives something of their exquisite delight even to the interchanges of feeling of mature men and women. This interest, moreover, acts quite independently of the nature of the feelings participated in. It is at the basis of sympathy with pains and pleasures, but it includes the tendency to enter into other modes of feeling which are neither pleasurable nor painful, and even into the unemotional thought.

Another universal source of interest in the contemplation of others' feelings is the scope for imagination implied in the necessary indefiniteness of the intuition. Since we know the minds of others only mediately by the data of external signs, our cognitions are never precise like the intuition of something immediately present to consciousness. Even when the signs are least equivocal, as in the case of a friend's words, perfect definiteness cannot be attained. The feeling of any given moment can never be expressed with absolute completeness by the greatest accumulation of language. Some of its aspects and relations still remain undetermined. Now, the vague and undefined is the source of a peculiar pleasure. It gives liberty to thought winged by some emotion to follow out airy tracks of its own. The artist knows this when he introduces into his picture the

path or the brook winding away into the wood, or the hazy expanse of distant air and mountain. So, in the case before us, a part of the subtle influence exercised by every manifestation of soul-life is due to this free play of the idealising impulse. This remark does not, however, imply that clearness of expression and utterance diminishes the interest; on the contrary, it heightens it in the large majority of cases. For there is always left the region of imagination; and unless some distinctness of feeling is expressed, the sympathetic participation—which is, after all, the chief element of the pleasure—becomes impossible. And further, openness and candour are closely associated with clear expression, and give it a value of a still higher kind. The imaginative interest now spoken of is seen most conspicuously when a new character is brought under our notice. The idealising impulse fashions the unknown depths of feeling and thought according to its own arbitrary will; and, as we know, the result is often wide enough from the fact. The same tendency shows itself in the ideal future developments we paint for those who are objects of a constant personal interest to us. Our knowledge of each other is never so complete as not to leave ample space for this play of imagination.

Lest these general considerations should seem too vague to account for any of our actual impressions of beauty in human character, it may be well to trace their bearing on some of these perceptions. In doing this I shall speak occasionally of isolated feelings or states of consciousness, but more frequently of general dispositions or tendencies. It is implied here, of course, that, agreeably to what Mr. Bain calls the principle of Relativity, change of impression or variety is essential to these effects of conscious life. Sameness of impression is equivalent to absence of impression; and fulness of soul always means rich variety. The more important cases of this principle will be spoken of by-and-by.

If all exhibitions of consciousness are interesting, any rare degrees of it must be especially so. For example, the quick emotional temperament is commonly held to be an exceedingly attractive object of contemplation. As a permanent possibility of rich various sensibility, it tends to engage the admiring gaze of others, whether presented in actual life or in the creations of fiction. For this reason, probably, the female character is so much oftener deemed beautiful than the male. Over and above the pleasurable of the mere external expression already alluded to, very much is due to the full fountains of feelings themselves. And this interest does not depend on the quality of the emotion as pleasurable or painful, but flows from all varieties of exuberant feeling. When this nature is least fettered by conventional rules, the charm is enhanced; from which cause arises much of the beauty of youth. Closely allied to emotion proper is the

excitement of abundant activity. Mr. Bain has shown that previous to any stimulation from without, the system manifests a spontaneous vigour; and this impulse has a characteristic consciousness of its own which we commonly express as a sense of fresh vigorous life. It may be supposed to form, along with the great charm of its physical embodiment, a subordinate pleasure in the gratification we derive from the sight of health and youth. In the remaining departments of mind, thoughts, and volitions, there is less of this excited form of consciousness; and accordingly these aspects of human nature are of interest chiefly for other reasons. The intellectual states, again, being characterised by very little external movement, are of secondary interest as mere exhibitions of conscious life. Thought, when directed to external objects, becomes undoubtedly more interesting to witness. Quickness of observation and insight, fine discrimination and inference exercised upon the outer world, are deeply engaging as mere modes of active consciousness, though doubtless the keen feeling of interest in the pursuit commonly implied in these qualities is a part of the pleasing impression. Still more is the charm of feeling added to that of intellect in social vivacity, easy comprehension of others, and imaginative interpretation of their feelings and wants. In all these cases of intellectual attractiveness, the percipient mind has been engaged outwardly, and has thus betrayed its workings by a series of rapid and various movements. But the predominance of thought over feeling and action tends to a self-contained, unexpressive, and motionless attitude.

Of the *special* sources of interest in human nature, one of the most important is the pleasurable quality of the mental state exhibited. To witness the manifestation of a pleasurable feeling is pleasing, and *vice versa*. This follows from what has been said concerning the mode of reaching the consciousness of others. The observation of another's pleasure is itself an idea of the feeling partaking of its pleasurable nature. This first effect is no doubt often counteracted by after considerations, as when another's joy excites our envy, or injures our sense of justice; but the fundamental fact remains. We are not speaking of the moral aspects of this tendency in active sympathy, but purely of its value as an object of contemplation. The first effect, then, of gladsome expression—all thoughts of the individual's relations to ourselves and others being suspended—is universally pleasurable. For this reason it is made a matter of refined taste to hide as far as possible painful feelings, such as constraint or mortification, and to wear in society an even cheerfulness. The special beauty of some characters may be traced to a natural predisposition to pleasure. Although the acquired habit of repressing pain and exhibiting pleasure is pleasing, the natural disposition to this preference is much more so; for it is more perfect as a form of plea-

sure through the absence of everything like artificial restraint. The joyous temperament, prone to forget a pain and to expand a pleasure, is singularly beautiful to contemplate. It forms another source of attraction in the youthful nature, but is seen in its highest charm when it is found rare and unexpected in the habitual smile of a wrinkled old age. Hence art has chosen for the permanent phases of her heroes and gods deep, quiet gladness; and of these representations the Greek Apollo, "whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow," will probably always remain first in the order of beauty.¹ Of course this effect pure gladness is often modified by accompanying suggestions. Insensibility to pain is displeasing, as will be seen, through its unsympathetic character. Similarly the æsthetic anticipation of pleasurable expression is corrected by a recollection of its connection with physical constitution, health, &c.

Hitherto I have dwelt on gratifications depending on our entering into a feeling of another through its expression. But there are pleasures derived from the spectacle of others' feelings not due to this sympathetic action of the mind. Of course, so far as we conceive the conscious state of another, it must be by means of this same interpretation through our own. But in the class of cases now to be noticed the pleasure does not spring exclusively from this assumption of the feeling expressed, but from certain aspects and relations of the same viewed as objects of thought.

And, first of all, the manifestations of human consciousness are, no less than impressions from the material world, the causes of special emotions. The one emotion characteristically awakened by the sight and observation of human beings is tenderness in all its varieties. Though the strongest forms of this feeling are confined to a few objects, other and fainter degrees are bestowed on all our fellow-creatures so far as we observe in them certain qualities of character. Thus the joyous temperament already described is commonly lovable. Many moral excellencies, especially sympathy and self-sacrifice, generosity and lasting devotion, excite the same impulse of affection; and this effect lends much of their peculiar charm to the beautiful examples of virtue. Even the spectacle of weakness, and a suggestion of possible suffering, may call up a species of this feeling half pleasurable, yet with an under-current of sadness which we call pity. This case is curious, as being an apparent exception to the superior charm of pleasurable manifestations. I

(1) Mr. Carlyle has brought out this with other beautiful aspects of character in his *Life of Sterling*. So thoroughly "joyful, light, and hoping a nature" was his, that even his religious feelings seemed to lack the element of terror. Next to this elasticity of heart, the great charm in Sterling's character was his abundance of nature, his "infinite susceptibility."

know of no expression of this feeling so delicate and true as Heine's exquisite song suggested by the sight of youthful innocence, which begins with the line : —

“ Du bist wie eine Blume.”

Rarely if ever is this sentiment the whole feeling of beauty, but a concomitant of other feelings and intuitions.¹

As a second illustration of these simple emotional effects, admiration may be named. The main element here is the perception of some novel and rare degree of a desirable quality. It has been noticed already that some degree of freshness and unfamiliarity must be a characteristic of every impression of beauty. A commonplace exhibition of the most attractive elements of character can never be beautiful. But in certain cases the degree of unexpectedness and rarity may be the chief source of the gratification. Thus all degrees of virtuous feeling and conduct that rise far above the common level of humanity assume the æsthetic attraction. A very striking instance of unlooked-for generosity will awaken a strong impulse of tenderness ; whilst a grand exhibition of moral strength affects us with a kind of worship. In this latter instance the emotion of wonder blends with the proper effect of power, which may be a sympathetic exaltation, or an approach to terror. The exhibited quality may be in striking contrast either to the ordinary character of the individual, or, what is better, to the usual run of human conduct. Many characters owe their beauty as a whole to a rare combination of pleasing qualities, as refinement of taste with wide sympathy, strength of judgment with quick sensibility of feeling, and so on. It will be remarked directly that this requisite of beauty is frequently limited by the desire for naturalness or conformity to type. To most a strongly-marked individuality is apt to be unnatural ; though to some it is highly impressive and admirable for its rare manifestation of courage and force.

It might perhaps be thought by some that the ludicrous aspects of human nature ought to have a place here, as they are the source of a special and pleasurable emotion in the beholder. But though the ludicrous is undoubtedly a part of the subject-matter of æsthetics, it

(1) Mr. Mill, in his able exposure of Bentham's one-sided view of human nature, distinguishes the lovable as a third aspect of actions co-ordinate with the æsthetic and the moral. No doubt where the impulse to love depends on a special and restricted relation of the subject and object, it has no æsthetic character ; as in the case of a prompting to reward a generous act to one's own child. But when the mere presentation of an action to our attention is followed by an ideal excitation of the emotion, I regard it as analogous to the other pleasurable effects of beholding human character. The common uses of language confirm one in the belief that, to the majority, the sympathetic or amiable side of human nature is beautiful. No doubt in minds of high culture the connotation of the word becomes narrowed, and acquires an esoteric value, so to speak, the more intellectual perceptions of harmony, &c., becoming the prominent associations of the word, and excluding the more vulgar sentiment.

is strongly opposed to the beautiful and sublime, which are more especially the subject of this paper, and would require a separate and different kind of treatment. However engaging or diverting a laughable eccentricity or defect may be, it is obvious that it has little to do with the aggregate charm of a character.¹ For the manifest tendency of any excessive amount of quaintness or awkwardness in a character is to inspire contempt after the first impulse of laughter has been gratified. Still, a certain admixture of the ridiculous may add to the real interest of a nature. As will be hereafter seen, a suggestion of some common frailty in a great man will often be a relief, and serve to render his character more natural. Again, a certain *voluntary* gratification of our risible susceptibilities, whether in act or in speech, tends to please us through its exhibition of goodwill and wish to entertain. But, with these exceptions, the ludicrous borders too closely on the unworthy to enter into our notion of a pleasing and admirable character as a whole.

In the following elements of beauty in character the pleasure results from a more intellectual process, the cognition of harmony among relations. The general principle of harmony as a main factor in the beautiful is too familiar to require much illustration. In all our perceptions of the beauty of human nature, some reference of the feeling observed to other feelings or objective facts holding relations with it, may be found. Single feelings, as already mentioned, are of interest chiefly as criteria of general tendencies. Any given manifestation of feeling is at once classified with similar states, and, when this is done easily, a pleasurable feeling results, which is the rudimentary sense of harmony.² This emotion is the chief element in the pleasure given us by the spectacle of human consistency. It is always an intellectual process, and as such enters largely into the perceptions of beauty of the more cultivated minds. As a sense of correspondence between feeling and expression, it appears in the charm of candour and frank openness. It binds the attraction of the present to that of the past, and is one main force sustaining our continued interest in the evolution of the individual.

Beyond the tracing of resemblances among different elements of the same individual character, the feeling of harmony shows itself in the reference of these features of character to an ideal development of the individual in conformity to the conditions of his environment.

(1) The attractions of individual character are the only thing intended to be discussed here. Considered as a member of a group, such as a novel paints for us, a thoroughly ridiculous type of nature may be the source of a high gratification as a relief and counterpoise to the more earnest characters.

(2) This gratification forms also the foundation to the intellectual enjoyment in reading and studying character. Curiosity and a desire to comprehend may blend in the interest awakened by the sight of a human being, though there are often painful accompaniments which rob the feelings of their æsthetic character.

There is a gratification in tracing the correspondence between the character and the circumstances of individual men and women. The inheritance of a family trait, the willing adoption of the father's pursuit, the exhibition of taste and fitness for the prescribed situation in life, all afford pleasure to the observer. As a correspondence to an ideal of happiness for the individual, this harmony forms a part of our conception of a well-balanced mind, and gives to prudence what little of an æsthetic character it can ever possess. It appears as a well-ordering of energy and appetite in relation to supreme reason in Plato's conception of a just, harmonious, or beautiful man.

A more important case of the pleasure derived from harmony in character is found in the perception of naturalness, or conformity to the laws of human nature generally. This principle, it is obvious, is supplementary to the last, adding the universal type to the individual ideal. It implies generally a facility in entering into the expressed feeling on the part of the observer, as is seen in the saying, "One touch of nature," &c. ; but it is an intellectual perception more than a sympathetic emotion. It varies with the observer's knowledge and conception of mankind. This perception takes different forms according to the aspect of character presented. When the individual nature is viewed as a whole, it is judged to be complete or otherwise according to its participation in the various elements of the human character generally. The pleasure of this perception is opposed to the pain which unaccountable eccentricity, the undue emphasis of any one trait, often occasions. The Greek mind was quickly sensitive to these effects. The conception of a due proportion of the various elements of character which we find in Plato, and which underlies the celebrated maxim *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, illustrates this universal harmony even more than the other. All ideas of fitness, measure, or adjustment in individual character really point to this double correspondence: first of all, with the common requirements of human nature, and secondly, with the special requirements of the individual life. In its ethical form this feeling of harmony becomes the sense of propriety to which Adam Smith gave such a conspicuous place in his system, though the reference here is less to a fact than to an end or ideal. This conformity may be to types of very various extent. We are gratified when we see a man exhibiting the characteristic qualities of his nation, rank, age, occupation, and so on. Thus, for example, one charm of simplicity, or unconsciousness of self, in a child, is due to its naturalness, its suitability to the common condition of childhood.

This variety of the beautiful is modified especially by the other requirement of rarity already spoken of; and to combine these pleasing effects in an ideal character—to be true to fact, and yet to construct a new character—is the special difficulty of the novelist's art.

One circumstance which enables the two effects to blend so frequently is the existence of a moral ideal, to which it is acknowledged our characters ought to approximate. Owing to this, the presentation of a surpassing nobleness of nature, however uncommon in actual experience, is not felt to be unnatural. Our moral aspirations in this instance supply the type or standard.

Thus far we have considered the various aspects of human character as matters of contemplation in what may be called a disinterested way; that is, we have conceived the observer as looking simply at the objective facts and their relations to other objective facts, and feeling nothing but what is involved in the contemplation of these alone. But this is seldom the whole of the sentiment produced by beholding such manifestations. One chief aspect of the conduct and temper of our fellows is their bearing on our own interests. Bound together as we are in society, every human being soon comes to be recognised as containing possibilities of unknown effects—beneficial and injurious—on ourselves, and those of interest to us. Hence a large part of the gratification derived from witnessing the feelings and actions of others is due to the suggestions of security and benefit which they bring with them. Nor need the good effects be necessarily material blessings. Future possible gratifications of our various emotional tastes must also be included. In brief, when we contemplate any disposition in another, we inquire into its bearings on our future and contingent pleasures. Now if there are any of these mental qualities which suggest pleasurable effects universally, and not merely to the individual or the few, they assume *ipso facto* the character of the beautiful. Such qualities there are undoubtedly, and the consideration of them brings us to those sides of human character which have both an æsthetic and an ethical value.

In discussing these it will be convenient to regard first of all the pleasing character of actions and feelings derived exclusively from considerations of their bearing on the spectator; then to add the supplementary impressions due to a comprehensive regard for the effects of the conduct on human beings generally, including the agent himself. This arrangement will enable us to arrive at the ethical aspects of character by a gradual progress from simpler phases.

First of all, then, the exhibition of certain qualities of mind is generally pleasing through the association of possible pleasurable effects on the spectator. This does not involve a process of sympathy with either the agent or the object of the action, but rests on the conception of uniformity in the feelings and actions of the same individual. One source of this pleasure is the ideal character of the conception—the imagination of vague, indeterminate possibilities of happiness through the ideal suggestion. The forms of sentiment and volition which are thus generally gratifying will already have sug-

gested themselves. They include the self-repressing, as contrasted with the self-asserting, qualities. When we witness any act of self-sacrifice to another, it is obvious that a general tendency is at once suggested; and, each spectator being a possible recipient of effects from the actions of the same individual, this idea is a source of pleasure. These dispositions may be either those of self-repression or of direct benevolence. A low estimate of oneself, modesty, with but a slight demand on the consideration and good services of others, is pleasing in this way, whilst egotism and arrogance are displeasing. When the impulse takes the form of directly aiming to please, the charm is still greater. Quickness of sympathy with others, a keen interest in their welfare, a strong desire to win their approval, abundance of admiration and generous instinct, are amongst the most delightful phases of character presented to us. No doubt other influences concur in bringing about this enjoyment. Even when there is no sympathy with the recipient of the direct benefit conferred, the very sight of mental dispositions useful to ourselves calls up a form of tenderness towards the person, which is an added enjoyment. This feeling is also awakened by the thought of the helplessness and need of our shelter involved in some of these points of character.

It is interesting to notice how timidity and deference to others on the one side, and strength and independence of character on the other, appear each beautiful according to the class of dispositions which characterises the spectator. To a robust, active nature the latter will be far more striking. The excitement of wonder at a rare spectacle, a lively sympathetic enjoyment of the power manifested, and a sense of the moral value of these qualities, will be the feelings in this case. To a less vigorous and more gently emotional nature, on the contrary, the exhibition of the milder, sweeter aspects, will be much more attractive. This is but one case of diversity in taste as to beauty of character, resulting from variations in the degree of the several susceptibilities here discussed.

Let us now turn to the effects of dispositions and actions on the happiness of others besides the spectator. Many of the phases of character just described can only be revealed by actions which directly affect the welfare of some other or others of our fellow-beings. Self-forgetfulness, generosity, supposes some direct recipient of a benefit. Now the pleasure thus produced comes to be recognised by the sympathy of the spectator as part of the action itself, and gives by association a considerable additional value to the dispositions prompting it. This sympathetic gratification has been fully recognised by moralists, especially by Adam Smith, as an element in the sentiment of moral approbation. And here we are come to a point where the ethical and æsthetical feelings blend and are scarcely

distinguishable. As a pleasurable element of a spectacle, this view of the action or disposition enters into the beautiful; as a part of a man's conduct affecting for good the interests of a fellow-member of society, it calls for a moral judgment of approval. At one instant we are pure spectators, and are gratified by pleasurable ideas; at the next we become judges, and in common with the rest of society allow the action to pass as right, or reward it as virtuous.

The concurrence of the ethical and æsthetical judgments is seen still more clearly when the bearing of the act or sentiment not only on the immediate recipient of the benefit, but also on all others concerned, the agent himself included, is taken into the conception.¹ We look on any piece of conduct by the light derived from past experiences. The common accompaniments of certain kinds of action are immediately suggested on the recurrence of a new instance; and the same preponderance of happy results, a more or less clear reference to which determines the moral judgment of approval, would appear, according to the principles here laid down, to necessitate the gratification of our æsthetic feelings. The question then presents itself, What is the general relation of these two sentiments—are they ever identical, and how far do they coincide? Philosophers have loved to descant on the equivalence of the right, the virtuous, and the beautiful. The poet Goethe says somewhere that the beautiful is more than the good, and includes it. Can any light be thrown on this interesting problem from the conception of beauty in mind and character here adopted?

Let us first inquire how far the gratification of both sentiments when they concur is one feeling or two. It is obvious from the foregoing that many cases of moral excellence will be fitted to excite the feeling of the beautiful along with that of approbation or praise. In the first place, a right or virtuous action is frequently striking through its rarity, naturalness, and so on; but further, the ground of the moral sentiment must be, in part at least, the idea of certain beneficial or pleasurable effects; and this is equally an element of attractiveness in the spectacle. Will the moral and æsthetic feelings remain distinct in these cases or not? To answer this we must look a little more closely at the nature of the moral sentiment. One of its peculiarities is its close connection with the will. It may be said that it always implies a tendency to act or to forbear from acting. In the capacity of members of society, we have not only to judge of the acts of others, but to take part in punishing and rewarding them.

(1) It is here assumed that all morality *does* point to the beneficial effects of actions and dispositions. And this may now be done, one should suppose, without any undue partiality for the Utilitarian view. For the latest writers on the other side—the late Professor Grote, for instance—practically allow that the direction of the moral sense is ruled by the ends of human happiness, and this would seem to imply that a perception of desirable consequences is a part, if not the whole, of a recognition of rightness.

In moral condemnation there is involved the readiness to punish; the opposite feeling similarly implies the abstention from punishment. This characteristic at once marks off the ethical feeling from the æsthetic. This latter is a much more passive state of mind. It acts, no doubt, in prompting us to retain the contemplation of the beautiful object, or to shun that of the ugly. But the perfect feeling of æsthetic gratification may be possessed in a comparatively inactive state. On the other hand, the moral feeling of condemnation cannot be conceived as a passive feeling, detached from the will. Hence we find that the two sentiments, even when concurring, tend often mutually to exclude each other, rather than to coexist. The easy man of culture will indulge in the æsthetic charms of a certain disposition or action, being comparatively insensible to the stronger effects of its moral aspects; while the very earnestness of a man's moral feelings will often unfit him for the calm contemplation of the beautiful side of character. In the case of virtue, the difference of the two feelings seems less, through the absence in the moral one of any reference to punishment. But even here we do not lose our active and legislative function; a sort of obligation forces us as members of society to reciprocate some part of this extraordinary service rendered to the common good. On the other hand, in the æsthetic admiration of virtue, though there be an outgoing of tenderness with its impulse to lavish favour, it is still in the function of spectator, and not in that of judge, that we experience this feeling. From all this we gather that the gratifications of the two sentiments of beauty and morality, when producible by the same aspect of disposition or conduct, are not quite so harmonious as we might at first have conjectured. They may blend so as to form a higher delight; but they may also prove mutually antagonistic. It is not meant by this that everybody experiencing the moral feelings of approbation or praise is conscious of this active function. Many experience a form of sentiment much more passive in character, and allied to the æsthetic. This is known by such names as the feeling of propriety or fitness. In fact, the two types of sentiment pass into one another by very gradual shades. All that one can safely assert is a tendency. The sentiment is moral as it tends to ideas of action; æsthetic, as it tends to remain a passive enjoyment, a pure contemplation.

The second question is how far the morally worthy aspects of character are fitted to please the æsthetic sentiment. In other words, are the right and praiseworthy sides of conduct necessarily beautiful? This question is independent of the last, and may be stated thus:—Supposing the satisfaction of the æsthetic feeling to be compatible with that of the ethical, what features in human character are qualified to beget both, and what, not?

It has already been seen that the right and virtuous have invariably some elements fitted to become a source of æsthetic gratification—

viz., the ideas of the pleasurable effects resulting from these qualities in human conduct. Moreover, in every case of moral approval, there is a sense of harmony between the action and the great ends of the moral law, social order and stability, and the well-being of mankind. It enters as a consistent factor into that realm of individual ends (to use the words of Kant) which makes up universal law. That these relations have their beautiful aspects was recognised by Adam Smith, who discusses "the beauty which the appearance of utility bestows upon the characters and actions of men."¹ But though there are these pleasing features in the spectacle of all moral rectitude, a slight amount of consideration will show that they do not always render an action or sentiment beautiful.

It has been the object of this article to trace out the number of different sources of the seemingly simple effect of beauty in character. For anything in the human mind to receive this attribute in a high degree, several of these sources must co-operate; and in the case of many right and even virtuous qualities of human nature this condition is wanting. Further, morality, with all its pleasurable elements, nearly always includes some discordant and painful elements. Duty means coercion, restriction of pleasure, a forcing of the individual from the course which his natural bent would take. It is an artificial product of a painful system of discipline, and though it becomes in the mature man a comparatively spontaneous course of action, it never loses entirely its associations of restraint and unnaturalness. The pleasure of the agent observed is involved in our notion of beautiful action. Spontaneity, ease, freedom have been seen to be prime essentials in the spectacle of a man's behaviour, and the want of these diminishing the attractiveness of morally correct actions, diminishes that of the mental qualities implied. Even in virtuous conduct, which seems by its very nature so free, there are often suggested ideas of sacrifice and suffering to the agent which detract from the pure pleasure of the spectacle. There can be little doubt that, for these reasons, beings taking to every kind of moral excellence naturally and by instinctive impulse would be a more beautiful spectacle; and, as it is, the disappearance of everything like sense of restraint always adds to the beauty of morality. Indeed, when the requirement of morality is not very urgent, we sometimes delight to see its shackles broken off, as in the freaks of a wanton, spirited boy.

Not only in the mind of the agent, but in that of some person affected by the conduct, elements of pain may arise which destroy the æsthetic pleasure of the spectacle of justice or virtue. Morality is frequently a balancing of interests, the infliction of a certain evil in order to avoid a far more disastrous one. And when the pain thus occasioned is severe, the action becomes something revolting to the eye. And this is not all. In relation to the character of the agent,

(1) "Theory of Moral Sentiments," part iv., ch. ii.

the infliction of such human suffering must be conceived as indicating either harshness and insensibility, or a painful struggle and repression of natural feeling, either of which would be displeasing as an æsthetic contemplation. Thus the celebrated deeds of Brutus and Agamemnon, however praiseworthy on moral grounds, and however striking as exhibitions of self-control or power, would scarcely be called beautiful.

Again, the ends of morality may require the production of a character too far removed from common sympathies. The man of exceeding gravity, severely just and faithful to his sense of duty, must be accounted of inestimable moral worth. His elevation above the common type of men may render him sublime. But we feel at the same time a want of some point of contact with so stern a nature. It appears to us by its emotional coldness outside the great kinship of mankind. Hence, in such a character, as has been said, the appearance of an ordinary human weakness will enhance its æsthetic value. It is a pleasant relief to find so exalted a mind resting on our own familiar earth. Thus the touches of domestic tenderness given by Homer to many of his stern heroes are felt to bring them near ourselves, and they intensify our interest in their doings and sufferings. So, even a laughable trait—a quaint mannerism—may, through this relieving effect, become beautiful. The almost depressing effects of lofty virtue are thus obviated, and the feeling of oneness restored.

Very nearly allied to this last consideration is another of equal importance. The utilities of life often necessitate great one-sidedness of mental development. Men who have devoted themselves most efficiently to some department of the welfare of mankind have tended to become narrow, incomplete. For a character to be a picturesque whole, as distinguished from a mere unit of a group of characters, there must be a rich diversity. More particularly there should be a fund of various emotions and interests; dignity must be relieved by humour, high intellectual culture by interest in ordinary human concerns. Some of the most estimable people become thus uninteresting, and, though we extol their merits, we feel little attraction in their society. Thus, one is incessantly active and punctilious; another is monotonous through absorption in some one great social interest, and so on. On the other hand, characters of a contemptible weakness do not fail at times to interest us by their abundant diversity. George Eliot's *Tito*, with all his selfishness, fascinates us by his vivacity, his fresh, keen interests, his ever-startling ambitions. Just as diversity of character is sometimes hindered by the limitations of some great moral end, so is intensity of emotion and action. Ethical considerations require the repression of much passionate feeling, and they still more narrow the scope of bold energetic action. And so we find that grand outbursts of enthusiasm are sure to be admired,

even if they are condemned on moral grounds; the struggle of a brave people, as the French, cannot fail to win our sympathy and respect, however vain we may have to pronounce it.

It is thus seen that, although Goethe was right in saying that the beautiful is wider than the good, he was wrong if he intended to include the whole of the moral as a subordinate species of the beautiful. So far as our present investigation has brought us, they appear much rather to be two co-ordinate genera, partly coincident and partly exclusive one of the other. While many actions and traits of mind denoted by the æsthetic term obviously have no moral character, so others denoted by the ethical term have nothing, or the *minimum visibile*, of the pleasurable aspect of beauty.

And here we may regard this rough draft of an analysis of mental attractiveness as completed. Not that it is intended to be exhaustive in the enumeration, any more than elaborate in the illustration of the principles involved. For it must be borne in mind that many of the finer, subtler effects of character are owing to intricate combinations of qualities; and that it is not a complete account of these to name their constituent elements. Probably much of the dislike to a strictly scientific analysis of mental products may be accounted for by the prevailing supposition that the analysed compound is intended to be viewed as nothing but so many bare elements, brought into juxtaposition but exercising no modifying influences on one another. Before the analysis of the mind is completed, greater attention must be paid to these mutual modifications; and the result of any such investigation must always be stated as so many elementary feelings or ideas, *plus* the fact of associative union with all the accompanying effects on the elements it implies. Applying this rule to the case before us, one would have to supplement the analysis by a constructive synthesis, tracing out the origin of many of our happiest impressions of character from the concurrence of certain of the above influences. Only one instance, however, can be given here. The peculiar pleasure of moderation, the happy mean, may be supposed to arise from the satisfaction of two æsthetic requirements. It is a commonplace in morals that many excellencies lie midway between extremes of excess; and it has frequently been suggested in this paper that certain æsthetic requirements tend to counteract each other. Rarity of individual development must not clash with conformity to nature; proud independence must be tempered with deference and sympathy, whilst these last must not sink into feebleness. Hence a character uniting these often opposed excellencies has a peculiarly subtle charm. And it is probable that many more of the æsthetic effects of concrete characters might be referred to a similar mode of blending among various gratifications.

JAMES SULLY.

ANNE FURNESS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

My father had reached home about half an hour before I did. He had brought Mr. Whiffles with him;—or, at any rate, Mr. Whiffles *had come*, and was then in the garden. Father had been greatly overcome on hearing of the errand I had gone upon; had reproached himself, and declared that such a sacrifice ought not to be made; that Mr. Cudberry was bound to prevent it. But he had finally confessed that he saw no other way out of the difficulties that beset him; no other way to avoid either disgrace, and, perhaps, a gaol. Mr. Whiffles had stuck to him, with the intention of making himself sure that father would, as he had promised (afterwards taking back his word, and then again giving it, in a terrible indecision and trouble of mind), make the proposition to mother and myself. It had been at once a pang and a relief to my father to find his purpose anticipated.

All this mother hurriedly poured into my ears as I was taking my hat and cloak off in my own room; blessing me, kissing me, and crying over me—poor mother!—all in a breath. I, almost as hurriedly and incoherently, exchanging for what she had to tell me, my account of what had passed at Woolling.

“I’ll go and speak to your father, my darling. He is wandering up and down his own room, so miserable and restless! If he would but believe that there are better days in store! But he can’t bring himself to look forward hopefully yet. We must have patience.”

Mother left me, and I went down-stairs to see that some tea and cold meat were set forth as she had bidden me. I found Mr. Whiffles in the sitting-room. He was dressed precisely as on the first occasion of my seeing him, and looked perhaps a shade redder about the face and throat, and certainly a good many shades dingier about the tight orange-coloured gloves.

“Your most obedient, Miss,” said Mr. Whiffles, voluntarily bowing, and involuntarily shaking his head at me.

“Good evening,” said I. “Will you not sit down? They are getting some refreshment. The meal will be ready immediately.”

“You’re very good, Miss. And you are looking remarkably well. ’Pon my word, I’m delighted to see you looking so well. It’s extraordinary, you know;—quite extraordinary!”

It would indeed have been extraordinary had it been true. My image in the glass told another story. But I did not think it

necessary modestly to disclaim Mr. Whiffles's compliment. It was evident enough that he was by no means at his ease. He rolled his pocket-handkerchief tightly between his orange-coloured palms, and the nervous twitching of his head and settling of his chin in his collar became almost incessant.

I had an idea that he had expected some demonstration of emotion on my part—he was aware of the errand I had been upon—and that he was a little puzzled and discomfited by not finding in my face that which he had anticipated. I thought that the surest and swiftest method of relieving his mind would be to impart to him the success of my attempt, and the consequent certainty that he would receive his money. And this, accordingly, I did in a few words.

"You don't mean it, Miss!" cried Mr. Whiffles. "And you really went slap out—prompt, I mean;—you really went out prompt and plucky—you'll excuse me if I drop a phrase not so choice as you're accustomed to, now and then. It is far from being intended as a liberty, Miss,—merely 'abit, from association with far different walks in life."

I told him I was sure he would not willingly offend me, which he fervently protested was true. But still, despite the assurance that he would be paid all that my father owed him, Mr. Whiffles did not recover his composure. He still rolled his handkerchief between his hands and jerked his head spasmodically. After a short pause he got up from his chair and addressed me in a very agitated manner, thus:—

"Miss Furness, I'm aware that my position here at present is an unpleasant one; I dare say it's mutually unpleasant—and, in fact, it must be. But this I will say, that anything gamier than your conduct, and that of your honoured ma, I never met with in the whole course of my life! And I've naturally been a witness to a good deal of game conduct on and off the turf. It—it does you credit, Miss, and honour. I assure you—I do assure you, Miss Furness, that though sensible of my own deficiencies in the society of ladies to a greater extent than p'raps you'd credit, I—I must endeavour to express to you how game I think your conduct. Of course I'm aware that the unpleasantness of my position as your father's creditor, must act against me in your opinion. But, upon my honour and soul, if I'd known I should feel it as I do—I—I wouldn't have acted on Captain Lacer's information! At—at least," said Mr. Whiffles, pulling himself up as one conscious of having been carried away by his feelings, "at least, I'm sure you wouldn't take any advantage of anybody, Miss Furness! And if I was a wealthy party, the case would be very different altogether. But as far as my means go, if time's a hobject, or any accommodation in the way of bills might

be acceptable, you've only to speak, Miss Furness; for I do assure you that gamier conduct I never met with in all my life."

Of all this speech, made with more jerks, and starts, and hesitating, and corrections of himself than I can record, one phrase stuck particularly in my memory—"Captain Lacer's information." It rang in my ears. "Information!"

"Would you have any objection, Mr. Whiffles," said I, "to tell me what was the nature of the information you speak of as having been given you by—Mr. Lacer?"

"Oh dear, Miss Furness—I—I don't know exactly," said Mr. Whiffles, looking at me with a good deal of uneasiness, and some cunning in his eyes, and rubbing his chin with the handkerchief, now reduced to a compact hard ball.

"You said—did you not?—that you acted on *information* received from him."

"Oh—well, you know; you mustn't suppose, Miss Furness, that Captain Lacer put me up to the move! Quite the reverse. The Captain, you see—naturally—why, it didn't suit his book altogether. In fact, not at all; it didn't suit the Captain's book. Though, at the same time, I'm sure he must feel proud, Miss Furness, when he reflects on the very—the extraordinary, I may say—game manner in which you have behaved; your honoured ma likewise. It arose in my mind out of hints dropped by the Captain, when speaking of certain most—most congratulatory circumstances," said Mr. Whiffles, bringing the phrase out with some complacency after a rather long hesitation, "circumstances of a highly congratulatory kind, I'm sure, Miss Furness—at least, as far as the gentleman is concerned! For really more game and noble conduct I never was a witness to in the whole course of my life."

"Mr. Whiffles," I said, mustering a sudden resolution, "you said just now that you would be willing to oblige me."

"Anything in my power, miss, as a man far from wealthy, and one who, however loth, is bound to think of his corn-chandler's quarterly accounts."

"I am not going to ask for money, Mr. Whiffles."

"Don't mention it, Miss Furness, I'm sure!" murmured Mr. Whiffles; but he looked relieved.

"All I ask is, that you would kindly and frankly tell me the truth."

Mr. Whiffles looked somewhat less relieved than before. He said "Yes, Miss." And his head twitched from right to left, and it was rather a long time before his chin settled itself again between his shirt-collars.

"In the first place, it may relieve you from any constraint if I say that—that you need be under no apprehension of—of injuring

Mr. Lacer in my parents' opinion, or in mine. Mr. Lacer parted from us this morning. Our friendship with him is irrevocably broken."

Mr. Whiffles gave a long low whistle, clapped his leg, and nodded his head thoughtfully, but not with much surprise apparently.

"Am I right in supposing that Mr. Lacer told you that he—that I——"

"That you was engaged to be married to him, Miss Furness?" cried Mr. Whiffles, with sudden animation, and as if a light had broken in on his mind. "Yes, he did!—three months ago and more. That you was a only child, and an heiress, and a great catch, Miss Furness? Yes, he did! That, even supposing your father made ducks and drakes of the Water-Eardley property, there was a good bit o' money tied tight up by your mother's marriage-settlement, which must *unrevokeably* come to you, Miss Furness? Yes, he did! That, consequently, any little temporary assistance that might be advanced towards himself in the carrying on of various little transactions on the turf would be sure to be repaid with interest so soon as ever you was his wife, and your money come into his hands, Miss Furness? Yes, he did! That Captain Lacer gave it out everywhere that he was going to marry a young lady of fortune, and got tick on the strength of it, Miss Furness? Yes, he did! And do I think you a angelic young lady, ten million times too good for him, and a good riddance that he's showed himself in his true colours before it was too late, Miss Furness? Yes, I'm damned if I don't!"

The man had worked himself into a red-hot condition of excitement, and stood panting and jerking his head, and mopping his face with the tightly-compressed handkerchief, as if he had been undergoing some violent physical exertion.

"Thank you," said I, and my own voice sounded strange to me. I was sick at heart.

"Miss Furness! Dear, dear; you've turned so white! and—I hope I haven't done amiss? You—you asked me for the truth, you know!"

"And I am sincerely obliged to you for it. Pray do not say any more to me just now."

He obeyed, and retired to the window, where he stood silent, neither speaking nor looking at me. Presently my parents came down. I felt a strange embarrassment in meeting my father. I had not seen him since the proposition of the giving up of the settlement had been made. I believe Mr. Whiffles's presence was not unwelcome to him, as rendering any demonstration of feeling, any necessity of speaking to me on the subject of my morning's errand, unbecoming. Father came into the room with a gloomy, depressed air. He took

my hand, and pressed it, and stroked my hair quickly once or twice, but with averted face; and he did not speak during the meal, which we all partook of by-and-by, except to Mr. Whiffles.

I should think that not one of us was more heartily relieved than Mr. Whiffles when the repast came to an end and he rose to go away. He had been in an obvious embarrassment what subject of conversation to choose. His own topic—racing, and all connected with it—he felt to be inadmissible in my mother's presence under the circumstances in which we were. He even was shy of praising the charms of the Water-Eardley gardens, and of a country life, being oppressed by the consciousness that they were in fact and truth ours no longer; and there were limits to even Mr. Whiffles's power of repeating to us, in his peculiar mournful and monotonous manner, that he really—really now, 'pon his honour and word, had never had the pleasure of seeing us looking so remarkably and charmingly well as we were looking at that moment during the whole course of his existence.

At length he went away. When he was gone, mother went and stood by my father, and put her hand tenderly on his shoulder, and spoke to him in a low, caressing voice. He was terribly downcast; would scarcely speak, or lift his head, and scarcely seemed to hear or notice mother's words.

All at once he clenched his fist and struck the table heavily.

"It ought not to be, Lucy! It shall not be, by ——!"

Mother put her hand upon his lips.

"Dearest, it *ought* to be! It is all settled. It is right, and we are more than content."

"Father," said I, not without timidity, "if you are afraid that mother and I should be carried away by feeling and—and imprudent, you can't think that of Uncle Cudberry; and he saw that it was fitting the settlement should be given up."

Father did not answer; but he listened.

"And if your desire is our happiness—as I'm sure it is—you must be sure you best consult it by letting us do our part, and take our share of the troubles that have come. And then, you know, father, it is not as if we were without a prospect, or a hope. You have this situation in view. We may almost consider it yours, may we not? And you will go to it a free man, able to look the world in the face, and—and we shall all be much happier, dear father. *She* will be happier. Think of mother! How could she bear to see you weighed down by debts you had no hope of paying? And whose feelings ought to be considered before hers?"

"My poor, brave lass!" cried father, opening his arms, "you deserve a better father than ever I've been to you!" He pressed me to his breast in a tight clasp.

Mother sobbed out, as she circled us both in her arms—"Oh, George, George! how can we be so ungrateful as to repine or fret when God has given us this dear child!"

We wept together tears that were not all bitter. I had not felt my heart drawn with such tenderness towards my father for many and many a day. How tremblingly thankful I was to remember that embrace long afterwards!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

At one o'clock the next day, Mr. Cudberry came, and brought Mr. Crook, the lawyer, with him; and my mother's marriage settlement was, with due legal formalities, given up.

Mr. Cudberry had a long private colloquy with my father, to which no one else was admitted. I supposed him to be endeavouring to gain a clear understanding of the position of my father's affairs. But this, as I gathered from a few words he let drop before leaving Water-Eardley, father either could not or would not give him. Mr. Cudberry went away with a very brief and cold "good-bye" to father; a quite cordial one, for him, to mother and me.

"I'd advise you, Mrs. George," he said drily, "to induce George to get hold o' one or other end of this tangle of troubles he's made for himself, and try to unravel it a bit. It's like squeezing water out of a flint, trying to get George to speak plain. I'm not a man as is fond o' talking and confiding over much. But when a thing has to be said, I can make shift to say it—and to say it so as there shall be no mistake about what I mean."

"You must make allowance for George at this moment, Mr. Cudberry," said mother, pleadingly. "He has gone through so much during this last week; and he feels for *us*—for Anne and me—and frets himself about what he calls this sacrifice, more than is needful. He can't be expected to have his old frank clearness of mind just yet."

"Tell'ee what, Mrs. George. We all know about the sins o' the fathers being visited on the children; what an amazing good look out it 'ud be for some on us if the virtues o' the wives could be credited to the husbands!"

And then Mr. Cudberry stolidly went his way.

Before the lawyer took his leave, he said to me in a matter-of-course tone, with a tinge of decent pity in it—

"Sad thing for those poor Arkwrights, Miss Furness. You know the Reverend Edwin Arkwright and his family very well, do you not?"

"Yes, indeed. What is amiss? What has happened?"

"Oh, I thought you might have heard. An execution in the house. Landlord, distraining for rent," answered Mr. Crook, with a piece of red tape between his teeth, and his hands busy in putting up his papers. And then he, too, went away.

Mother was almost as grieved as I was when I told her this news.

"I should like to see them," said I. "To help them if I could. But that is out of my power. Grandfather will be a friend to them I am sure, as far as he can be. I wish—I wish I might go to Mortlands and speak to him!"

Grandfather's name had not been mentioned between us in all our talk about the giving up of my mother's little fortune. We both knew that he would have opposed it with all his might if he had been consulted in the matter. And we had refrained from touching on a point so painful. Each had tacitly understood the other's feelings in the matter.

"He will be very angry at first, Anne," said my mother, with a quickly changing colour in her face. And I knew that she was not alluding to the Arkwrights.

"I think he will have some right to be angry that we did not tell him, mother dear. But your first duty, and mine, was to father. Grandfather is so wise and good, that he will understand all that when his first vexation is past. Vexation for himself, I mean. I fear he will be—be vexed for us much longer. But we must have patience. I wish I might go to Mortlands."

"You would have a disagreeable task, my child, in telling——"

"Perhaps not. Perhaps all Horsingham knows it by this time," I answered, with a bitterly-mortifying remembrance of the occasion when those words had last been said to myself. "Besides, it must be faced some time. And you know, mother, we agreed the other day that we must learn to bear being blamed for doing right."

"Blame! My own darling, none should fall on you at any rate. If blame there be, it is mine—all mine!"

"No, mother, don't let us talk in that way. But do you think I might—I could—do you think it would be right for me to go to Mortlands?"

It was now my turn to colour, as I painfully felt. Donald was at Mortlands. How could I meet Donald?

We discussed the matter a little, talking with subdued voices.

"It would be absurd to suppose that Donald's presence ought to shut you out from your grandfather's house, Annie," said my mother. And I felt this to be reasonable and true. And I finally resolved to go to Mortlands, despite the mingled and painful emotions which made me shrink from meeting Donald Ayrlic. "And then, perhaps, I may not see him at all," I thought; and was conscious of a most unreasonable sensation of discontent at that prospect also.

I resolved to go, as I said; and having so resolved, there was nothing for it but to set out as speedily as might be so as to arrive at Mortlands in good time; for I must walk, and the autumn days were growing very short.

Yesterday had been the last day of the races. Most of the itinerant vagabonds who had been drawn by them to Horsingham were already on the march along the white highways, east, west, north, and south. Occasionally I met on my way to my grandfather's house, a cart or van drawn by wretched-looking beasts, with squalid men and women trudging alongside of it, following their wandering business under a heavy weight of poverty and hungry children. Poor, battered, disreputable nomades! There was one boy, who seemed, as far as my memory served me, to be the very counterpart of a dazzling spangled apparition I had admired on the occasion of those long-ago races to which I had been taken as a child, and whither grandfather had sternly forbidden that Donald should accompany us.

The "counterpart" was not spangled though. He was dressed in a shabby, thrice shabby, little overcoat, from beneath which appeared two lanky, slender legs, clad in tight and unspeakably dirty white stockings. He wore a thick ankle-boot on one foot, the other was thrust into a broken, down-trodden slipper, and had a bandage round it. He had hurt it, I suppose, in his tumbling or dancing, poor child! and limped along painfully. But his pale, pretty face, and long curling hair were like those of the dazzling, spangled apparition that had once flitted across my limited field of vision, like a magic-lantern picture.

I found a little piece of money in my purse—a silver threepence which had been hoarded there, why I know not, from the days when it was bright and new, and had grown tarnished—and gave it him.

The boy took it in silent surprise, looked at it, and put it between his teeth; to test its genuineness, I conjecture. A bold, gaunt, copper-faced woman, with a baby at her breast, who walked beside him, turned to stare at me; as also did a black-bearded man, who carried a long balancing-pole and a bundle. I hurried on, very flushed and confused, and was painfully conscious of the unflinching and curious observation of the whole family, until a turn in the road screened me from their view. And then I discovered that my foolish eyes were full of tears.

A great disappointment awaited me at Mortlands. My grandfather was absent; had been away more than a week, but was expected home that night, it might be as late as eleven o'clock. Eliza was at Alice Kitchen's, helping to make her wedding-clothes. Mr. Donald was out in the town. He had not been himself at all these two days past, but he had been busy looking after some

patients the doctor had left in his charge. Rose early and went out, and came home late, and looked fagged out. He had said he was thankful that Dr. Hewson was to be back that night; and so was Keturah, who gave me all this information. She was thankful, for she thought Mr. Donald wanted looking after himself. But he would drop down with worry and weariness before he'd neglect *poor* sick folks. However, the doctor was coming home, and then it would be all right.

Keturah stopped short in her talk, and looked at me. She had not been speaking to me in her pleasantest manner. Her pale lips had not once parted into that rare smile which was wont when I first knew her to make her stern face beautiful in my childish eyes, and which had not lost its illuminating power. But when she had looked at me, her manner changed and softened immediately.

Was I tired? Was I not well? I looked far too white—and surely—why, yes; let her feel my arm. I had grown thin! I must sit down at once, and rest. And I must have some wine, and a sandwich—a nice dainty sandwich that she (Keturah) would cut in her best manner. What had I been doing to myself? But young people were so foolish! Never had any notion of taking their meals regular or anything. That was Mr. Donald's case. He wanted looking after like a baby in some things. Was my mother pretty well? (“Miss Lucy,” Keturah was not unapt to call her in moments of emotion.) And—and my father? (with a little compression of the pale lips, and contraction of the jet-black brows; now looking blacker than ever by reason of the greyness of her hair). Then it was I myself wanted taking care of, and when the doctor came back he must see to it.

I learned from all this that nothing had transpired at Mortlands concerning the, to us, so momentous events of the last two days. My grandfather's house, never very accessible to floating gossip, was jealously sealed against it during the race-week. Mortlands, for as long as I could remember it, presented a very stern, or rather a very blank front to the outer world throughout that holiday time. Of late years my grandfather had naturally not grown more indulgent to the races or anything connected with them. In fact, he had gone away from Horsingham at this time, to avoid any glimpse or sound of them, as I well knew, although Keturah refrained from saying so.

“Where is Mrs. Abram?” I asked, looking round the dining-room, wherein this colloquy was taking place.

“There now!” cried Keturah, clapping her hands once loudly together, and then clasping them on her apron. “It's as queer a thing as I ever see to watch how Mrs. Abram has took to the child. You may well ask where she is. Why I suppose you don't remember

the day in all your young life—barring Sundays, Christmas Days, and Good Fridays—that Mrs. Abram was anywhere at this hour except in that backboard of a chair as she chose for herself, fiddling with her wools, and knitting summer and winter. No; to be sure you can't. And now where is she, think you? Out in the garden, walking round and round, or up and down, or wherever she's bid to by the little 'un, and carrying a big soft ball she made for her herself, and ready to play with it too, poor soul, if she's ordered. Just you think of Mrs. Abram playing at ball!"

"Who? What child? What little one?" cried I in profound bewilderment.

"Why, little Jane Arkwright. Haven't you heard of the Arkwrights? Lord, I thought you got all the news out at Water-Eardley, what with Mr. Sam Cudberry and—and others, as seems to confine *their* business in life to talking about the business of other folks! 'Taint the kind of trade I should 'prentice a son of mine to myself; but I suppose it's a genteel calling."

"I have heard that there is an execution in Mr. Arkwright's house. I only heard it accidentally this morning, Keturah. Matthew Kitchen has been very hard—very cruel, I think. Poor Mr. Arkwright!"

"Matthew Kitchen! Ugh!" with a backward sweep of the hand expressive of fierce disdain. "For goodness sake don't let me begin about that! But we've got all the children here except the eldest, Lizzie. She's a help to her mother, poor little lass!"

"Got all the children here! At Mortlands!"

"At this identical minute they're at school, all but little Jane. It was mostly Mr. Donald's doing—his and mine between us. Mrs. Abram put herself into a quandary about it, your grandfather being away. But Mr. Donald and me thought that master wouldn't disapprove of having the little things stowed away here till their father and mother can turn round a bit, and see what's to be done. There's room enough for the bairns, and they're very quiet and good, and most of the day they're at school."

"I feel sure that grandfather will not disapprove."

"Well, and then Mrs. Abram, she come round in the wonder-fullest way to little Jane. Jane's a real tyrant over her, and orders her about in her positive little fashion, as it's a curious sight to see."

It was a curious sight to see, as I afterwards witnessed for myself, little Jane, with staid sagacity and an air of responsibility, taking the lead, and compelling Mrs. Abram to follow. The child was not naughty, or capricious, or troublesome. She had simply perceived that in that superior bulk, clad in sombre garments, there resided no intellectual power that was equal to the task of governing her. She had further perceived that the adult creature was gentle, and not

indisposed to submit, whereupon Jane proceeded to exact submission with a queer mixture of baby selfishness and old-fashioned gravity. And not the least curious part of the spectacle was Mrs. Abram's behaviour under this yoke. The poor woman was dimly aware that there was a good chance of the child's becoming terribly spoiled under her auspices, and this prospect preying on her conscience, Mrs. Abram endeavoured every now and then to assert some authority, by suggesting a course of proceeding different from that which Miss Jane had decided upon for herself; but as, unfortunately, poor Mrs. Abram's suggestions were mostly devoid of any solid basis of reason, Jane put them aside with a sort of serene good sense, and pursued her own way with the judicious solemnity of a veteran.

I explained to Keturah that my immediate errand in Horsingham had been to endeavour to see Mrs. Arkwright, if my seeing her could in anywise serve or comfort her. Keturah did not seem to entertain the notion favourably.

"Best not see her, I think," she said. "Not you."

"Why not?" was my natural inquiry; and it was with difficulty that I drew from the old woman the fact that Mrs. Arkwright, in her trouble and soreness of heart, was breathing much wrath against my father, whom she accused of being indirectly, and not so very indirectly, the cause of the misfortune that had come upon her home.

"It is incredibly unjust!" cried I hotly. "How in heaven's name can my father be responsible for Matthew Kitchen's harsh behaviour?" But even as the words were passing my lips, I remembered Selina's taunting speech to my mother, "You had better make Mr. Furness pay my husband what he owes him. Then perhaps Mr. Kitchen will be able to afford to be patient with the parson."

That was the gist of Selina's words; and although I did not believe in the least that my father's payment or non-payment of his debts to Matthew Kitchen had at all influenced the latter's proceedings towards the Arkwrights, yet I perceived at once what use Selina and her husband might make of the plea to Mrs. Arkwright. Doubtless they had made unscrupulous use of it. Keturah confirmed my thought. Yes; they had made out that Mr. Furness of Water-Eardley had a deal to do with driving Matthew to strong measures. And then Mrs. Arkwright, poor, harassed body! saw that there was no execution put into Water-Eardly. Things went on there as prosperously as ever, to all appearance. That made her wild. She was a jealous temper, and terribly fierce when her husband or children were hurt or threatened. I must not be too hard on Mrs. Arkwright. So said Keturah.

I could only return to Water-Eardley—not with a light heart, as may be guessed. Everything had turned out disappointingly. I had not seen the Arkwrights; I had not seen my grandfather. My errand had been in vain, or worse than vain.

As I was preparing to leave Mortlands, there came a sharp ring at the garden gate. I started so violently and visibly at the sound that Keturah took occasion to remark that I had always been a nervous kind of being, but that now she fairly found I'd got to a pitch of nervousness that made her quiver again only to see me, and began a second homily on the necessity of my being looked after.

"To think of jumping like that at the sound of the postman's ring! Why, child, you must be regularly overstrained, body and mind."

"Oh, the postman! Was it the postman?"

"Ay! Who else? I know his way of jerking the bell. Bark and port wine for you, Miss Anne, I should say! But the doctor'll know what's right when he sees you."

There were two letters: one addressed to Donald Ayrlic in my grandfather's hand ("That's to say what o'clock master is to arrive to-night, I'd lay a wager," observed Keturah, looking at it eagerly); and the other for grandfather himself.

"Look at the post-mark of this one, Miss Anne. Is it from Scotland?"

"Yes; it is from Scotland."

"Ay, and with a big grand red seal. Master said that if any letter came from Scotland whilst he was away it was to be sent up to Water-Eardley, and your mother was to open it. It would be on Mr. Furness's business, master said, and he'd be eager to see it. Perhaps you'll take it with you, Miss Anne?"

I did take it; incurring much anxious and disquieted observation from Keturah by my tremulous manner of doing so.

This letter was doubtless from Colonel Fisher. It was to confirm father in the situation that had been applied for. It was a good omen, its arriving directly after the giving up of the settlement. The thought was foolish, but I could not help being superstitious. I hastened home, unconscious of fatigue, and ran into mother's sitting-room, holding the letter tightly clasped in my hand.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MOTHER was crying when I went into the room. She hastily wiped her eyes, and turned her back to the light when she saw me. But I had perceived the tears.

"Did you see your grandfather?" she asked, in a quick, confused way. "What did he say?"

I briefly told her of my grandfather's absence from Horsingham, and of his being expected back at night. She gave a little sigh, partly of disappointment, partly of relief. She had dreaded the time when my grandfather should learn the truth. Then, before I spoke

of the letter, which I had slipped into my pocket, I in my turn questioned her.

"What is the matter, mother? You're not—you're not fretting for me? Not repenting what we did this morning? Dear mother, I'm sure it was a right thing to do, and I am so thankful that we accomplished it."

"No, dear. I have not been fretting about that."

"Then is there any new grief come to you?"

She hesitated for some time to answer, saying it was nothing; she had been foolish in taking it so much to heart. At length, fearing that I should think the matter worse than it really was, she told me that she had had two troubles since I had been absent. The first had been Flower's very unexpected appearance. My father was in Horsingham. Mother was alone in the house. Flower had walked in, with unabashed front, and requested to see her. He had come, he said, for his money. A quarter's wages were owing to him, which he peremptorily demanded. Mother told him that he had forfeited all right to his wages by running away from the house in the manner he had done without a word of warning; but that if money was really due to him—which she did not at all know—it might be that his master would pay him some portion of it, if he applied for it in a proper manner. She (mother) could do nothing for him. He must speak with Mr. Furness.

But this did not suit Flower. He tried to persuade her into giving him some money then and there. She might have been weak enough to do so in order to get rid of him, had she had the means; but she had them not. On this, the fellow grew very insolent; threatened all sorts of vague vengeance; declared that it had been a bad day for him when he came into such a beggarly house; and, in fine, was unreasonable and insolent, as was the nature of him. But through his vague threats of vengeance something definite had pierced. He knew all about Mr. Gervase Lacer. Miss Anne would not much like him to spread what he knew in Horsingham. All that he had said that time Mr. Furness blackguarded him for it, had been true—and more! Why had he denied it then, and begged pardon? Why, because Mr. Lacer had tipped him to hold his tongue. A nice respectable son-in-law Mr. Furness had got hold of! And Flower would take care that all Horsingham knew his story. But presently he had broken out in a still more insulting and ruffianly strain. Well, he wished Miss Anne joy, then, of the letters she had written to 'Lacer,' that was all! She might be sure they would be made public enough if it suited 'Lacer's' book to do so, unless Mr. Furness would buy him off. And finally Flower took his departure, after treating my mother to this scene, with a volley of coarse sneers and low abuse, which he uttered aloud on his way through the kitchen

and across the garden, for the benefit of the two women-servants and any others who might be at hand to hear.

"What did he mean, Anne, by letters you had written to Gervase Lacer?" asked my mother. "The man was not quite sober, but I do not believe he was so intoxicated as not to know what he was saying. You never wrote to Mr. Lacer, did you?"

"I wrote to him twice. Once at your bidding to ask him to dine or drink tea here—a mere commonplace note of three lines. The other time I wrote to him was after I had learned from him that my father was concerned in having a race-horse trained secretly. I was disturbed by the thought night and day. I kept turning it over this way and that way in my mind. At length I wrote a little letter to Mr. Lacer, asking him if there were no means to prevent—to prevent all the trouble that did happen, after all. It was not very wise, perhaps, so to write. But I was so restless and unhappy, I could have caught at the merest straw. The letter was one which—now—all the world might read."

"Of course, darling! But I was doubtful of the fact of your having written at all. And how did Flower ascertain it?"

"Perhaps he posted the letter; I don't remember. Nor is it worth a second thought. Dearest mother, don't let such a wretch's low malignity disturb you. But you had a second trouble, you said. What was it?"

"The second trouble, Anne, is a more serious one. And—I'm afraid it will hurt you a good deal. Your father went to Horsingham. He was obliged to do so. There he heard that Matthew Kitchen had put an execution into the Arkwright's house. That was a blow to him, for I think it opened his eyes to the hard, grasping character of the man. Father has always said that Matthew was more reasonable and forbearing than people gave him credit for. Then there came worse. He saw Mrs. Arkwright somewhere—in a shop or in the street—and she began to rail upon him, laying her misfortunes at his door. Poor father!"

"She is violent, mother. But consider—five little children! And then her husband whom she so idolises——"

"Oh, Anne, I can't forgive her! It was too unjust. Your father attacked publicly in that way. Charged with the ruin of her family! It was too monstrous. And the worst is, that father has so taken it to heart! He won't hear me blame the woman. 'No,' he says, 'she was right, perhaps. I bring trouble and misery on every one. My name is a by-word, where it had been honoured for generations!' And so he goes on. It was cruel! I can't forgive her. And are we not making sacrifices to do right? Shall not we, too, be forced to go away from our pleasant home, and give up all we have in the world?"

I felt that that was no time to plead or make excuses for Mrs.

Arkwright. I thought that the letter I had brought with me would be the best means of soothing my mother and turning her thoughts away from the thorny present, to green pastures where we might hope, at least, for peace.

I took it from my pocket, and held it up before her eyes, telling her, at the same time, how I had come by it, and that grandfather had directed she should open it in his absence. Mother's face paled, and flushed, and paled again, as she devoured the square, red-sealed envelope with her eyes.

"Oh, Anne!" she said, and clasped her hands tightly together. "Oh, Anne, if it should be—if it is——"

"Surely it is a bearer of good tidings, dear mother. The matter was nearly settled before. Ought not father to be present when we open it? Where is he? Let me call him!"

"He is wandering about the shrubbery. But stay, Anne! Don't go, my child. If it should not be good news, after all! Let us spare him the chance of disappointment. Give it to me."

Her hands shook so much, that she tore the cover across in trying to open the letter. And she breathed quickly, and kept her lips parted, like a person parching with thirst.

There were two letters; one from Colonel Fisher to my grandfather, the other from the new proprietor of the Scotch estate to Colonel Fisher himself.

Mother looked at the latter first. It was very brief. A few lines, as I could perceive without distinguishing the words, very neat and straight, and headed by a big gilt monogram. Mother kept her eyes fixed upon it for a much longer time than it could have taken to master its contents. She seemed to be reading it over and over again. At length, as she did not look up, I said in a low voice—

"Well, mother?"

But the chill of her silence had struck to my heart. I knew—I knew! She glanced at me for a moment, and heaving a deep, long sigh, shook her head slightly. Then she looked down again at the letter lying open on her lap.

I took it up and read it. But to this hour I cannot recollect a word of it, although I gathered the sense of it instantly. It seemed to me as if the paper were covered by one word—No! no! no! no! in characters that quivered before my unsteady eyes.

We remained a long time without speaking. Then we tried to cheer each other. This one chance had failed, but there would be others. We had had no right to make sure of success on the first attempt. So little trouble had been taken after all. And so forth.

"You have not looked at the other letter, mother," said I. "What does Colonel Fisher say? He may have heard of something else."

“Colonel Fisher!”

The words were echoed in my father’s voice, and my father stood in the room.

There was no help for it. He must read the ill news without any preparation.

He soon despatched the straight, neat lines, with their ostentatious gilt monogram; read them almost at a glance, and tossed the note down on the table. Then he took up Colonel Fisher’s letter to grandfather, and began to read it.

“‘My dear Doctor Hewson——’ Why this is addressed to your father, Lucy.”

“Yes; he is away, and left word that any letter from Scotland was to be sent here. I was to open it.”

Father then read the Colonel’s letter, but not aloud. We watched his face. It did not move, or change much, except that a dull red colour spread itself over his forehead and cheeks. I have said that my father was a tall man, stalwart, and upright. During these last few weeks he had become bowed, and his head hung forward on his breast with a moody air. It was as if failure, and shame, and disappointment, and remorse, had been ponderable things whose burden was laid upon his shoulders.

He did not speak a word, but folded the letter again, laying it on the table before him, and smoothing it with the palm of his hand, with a slow, monotonous motion.

Mother, uneasy at his silence, began to talk in as unconcerned a manner as she could assume. It was a disappointment, of course; but who could get a suitable situation at the very first attempt? Father might find something in England. Perhaps he would like that better than going off to the Highlands. It might turn out well after all, might it not? Mr. Cudberry had spoken only the other day of a large estate in one of the eastern counties that he had heard of; the property of a minor, and the guardians wanted a responsible person as steward and general manager. And thus poor mother went on, gathering together what crumbs of comfort she could find, for her husband’s disappointment.

Disappointment! Was it disappointment? There was an inscrutable look in his face, that attracted my attentive eyes to it incessantly, and as incessantly baffled their scrutiny—a look that made his face strangely unfamiliar to me, if I may use such a phrase. We speak of a face being lighted up, and we all know what is meant by it. We know what it is to see the eyes, those “windows of the soul,” shine with an inward fire. In my father’s countenance, I could fancy that the reverse had taken place. Light after light had been quenched. The sun of the spirit had grown dim. The face was not altered, as by age, or imbecility. No, the lines were firm, the brows and jaw

strong as ever. But behind that mask there was not light, but darkness. But I feel how inadequate are my words to convey the impression it made upon me.

Whilst mother was speaking, he continued to smooth the folded letter with the palm of his hand, neither looking up nor making any other movement. When she paused, he said in a queer, apathetic manner, and in a monotonous tone, very unlike his old, robust voice, which had a wide range of notes in it—

“I suppose that your father would take care of you and Anne, if I were gone, Lucy?”

“Gone, George darling! Gone where?”

Father shook his head.

“That I can’t tell,” said he, in the same manner as before.

“If you were obliged to be away for a time, of course we could be at Mortlands, Anne and I. But I had hoped we should all remain together.”

“Your father is displeased with me; very justly. But I—don’t think—he would—visit it—on you—and the girl.”

The words dropped out slowly, slowly, from his mouth, as rain still drips from the eaves when the force of a shower has long spent itself.

“Father would do anything in the world for us—or for you, dear George! Indeed, indeed, he would.”

“For me? He can do nothing for me. But he is a good man. I have always known that.”

“You must not say he can do nothing because this first trial has failed. You are cast down by it. But let us look the state of the case fairly in the face. All debts will be paid. That is the first and chief comfort, is it not? You will leave Water-Eardley owing no man a shilling. Nay, perhaps there may remain a little money in hand from the sale. If you have to wait a few weeks before finding employment, we have a home to go to, and a welcome. Mortlands would shelter us all, George dear. With your knowledge and experience and recommendations, it is difficult to suppose that you would be long without a situation. And you would not be foolishly proud. You would take any honest employment to start with. Why, when I see how clear and straight our way lies, I wonder that we can be despondent. It seems almost ungrateful, darling!”

As mother spoke, she had put her hand on father’s shoulder caressingly, and now stooped down and kissed his forehead. He did not respond to the caress, but looked up at her with haggard eyes, and said—

“It is easy to talk of things being clear and straight, and of all debts being honourably paid. Debts! Who knows whether there is enough to cover them? Who knows whether you and Anne have not beggared yourselves for nothing? Shall you not curse me in your hearts, if it turns out to be so?”

"George!" cried my mother, and turned away from him, weeping. Nothing so cut her to the heart as any word from him which seemed to show that he fancied he had lost her love.

It was a weary, dreary day, all that remained of it. But in the evening there was a full moon, and we coaxed my father to go with us into the garden. It was not warm, but a serene, still night, and we wrapped shawls round us and paced about the garden paths among the flowers and shrubs, looking so spirit-pale in the moonlight. Then we sat down on a garden bench, and lingered there until quite late. It was long since we three had been together undisturbed. Mother sat encircled in my father's arm. Her head leant upon his shoulder. One of her hands clasped his hand; the other held one of mine. Her face was upturned to the serene sky, and it looked, I thought, like one of the white, sweet flowers at her feet.

Father grew less moody and despondent under the sweet, calm influences of the time and place. He spoke more unreservedly than he had previously done, about Colonel Fisher's letter. We (mother and I) had not read it. But he told us that it threw blame on him for not having written promptly to the gentleman whom he wished to employ him. That this latter was a touchy, self-important personage, who had considered himself affronted by his offer being treated with apparent indifference. That, consequently, he (the owner of the estate) had caused inquiries to be made, in the hope, Colonel Fisher said, of receiving answers unfavourable to my father's character and fitness for the place. And questions so asked are generally answered in the sense of the questioner. The result had been the neat, straightly-written, gilt-monogrammed note, briefly regretting to be obliged to decline Mr. Furness's services.

I remembered mother's urgent entreaties to my father to write to Scotland and make strenuous application for the place *before* the fatal September races; and I was penetrated by the angelic sweetness which led her to comfort and cheer my father without one word of blame, or even of regret, for his self-willed infatuation. He felt it too; and spoke to her very softly and tenderly, and listened to her prophecies of future happy days in store for us, until the dull apathy and gloom which had enveloped him all day seemed to *break* here and there, as a cloud breaks, and to give us glimpses of his real, frank self.

"Well, Lucy—my good Lucy! My perfect wife! I will try to hope against hope," he said slowly. "But I have a clog that you—thank God!—have not. And it weighs me down sorely, heavily—a troubled conscience, Lucy. But it may be that all is not quite lost and ruined. If only——"

My father never finished that sentence. But he repeated the words several times broodingly, and as it were, to himself.

"If only——"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE next morning, early, not much after seven o'clock, the Brookfield carrier, on his way from Horsingham, brought mother a note from my grandfather. It must have been written over-night, immediately after his arrival at Mortlands. The original of it lies before me, creased and faded by the years it has passed in mother's little Tunbridge-ware box, into which she put it that morning after she and I had read it. This is the note:—

“MY DEAREST LUCY,

“I am much put out by finding on my return home, not Donald Arylie, but a longish letter from him, to say that he has left Horsingham altogether. I left him in charge of some poor patients. He fulfilled his trust loyally until the last moment. Then, being assured that I was coming back, he fairly ran away. He tells me that he found living on at Mortlands, where every room in the house, every shrub in the garden, is indissolubly associated with Anne, was more than he could bear. The constant expectation—half hope, half fear—of being brought face to face with her, ‘kept him on the rack.’ That I take to be the truth, but not all the truth. Disappointed love is hard to bear; but I think he might have borne it. But there was jealousy! Donald is capable of being unspeakably jealous, and he was met at every turn in Horsingham by reports of Anne's engagement to that man, Lacer. Keturah tells me it is spoken of by every one. But think of the foolish lad going off in that way! Well, old folks should not hope to win affection from their juniors. I had fancied he was fond of me. And I—to tell you the truth, Lucy—there is not much I would not do to get him back again. But I don't know how to set about it. About Lacer—is it true? Lucy, Lucy, be careful! As to Anne—— Let a man think of the unlikeliest choice for a woman to make that his imagination can compass, nine times out of ten she'll beat him by making one unlikelier. And yet I thought I knew Anne better. Oh, children, children; for God's sake don't be rash! I feel very lonely, and more heavy-hearted than I remember since your mother died. I loved that boy like a son. I *love* him like a son. He is a fine fellow, though he has deserted me in this way. How I wish—— Child, I am selfish, like the rest of the world, and harp upon my own special theme too much. Anne took a Scotch letter away, Keturah tells me. May it contain good news! Urge George not on any account to delay writing himself. There has been too much delay already. Moreover, Keturah says that Anne is not looking well—pale, thin, languid. I must see her. But to-morrow, and the next day, and

the day after that, my hands will be full, and no Donald to help me. By the end of the week I will come to Water-Eardley. I suppose George won't refuse to shake hands with me. I write this, partly to let you know that I am not unmindful of you all; and partly—because I am selfish, like the rest of the world—to ease my own heart a little.

“Always your loving father,

“ABEL HEWSON.

“Send to me, or say to me, or write to me, the truth about Anne, and that—Lacer. If she is not engaged to him, the news will be the best cordial you could give me. It is bad for a woman not to marry the right man; but to marry the wrong one—— If, on the other hand, it must be, and there is no help for it, put this in the fire, and say nothing about it to the child. A woman never forgives sinister auguries about her future husband—especially if they come true. And Anne may want me some day. I would have no barrier between us that might make it difficult to her proud spirit to come to me for such counsel and help as I can give her.—A. H.”

That was the letter; one very characteristic of my grandfather in every way. We who knew him, understood the weight and value of each word in it very accurately. And we were sure that Donald's departure had been a heavy blow to him. Whither Donald had gone, was not stated. Perhaps my grandfather did not know it himself. But in all likelihood he would have gone to London, we said. There had been a talk of his doing so in order to complete the studies necessary for his profession, months ago. But that would have been very different from his present abrupt departure. That would have been a temporary absence, duly prepared for and foreseen, and with the prospect of ultimately returning to Horsingham at no distant date.

“I think it was very wrong of Donald to leave grandfather in that way,” said I. But as I said the words with cold severity, I had hard work to keep down my tears, and there was that painful “lump” in my throat, which I suppose most people have experienced.

“We can, at all events, give dear grandfather the cordial he speaks of,” answered my mother, not looking at me, but at her coffee-cup—we were at breakfast; “it will comfort him to know that—that report is untrue.”

“I wish from the bottom of my heart that we were away from the place and the people in it!” I exclaimed bitterly. I had chosen to blame Donald for going away, but I myself felt a longing to fly from all the surroundings and associations which had become odious to me.

Mother's little half-suppressed sigh involuntarily reproached me

for the selfishness of my speech, "I wish that we were away!" Were we not going away from the place that had been her happy home for many bright years?—from the place that held little Harold's grave? Poor, patient, uncomplaining mother!

"I *will* try to be a comfort to you, darling mother!" I said, kissing her penitently. She looked a little surprised at this exclamation following almost immediately the expression of my wish that we were away from Horsingham. She had not followed the sequence of my ideas.

Father had not yet left his bed. I have mentioned how he had gradually come to be a confirmed sluggard, and what a trouble this had been to my mother, until heavier griefs had made that seem insignificant by contrast. But now, we said to each other, that it would be necessary for father to return to his old active habits, if any good were to be done either in the way of seeking employment or in keeping it when obtained.

"I did not like to rouse him this morning," said mother, "for it was broad daylight before he fell asleep. He was so restless and miserable."

"I thought," said I, "that my father had gone to bed in a calmer frame of mind than I had seen him in for some time."

"Yes; at first it seemed so. But I think it was only seeming. He put on a more hopeful manner to please me. But that letter from Scotland hurt him more than you can fancy. What was the use of trying to get trusted, he said. No one would trust a man who had been false to his own family, and had ruined himself and them. And to be watched and suspected, and to have his fault thrown in his teeth by strangers was more than he could bear."

"I don't think father is well. All that is morbid and unlike himself. I think we ought to get grandfather to see him."

"No; he is not well. But when I told him I thought so, he shook his head, and said that Dr. Hewson could do him no good. There was only one medicine that could cure him."

"What did he mean by that?"

"He meant that he should not be better until his mind was more at peace. And who can wonder at that? I had fallen asleep, and woke up in the middle of the night to find your father wandering about the room. The moon was setting, and I could just dimly see him near the oaken press that stands in the recess in our bedroom. I called to him, and he bade me go to sleep again. He had been too restless to lie in bed, so had been walking about to try and tire himself out. This morning, when it was quite daylight, he began to sleep, as I told you. And I had not the heart to disturb him when I got up."

Mother and I sat quietly in her little sitting-room. I was sewing,

and she was making out a list—a very short list—of things that she should wish to keep when Water-Eardley and its contents were sold. We had as yet learned no particulars as to the disposal of the settlement money that had been given up. We had heard enough, however, to be sure that Mr. Whiffles's claim would not swallow it all. There were, doubtless, other debts—so called, *of honour*—which mother could not reckon up. Debts in the town there were. But these, we thought, could not possibly amount to more than the sale of the lease and stock and furniture would amply cover.

"Father owes Matthew Kitchen money," said I, hesitatingly.

"Yes; but that cannot be much. We have not been buying carriages, at least!" said mother, with a faint smile.

"Matthew's grandfather—old Mr. Green—was, I have heard, a money-lender. You remember that Mr. Cudberry told you so once, mother. Perhaps father was in Mr. Green's debt when the old man died. And if so—as Matthew was the sole heir——"

Mother looked up at me uneasily.

"Do you know anything, Anne?" she asked.

I told her, for the first time, of the conversation I had been a witness to between my father and Matthew Kitchen. She mused a little and then said, "Matthew is a hard, grasping man. I don't expect much mercy from him. But he cannot claim more than his due, and his due cannot—cannot surely!—be so large but that we shall manage to clear all scores with him. There's the portrait of George's mother; that he would like to keep, I know. And I wonder if I might have the work-box he gave me before we were married! Though it is fitted with silver, it is old-fashioned now, and I should not think it could fetch much." And mother went on with her list.

"Oh, ma'am! will you step into the kitchen? Now directly, please! There's two men wants master, and I told 'em he was abed, and they said they couldn't help that!"

Sarah, the housemaid, uttered all this with breathless rapidity, and her pale face added to the impression her agitated speech made upon us.

Mother rose up from her chair like a figure moved by a spring.

"Who are the men? What do they want?" she said, in a trembling voice,

"Oh, ma'am! I don't know; but—I think—leastways, I'm a'most certain, as one on 'em is a sheriff's officer. I know him by sight, Jim Scott his name is. And—and—please, ma'am——" added Sarah beginning to cry, partly from sympathy, partly from excitement, "they say they're *in possession*."

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MR. MAINE ON VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.¹

THIS book is an important contribution to a branch of knowledge in which the author is as yet unrivalled—the philosophy of the history of institutions. It pursues into ulterior developments (at least in one great department, that of property) the line of research and speculation so brilliantly commenced in “Ancient Law: its Connection with the Early History of Society, and its Relation to Modern Ideas.” It is superfluous at this time of day to say anything either in the way of information or of recommendation, concerning a treatise which has already become classical; but we may remark that its title indicates the double aspect of the important vein of thought which it has opened—the historical aspect, and the practical: the light which it throws on the ancient condition of mankind, and the intimate connection which it establishes between “the early history of society” and “modern ideas,” through the connection of both of them with “ancient law,” the great transmitter (next to religion) of influences from a barbarous age to a civilised one. Political thinkers, who at one time may have been over-confident in their power of deducing systems of social truth from abstract human nature, have now for some time shown a tendency to the far worse extreme, of postponing the universal exigencies of man as man, to the beliefs and tendencies of particular portions of mankind as manifested in their history. But if so much weight is attached to these historical characteristics, it is most essential to inquire how they came to be what they are; which of them are grounded in permanent necessities of humanity, and which are but relics of facts and ideas of the past,

(1) VILLAGE COMMUNITIES IN THE EAST AND WEST: Six Lectures delivered at Oxford. By HENRY SUMNER MAINE, Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence in the University, formerly Law Member of the Supreme Government of India, author of “Ancient Law.” London, 1871.

not applicable to the present. In this point of view, the historical truths brought into so strong a light by Mr. Maine have more than an historical value. Though assuredly not written with a view to any such purpose, his "Ancient Law" is a most powerful solvent of a large class of conservative prejudices, by pointing out the historical origin not only of institutions, but also of ideas, which many believe to be essential elements of the conception of social order.

The lesson is not less instructive, when the result of the researches is to prove, not that institutions and ideas belonging to past times have been unduly prolonged into an age to which they are unsuitable, but that old institutions and ideas have been set aside in favour of others of comparatively modern origin. For this result, as much as the other, strikes at the tendency to accept the existing order of things as final—as an indefeasible fact, grounded on eternal social necessities. The question is opened whether the older or the later ideas are best suited to rule the future; and if the change from the one to the other was brought about by circumstances which the world has since outgrown—still more if it appears to have been in great part the result of usurpation—it may well be that the principle, at least, of the older institutions is fitter to be chosen than that of the more modern, as the basis of a better and more advanced constitution of society. A question of this nature in regard to property in land is raised by Mr. Maine's new work; which has clearly shown that the absolute ownership, which constitutes the idea of landed property as commonly conceived in England, is both modern as to time and partial as to place.

Having been called, subsequently to the publication of "Ancient Law," to take part in legislating for a country far less widely removed than civilised Europe from that early state of society which it is usual to call "primitive," Mr. Maine found that the state of things in regard to landed property which exists in India wherever it has not been disturbed by British legislation, is strikingly in accordance with that which recent historical investigations prove to have once existed in what are now the most advanced communities. The obstinate persistence of custom in India makes that country "the great repository of verifiable phenomena of ancient usage and ancient juridical thought" (p. 22), well worth studying, therefore, by all students of human nature and history, and by all English lawyers who consider "the study of historical and philosophical jurisprudence" not alien to their pursuit. The value of Mr. Maine's book for this purpose is the greater, since much of his materials has not yet found its way into books, but is derived from the "large and miscellaneous official literature" in the records of the Indian Government, and from "the oral conversation of experienced observers who have passed their maturity in administrative office."

"The inferences suggested" says Mr. Maine (p. 61) "by the written and oral testimony would perhaps have had interest for few except those who had passed, or intended to pass, a life in Indian office; but their unexpected and (if I may speak of the impression on myself) their most startling coincidence with the writers who have recently applied themselves to the study of early Teutonic agricultural customs, gives them a wholly new value and importance. It would seem that light is pouring from many quarters at once on some of the darkest passages in the history of law and of society. To those who knew how strong a presumption already existed that individual property came into existence after a slow process of change, by which it disengaged itself from collective holdings by families or larger assemblages, the evidence of a primitive village system in the Teutonic and Scandinavian countries had very great interest; this interest largely increased when England, long supposed to have had since the Norman Conquest an exceptional system of property in land, was shown to exhibit almost as many traces of joint ownership and common cultivation as the countries of the north of the Continent; but our interest culminates, I think, when we find that these primitive European tenures and this primitive European tillage constitute the actual working system of the Indian village communities, and that they determine the whole course of Anglo-Indian administration."

"The ancient Teutonic cultivating community" (p. 78), "as it existed in Germany itself, appears to have been thus organised. It consisted of a number of families, standing in a proprietary relation to a district divided into three parts. These three portions were the Mark of the Township or Village, the Common Mark or waste, and the Arable Mark or cultivated area. The community inhabited the village, held the Common Mark in mixed ownership, and cultivated the Arable Mark in lots appropriated to the several families."

Of these the Village Mark was the only one of which the several portions were individual property in the modern English sense. The ownership of the Common Mark was (p. 79) "a strict ownership in common, both in theory and in practice. When cattle grazed on the common pasture, or when the householder felled wood in the common forest, an elected or hereditary officer watched to see that the common domain was equitably enjoyed." But it will be more of a surprise to many readers to learn that the arable land also was held and cultivated on the same principle of common ownership. The Arable Mark "seems always in theory to have been originally cut out of the Common Mark, which, indeed, can only be described as the portion of the village domain not appropriated to cultivation;" and the Arable Mark "was occasionally shifted from one part of the general village domain to another" (p. 81). "The cultivated land of the Teutonic village community" (p. 79) "appears almost invariably to have been divided into three great fields. A rude rotation of crops was the object of this threefold division, and it was intended that each field should lie fallow once in three years . . . Each householder has his own family lot in each of the three fields, and this he tills by his own labour, and that of his sons and his slaves. But he cannot cultivate as he pleases. He must sow the same crop as the rest of the community, and allow his lot in the uncultivated field to lie fallow with the others. Nothing he does must interfere with the

right of other households to have pasture for sheep and men in the fallow and among the stubbles of the fields under tillage" (p. 80). The evidence seems to show (p. 81) "that the original distribution of the arable area was always into exactly equal portions, corresponding to the number of free families in the township. Nor can it be seriously doubted, upon the evidence, that the proprietary equality of the families composing the group was at first still further secured by a periodical redistribution of the several assignments." This periodical redistribution has continued to our own day in the Russian villages, and "there appears to be no country inhabited by an Aryan race" in which traces of it do not remain.

It is to "the school of German writers, among whom Von Maurer is the most eminent" (p. 21), that we are indebted for the establishment of this important portion of the ancient history of society in relation to the Teutonic countries. Its extension to England is mainly the work of Professor Nasse, of Bonn, whose valuable treatise is about to be made, by translation, conveniently accessible to the ordinary English reader. But the simple statement of the ancient practice of Teutonic cultivation brings at once to the mind of any one acquainted with English rural usages, the traces of a similar village constitution in England. The remains of the former collective ownership of the lands of a village still linger among us under the denominations of Common Fields and Lammas lands.

Our law books trace all landed tenures in England to a feudal grant. From such grant, either actual or presumed, they all technically proceed; and the law writers seldom trouble themselves with anything anterior. But there were landed possessions and landed rights in England before there was feudality. The feudal lords were the successors of former holders; and in order to know what the lord could either claim for himself or grant to others, it is necessary to know whose rights he succeeded to. In this there is now no obscurity. The feudal lord took the place of the collective village community; the Mark system passed by transformation into the Manorial. The rights which had belonged to the village as a collective body, became the rights of the lord; the customary rights which the several households of the village could claim from the collective body, were not lost, but remained valid against the lord. The Common Mark became the lord's waste; but the village families retained their rights of pasture and of turf or wood cutting over it. Of the Arable Mark, a great though a gradually decreasing portion continued to be cultivated under much the same rules as before.

"The lands" (p. 85) "which represent the cultivated portion of the domain of the ancient Teutonic village communities are found more or less in all parts of England, but more abundantly in some counties than in others. They are known by various names. When the soil is arable, they are most usually called

'common,' 'commonable,' or 'open' fields, or sometimes simply 'intermixed' lands. When the lands are in grass, they are sometimes known as 'lot meadows,' sometimes as 'Lammas lands,' though the last expression is occasionally used of arable soil. The 'common fields' are almost invariably divided into three long strips, separated by green baulks of turf. The several properties consist in subdivisions of these strips, sometimes exceedingly minute; and there is a great deal of evidence that one several share in each of the strips belonged originally to the same ownership, and that all the several shares in any one strip were originally equal or nearly equal, though in progress of time a good many have been accumulated in the same hands. The agricultural customs which prevail in these common fields are singularly alike. Each strip bears two crops of a different kind in turn, and then lies fallow. The better opinion seems to be that the custom as to the succession of crops would not be sustained at law; but the right to feed sheep or cattle on the whole of one strip during the fallow year, or among the stubbles of the other two strips after the crops have been got in, or on the green baulks which divide the three fields, is generally treated as capable of being legally maintained. This right has in some cases passed to the lord of the manor, but sometimes it is vested in the body of persons who are owners of the several shares in the common fields. The grass lands bear even more distinct traces of primitive usage. The several shares in the arable fields sometimes, but very rarely, shift from one owner to another in each successive year; but this is frequently the rule with the meadows, which, when they are themselves in a state of severalty, are often distributed once a year by casting lots among the persons entitled to appropriate and inclose them, or else change from one possessor to another in the order of the names of persons or tenements on a roll. As a rule, the inclosures are removed after the hay harvest; and there are manors in which they are taken down by the villagers on Lammas day (that is, Old Lammas day) in a sort of legalised tumultuary assembly. The group of persons entitled to use the meadows after they have been thrown open is often larger than the number of persons entitled to inclose them. All the householders in a parish, and not merely the landowners, are found enjoying this right. The same peculiarity occasionally, but much more rarely, characterises the rights over common arable fields; and it is a point of some interest, since an epoch in the history of primitive groups occurs when they cease to become capable of absorbing strangers. The English cultivating communities may be supposed to have admitted new-comers to a limited enjoyment of the meadows, up to a later date than the period at which the arable land had become the exclusive property of the older families of the group."

The minutely exact agreement of this description with what has been ascertained by quite independent evidence to have been the ancient custom of village communities in the countries from which our ancestors came, leaves no doubt that originally ownership of land was conceived in the same manner in both cases. And the rights which still survive in our own country over the lands which were once the collective property of the village—the rights of commoners over the common land, and of those who are entitled to the joint use of Lammas lands or common fields—are older than any manorial rights, older than any grants from a feudal superior, and can claim more of the sacredness which the friends of existing land institutions consider to attach to prescription.

How dear these rights were to the people, is strikingly shown by their persistency through many centuries, notwithstanding the

powerful causes which have been at work during the whole time for their destruction. Beneficent and noxious influences conspired to favour the conversion of collective into individual property. On the one hand, the rigid customs which prevailed in the cultivation of the common fields provoked opposition by their tendency to perpetuate a bad system of agriculture; and as to the waste, then occupying so large a portion of the soil of the island, it was thought to be for the public good to promote almost any arrangement by which it could be brought into cultivation. This was the honourable side of the movement. There is a deeply disgraceful side which remains to be mentioned. The great landed proprietors, and owners of manorial rights, were the rulers of the country. From 1688 downwards they ruled it through the Parliament; but before the Parliament became absolute ruler of the State, each of them ruled his own neighbourhood with a power almost above legal control. Among the consequences were perpetual encroachments by the great landholders, not only on the customary rights of the people in the land, but even on their separate properties: encroachments sometimes by abuse of the processes and forms of law, sometimes altogether lawless. In the words of the great Sir Thomas More, tenants were "got rid of by force or fraud, or tired out by repeated injuries into parting with their property." Bishop Gilpin "complained that the great land-owners scrupled not to drive people from their property, alleging that the land was theirs, and turning them out of their shelter like vermin."¹ When even the separate properties of the peasantry were thus treated, no wonder that their rights of common were taken from them, in many cases without any compensation. This dreary history is not to be found in Mr. Maine's work, but it has been related in other books, and recently by Mr. Cliffe Leslie, in his instructive volume on the "Land Systems of England, Ireland, and the Continent."

Yet, notwithstanding the constant tendency of these customary rights to extinction, sometimes by usurpation and sometimes by voluntary agreement, the great extent of them as late as the early part of the present century is attested by Marshall, a writer of that period, of high authority on the statistics of agriculture, and whose facts have been largely used in the work of Professor Nasse. According to Marshall (Maine, p. 88), "In almost all parts of the country, in the Midland and Eastern counties particularly, but also in the west—in Wiltshire, for example—in the south, as in Surrey, in the north, as in Yorkshire," there were still, in his time, "extensive open and common fields. Out of 316 parishes in Northamptonshire, 89" were in this condition; "more than a hundred in Warwickshire; in Berkshire, half the county; more than half of Wiltshire; in

(1) "Land Systems and Industrial Economy of Ireland, England, and Continental Countries," by T. E. Cliffe Leslie, p. 216.

Huntingdonshire, out of a total area of 240,000 acres, 130,000 were commonable meadows, commons, and common fields." Mr. Maine adds (p. 89): "The extent of some of the fields may be inferred from the fact, stated to me on good authority, that the pasturage on the dividing baulks of turf, which was not more than three yards wide, was estimated in one case at 80 acres." Since that time the commonable and common lands have undergone constant and rapid diminution, first by private Acts of Parliament, and at a still more accelerated pace since 1836, by inclosure, agglomeration, and exchange, under the Common Fields Inclosure Act of that year, and under the general powers of the Inclosure Commissioners; "but both common fields and common meadows" (p. 88) "are still plentiful on all sides of us. Speaking for myself personally," says Mr. Maine, "I have been greatly surprised at the number of instances of abnormal proprietary rights, necessarily implying the former existence of collective ownership and joint cultivation, which comparatively brief inquiry has brought to my notice."

It was not Mr. Maine's business, in a purely historical and jurisprudential work, to deduce practical inferences from these facts; nor have we any knowledge whether he would coincide in the inferences which we ourselves draw from them. But there are certain truths, of a very important character, which the facts we have abridged from Mr. Maine's work seem to us to support and illustrate very impressively.

They show, first, that even in our own history property in land has not been, and is not, one simple idea, one conception of rights always the same; but that different systems of property in land have existed, and even coexisted, both in this and in other countries; and that, by an operation not sudden, but extending over our entire history since the Norman Conquest, we have been gradually transforming one of these systems into another:

That the system under which nearly the whole soil of Great Britain has come to be appropriated by about thirty thousand families—the far greater part of it by a few thousands of these—is neither the only nor the oldest form of landed property, and that there is no natural necessity for its being preferred to all other forms:

That if the nation were to decide, after deliberation, that this transmutation of collective landed ownership into individual shall proceed no further, and that the various rights of the public or of particular neighbourhoods which in many cases still limit the absolute and exclusive control of the land by the proprietor—rights generally of older date than his—shall no longer be allowed to be extinguished, to the detriment of posterity; the nation, in so deciding, would not overpass the limits of its moral right. Nay, further, that if the nation thought proper to reverse the process, and move in the

direction of reconverting individual property into some new and better form of collective, as it has so long been converting collective property into individual, it would be making a legitimate use of an unquestionable moral right; subject to the moral obligation which arises whenever rights sanctioned by established law are annulled by an act of authority, of satisfying all just claims to compensation:.

That, having thus a full right to retrace the steps which it has taken under the predominant influence of the class of large landed proprietors, the nation ought to take into serious consideration which among the many footings on which the right of landed ownership might be placed, is the one most beneficial to the whole community, with a view to adopting, with the precautions justly demanded by vested interests, that most beneficial system. And, in the meantime, it should absolutely suspend all further proceedings in the old direction—all further conversion into the absolute property of individuals, of land which is now only their limited or qualified property, or which is not the private property of individuals at all. In particular, the inclosure of commons should be absolutely discontinued, until the principles on which it can rightly take place have been deliberately reconsidered, the classes who have been the chief sufferers by what has hitherto been done being included in the deliberation.

This is the moral which we deduce from that part of Mr. Maine's researches which relates to the ancient landed institutions of England. The part which relates to India gives a practical warning of an even more urgent nature; since it shows that we have done, and are still doing, irreparable mischief, by blindly introducing the English idea of absolute property in land into a country where it did not exist and never had existed, and into which its introduction could only be effected by trampling upon the rights of all except some one of the classes which, by the customs of the country, shared among them the right of using and disposing of the soil. This injustice has been done by the English rulers of India, for the most part innocently, from sheer inability to understand institutions and customs almost identical with those which prevailed in their own country a few centuries ago.

In the purely native governments of India, property in land has never emerged from that primitive state in which absolute and unconditional ownership by individuals had no existence. Various beneficial interests existed in the soil. There was, first, the interest of the sovereign, who had at least one attribute of an universal proprietor; he was an universal receiver of rent. The share of the produce to which he was entitled, and which formed the bulk of the public revenue, was nominally limited by custom, but practically, in most cases, only by the impossibility of extracting more. Whether

we call it rent or land-tax, it was usually of such an amount as to leave no surplus to constitute rent in the hands of any private individual, except those to whom, by a not uncommon act of favour, the sovereign made a grant of the revenues of a village or district. At the opposite extremity of the social scale were the actual cultivators. In some cases the whole of these, in others only certain classes of them, had a right to retain their holdings as long as they paid the Government demand. Between these co-proprietors (as they may be called), the sovereign and the cultivator, there were intermediate classes who had rights, of greater or less extent, and who were often extremely different in different places. But there was nobody who could be called a proprietor in the absolute sense of English law. The English, however, when they came into possession of the Bengal provinces, assumed, as indisputable, that there must be an absolute proprietor of all land, the only question being how to find him; and the indication of ownership by which they were at first guided was the collection of rent. In the provinces over which the British dominion was first extended, this attribute was exercised by officers of Government, each of whom, at the head of an armed force, collected the rents of a particular district; and who were mostly hereditary, for all things tend to become hereditary in the East. In these officers the English rulers thought they had found the proprietors of the soil. It was not considered, that these collectors of rent were bound to pay over the whole of their collections to the State, except a commission of ten per cent. deducted as their own remuneration. In spite of this, they were declared absolute owners of the land, and received a pledge that the Government demand of revenue from them should never be increased. The cultivating classes became their tenants. A reservation was made of the right of the tenants to be protected against eviction while they paid the customary rents; but the distance and expensiveness of the only courts of justice which for a long time were provided, put it out of the power of the cultivators to enforce this right. In the words used many years later by a British-Indian judge, the rights of the Bengal ryots (or peasants) passed away *sub silentio*. They sank generally into the miserable condition of Irish cottiers—rack-rented tenants-at-will. What little respect was anywhere paid to their rights or interests resulted solely from the still partially surviving influence of custom on the minds of persons whom the law had exempted from any necessity of observing it.

By degrees India began to be better known, and its English administrators came to be aware of the error which they had at first committed. They found that, in mistaking the collectors of revenue for the landed proprietors, they had overlooked the village communities; which, indeed, in the provinces first acquired, had

almost become extinct, but in many of the more recently acquired British possessions still retained a substantial existence, and whose rights in the land could not without great injustice be ignored. The conclusion which was come to by the administrators of these later acquisitions was that the village communities were the real proprietors. And it is certain that, in adopting this opinion, they were nearer to the truth than they would have been in supposing absolute ownership to reside anywhere else. Further experience, however, made them aware that village communities were of very various composition, and that they, no more than any other persons or bodies, were absolute proprietors. Their rights, like those of all others in a country in which custom for the most part decides what is the law, were limited and hemmed in by the equally positive customary rights of other people. When this truth dawned on the most eminent Indian administrators, it taught them at first the proper lesson. They made it their business to ascertain, by oral and documentary evidence on the spot, not who was proprietor of the soil—a question idle and unmeaning in the country with which they had to deal—but who were all those who had any rights over it, and what those rights were. When they had, with more or less completeness, ascertained this, they endeavoured to give equal protection to all these rights. These rational opinions and rational practices prevailed in the counsels of the Indian Government for about two generations. But of late official opinion has taken an unfortunate turn in the opposite direction.

In England, for some time past, the idea of absolute property in land has been sensibly weakened, and the tendency of the time is progressively inclining towards the opinion that proprietary rights in the mere raw material of the globe should not be absolute, but limited. While, however, English opinion has thus been advancing, official opinion in India, which had been much ahead of it, has retrograded. The change may be roughly dated from the time of the Mutiny. The feeling engendered by that calamitous event, of the unstable foundation on which our power in India rested, produced a strong impression of the necessity of conciliating the natives; and, as usual in such cases, "the natives" were taken to mean those small classes who were most conspicuous, who had the greatest opportunities of making themselves heard, and the greatest power of being troublesome. Before the Mutiny it had been the policy of our Government, not certainly to ignore or disregard the rights or vested interests of the so-called higher classes, but to construe them strictly, when they conflicted with the interests of the mass of the cultivating population, towards whom, it was rightly thought, were the first and most binding duties of our Government. Since the Mutiny a reaction has set in, which cannot be better illustrated than by the

instance of Oude. We had taken this province from its Mahomedan Government and annexed it to British India, in consequence of the anarchy occasioned by the lawless usurpations and disorderly excesses of the Talookdars—a class of functionaries of very various origin, who collected the Government dues from large districts, and entertained for that purpose bodies of undisciplined mercenaries, which made them practically uncontrollable by the feeble native government. By means of these troops the country was kept in a state of bloodshed and warfare, the most high-handed violence was practised towards the people of the country, and the landed possessions of the Talookdars were swelled by the dispossession, and sometimes the extermination, of entire families of landholders. These Talookdars were naturally exasperated by the annexation, which deprived them of their misused position; they joined, and they were the only powerful class or body in all India that did join, with the mutineers. We subdued them, and what did we then proceed to do? We admitted these rebellious oppressors to engage with our Government for the revenue; we declared them proprietors of the soil, and delivered over the cultivating classes into their hands: and it is with great difficulty that, some years after, an Act was got passed, making some small reparation to a portion of the dispropertied classes, by giving to tenants who could prove a certain number of years' possession a guarantee against eviction. In other parts of Upper India, those to whom the absolute ownership has been conceded are the village communities; but there has been a growing disposition to restrict, instead of enlarging, the number of the inhabitants who are considered entitled to communal privileges. Even at an earlier period, single families from which by custom the headman of the village had been taken, had not unfrequently been recognised by our Government as sole owners. The remainder of the cultivators, including many who at the first settlement had been admitted, as proprietors, to enter into engagements for the Government revenue, have been reduced to the condition of tenants-at-will. There is great danger that if this tendency of opinion continues, the whole of the northern provinces¹ will be possessed, for the first time in India, by a com-

(1) The statement is limited to the northern provinces, because in the south of India, with the exception of certain districts, a different system of land revenue has been adopted, and a different interpretation given to landed rights. "In the southern provinces of the peninsula the English Government" early "began to recognise nothing between itself and the immediate cultivators of the soil, and from them it took directly its share of the produce. The effect was to create a peasant proprietary. This system, of which the chief seat was the province of Madras," but of which the most improved form is to be found in the Presidency of Bombay, "has in my opinion," says Mr. Maine, "been somewhat unjustly decried. Now that it has been modified in some details, and that some mistakes first committed have been corrected, there is no more prosperous population in India than that which has been placed under it; but undoubtedly it is not the ancient system of the country."—(Pp. 106, 106.)

paratively small body of absolute owners, many of them peasants, with a vast population under them of tenants-at-will. And this—one of the greatest social revolutions ever effected in any country, with the evil peculiarity of being a revolution not in favour of a majority of the people, but against them—its supporters defend in the name of civilisation and political economy; though if there is a truth emphatically taught by political economy, and from which no one who has the smallest tincture of the knowledge of it withholds his assent, it is that the status of an agricultural tenant-at-will is intrinsically vicious, and in a really civilised community ought not to exist.

The exposition given by Mr. Maine of the real nature and history of agricultural customs in India, read, as it is sure to be, by all intelligent Indian administrators, and, we trust, by those who are in training for Indian administration, is well adapted to check this baneful reaction. We quote, both as a characteristic specimen of this part of the work, and for the important lessons it affords, his exposition of the manner in which, even in the absence of positive intention on our part, the introduction of our Government conferred upon those whom we recognised as representatives of the locality, powers and rights which enabled them to override those who were their co-partners in the land.

“Let us suppose a province annexed for the first time to the British Indian Empire. The first civil act of the new Government is always to effect a settlement of the land revenue; that is, to determine the amount of that relatively large share of the produce of the soil, or of its value, which is demanded by the sovereign in all Oriental states, and out of which all the main expenses of government are defrayed. Among the many questions upon which a decision must be had, the one of most practical importance is, ‘Who shall be settled with?’ With whom shall the settlement be made? What persons, what bodies, what groups, shall be held responsible to the British Government for its land revenue? What practically has to be determined is the unit of society for agrarian purposes; and you find that, in determining it, you determine everything, and give its character finally to the entire political and social constitution of the province. You are at once compelled to confer on the selected class powers coextensive with its duties to the sovereign. Not that the assumption is ever made that new proprietary powers are conferred on it; but what are supposed to be its rights in relation to all other classes are defined; and in the vague and floating order of primitive societies, the mere definition of a right immensely increases its strength. As a matter of fact, it is found that all agrarian rights, whether superior or subordinate to those of the person held responsible to Government, have a steady tendency to decay. . . . Do you, on entering on the settlement of a new province, find that a peasant proprietary has been displaced by an oligarchy of vigorous usurpers, and do you think it expedient to take the Government dues from the once-oppressed yeomen? The result is the immediate decline, and consequently bitter discontent, of the class above them, who find themselves sinking to the footing of mere annuitants on the land. Such was the land-settlement of Oudh, which was shattered to pieces by the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, and which greatly affected its course. Do you, reversing this policy, arrange that the superior holder shall be answerable to Government? You find that you have created a landed aristocracy which has no parallel in wealth or power except the proprietors of English soil. Of this

nature is the more modern settlement of the province of Oudh, only recently consummated; and such will ultimately be the position of the Talookdars, or Barons, among whom its soil has been divided. Do you adopt a policy different from either of those which I have indicated, and make your arrangements with the representative of the village community? You find that you have arrested a process of change which was steadily proceeding. You have given to this peculiar proprietary group a vitality which it was losing, and a stiffness to the relations of the various classes composing it which they never had before."—(Pp. 149-151).

"Whether the Indian village communities had wholly lost their capacity for the absorption of strangers when the British dominion began, is a point on which I have heard several contradictory opinions; but it is beyond doubt that the influence of the British Government, which in this respect is nothing more than the ordinary influence of settled authority, has tended steadily to turn the communities into close corporations. The definition of rights which it has effected through its various judicial agencies—the process of law by which it punishes violations of right—above all, the money value which it has given to all rights by the security which it has established from one end of India to another—have all helped to make the classes in possession of vested rights cling to them with daily increasing tenacity. To a certain small extent this indirect and unintended process of shutting the door to the acquisition of new communal rights has been counteracted by a rough rule introduced by the English, and lately engrafted on the written law, under which the cultivator of the soil who has been in possession of it for a period of years is, in some parts of India, protected against a few of the extreme powers which attach to ownership of the modern English type. But the rule is now in some discredit, and the sphere of its operation has of late been much curtailed. And my own opinion is that even if the utmost effect were given to it, it would not make up for some of the inequalities of distribution between classes actually included in the village group, which have made their way into it through the influence of economical ideas originating in the West. On the whole, the conclusion which I have arrived at concerning the village communities is, that, during the primitive struggle for existence, they were expansive and elastic bodies, and these properties may be perpetuated in them for any time by bad government. But tolerably good government takes away their absorptive power by its indirect effects, and can only restore it by direct interposition."—(Pp. 149-151.)

These passages, greatly as space has made it necessary to curtail them, will help to show to the intelligent reader (over and above the example they afford of the singularly artificial and variable nature of the idea of ownership) what great difficulties the English Government has to encounter in endeavouring to do justice to each and all in India; and how great injustice may be, and has been, caused by the fact that its mere appearance on the scene destroys the balance of existing social relations; that "when an official appointed by a powerful Government acts upon the loose constitution of a primitive society, he crushes down all other classes, and exalts that to which he himself belongs" (p. 151).

Our desire to profit, as much as our space permits, by the practical lessons derivable from Mr. Maine's book, has led to our doing but scanty justice to its remarkable merits, both as a literary work and as a series of investigations of the ancient history of human society. But we must at least not omit to call attention to the concluding

lecture; in which, from the facts of Indian experience, a flood of light is thrown upon the ideas of an early state of society respecting commercial transactions between man and man, and especially respecting prices and rents; and upon the widespread and long-enduring influence of custom in the determination of payments, as well as upon the particular points at which competition, as a rival principle, first comes in. Our space does not admit of our giving a summary of this lecture, and we can only refer the reader to the original, confidently promising to any one who studies it a rich reward.

The same hindrance prevents us from doing more than merely referring to the very few points on which we find ourselves dissenting in any respect from Mr. Maine, and which are questions of definition and classification rather than of fact. Did space permit, we should have something to say in behalf of Bentham and Austin (of whose extraordinary merits as philosophic jurists Mr. Maine shows a full appreciation) on a point on which Mr. Maine differs from them (p. 68); and again, in defence of political economists generally, against a charge brought against them in the concluding lecture (p. 196), which we do not think will stand examination. But these small differences of opinion, though worth noting, are not, at least on the present occasion, worth entering into; and we will conclude by once more congratulating our readers and ourselves on the appearance of a second highly instructive work (to be followed, we hope, by many others) from an author so eminently qualified for the department of philosophical history which he has made his especial domain.

J. S. MILL.

THE REVOLUTION OF THE COMMUNE.

"Ultimately, the normal extent of the States of the Western World will contain a population of from one to three millions, as the best limit of States which are really free. For the term free is only applicable to States the parts of which coalesce of their own free will, without any violence, from the instinctive sense of a real genuine community of interest."—AUGUSTE COMTE.

THE genius of France, recoiling from beneath the iron strokes of Germany, has again resumed her task of moulding the society of Europe. Men were still on their knees before the apotheosis of Junkerthum, when the people of Paris struck out from the depths of humiliation the finest political conception of our age. It flashed with a new light upon a weary generation, leaving us no eyes for the triumph of the conqueror, revealing him as an old-world idol made

of brass and clay. Who thinks now of the Teuton man-at-arms, his victories, and his greatness? Who speaks of Berlin more than of Madrid? He and his deeds are now but part of the dismal annals of war. To Paris all thoughts turn. There a political movement has arisen which will make his conquests mere subject for history, which will grow until his new empire dissolves before it, and soon flit back through the ivory portals to its own place—the limbo of historical dreams.

The people have again, as so often in her history, saved France from dying under the errors of her rulers. If the disasters of her arms may be traced back to the internal struggle of classes, those disasters have in turn brought that struggle to a crisis. And from that crisis there has been evolved, in a manner the most unexpected, and by an agency the most marvellous, a new social force—a force in comparison with which, the war and its material results shrink back to the level of an almanack. Paris has again become, in spite of all the soldiery and discipline of Germany, the true centre of political progress. The principles she has asserted must make the tour of Europe, and ultimately reorganise society from its foundations. The revolution of the Commune, if not the most important crisis of the century, is in one sense the most striking phase as yet of the whole revolutionary era; for it is the beginning of the end. The revolution has now for the first time fully shown its social as well as its merely political form. It makes even the blindest see that no dry modification of the political system can ultimately satisfy mankind. It forces to the front the true problem—a regeneration of our social life; and thus, in spite of appearances, the movement is assuming a constructive instead of a destructive phase.

/Let us guard our meaning at the outset, by saying that though sympathising with the purpose of this revolution, we do not justify it indiscriminately. Neither simply adopting its principles or its method, we are certainly not the apologists of all its acts. We deplore its blunders and abhor its crimes. Like every revolution it has both. So far as it seeks a political solution of a social question, so far is it doomed to ultimate failure. It has a strong communistic side; and communism is incompatible with human nature. It has been stained with bloodshed; and outrage we know recoils on its authors. But a revolution may be very great and yet externally fail; very beneficent and yet marred by crimes. The movement of Cromwell was a failure; that of '98 had its terror. Christianity did not triumph without many a crime. And thus, disavowing communism, condemning insurrection, and abhorring terrorism, we may see a great future in the revolution of the Commune. /

/We must of course put aside the wild stories of the English and foreign newspapers. The true details of this movement are absolutely

unknown to us. We must wait for something we can trust. The comments, reports, and prophecies of the Press have been equally ridiculous. No doubt they did their best to supply us with knowledge, and, unquestionably, they mean well. But in the electric atmosphere of Paris and Versailles it seems to have been simply impossible to retain one's senses. In war the residuum of fact to the torrent of rumour is usually small; in revolutions there is rarely any; but in a revolutionary war the human mind appears to pass into a phase of actual delirium. We need not believe one syllable of the passionate tales which both sides pour out; and the newspapers have done us a very ill turn in printing this wild stuff. The men who told us that the insurgents were a "band of drunken miscreants," mainly gaol birds and roughs; that the Commune was the idea of a "rabble;" that a few *gendarmes* would drive these "yelping curs" back to their dens; who told us on the 17th of March that the doings of some idlers on Montmartre were merely a bad joke; who told us on the 22nd of March that the Communal elections were held by some drunken roughs; that the National Guards of Paris were a cowardly rabble afraid of the sound of their own guns; the men who assured us of this may be worthy persons, but they were in that condition of mind in which men do not usually expect to be believed.

Any one who has checked these lurid inventions with the experience of some eyewitness, must have learnt how utterly absurd they were. As the *Spectator* remarked:—"The correspondents seem to rely on the newspapers on each side, which are full of partisan statements. They seldom attempt to be fair, and never give the smallest indication of the motives at work."

But it did not need the correction of sober witnesses to expose the falsehood. Each day succeeding telegrams and letters exposed the untruth of those preceding. The sacking of churches, the murders, the pillage, the gaol-birds, and so forth have all been asserted and contradicted, until the mind simply declines to credit any story at all.

There are few things more sinister to those who watch our own future than the audacity with which, in any class struggle, the facts are distorted on both sides. One of the greatest dangers which await the wealthy and middle classes is their dependence on the statements of those who are simply concocting matter to sell. The tales about "pillage," and "rabble," and "massacres" are mere ribald caricature, got up for the market, like the pictures of "Red Republicans" in the comic newspapers. They are simply coarse inventions, snatched from the lower French prints, or the melodrama of the inferior stage. During the American civil war we used to be assured that Lincoln was a "bloodthirsty monster," the Northern citizens were always "rowdies," and their armies a "cowardly mob." Capital, like slavery, is stupid and savage in its panics. And it is not to the honour of that portion

of the English press, which in this, the greatest of all class struggles, thinks only of inflaming this fury with senseless lampoons./

The information on which the present writer relies is drawn exclusively from neutral observers on the spot, men known personally to him, and who have privately and directly given him information, in answer to inquiries. From the only information we can trust, we may fairly believe that the "insurgents" are simply the people of Paris, mainly and at first working men, but now largely recruited from the trading and professional classes. The National Guard form a well-disciplined and enthusiastic army, which fights with extreme desperation. The "Commune" has been organised with extraordinary skill, the public services are efficiently carried on, and order has been for the most part preserved, although the difficulties caused by the withdrawal of the whole staff to Versailles were almost insuperable. Their action, it is true, has been revolutionary, and the Government of Paris has adopted most of the expedients used by other governments in a crisis, and even many of those used by M. Thiers and his ministers. But on the whole, the amount of bloodshed has been singularly little, and, considering the unparalleled difficulties, the violence to person or property has been small. So far from being ruffians, the National Guards, being simply the people of Paris, are really men of more refinement and self-respect than any town population in Europe; and the Government of the Commune, whilst it has been one of the least cruel, has been perhaps the ablest revolutionary government of modern times./

But were the Communal leaders (what they are certainly not) the greatest and the best of statesmen, they would still be the object of calumny, so long as they are simply described as "insurgents." Let us meet this grand objection at once. There are persons to whom it seems enough to say, "The Federals are in insurrection against a legitimate Government, the organ of a sovereign Assembly." Now, to apply to a country in the state of France the ideas of a settled system, is simply to mislead. The legitimacy of the Government of M. Thiers will not stand the least examination. What was its origin? The Government of National Defence arose out of a street riot, the forcible invasion of a national Parliament, and the overthrow of an established constitution. It was a true Government in its way, for it was the only possible Government; but it had not a shadow of legal right. On the surrender of Paris this Government, or rather one of its members, secretly and silently made peace for the nation, and engaged to get that peace ratified by a National Assembly. The elections were held by surprise, whilst one-third of France was in the hands of the conqueror, the capital cut off from the country, and consultation physically impossible. This is the Assembly which pretends to declare itself a sovereign power, and to govern France in

perpetuity, for it recognises no one with the right to dissolve it—this Assembly, summoned by a ministry which arose out of a street mob, and convoked at the dictation of a foreign enemy.

What followed was but the parody of national representation. An Assembly like that of Versailles is a farce in France. Cut off by foreign invasion from the centres of thought and action—the active being Republicans broken and divided by defeat—the peasantry were left to the guidance of landlords and priests. A Chamber the most retrograde, the most clerical and aristocratic which France had seen for generations, resulted. Fossil specimens of *ancienne noblesse* emerged from their châteaux—believers in the divine rights of kings, in infallible popes—Don Quixotes of politics, who had never been known in public before. Ordinary men declared that they had never found themselves in such company—“Seven Dukes,” said one deputy, “all sitting in a row !” That may seem very natural to us in England ; but in France men of this stamp are absolutely impracticable. Had they been merely their grandfathers’ ghosts, they would have been as real a national representation. Elect of the nation or not, they did not represent France, or the forces strongest in France, and they could not govern it for an hour.

What were their first acts ? They ratified the treaty which they were called to sanction, and then the task committed to them was done. But they set up a claim to sovereign power. At least five hundred of their number were avowed Monarchists. If they did not proclaim the monarchy, it was simply because they could not agree on the monarch. They silenced Garibaldi with insult ; they hooted the Republican minority ; they suppressed the deputies of Paris ; they proclaimed their antipathy to Paris, insisting on transferring the capital ; they openly plotted the revival of the monarchy. They put at the head of the Government (avowedly provisional) the most shift of French politicians. He called to his side the known adherents of the Orleanist dynasty—men whom Paris, the principal cities, and half France repudiate. By every act and word they showed their purpose of restoring the Imperial system, and of governing the great towns by force. Finally, they resolved to sit and to govern away from Paris. Troops of the line were ostentatiously ordered up from the provinces to overawe the city, just as Napoleon drew round him his Imperial Guard. A known Orleanist was put at the head of the National Guard ; another was made Commander-in-Chief. The two chief leaders of the people were sentenced to death for an old political offence. It was not concealed that the purpose of the Government was first to disarm the people of Paris, next to restore substantially the old Imperial tyranny under some monarchic form, and then to govern France away from the intelligence, the influence, and the physical resistance of Paris, the natural capital. In a word, Paris was to be a conquered city.

Now this was to declare civil war. From the day that Chamber met at Bordeaux men who knew France saw that civil war was inevitable. To bring back a system which the great political centres abhor and dread, to confront them with arms, insults, and threats, to attempt to govern Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles from the provinces in the spirit of Bourbonism, was deliberately to plunge the country into anarchy. It is easy to say, "Well! but if the elect of the nation choose to do so, why were they not to be obeyed?" It is necessary to remember that France still is, and for generations has been, in one prolonged revolution. No government has ever had any solid legal title; nay, every government has done its utmost to root the idea of legality out of the people, and to claim their acceptance of itself on the sole ground of its power or its usefulness. 'No government in France is, or can be in our sense, legitimate. Every government is the issue of successful rebellion or conspiracy. And this Assembly, originating from a street riot and hatched in a capitulation, had certainly no legal commission to govern France in perpetuity at its own good pleasure. It was itself openly plotting against that which was the recognised Government of the nation—the Republic.

But it is of less consequence to consider if it had any right to coerce Paris, when we knew that, under the actual circumstances of France, so to govern was to proclaim civil war. In politics we must look at the facts. Paris is not London, or Berlin, or Vienna. Paris is to France what no other city is to any other country. Politically, Paris is France. We may like the fact or not, but there the fact stands. In political force, in moral influence, in historical prestige, Paris outweighs a score of provinces. French history is such that for generations Paris has exercised over France that fascination which Rome had over the West. Socially the whole of the intelligence and force of France has been concentrated into that city. And, above all, it has, as a city, an organic personality of its own which is one of the most magical facts in social philosophy. There are cities, and cities large and small, but Paris is not a mere city, but is a special social organism, animated with the nature and passions of men, but of a nature not precisely homogeneous with man's. Right or wrong, such is the fact. At any rate all Frenchmen feel it. It is useless to quarrel with it, to ask why it should be, or whether it ought to be. It would be as wise to ask why the eye does all the seeing and the brain all the thinking. And no man can long judge truly French politics who does not feel that in Paris is the head and heart of France. In intelligence, in strength, in vital force, it weighs as much as all the provinces together. We see that now as a hard fact at the gun's mouth. And if in obedience to your formulæ you choose to put the legal power in one place, whilst the real power is in

another, your political system will be torn in pieces. France is so constituted that Paris is become its natural head ; unless it lead, the genius of the French race is eclipsed ; and if France seeks to enslave Paris, anarchy is the result. Such are the facts ; and in politics you must accept the facts, or they will destroy you.

Whether this supremacy of Paris over the rest of France be a good, or not, is a very different question. It is part of the present movement to abdicate the material and to retain only the moral power. But if the ascendancy of Paris over France has often been used oppressively, the ascendancy of France over Paris has become an intolerable tyranny. The history of France for generations has been the oppression of the cities by the country. It is clear that M. Thiers and his ministry dreaded the attitude of the Assembly towards Paris. And yet M. Thiers and his ministry themselves had deeply alienated Paris, the Parisians as a body, men of all classes alike. When the workmen determined to resist they had the sympathy of many a Parisian who in no sense belonged to their party. The *Débats*, one of the least corrupt of the French newspapers, the organ of the Orleanists and the rich bourgeois, was thoroughly disaffected to the Government of Versailles. In short, the reactionary parties parading the figment of national sovereignty declared war on Paris, and the people of Paris took up the challenge.

For generations the history of France has centred in the struggle which at last has come to a crisis. The singular concentration of the whole activity of the nation in Paris, united to that wonderful personality of the city itself, and especially from the peculiar conditions of the working classes there, have stimulated in Paris a political advancement far beyond the rest of France. In Paris, owing to peculiar conditions, political, social, and industrial, the questions which are in embryo elsewhere are the living faiths of masses of men. Amongst these principles are the Republic, the importance of social questions over political, secular education, the abolition of standing armies, social equality. It is now clear, perhaps, to the least observant that the active population of Paris is ardently and definitely Republican. It is clear that they will not submit to the oppression of priesthood, soldiery, and police. It is plain they seek a changed political state only as a step to a changed social state. In these great points the people of Paris are more resolute and more united than any other single population whatsoever. And for generations the people of Paris have found themselves, in their ardent pursuit of a social future, dragged back and crushed down by the ignorance and the prejudices of the country. The Bourbons, when restored by foreign bayonets, held down Paris and the cities by the aid of the country nobility. The days of July, 1830, came ; and Paris, freeing itself again from the Bourbon reaction, set up the

Orleans dynasty, which offered itself as a compromise. But the House of Orleans soon swayed round to reaction, and again governed the cities by the aid of two Chambers, both recruited from the rich and the provinces. February, 1848, followed: and again Paris set up a Republic, which again the retrograde deputies from the provinces succeeded in discrediting. The expedition to Rome, the work of the rural deputies, prepared its fall. Napoleon followed; and at once men saw how universal suffrage in a country, agricultural and clerical, like France might contrive the triumph of ignorance, of superstition, of priests and landlords, and end in the tyranny of the administration. There was some genius in the idea of turning one of the weapons of the party of progress against progress itself; and the device succeeded to a marvel. The Empire was one long struggle of Paris with the peasants, Paris crushed, silenced, and degraded by 100,000 bayonets, ultimately based on the votes, the conscripts, the taxes of the country. / For twenty years the intelligence and spirit of Paris writhed under the yoke, but at no one moment of that twenty years did the workmen acknowledge the tyrant, or submit to the dictation of the peasants. At length their resistance grew formidable; and the Emperor at bay sought escape from revolution in war. Sedan came; and for a third time in this century Paris made an effort to be free. This time she was crushed by the cannon of a foreigner whom the Emperor of the peasants had brought down on their country. And the foreign enemy, who well knew his business, stipulated that Paris should continue to be held down by a rural National Assembly, for he fears Paris more than he feared all the armies of Napoleon. The Assembly hurried to the welcome task, and for a fourth time the country sought to gag and subdue the capital. But this time Paris was armed. The whole of Paris, including men of all classes, was outraged and alarmed by the reckless policy of the Assembly, and their avowed hostility to the capital. And in the midst of the general discontent the workmen resolved to act. They seized the cannon that they might not be disarmed. They put themselves on the defensive. The *coup* attempted by the Government failed. In twenty-four hours the workmen were masters of Paris. They proclaimed the Commune. /

Now what is it that this means? If we are to believe the newspapers, it was the most wanton and purposeless revolt in history. But not to say that revolts organised and fighting like this one are never purposeless it is not very difficult to discover most important purposes in it. The whole history of France we have seen turns on the excessive centralisation in the capital, and the oppression in turn of the capital by the authority which possesses the support of the country. The people of Paris have been taught by long experience that this unnatural centralisation is as oppressive to Paris as it is

injurious to the provinces. They saw that the tension of the bond between them was becoming unbearable to both. And they struck out the idea of loosening it by making Paris and the principal cities locally self-governing communities. They did not seek to detach Paris from France, but to enable Paris to work out its own civic existence without the task of governing the provinces, and without the degradation of being governed by them. The social condition of the great cities is not homogeneous with that of the rural districts. Paris has one religious, political, and social ideal, and the country people another. The attempt to force either to submit to the ideal of the other has ended in bitter struggle. Let then Paris become for political and social purposes a self-regulating society, united with other city communities and with the provinces in definite federal bonds. Paris would thus become what Geneva is in the Swiss federation ; more distantly what Rome, or Frankfort, or Strasbourg were in the mediæval Empire. Such is the idea of the Commune in its simple form, as they said in their really noble proclamation, "a free city in a free country." "Paris," they said, "does not want to reign, but she will be free ; she has no other ambition to dictate than by example. She neither aspires to intrude her own will, nor will she renounce the same. She does not care any more to issue decrees than to submit to *plébiscites* ; she represents progress by marching ahead herself, and prepares the liberty of others in founding her own."

Now this idea is so just, so honourable, so perfectly adapted to the position of France, that it is strange men here should not have welcomed it with applause. For a generation our writers and speakers have insisted, as indeed have all the true thinkers of France, that their country was eaten up by centralisation. Their revolutions, we have been told, have been due to the domination of the capital, followed by the reaction of the provinces. And here, in a situation apparently hopeless, the people of Paris throw out the only solution by voluntarily ceding their claim to dictate on condition of receiving the right to be free. One would have thought that a people of practical sagacity like ours would have hailed this singular adaptation of the old doctrine of local self-government to solve a hopeless problem—a solution which is at once so apt and yet so unexpected as to reveal true political genius.

And so perhaps in England, had this the first purpose of the Commune been its only one, we should have approved it. But there was, and was felt to be, something more beyond. We have been told, indeed, in the inveterate spirit of vestrydom, that the people of Paris wanted their own municipal liberties—local self-government as understood in Farringdon Without. In the midst of these horrors one cannot withhold a laugh at the idea of the workmen of Paris

dying for the right of electing their own lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, and the noble pleasure of bearding Mr. Bruce, or trying a fall with Mr. Ayrton. Sublime as may be these civic rights of a liveryman, people do not fight for them, at least in Paris.

In truth, the Commune meant something more than this. / There was something beyond. It was this. ✓ The workmen of Paris had found by bitter experience that not only was their political, but their social, future impossible whilst the bonds of centralisation between city and province remained. They found that their great industrial movement was crushed by a Government resting on the country. They saw that economic and social development as they conceive them can only be carried out on a smaller area, and in a more prepared society; that the vast national unit forms a field too complex and too multiform for their growth; that, in a word, their social emancipation depends on the being able to deal with Capital and Government, apart from the resources both can command in the numbers and ignorance of the peasants. They therefore came down to the root of the matter. With consummate instinct, with that genius for politics which masses of cultivated workmen possess, they came back in spirit to the problem of the middle ages when the municipalities arose. They felt, like them, that true civic life can only be worked out within real civic limits, that a commonwealth of equal citizens can only flourish by withdrawing it partially from the feudalised peasantry; that in order to deal with Wealth and Ambition they must bring them down from their strongholds in the country, and make them citizens within the limits of the city./

But as some people saw in the Commune nothing but the right to elect one's own common council, so others see in it nothing but the mediæval free town. The Commune may be compared with the old municipality, but it is a very different thing. The old free city was the incarnation of jealousy and narrow civic patriotism. Now nothing can be less narrow than the spirit of the Commune of Paris. Paris, they say in their fine appeal, desires only to be the elder sister of France. The very fact of the movement towards the Commune is an abnegation of rivalry. It disarms jealousy. Paris voluntarily cedes its exclusive rights and authority. What city of Greece or Italy would have willingly laid down its sceptre and given up its subjects? Besides, the civic rivalries of the past are impossible now: the great national aggregates have silenced them for ever. Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, have for centuries formed cities of one nation. They desire still to form cities of that nation. But in seeking a new civic life, they give to and claim from each other a greater freedom; whilst ceding power they retain influence, and whilst asking civic freedom accept national duties. They seek in the

past a vivifying idea in the free self-ruling cities which were parts of an aggregate Empire. Their ideal is far more that of Frankfort than that of Florence, and far more that of Geneva than either. What is there here of the Italian Republics and their feuds? Away, then, with historical sophisms good for nothing but to fill a column for some jaded journalist.

The Commune has itself explained its own mission in a series of State papers more distinct, vigorous, and frank than any of our time. It is quite reasonable to find in a true Government—even though a Government of workmen—men who can state their purposes without the evasions of trained diplomatists, and with the point of true earnestness. One of these vigorous productions explains the entire programme, and is well worthy of record and of thought, albeit but the language of “drunken miscreants.” It runs thus:—

“It is the duty of the Commune to confirm and ascertain the aspirations and wishes of the people of Paris. The precise character of the movement of the 18th of March is misunderstood and unknown, and is calumniated by the politicians at Versailles. At that time Paris still laboured and suffered for the whole of France, for whom she had prepared by her battles an intellectual, moral, administrative, and economic regeneration, glory, and prosperity. What does she demand? The recognition and consolidation of the Republic, and the absolute independence of the Commune extended at all places in France, thus assuring to each the integrity of its rights, and to every Frenchman the full exercise of his faculties and aptitudes as a man, a citizen, and a producer. The independence of the Commune has no other limits but its rights. The independence is equal for all Communes who are adherents of the contract, the association of which ought to secure the unity of France. The inherent rights of the Commune are to vote the Communal budget of receipts and expenses, the improving and alteration of taxes, the direction of local services; the organisation of the magistracy, internal police, and education; the administration of the property belonging to the Commune; the choice by election or competition—with the responsibility and permanent right of control and revocation—of the Communal magistrates and officials of all classes; the absolute guarantee of individual liberty and liberty of conscience; the permanent intervention of the citizens in Communal affairs by the free manifestation of their ideas and the free defence of their interests; guarantees given for those manifestations by the Commune, who alone are charged with securing the free and just exercise of the right of meeting and publicity; and the organisation of urban defence and of the National Guard, which must elect its chiefs, and alone watch over the maintenance of order in the city. Paris wishes nothing more under the head of local guarantees on the well-understood condition of regaining, in a grand Central Administration and Delegation from the Federal Communes, the realisation and practice of those principles; but in favour of her independence, and profiting by her liberty of action, she reserves to herself liberty to bring about as may seem good to her administrative and economic reforms which the people demand, and to create such institutions as may serve to develop and further education. Produce, exchange, and credit have to universalise power and property according to the necessities of the moment, the wishes of those interested, and the *data* furnished by experience.

“Our enemies deceive themselves or deceive the country when they accuse Paris of desiring to impose its will and supremacy upon the rest of the nation, and to aspire to a Dictatorship which would be a veritable attempt to overthrow the independence and sovereignty of other Communes. They deceive them-

selves when they accuse Paris of seeking the destruction of French unity established by the Revolution. The unity which has been imposed upon us up to the present by the Empire, the Monarchy, and the Parliamentary Government is nothing but centralisation, despotic, unintelligent, arbitrary, and onerous. The political unity, as desired by Paris, is a voluntary association of all local initiative, the free and spontaneous co-operation of all individual energies with the common object of the wellbeing, liberty, and security of all. The Communal Revolution, initiated by the people on the 18th of March, inaugurated a new era in politics, experimental, positive, and scientific. It was the end of the old official and clerical world of military supremacy and bureaucracy, of jobbing in monopolies and privileges, to which the proletariat owed its slavery and the country its misfortunes and disasters. The strife between Paris and Versailles is one of those that cannot be ended by an illusory compromise; the issue should not be doubtful. The victory fought for with such indomitable energy by the Commune will remain with the idea and with the right. We appeal to France which knows that Paris in arms possesses as much calmness as courage, where order is maintained with as much energy as enthusiasm, who is ready to sacrifice herself with as much reason as energy. Paris is only in arms in consequence of her devotion to liberty, and the glory of all in France ought to cause this bloody conflict to cease.

"It is for France to disarm Versailles by a solemn manifestation of her irresistible will. Invited to profit by her conquests, she should declare herself identified with our efforts, she should be our ally in the contest which can only end by the triumph of the Communal idea or the ruin of Paris. As for ourselves, citizens of Paris, we have a mission to accomplish, a modern revolution the greatest and the most fruitful of all those which have illuminated history. It is our duty to fight and conquer."

✓ The central principle, then, of the Commune, is simply a protest against over-centralisation, an effort towards basing society on smaller units without destroying national cohesion. Whether the Commune, as organised by the workmen of Paris, is precisely the form which this decentralisation should take, may fairly be open to doubt, and we need not accept their attempt as a final solution. But the principle of decentralisation is one peculiarly necessary to France, and is ultimately applicable to western Europe. The vast and heterogeneous forces concentrated in the single head of the great modern States are becoming hostile to progress, and especially to true social and industrial development. The great problems of the industrial centres are cruelly complicated by the backward condition of the great rural areas. And the vast power wielded by the Governments of these national aggregates are hostile to free development and true social life. / On these grounds it was urged by Auguste Comte twenty years ago that the first great step towards a true reconstruction of society, must be found in the easy dissolution of the great nations of the West into smaller political areas. The first step would be the establishment of local self-government, not necessarily democratic, over areas about the extent of an old French province, grouped round the seventeen principal cities, and all united in the nation by a federal bond. The second would be the actual autonomy of these groups with the national bond, exchanged for, or

expanded into the grander national bond of the Western Republic, cemented by a moral and intellectual unity. Without pretending that the Commune is based on this idea of Comte, or that it exactly expresses it, it does, in fact, accord with it. It shows how truly he saw the instinctive tendency of France, and points to their ultimate realisation. It has long been a necessity for France. It is the idea of the provinces as much as of the cities. The social and political life of the future requires more real publicity of action, more personal responsibility, than is attainable in the vast wilderness of modern nations. The men of a city or of a province can estimate aright, and effectively influence the citizens of their own area. But when government is carried on by men hundreds of miles off, personal influence ceases, and it becomes government carried on through the instrument of the press, and of the talking chamber. And since both of these instruments are liable to special abuse, it ends in being the government by the art of manipulating these—that is to say, ultimately the government of the powerful and professional classes, who alone have the means of learning this art.

An objection on the threshold must be honestly faced. This decentralisation, they say, is the loss of national greatness, the surrender of glory and power. The answer is an easy one. Undoubtedly it is so. There is a point, and we have reached it, at which national greatness and glory pass into national tyranny and pride. The idea of imperial grandeur is a simple evil—reactionary, oppressive, and demoralising. This pride in vast State aggregates which do not correspond with true political and social units, made up of dissimilar parts bound together by force or craft, is not a good thing, but an evil. The grand State systems having done their part in Europe, like the Roman Empire, like it are growing oppressive. These empires, cemented by “blood and iron,” have no true vitality. They gratify the ambition or the vanity of the professional classes, but the people throughout Europe abhor them, and they are doomed. The imperial spirit is the Nemesis of patriotism. Look at the history of the late war, and of its authors on both sides, and judge how profoundly hostile to civilisation this pride of imperial greatness has become. Events have given this sentiment a momentary strength, but the people do not share it in France, in Germany, or in England. It is the honour of the Paris workmen that they definitely repudiate this coarse ambition. They look forward in the future to a nation greater than any—the people of the West of Europe. They repudiated the league of the bourgeoisie against the Germans. A Prussian sits on the Commune. Their dream of a universal Republic means no absurd extension of national territory. It means the union of men in their true political aggregates, bound together as a nation in a federal bond, forming for many purposes but one people, without

the barriers of jealous nationality or the oppression of centralised states. /

Such is the idea of the Commune, destructive it may be of jealous nationality, only to rise to a civic union more real, and a national unity more great. It is a crying want in France. And if it seem to expose France for a season to the nations adjoining her, it releases Europe at last from all fear of French Imperialism, and the contagion of her example must shortly spread to surrounding nations. It is a need for Italy, for Germany, and England as much as for France. We see the spirit working in France in the heroic efforts of Paris to free itself from the tyranny of the provinces; we see it even in the very movement of the provinces to free themselves from the authority centralised in the capital. We have seen it even during the war in the repudiation by Lyons and Marseilles of the Government of Paris. It is visible in the strong municipal spirit of the old Italian cities, forced together for a time by a military monarchy. It is the great problem of Germany seen in the resistance of the separate free towns and states to the oppression of Prussia. We see it amongst ourselves in the hostility of our workmen to the spirit of imperial aggrandisement, in the protest of our economic reformers against our colonial empire, and lastly in the undying resistance of Ireland to the domination of England. The idea of the Commune, the idea of the gradual dissolution of nations into more similar aggregates and truer political unity in the idea of the future. It lives deep in the instincts of every people of Europe, and now that 200,000 workmen in Paris have taken up arms to conquer it its ultimate triumph is assured.

/A principle so just as this, and so obviously grateful to the suspicions of neighbours, could hardly have driven capital into a panic, and journalism into a rage, unless there had been much beyond. But there was much beyond. To withdraw politics within smaller areas is to settle politics in a certain way. To govern from centres in which the workmen have a clear preponderance is certainly to govern in the workmen's sense. And thus the struggle for the Commune is virtually a struggle for that social system to which the workmen look. In a word, the Commune really involves a series of political principles over and above the primary one of substituting municipalised provinces for a centralised empire. / What these are we may briefly consider.

/1. The first of these principles is that of the Republic. Indeed so strong is this principle in the movement, that the original insurrection proclaimed its task to be the maintenance of the Republic. And undoubtedly the frank acceptance of the Republic by the Assembly for the time would have checked the movement. What does the Republic as understood by the Parisian workmen mean? It means that government, as the highest of all functions, must be

nothing but a responsible public duty, and not the property or privilege of any family man or class; that is to say, the sole condition for ruling must be personal capacity, and the sole object of rule the public service. When the interests of a certain family (as in a monarchy), when the prerogatives of certain orders (as in an aristocracy) are considered first, and the convenience of the public comes second, then *pro tanto* the Republic is overridden. And even where, under the forms of parliament and suffrage, a popular government exists, still if the privilege of governing is retained by special orders, and the interests favoured by the government are those of proprietary classes, there you have not a Republic but a disguised aristocracy. Now the workmen in Paris are not content, as ours are, to submit to this; and having arms in their hands they resolved to secure a true and real Republic. And by this they mean not a government differing only in name from one of the old régimes—with Republic on its lips for a season, but monarchy in its heart and aristocracy in its acts—not a government reserved for special classes and existing for the rich; but a government animated from top to bottom of the scale by the spirit of public duty, and looking on itself as the servant of the people, existing solely for the sake of the people. Such a government was not what M. Thiers, [with all his life protestations, intended; and it was certainly not what the Chamber would tolerate. They meant to govern France from the proprietary point of view, and ultimately as the symbol of the system to make France the property of a dynasty. The way in which they treated the question as to rents and bills (*i.e.*, so as to place the poor under a hopeless load of debt to the rich) was the proof of their temper. Nothing can be further from the truth than to say that the people of Paris rose against the Republic, or were the worst enemies of the Republic. Republic with them does not mean simply the absence of a grand llama supposed to exist in a distant mountain. It means something very real which M. Thiers and his Chamber had no intention of giving them. It means the absence of any proprietary spirit in state action. This principle they insist upon as the axiom of civil society, the corner-stone of national union. And as all societies proclaim certain things as above discussion—the principles on which they rest—as the institution of property, family, and the like—so these Paris workmen insist that society is to them not worth maintaining unless on the principle of the Republic—the honest devotion of the whole public forces to the sole end of the public good. And to my mind it is their peculiar honour that alone of modern communities they have preserved from compromise or corruption the principle which is now the life-blood of all human society.

2. The second principle which the Commune involves in the repudiating of the dogma of universal suffrage. It is a protest against

the oppression of a majority. The pretended appeals to the people by universal suffrage in France have long been known to be an organised fraud. Bodies of ignorant peasants have been cajoled by priestly artifice or driven by official audacity. These vaunted results of universal suffrage have in no sense expressed the true opinion of the nation. They have expressed the purposes only of knots of men who have learned the art of manipulating masses of voters. And thus universal suffrage in France has become one of the most dangerous, as well as one of the most degrading artifices of the conspirator. As a protest against this ignoble superstition, the action of the Commune is invaluable. It is but the first step, but it leads inevitably to the second—the protest against appeals to the suffrage altogether. It has long been a cardinal doctrine of the Positivist system that government by the suffrage—the election of the superior by the inferior—the basing of authority on the nomination of a majority—is inherently vicious. One of the most curious instances of the studied misrepresentation of which Positivism is the object is the attributing to it an ardent faith in universal suffrage; whilst it really regards every system of election as irrational, and universal suffrage in certain societies as a mere system of cajolery. Indeed, Comte is the only philosopher who discards on strict principle everywhere the election of the superior by the inferior, and insists on the selection of inferior by the superior.

Yet more droll than the denouncing Comte as the apostle of universal suffrage is the indignation of English Conservatives at this latest protest against it. For sheer hypocritical self-condemnation, few things have been more complete than the outcries in England over the enormity of men who refuse to submit to the divine right of universal suffrage. “What!” cried Conservatives in horror, “rebel against the Elect of the Nation!” “Defy the will of the people!” cried Whigs in pious grief. As if any one of our politicians or parties accept the dogma of universal suffrage themselves, or mean by the will of the people anything but a parliamentary cabal. Have we got universal suffrage in England whilst the electors even now are a minority of the adult males, and even that minority is coerced, cajoled or bribed by an organised system of electioneering? Would these indignant people be ready to abide by the verdict of universal suffrage in Ireland, or India, or Jamaica? No! they would reply there are certain classes only whose intelligence entitles them to vote, and there are only certain things which it is wise to put to the vote. Exactly so; and that, perhaps, is the meaning of the Parisian workmen when they refuse to bow down to the idol of universal suffrage.

3/ The third principle which the Commune proclaims is the system of direct instead of indirect government. They threw off at the first step the incumbrance of a huge representative assembly.

Instead of electing a chaotic chamber of talkers, they formed a simple executive council. The tribune they said is abolished. The council is a committee for action, not for the displays of advocates. Nothing so completely shows the political sagacity of the working class as their true estimate of that demoralising nuisance, the unwieldy talking parliament. Political progress and civic life are impossible so long as men invest with a superstitious importance this very secondary institution. If the suffrage affords a ready field for the arts of the rich and powerful, the parliament supplies an arena for rhetoricians and intriguers. In parliament, the workmen and their cause are easily overborne. Professional politicians develop in them an art which, by analogy with "electioneering," may be called the art of "parliamenteering." It is the art of manipulating an assembly by rhetoric, tact, or manœuvre; an art more or less testing practical skill, but perfectly distinct from political genius. Government, by the parliamentary system, is government without real responsibility, without efficiency, and without simplicity. All of these are lost in the meshes of divided authority and personal rivalries. Government, in a word, breaks down under the tangle of machinery which it has to work. What we need is, as the Commune proclaims, a responsibility of the governing body, real, direct, and personal, the greatest simplicity of authority, and the utmost supervision of opinion. The age of parliaments is passed, and the 24th of March rang their knell. And of all parliaments in history one would think the most foolish and the most vile is that chamber of intriguers at Versailles, where reign loquacious vanity in its dotage—the very demon of conspiracy, distrust, and imbecility; flatulent cowardice alternating with impotent ferocity. It is not at the Hôtel de Ville that we can see the lowest depths of political decay. It is at Versailles that one may see of what folly, treachery, apathy, fury, and selfishness man is capable, all seething in hopeless confusion—in the elected wisdom of the nation, in the worst and the last parliament of France, whose true king is Anarchy.

4. The next principal which is involved in the Communal idea is the abolition of that curse of modern society—the standing army. Their movement originated in the National Guards, and their first act was the abolition of the conscription. They decreed that no military service should be longer than six months, and that the army of France should be limited, so far as they could effect it, to a mere militia. The gain to France, to peace, to civilisation, if this grand movement could be carried out, is incalculable; and it will ever remain the honour of the workmen, that whilst the Assembly were dreaming visions of armies vaster than Napoleon's, to exact a vengeance which might eclipse his worst orgies, they gave the first direct deathblow to the detestable system of war

/5. There is another principle which grows out of and is but the application of the Republican ideal—that workmen may be called on fitting occasions to the functions of active government. The idea which the wealthy and professional classes have so carefully fostered—as did the patricians at Rome—that the whole system of administration from top to bottom is a peculiar mystery, in which they alone have been initiated, is a dogma so irrational, that it could only obtain so long as fitness for government is supposed to depend on rhetorical skill. In sober truth, the practical sense of an active workman is often the most useful quality in the politician of a crisis. And nothing in this movement is more promising, and certainly nothing has more angered its enemies, than the high measure of success with which mere workmen have conducted the government of a vast capital. Placed in a position of unparalleled difficulty by the old parties withdrawing the entire staff of administration, confronted by a resistance which makes ultimate success hardly possible, the workmen who, for the first time in the history of modern Europe, assumed the functions of government, have shown extraordinary energy and singular skill. Every act of theirs has been reported to us in a travestie, falsified, ridiculed, and mystified, but they have wrung, even from their enemies, the acknowledgment of its vigour, its directness, and its honesty. Man for man, these working shoemakers and printers have shown out well beside the chattering crew at Versailles; and whilst the first advocate of France was wailing in the tribune, and the first orator of France was prosing and temporising, the workmen have shown how emergencies are to be met, and how it is possible to be a statesman without academic adroitness, and to be a minister without the ostentation of courts. ✓

{These were the principal aims of the Commune; and they all spring out of the fundamental idea of the Republic. There were also many minor principles which, though natural consequences of the former, were not inseparable from them. Amongst the first acts of the new power were decrees to establish secular and gratuitous state education, the entire separation of Church and State, the resumption by the State of the spiritual endowments, and the transformation of the police from a political engine into a civic protection. The election of officers by the National Guard and the exclusion of the regular army of France from the capital, were obviously expedients to guarantee the independence of Paris from the oppression of the provinces. The proposal to throw the burthen of taxation upon capital, is only a step towards the dream of our own financial reformers. The scheme of meeting the exceptional demands of the war by using the vast stores in the hands of the State and the national domains, is a scheme in accordance with sound policy. Their plan for relieving debtors from the arrears of rent and the liabilities of bills, is one which can only

be fairly judged after an intimate study of special facts. In general character the situation of the people of Paris whose debts had accumulated during the siege, curiously resembled that of the plebeians in the early Roman Republic. A war in which all classes were equally liable had brought about a state of things in which the poor saw themselves in danger of being bound hand and foot to the rich. And thus a common disaster, for which all were equally responsible, would be endured in very unequal degrees. It was the old problem which so often troubled antiquity of the *neri et addicti*. What was called for was a new *seisactheia*—a new *lex de Nexis*. The question is far too complex and obscure to be now discussed; but there seems nothing in the decree of the Commune on rents and bills which is incompatible with justice and policy, or which may not find justification in the action long recognised as the duty of government in France.

It is far from our present purpose to defend or excuse the acts, as distinguished from the principles, of this movement. That it opened with the murder of two generals, that resistance in Paris has been crushed by force, and in one instance by massacre, that repeated acts of violence and confiscation occur, is what I neither pretend to doubt or venture to palliate. The insurrection of a capital against a nation, which is also the insurrection of a class against another class, has never been, and is never likely to be, an affair without crime or disorder. That acts of terrorism, brutality, and pillage have been committed by certain gangs of men, actually, or professing to be, National Guards, is very probable; that the Guards as a body, or the Commune officially, have encouraged this conduct, I have satisfied myself to be a wanton calumny. That the police has been utterly disorganised is partly the act of the Government of Versailles, which wilfully threw the whole administration of that vast city into confusion, and partly that of past governments of France, which deliberately converted the police into agents of their own tyranny. They had practically effaced the distinction between ordinary crime and political disaffection. If the clergy have been ill-treated, and the churches deprived of their valuables, about which the facts are too uncertain to ground any opinion, it is clearly due to the course which, during the whole Napoleonic tyranny, the clergy have chosen to pursue, as its agents, abettors, and supporters. The Church for a generation has left its spiritual function to become the tool of a cruel and infamous tyranny; and the priests who have consented to be the spiritual, as the *gendarmes* have been the political, police of a merciless oppression, can hardly escape being objects of the bitterest popular hatred.

As to the arbitrary acts of the Government, it will be time to denounce them when we know more precisely what they are and

how far they exceeded the acts of every government in a desperate emergency. They certainly never came near the seizure of the Orleans property by "our firm ally." If they have seized eminent persons as hostages, or retain them as suspected, it must not be forgotten that the Versailles troops (in spite of the denials of M. Thiers) commenced by shooting prisoners, and M. Thiers even now asserts the right to shoot their leaders, and to convict every Federal as a rebel. A party which in a civil war resorts to the atrocious practices of Russia in Warsaw can only be brought to its senses by reprisals. We must remember, also, that the Commune is surrounded by Government spies—that every disaffected resident in Paris regards himself as an authorised conspirator, bound in duty to embarrass and overthrow the *de facto* government under which he chooses to remain. As to the massacre of the Place Vendôme, it is perfectly well-known now, though the newspapers have never frankly admitted it, that it arose from a concerted and partly-armed attack on the key of the military positions held by the National Guards.¹ It was a terrible and deplorable catastrophe, accompanied, doubtless, by acts of brutality; but it must be looked upon simply as part of the general scheme to get possession of Paris by force. In a word, I know no proof yet that the official action of the movement cannot favourably compare with that of other revolutionary governments, or that the popular passions it arouses are nearly so savage as those of the party at Versailles.✓

Words cannot describe the insane injustice with which every feature of this movement has been related and judged. Every one knows how much blacker the case of the Commune appears in our newspapers than it does in the private conversations of well-informed persons. It is impossible to acquit the journals of suppressing the truth on system, in deference to the prejudices of a majority of their readers.² As to their comments and judgments, their own pages display self-contradiction of the most ludicrous kind. "The Commune has disarmed the loyal National Guards!" they cry in horror. Well, did not the movement commence in Thiers' attempt to disarm the disloyal National Guards? "The Commune has ordered numerous arrests on suspicion!"—exactly as M. Thiers orders the police throughout France "to arrest all persons whom they may have reason to suspect." "The National Guards were fighting for their thirty sous a day!" The Deputies, however, were patriots upon their twenty-five francs a day, and M. Thiers was a patriot on three million francs a year. "The men are too lazy to return to work!" exclaimed, in moral indignation, the effeminate idlers of London or

(1) I have this on the authority of an eminent (foreign) eye-witness.

(2) I have reason to know that the editor of an English newspaper, on being urged to correct certain statements hostile to the movement, replied that it would never do to say anything in favour of the Commune.

Versailles. The Assembly scraped together to satisfy the conqueror has a sort of divine right in perpetuity; the Commune elected by Paris is rank usurpation. To condemn Blanqui and Flourens to death, to shoot Cluseret or Duval, is wise and just; to kill Le Comte and Thomas is a horrible murder. To declare war on Paris is admirable policy; for Paris to resist is wild anarchy. The defence of the capital against the nation is the "orgy of the rabble;" the helpless malcontents on the boulevard are the Party of Order. The Commune which passes three prudential laws a day is all division; the Assembly which wrangles over tombstones and cockades is the collective wisdom of France. The Commune, they say, "is making forced levies of troops." As if M. Thiers were fighting, as if any government in France ever fought, with anything but conscripts, dragged from their homes by force. "The wretches killed two generals!"—just as M. Thiers began the movement by condemning two politicians to death, and continues it by shooting prisoners and sending them to the galleys. "The Vandals are destroying the 'Column of Napoleon!'"—just as Thiers is bombarding the Arc de Triomphe. "The miscreants," they say, "would kill every decent man in Paris!" They have not, however, done it as yet; but in the meantime cries for extermination and vengeance are re-echoing from Versailles through the provinces of France, are caught up by our parasite press, and drop with atrocious coolness from the lips of our cultured and wealthy class. It has developed a hatred as horrible and as blind as the hatred of race—the hatred of a dominant race in a panic.)

It may be well to point out the relation of this Revolution to the principles of Comte. His existing followers in France, though their opinions are perfectly familiar to the chiefs of it, have in no way whatever taken part in its action. In some respects the movement is utterly opposed to their principles—in the first place, as a violent attempt to solve social problems by force; secondly, as having Communistic tendencies which they utterly repudiate; and thirdly, as being based on the doctrine of rights and the dogma of democracy. Yet, notwithstanding, the movement in effect coincides with some of the cardinal principles of Positivist politics. Its central idea, the

(1) The ordinary language of British Respectability reading its newspaper has been: "Would to God the Prussians would go in and exterminate the whole lot of them." A curious instance of this blind rancour was seen in the published letter of a person who signed himself an "English Officer," and writing from Paris. After conferring with the Versailles generals, he inspected and minutely described the exact posts of the Federals, and pointed out the weakness of their position, though, as he said, "it would not be right to explain the positions of the Versailles troops." Here was an officer and a gentleman, to whom it seemed quite natural to play the amateur spy in a war which did not concern him, and against a Government which admitted him as a neutral, and whose protection he was himself claiming. But then it was the government of the common enemy—the workmen.

restriction of the community to smaller areas, in outline agrees with the scheme of Comte for the peaceful disintegration of France into seventeen separate and federated republics. France, he said in 1852, must be relieved from the material oppression of Paris, as Paris must be freed from the incubus of the provinces. In discarding the crude appeal to universal suffrage, in rejecting all pretence of parliamentary government, in the principle of direct government under the constant control of the active citizens, in suppressing the standing army, in a system of gratuitous secular education, in separating Church from State, even in the destruction of the Column of Napoleon, and the removal of his remains from Paris to wipe out the memory of that inhuman career, the decrees of the Communal leaders have been in too close agreement with the counsels which Auguste Comte publicly advocated in Paris twenty years ago, to leave any doubt that both have strong common grounds.

After all, the precise form in which this Revolution embodies its purpose is a matter of small moment. The manifestation of its spirit may fail, or change, and the spirit remain. There is in truth a deeper phase, which underlies it all; and that is the social. Primarily the Revolution is a political, but really and mainly a social movement. And the first is but the manifestation of the second. This struggle of the capital against the provinces, of the great cities against country, of the Republic against Monarchy, of Communal against Parliamentary government—what does it mean? There is one thing which inspires and causes these. That one thing is the struggle of the workman against the capitalist. It is because the workmen in the great cities, and especially in Paris, by their numbers, by their intelligence, by their social unity and intensity of purpose, are strong enough to insist on a government in their own interest, that the capital represents the cause of the workman, as the peasants of the country, whom the fatal blunder of the Revolution converted into proprietors, represent the cause of wealth. So, too, the Republic has become the symbol of government in the interest of the people, as Monarchy is the symbol of government in the interest of privileged orders and proprietary classes. And the Commune represents responsible action in the interest of the public, as the Assembly represents artificial administration and the rivalry of "interests."

And so all these contrasted systems virtually spring out of the grand contrast of all society, those who live by their labour, and those who live by accumulated capital. And the transcendent importance of this crisis is this—that for the first time in modern Europe the workmen of the chief city of the Continent have organised a regular government in the name of a new social order.

That social order as yet is most vaguely apprehended; but it is not to any sensible extent a system of Communism. There may be an

element of enthusiastic Communists amongst the leaders ; but the people are not, and never can be, in a body Communists. It is one of the vulgar calumnies against Comte that his system countenances Communism, of which it is the most resolute opponent. It is, as he proved, the very starting-point of all society to recognise property under proper conditions. He showed that to be logical, Communism must extend to the family—to wife, children, home, and all the domestic surroundings. He showed that to exercise over the individual that amount of control, and to exact from him that amount of social devotion, which is essential to every system of Communism, it would be fatal to leave him in possession of his own family, to the individualist influence of his household. Thus, far from shaking the foundations of property, it is the purpose of Positivism to add to its power, and to increase its freedom. But if it increase the freedom of property from material trammels, it is to subject it to real and effectual moral control. And hence in preserving the institution of property its power must be moralised and its uses consecrated by a constant sense of social duty.

Thus, though the mass of the workmen in Paris, like the mass of the people everywhere, who cling with intense love to their personal and domestic belongings, are not and never can be Communists, they passionately believe in the spirit of which Communism is the gross and extravagant expression. The people of Paris believe not in any god, nor in any man. But they have a religion of their own, for which they are ready to die. That religion is the faith that capital and its holders must adapt themselves to nobler uses, or they had better cease to exist. A society in which generation after generation passes away, consolidating vast and ever-increasing hoards of wealth, opening to the wealthy enchanted realms of idleness, luxury, and waste—laying on the labourer, generation after generation, increasing burdens of toil, destitution, and despair ; a society in which capital has created a gospel of its own, and claims for the good of society a divine right of selfishness, the right to exert its powers at will indefinitely for the indulgence of its own desires, rebelling against any social control, and offering up “with a light heart” the misery and degradation of the poor as a sad but inevitable sacrifice on the altar of competition—such a society these workmen of Paris will not for ever tolerate. The war and the siege had rudely broken the splendid flow of the established order of things. For once luxury, pomp, and accumulation had been arrested in mid-career. For six months they had all stood, rich and poor, side by side on the ramparts. They had seen themselves all brought down to the simple worth of man. They had seen the millionaire unable to buy a loaf with his hoards ; they had seen the master of factories as poor and as helpless as Crusoe on his island. They had been called on to serve in arms,

and they had served. They had been ill-led, ill-governed, distrusted, and eventually stung by a crushing and unexpected surrender. And now they were told it was all over. Their idle season was ended. The workshops in time would open; in the meanwhile, they must shift for themselves, and in the first place pay the arrears of rent and debt which had grown whilst the war had suspended trade and cut off their earnings. It was hard, but they must submit to the law of competition, and supply, and demand. They must shift for themselves; the great god Competition would, somehow, bring them out at last. In the interval, numbers might starve or rot; but soon trade would revive; capital, if they were quiet, would timidly return, and condescend to send for them; the gaiety and life of the city were even now recovering; luxury, wealth, self-indulgence, and gilded vice were hastening back to their old haunts after their tedious absence in foreign capitals; pleasure would come back to her wild satyr dance, and enterprise to her grand mill, by whose myriad wheels colossal fortunes would be reared, and through whose gates the poor might crowd and crush for their pittance. The old familiar world had been suspended; but was not dead. It was about to restore its wonted triumph; and whilst the poor scrambled and struggled for bread and life, Competition and Riot should renew the spectacle of selfish and pitiless ostentation.

And this, the workmen of Paris, with arms in their hands, this, they said, should not be for ever. Little knowing how to end it, or what it might be that could save them, they have thrown up this tremendous yet wild veto on the absolute reign of capital. It is their protest against the selfish anti-social independence of wealth—a protest which now may fail of effect, which has but a small programme of its own, which may soon be silenced and crushed for a time, but a protest which nothing can stifle for ever. The evil, it is true, is deeper than can be reached by any wild protest. Men cannot be forced by law, nor by revolutions, to be just, generous, and right-minded. As a political and violent remedy of profound social disorders, the Revolution of the Commune is abortive, and must fail. These disorders need a true education, a new morality, and an organised religion of social duty. But as a political solution of a profound political disorder, the oppression of the cities by the rural suffrage, the cause of the Commune has triumphed, however cruel the reaction it may suffer. Their great political programme is effectually founded in France; is sufficiently suggested to Europe; and the bloody vengeance of the Monarchists will not blot it out from the memory of the future.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

AGRARIANISM.

ἰβρὺς ἰβρὺν τίκεται.

AGRARIAN disturbances in Ireland date back to the period of the accession of George III. It was in 1761 that the first rising of the White Boys, or Levellers, took place. It was in 1775 that the first Whiteboy Act, 15 & 16 Geo. III., c. 21, was passed. The insurgents (for, like the risings of the English peasantry against enclosures in the reign of Edward VI., or like the Luddites in modern times, the Whiteboy movement was in the nature of an insurrection) were called Whiteboys, or Levellers, because of the *white* shirt which they wore, as a badge, over their clothes; and because one of their principal objects was the *levelling* of the fences of newly-enclosed waste land. The disturbances arose first in the south and west of Ireland, in Munster; and were occasioned by the "tyranny and rapacity" of certain of the landlords, who had enclosed the waste lands, the commonage of which had been previously allowed to their cottier tenants as a means of eking out a living upon their high-rented tenements. How Whiteboyism subsequently passed into Agrarianism; how Ribbonism arose, and what is its relation to Agrarianism, may be stated as follows.

About the year 1785 an association, of a politico-religious nature, was formed in the north of Ireland under the name of Peep-of-Day-Boys. Their object was to search for the arms of, and to make attacks upon, the Catholics. The poor Catholics naturally formed themselves into a counter-association, known by the name of the Defenders. Their object, as the name implies, was one of defence against the aggression of their opponents. Frequent faction fights between the two parties ensued in Armagh and the adjacent counties. Towards the end of the century the Peep-of-Day-Boys changed their appellation, and became Orangeboys or Orangemen. About the same time the Defenders, whose operations had extended to other counties, and had taken the form of aggressive marauding expeditions, after partly merging in the United Irishmen, were finally lost in the movement which led to the rebellion of 1798. Since that time their society has been revived under the name of Ribbonmen.

Thus it will be seen how Agrarianism has grown up; how it is the meeting-point of two movements—one in the south, the other in the north, of Ireland; the one non-political and social in its character, the other political and religious. And this twofold character, corresponding with its twofold origin, is still observable. The Agrarianism of Tipperary and of Westmeath, though not essentially

different, are still distinct. In the one case, there is an absence of that organisation which is found in the other, the existence of which constitutes the *differentia* of Ribbonism. Ribbonism proper is still confined to the north of Ireland, and to the adjacent counties, such as Westmeath.

Sufficient, however, has been said about the historical origin of these combinations for the purpose of outrage. It is more to the point to inquire concerning their present nature and extent.

For all practical purposes, Ribbonism and Agrarianism may be regarded as one. It may even be gravely doubted whether (except perhaps in parts of Westmeath) Ribbonism, in its popular acceptation, really exists. We hear indeed of "murder stalking abroad;" our blood curdles at the thought of the "scores of assassins" who, we are told, may be "secretly and stealthily lurking about in the very midst of us;" our imagination conjures up the spectre of a secret conclave of desperate conspirators against life and property; we picture to ourselves a freemasonry of murder, a society bound over by the most terrible oaths to the observance of a terrible and clearly-defined code of law—and then in our panic we give way to the illusion; we call every murder agrarian, every agrarian murder an act of Ribbonism: and thus magnify and distort an evil the real gravity of which demands the calmest and most penetrating discrimination.

In the year 1839 evidence on the subject of Ribbonism was given before a Committee of the House of Lords by Mr. Drummond, the then Under-Secretary—a man who deserves to live in the memory of the Irish people as one of the ablest, justest, and most statesmanlike administrators whom Ireland has ever seen. In answer to questions put to him, Mr. Drummond admits "that there is a certain degree of organisation in the Ribbon Society, but not intended for the purposes of outrage." He thinks that the "tendency to secret meetings may have descended from former societies," but that the objects of the association have been very much changed. He expresses his disbelief in Ribbonism to the extent, and for the purpose, represented by informers; and, when questioned as to the attitude towards Ribbonism of the Roman Catholic clergy, he adds, "From all the reports . . . I have reason to believe they have strongly denounced the existence of Ribbonism wherever it has existed." Again, before the Devon Commission, Mr. Heenan, land agent, of King's County, in reply to the question, "Have you been able to discover whether there is anything that may be called a code, or rule, prevailing in the country, by which it is understood they will incur these penalties among themselves?" says, "It is more implied, than a rule actually framed." Coming to the present time, a person speaking of Tipperary in 1869 says, "I have it on the very best authority that there is no secret society of any kind among the people. . . . There is, I

know, an almost unanimous feeling of hatred existing among the people towards what they call bad landlords, and they take no pains to conceal it. . . . The outrages are said to be local . . . not the result of wide-spread conspiracy." About the same time, in another part of Ireland, in one of the northern counties, where the tenantry have been treated with singular harshness and cruelty, it is stated that the peasantry are "driven to maddened despair," that Ribbonism is in full force in the district, and that it is "firmly believed that a deep-rooted conspiracy of revenge is extending itself" over the entire estate.

Ribbonism is eminently one of those mythical subjects which attracts to itself an accretion of mythical subject-matter. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*. But once compare verisimilitude with the truth, once subject the current belief to a rigid test, and it will probably be found that the popular superstructure rests upon a narrow basis of fact. An instructive parallel is furnished by the following extract from the Report of the proceedings of the Freedmen's Bureau with regard to the Ku-Klux-Klan outrages in the Southern States of America. General Howard says:—

"The reports of murders, assaults, and outrages of every description were so numerous, and so full of horrible details, that at times one was inclined to believe the whole white population engaged in a war of extermination against the blacks. But careful investigation has proved that the worst outrages were generally committed by small bands of lawless men." . . .

Putting all these things together—remembering how little trustworthy evidence on the subject we possess; how much we hear, but how little we really know about supposed Ribbon lodges and passwords; what slight importance attaches to such forms of Ribbon oaths as are occasionally seized; above all, distinguishing facts from beliefs, and freeing ourselves from the illusion of preconceived notions—we shall probably not be far wrong in concluding that Ribbonism has lost its original character; and that where, as in Westmeath, it still exists, it differs from Agrarianism in other parts only so far as it has assumed a settled form, with something of a permanent organisation; that, in fact, Ribbonism is at present nothing more than chronic Agrarianism of a virulent type.

But, then, what is Agrarianism, and what is its relation to general crime in Ireland? It is well known that outrage is the staple of Irish crime, and that, even including agrarian and other outrages, Ireland enjoys a comparative immunity from crime which is unknown in England. If we take the returns of indictable offences (not summarily disposed of) in Ireland for 1869, and compare them, proportionately to the population, with similar returns for England and Wales, we find that the number of such offences in Ireland was 9,178, as compared with 15,149 in England and Wales. Looking further

at the specific character of the crimes which were in excess in either country, we find that the distinguishing mark of the crimes which in England were in excess over Ireland was offence against property, for individual gain; whilst the characteristic mark of the crimes which were in excess in Ireland was violence towards the person, not for individual gain, but under the dictate of a general popular sentiment. The cause of this difference is not far to seek. It is to be found in the economical and political circumstances of the Irish people. To the Irish peasant, to whom every pursuit but that of agriculture has been prohibited, the possession of land is a necessary of life. To the Irish peasant the land is associated with bitter memories of triumphant wrong, with conquest but half healed, with confiscations and settlements too recent for prescription. It is associated with a long course of penal legislation, and with evictions at the mercy of the landlord. Moreover, religion, which in Ireland is closely allied with politics, as politics with crime, has entered in to intensify the elements of disturbance. It is not then much to be wondered at if, in the mind of the peasant who clings to his land as he clings to life, a general and settled hatred of the law has been engendered; if, in maintaining his right, he has resorted to illegal combination against legal oppression; or if, in the commission of outrage, he regards himself as the champion of his class, the administrator of a law of opinion which supersedes the law of the land. The political character of crime in Ireland, and historical antecedents, sufficiently account for the turbulent form which Irish crime assumes. The outrage of the present day (which itself is in the nature of an isolated act of insurrection) is the modern form of the warfare which formerly raged between Sept and Sept, between chieftain and chieftain, between the native Irish and the garrison of the Pale. Even now the faction-fight—a relic of the old clanship—is not extinct; riots at fairs are not uncommon; the practice of party processions still attests the survival of the lawless and turbulent barbarism of the past.

The central idea of Agrarianism is the passion of the Irish peasant for his land. Let this be borne in mind, as well as the fact that to his mind eviction is tantamount to a sentence of death, and we can understand the assertion, made in the Digest of the Devon Commission, that “the disorganised state of Tipperary, and the Agrarian combination throughout Ireland, are but a methodised war to obtain the Ulster tenant-right.” Insecurity of tenure, in fact, is at the bottom of agrarian crime.

The following cases, which occurred in 1869, will illustrate the popular sentiment attaching to the possession of land.

A farmer occupying a farm of eight acres in Tipperary, is required under threats to give up his land, in which case he should get his own

for it. The farm had been purchased from B. by the father of the threatened man twenty-eight years previously. B. had never asked to have it back; but his son-in-law, who lives with him, wishes to recover possession.

In the same county C. D., farmer, is threatened. Twenty-three years previously B. had surrendered a farm of sixteen acres to his landlord. This farm was afterwards included in a large farm of above two hundred acres, and let to E. F. Shortly before the date of the threatening letter, E. F. had assigned the lease to C. D. Upon this change of tenancy, B., though so long out of possession, and though himself the occupier of twenty-two acres elsewhere, thinks that he ought to get back his former holding. The ill-feeling extends to E. F. as much as to C. D.

A farmer in Westmeath is warned to give up a small garden of about half a rood to the widow B., whose house is close to the garden, and whose deceased husband held it fourteen years previously.

Another farmer in the same county is warned to give up a farm from which the former tenants had been evicted eighteen years previously.

These cases, in some of which the former tenants had voluntarily surrendered possession, or had received valuable consideration for giving up possession, illustrate the tenacity of the attachment of the Irish peasant to his land. The same point is also well illustrated by two witnesses before the Devon Commission. Mr. Theophilus Jones gives the following evidence:—

“Q. Out of what have they (agrarian murders) arisen?—Taking the land. If a man leaves land, and another is put in, he is very likely to be murdered for it. Q. Do you mean, though the person ejected should have owed a large arrear of rent?—Yes; that does not signify. In case a man takes land that another has been ejected from, he is very sure to be injured. Q. Is that the case where it is one of their own class who has taken the farm, or another?—Yes; just the same.”

And Mr. Kennedy says,—

“They will never attack any one for money, but for this revenge about the ground. I never knew them attack any one for money. You may execute a decree upon them, and sell the last farthing; but touch the farm, and turn them out, and they get frantic and wild—the mind gets changed, and there is sure some misfortune to follow from that.”

The following dialogue is a singular illustration of the popular feeling in this respect. A farm in Westmeath, where —— had been shot, had ever since remained unlet. In 1869, a person going to view the farm said to the Herd, “I think this farm will suit me.” *Herd.* “What for?” *Answer.* “Oh, to put my son in.” *Herd.* “Is it really for your son? Has he done you any ill?”

When these things are remembered, we apprehend the true character of that ugly brood of evil,—the fruitful progenitors of agrarian

crime,—which the Land Act happily has gone far to supersede—the system of notices to quit, distresses, ejectments, evictions, clearances;—and we understand the universality of the recent cry for tenant-right.

Though the primary object of Ribbonism is the regulation of the taking or letting of land, and though its immediate victims are the landlord or agent; the system has a tendency to extend its operations into the various relations of social life. The spirit of Ribbonism, which is, in fact, a kind of distorted trades-unionism, menaces tenants as well as landlords; the farmer who increases his holding as well as the proprietor who consolidates his estate; the incoming tenant as well as the evicting landlord; employers of labour as well as landholders; the public official as well as the private individual; servants as well as masters; Roman Catholics as well as Protestants; the near relative as well as the stranger in blood; the just as well as the unjust. Independent of creed, Ribbonism may also be said to be independent of class. It is not essentially a question between owners and occupiers of land, nor yet of rich and poor; but rather a stern vindication of supposed popular rights against violators of those rights, of whatever class and whatever creed.

A glance at the agrarian murders which took place recently in the course of one year will show this. Of the ten victims of agrarian or Ribbon murder in 1869 (including Mr. Cole Baker, who was murdered on the last day of 1868), eight were representatives of all classes of the landed interest. Mr. Baker, Tipperary, was a proprietor; Thomas Reilly, Meath, a peasant proprietor; Captain Tarleton, Westmeath, a gentleman farmer; William O'Brien, Leitrim, a land agent; Alexander Freyne, Longford, a bailiff; Hunter, Mayo, and Tracy and Toppin, Tipperary, tenant farmers. The ninth victim, Rothwell, was driving his master, Mr. Nicholson, Meath, when the latter was shot at. The tenth, Mr. Anketell, was an employer of labour, the station-master at Mullingar, Westmeath. Thus the spirit of outrage assumes various forms. In the main it is agrarian, allied or not, as the case may be, to Ribbonism. But also it partakes at times of a trades-unionist, at other times of a socialist character. It is the spirit of trades-unionism which dictates the dismissal of servants. It is the spirit of *Jacquerie* which resents the conversion of tillage into pasture, and demands the reservation of grass-lands for the occupation of the poor.

The case of Mr. Anketell, the station-master of Mullingar, deserves special notice. He was shot outside his own house on the night of March 3, 1869, and died in the course of a few days. A corrupt system had for some time prevailed among certain of the employés of the Midland Great Western Railway Company, and Mr. Anketell had been instrumental in procuring the discharge of several men of indifferent character. These persons had a large and bad connection in

the neighbourhood. The murder was probably of a Ribbon character. This case serves also to show the contagious character of outrage;—how, springing primarily out of a deep-seated sentiment about land, and a traditional insubordination to law and authority, agrarian outrage tends to control the most ordinary relations of the community.

It is this multiform, traditional, almost indigenous spirit of outrage which explains the relation of Agrarianism to Fenianism. Some say that the two movements are independent; others maintain their cognate character. It is well known that during the late Fenian risings agrarian crime was in abeyance. It is also notorious that since the putting down of Fenianism, in 1868, agrarian outrage has re-appeared with great intensity. The following table, which gives the totals of political and agrarian offences in the years 1866—1870, shows this.

Offences.	1866.	1867.	1868.	1869.	1870.
Political	813	836	126	68	not stated.
Agrarian	87	123	160	767	1,329

Thus in 1866, when Fenianism was almost at a maximum, agrarian offences had fallen to the minimum registered since 1844, while in 1869—70 the converse was the fact. The writer has been informed that, during the abeyance of Agrarianism in 1866, a confident expectation was expressed by a person whose official position in Ireland and experience lent weight to his words, that when the Fenian movement had been put down, agrarian crime would again prevail. Thus it is clear that political and agrarian crime in Ireland stand to each other in an inverse ratio. Another fact is also worthy of mention. Out of upwards of one thousand Fenian prisoners, lately apprehended under the warrant of the Lord Lieutenant, only about ten per cent. were connected—as farmers, farmers' sons, or agricultural labourers—with agriculture. Of the remainder, upwards of forty-five per cent. of the whole number were tradesmen, shopkeepers, artisans, mill-workers, &c. It thus appears that Fenianism is mainly recruited out of the urban, Ribbonism out of the rural population. And this fact corresponds with the difference in the objects of the two movements: Fenianism being a political combination for political purposes; while Ribbonism is a social combination for social, or rather anti-social, purposes.

Upon the whole, then, it would probably be correct to conclude that both sides are right—those who insist on the independency of the two movements, and those who insist upon their mutual affinity. And this observation has a material bearing upon the principles upon which legislation for Ireland ought to be based. For if it be the fact, as all our evidence proves, that in Ireland we have to deal with a floating mass of disaffection, “loose persons,” discontented with their condition, without the means of obtaining regular employment; and if, withal, hostility to the law and the habit of lawless

combination are native to the peasantry in large districts of the country—then, the machinery of combination being always ready at hand, it is but an accident of the time whether the combination shall assume a political or agrarian hue. And the object of all good government must be to narrow the area of discontent, to aim at the political and moral isolation of that class of persons which forms a standing conspiracy against law and order.

Such being the general features of Agrarianism, we have yet to inquire whether any and what remedy can be devised. To attempt to give an adequate answer to this question would not, indeed, be possible within the limits of this paper. For present purposes let it suffice to endeavour to trace the connection between agrarian crime and certain leading characteristics of the system of land-tenure which has hitherto prevailed in Ireland. If in our analysis we find a certain general connection between outrage and certain well-understood features of that system, we shall have made some progress towards the solution of which we are in search.

One observation, however, must here be made, which is of cardinal importance. It is a notable fact that, as a rule, and with but rare exceptions, agrarian outrages are found to occur in connection with small holdings, and with the class of small farmers and cottiers. It would not be too much to say that, of the whole number of agrarian outrages of the graver and less grave kind, nineteen out of twenty have to do with the occupiers of farms under ten acres. When it is remembered that there are in Ireland nearly 400,000 small farms, and that, according to the recent reports of the Irish Poor-Law Inspectors, the general feeling of the agricultural labourers (including the cottiers) throughout Ireland is one of acute discontent, we shall be in a position to estimate the full significance of the above fact. Legislation, which has reached every other class, has not as yet reached the agricultural labourer and cottier. The abrogation of the Penal Laws was not for him. Catholic Emancipation touched the upper and middle classes. The Church Act touched the Roman Catholic clergy and superior laity. The Land Act is a boon to the farmer. The cottier and labourer alone remain outside the pale of remedial legislation.

Speaking of this class, Colonel Browrigg, the Assistant Inspector-General of Constabulary, has made the following remark :—

“The agricultural labourers are the persons who are really badly off in this country, especially those who live in the farmers' houses as servants or ‘farmers' boys’. These are, generally speaking, miserably paid and badly fed and lodged. The consequence is that, being to a certain extent reckless, they are the ready instruments to commit crime, or to become members of illegal secret societies. If it were possible to do anything to improve the condition of this class beneficial effect on the peace of the country.”

It is now proposed to examine some of the general results to be obtained from an analysis of the aggregate amount of the graver

agrarian crime throughout Ireland over a period of twenty-one years, from 1849 to 1869. The analysis will be made upon the following principle:—Ascertaining first of all the counties in which agrarian crimes of the graver kind have most prevailed, we shall set over against them those counties which have enjoyed the greatest immunity from such crimes. From such juxtaposition we shall be able to draw certain general inferences. Proceeding by a similar method, we shall next observe the extent to which different counties have been influenced by circumstances materially affecting the security of the tenure of land. Lastly, putting together the general results, and viewing the several combinations of counties in their respective relation to the prevalence of crime, we shall be in a position to make certain deductions which will not be without value as a guide to legislation. In grouping the counties under the several heads, the arrangement will follow the order in which they relatively stand in proportion to their population.

1. The counties in which respectively, during the period 1849-1869, agrarian offences of a murderous nature (that is to say, murder, firing at the person, and conspiracy to murder) have been most and least numerous, may be tabulated as follows:—

Counties in which Murderous Offences most numerous.	Proportion of Murderous Offences to every 10,000 of population.	Counties in which Murderous Offences least numerous.	Proportion of Murderous Offences to every 10,000 of population.
Westmeath	2.53	Dublin 1.	0.00
Longford	2.53	Down	0.10
King's County	2.33	Londonderry	0.11
Leitrim	1.64	Roscommon	0.12
Tipperary	1.57	Cork	0.13
Meath	1.18	Antrim	0.14
Kilkenny	0.96	Kerry	0.14
Limerick	0.83		
Donegal	0.71		

Similarly, the counties in which respectively during the same period threatening letters or notices have been most and least numerous are as follows:—

Counties in which Threatening Letters most numerous.	Counties in which Threatening Letters least numerous.
Westmeath.	Antrim.
Longford.	Cork.
King's County.	Dublin.
Leitrim.	Kerry.
Louth.	Galway.
Tipperary.	Tyrone.
Meath.	Londonderry.

The following table offers a comparison, in respect of the totals of murderous offences and threatening letters during the same period, as between the eight counties of Ulster in which tenant-right generally is established, and the remaining twenty-four counties:—

(1) In these tables Dublin does not include the Metropolitan Police district.

Counties, &c.	Population, 1861.	Number of Murderous Offences.	Proportion of ditto to every 10,000 of Population.	Number of Threatening Letters.
Eight Ulster Counties	1,760,420	42	0·24	845
Rest of Ireland . .	3,702,695	235	0·63	2,731

Now the first observation suggested by a comparison of the above tables is the striking correspondence between agrarian crime and threatening letters. Threatening letters are the precursors of outrage. They are, as it were, the stormy petrels of a disturbed district. They stand in the same relation to crime in which notices to quit stand to eviction.

No tenant-right county (except Donegal) appears among the disturbed districts, while nearly half the number of the least disturbed counties belong to Ulster.

In the eight tenant-right counties of Ulster the number of murderous offences in the twenty-one years was 0·24 in 10,000 of the population, whilst in the non-tenant-right district it was 0·63.

In one of the tenant-right counties (Down) the murderous offences were as low as 0·10. In the non-tenant-right district (in Westmeath) the number of such offences was twenty-five times as great.

Similar results are given by an analysis of the causes of the agrarian murders which have occurred in the same period. Of such murders there have been 124. Of these 63, being one-half, are directly traceable to violation of tenant-right usages; 15 are traceable to the limited jurisdiction of local courts, leading to a denial, or to a virtual denial, of justice to small holders; while 20 more arose from pressure for rent, shortly after the famine, in contradiction to the course which was pursued in good tenant-right districts.

Moreover, of the 63 murders which are attributable to a direct violation of tenant-right usages, only 7 occurred in Ulster, the remaining 56 occurred in the other provinces.

Once more the intimate connection which has been already pointed out between agrarian crime and the smaller holdings, gives point to the fact that tenant-right usages are most prevalent amongst the smaller class of occupiers, and leads to the inference that arbitrary disturbance of possession is the ultimate cause of outrage. It is not so much the precariousness of the tenure as the denial to the tenant of any interest in his holding—that is the fruitful source of crime. The connection between tenure (tenancy-at-will) and crime does not appear to be at all as intimate as the connection between crime and violent disturbance (eviction). As Mr. Trench has observed, “An Irishman does not like to give up his land under any circumstances; but, of course, the feelings are not so bitter where tenant-right prevails as where it does not.”

Reverting to the first table, it will be of interest to observe how

far usages in the nature of tenant-right are prevalent in the counties most deeply marked by heinous agrarian crime. The estimate of the prevalence of such usages in 1844, and again in 1869, is based upon the evidence before the Devon Commission, and upon recent but imperfect data :—

Counties in which maximum of Murderous Offences	How far Tenant-right usages prevail.	
	1844.	1869.
Westmeath . .	It appears not.	A few landlords sometimes allow tenants to sell their interest.
Longford . .	Only on Emigration.	No.
King's . . .	In part.	In many parts.
Leitrim . . .	Prevalent, but not recognised.	In many parts—growing.
Tipperary . .	No.	On some estates.
Meath . . .	On the borders of Cavan.	Only in some parts. Large grass farms.
Kilkenny . .	No.	On some estates permitted to a certain extent. Occupiers always claim right of selling goodwill, or compensation.
Limerick . .	No evidence quoted.	On certain large estates.
Donegal . . .		In certain districts, a common practice, up to 1860, to serve notices to quit twice each year. Practice of serving notices still prevails in part. Oppressive rents complained of.

On the other hand, of the seven counties in which there has been the least heinous crime three are in Ulster; of Dublin it is stated that, though there is not tenant-right, there exists “a feeling that occupancy gives an interest;” in Roscommon tenant-right usages exist on all farms on which the occupier is resident and is the tiller of the soil—that is to say, in all cases except the large grass farms occupied by capitalist non-resident farmers; in Cork only and Kerry (except upon Lord Landsdowne's extensive estates) tenant-right usages are little known.

2. Eviction is the antithesis of tenant-right. The following table of evictions between 1849 and 1869 ought, therefore, to show results corresponding with those which have been already developed :—

Counties in which Evictions most numerous.	Number of Persons Evicted to every 10,000 of population.	Counties in which Evictions least numerous.	Number of Persons Evicted to every 10,000 of population
Tipperary	1,603	Londonderry	89
Clare	1,370	Antrim	99
Mayo	1,274	Tyrone	125
King's	1,104	Down	142
Leitrim	1,084	Armagh	133
Galway	890	Fermanagh	191
Kerry	819	Dublin	195
Roscommon	816		
Queen's	816		
Limerick	800		
Longford	761		
Kilkenny	729		
Meath	632		
Westmeath	625		

It thus appears that six of the eight Ulster tenant-right counties stand at the head of the list of those counties in which evictions have been most rare. Of Dublin, which comes next, it has been already stated that occupancy is felt to "give an interest." Moreover, four counties, viz., Londonderry, Antrim, Down, and Dublin, are found in each group of seven counties most distinguished for the small proportion of heinous offences as well as of evictions. On the other hand, three of the five counties in which there have been the greatest number of evictions, viz., Tipperary, King's, and Leitrim, are found to occupy a corresponding position in the list of relative murderous offences. When it is added that the maximum of evictions in the year 1850 coincides with the maximum of murderous offences and threatening letters, and that a similar correspondence may be traced in subsequent years, we arrive at the conclusion that a manifest connection exists between eviction and agrarian crime.

That such a connection should exist is in the course of human nature. Only let it be remembered that to the Irish peasant "a sentence of eviction is tantamount to a sentence of death;" that the horrors of the famine were intensely aggravated by wholesale clearances of estates, at which the presence of the constabulary was necessary in order to preserve the peace; and we shall cease to wonder that the bitter sense of cruel wrong not unfrequently led to the commission of crime.

In the twenty-one years beginning with 1849 upwards of 59,000 families, comprising upwards of 300,000 persons, were evicted from house and home. Nearly 20,000 houses were "levelled." The number of victims to agrarian revenge was 121. In the first five years (1849—1853) of the period, upwards of 230,000 out of the 300,000 were evicted, upwards of 17,000 out of the 20,000 houses were levelled, 52 out of the 121 victims were murdered.

An eviction scene has been thus portrayed by Lord Chancellor Hatherley:—"Its results might be represented by a picture with a village-churchyard on one side, and an American swamp on the other; but he who depicted its results could only be such as he who was qualified to depict the Dance of Death."

It is but fair to add (and the observation serves as a corrective to hasty generalisations from the phenomena of Irish social life) that Mayo, which stands third in the list for the numerousness of evictions, has been until lately comparatively free from agrarian crime.

3. There is yet another aspect in which disturbance of possession may be viewed in relation to outrage. Since the establishment in 1849 of the Encumbered Estates Court, property in Ireland, to the extent of one-ninth of the island, and of the value of upwards of £30,000,000, has been sold by the court. The new proprietors were to a great extent shopkeepers and small capitalists, owning from 500

to 1,000 acres of land, with incomes of from £300 to £1,000 a year. As a body the purchasers were improving landlords, and in the great majority of cases raised the rents and consolidated farms. Inasmuch, therefore, as the land was regarded as a commercial investment, there was no motive but one of a moral nature to enforce respect for tenant's equities arising from usage or from possession. Hence, where the incentives to outrage were so plain, we may expect to find a connection between the sales under the court and agrarian crime.

Upon this subject Dr. Brodie, one of the Poor-Law Inspectors, says:—"Upon no other point is the testimony of all classes so unanimous as that the greatest hardships, both as regards evictions and exorbitant increase of rents, have been inflicted by purchasers in these Courts."

The following table shows the counties in which respectively a maximum and minimum of land, in proportion to the population, has been sold under the Encumbered and Landed Estates Courts since 1849 :—

Counties in which a Maximum
of Sales.

Tipperary.
Galway.
Meath.
Mayo.
Westmeath.
Queen's.
Wexford.
King's.
Kilkenny.

Counties in which a Minimum
of Sales.

Down.
Armagh.
Tyrone.
Antrim.
Wicklow.
Monaghan.
Kerry.

It will be observed that the four counties with the least land sold,—Down, Armagh, Tyrone, Antrim,—are among the lowest in evictions. Of the five counties with the most land sold, three,—Tipperary, Galway, Mayo,—are among the highest in evictions. The other two, Meath and Westmeath, have long been disturbed districts. It will also appear, from a comparison of the tables with those relating to heinous agrarian crime, that the counties where there have been the fewest sales are freest from crime, and that those which are high in the scale are also high in crime.

Such are the inferences to which a study of the foregoing tables leads. The testimony from so many various quarters all converges in one point. It is proved that disturbance of possession is the prime cause of agrarian crime. It is not contended that any one branch of the argument, taken by itself, is conclusive. But, on the other hand, the collective testimony, derived from so many different and independent sources of inquiry, forms a cumulative argument with respect both to the cause of agrarian crime and the proper direction of remedial legislation, the force of which it would be impossible to deny.

There are those indeed who despair of remedial legislation for Ireland. They point to the state of Westmeath, which the responsible Minister has declared to be "intolerable." They insist that recent measures, whether remedial or coercive, have all alike failed of effect. But are we compelled to take this disheartening view? The state of Westmeath is, indeed, intolerable. But it should be borne in mind that Westmeath has long been a centre of Ribbonism; that, even so far back as the year 1814, a memorial from the Westmeath authorities was relied upon by the late Sir R. Peel, as a basis for the introduction into the House of Commons of a measure of coercion. If the prevalence of outrage justly inspires us with a feeling of "painful dismay," it should be remembered that the existence of such a feeling at a time when agrarian crime has sensibly diminished, is itself a symptom of a healthier and more hopeful tone in the community. It was not to be expected that the effects of recent legislation would be felt all at once. One or two short years are a brief space within which to undo centuries of misrule. But the Land Act is working. It has applied a drastic remedy to that disturbance of possession which is at the root of agrarian crime. A new feeling of security, carrying with it a new impulse to peaceful industry, is possessing the minds of the small tenant-farmers. Fenianism has disappeared. Ribbonism, the worst form of Agrarianism, is at length confined within the limits of a single district. That Ribbonism would cease with the passing of the Land Act, was never the opinion of well-informed Irishmen. Such a one, writing in an official capacity, in April, 1869, says: "It is equally vain to hope that Ribbonism will disappear with the land question. . . . From the minute inquiries I have made, as well as from the information I have received, I believe that when every semblance of injustice has been removed, Ribbonism will still defy the law, and that nothing short of the most coercive and determined measures will ever repress it."

What we have to cope with in Ireland is that marked hostility to the law, which, as Lord Derby has well observed, is common to the Ribbonman as well as to the Fenian: a sentiment which is due, not to the feeling that the laws are bad or unjust in themselves, but that they are laws made for us and not for them. In this hostility to the law lies the strength of Agrarianism. The popular sympathy which makes of an assassin a hero, shields him from detection, and baffles justice, is the offspring of this unnatural alienation of the popular sentiment. What we have to do, is to break the spell of this perverted sympathy, to foster in the people a loyal and healthy attachment to the law, to attract moral strength to the Government. When we passed the Land Act, we made a vast stride towards the attainment of this beneficent object. For, in giving the small farmer a solid interest in the land, we at the same time gave him an interest in the

law which was now the protector of his possession. And, when once he becomes accustomed to look to the law of the land, the motive which heretofore led him to take the law into his own hands, will have ceased. With this change in his feeling towards the law will also come about a change in his feeling towards agrarian crime. The sympathy of fellow-feeling will cease; and with this sympathy the terrorism, which is the main object, and at the same time the mainstay of Ribbonism. We may even indulge the hope that, when self-interest and the law are found to go hand-in-hand, we may yet live to see Irish opinion enlisted against Ribbonism.

Whether this policy succeeds or not, at least it is a just and a wise policy. In Ireland improvement and civilization must descend from above. For the government of Ireland, indeed, there is needed the union of iron firmness with tender sympathy—a mind ever open to the legitimate cravings of the national sentiment; a stern resolve to enforce respect for the law. In passing the Land Act we strained our habit, to satisfy the necessary demands of the Irish tenant-farmer; and we passed the measure in the faith of its remedial action. But we made no compact with assassination. Therefore we are free to uphold the law. Therefore we will no longer wink at disorder. We will tear up organized murder by the roots. We will stamp out a nefarious conspiracy—by the law, if we can; if not, then by whatever means, be they constitutional, or be they extra-constitutional, will execute the settled purpose of the British people.

In a recent debate, very opposite views of the future of Ireland were expressed by Lord Derby and Lord O'Hagan. The former had spoken of an incompatibility of feeling between the two races; he had questioned the efficacy of our recent policy; he had declared that, in his opinion, measures of conciliation were exhausted. And how did Lord O'Hagan answer him? He said—and if we are to choose between the two; if the choice rests between a policy of trust and a policy of mistrust, between faith and unfaith, between an attitude of well-grounded hope and one of blank despondency, there is no patriotic Englishman but will echo the words in which the Lord Chancellor of Ireland made profession of his political faith:—

“I confess I am of a different view. In 1782, 1798, and at various other periods of Irish history, we have read of Coercion Acts, Special Commissions, and abridgments of the liberty of the subject. Now we have begun to try the remedy of justice, and it was time that that beginning should be made. I believe the experiment has actually succeeded as far as it could within the time; and if that experiment proceeds, and if justice is administered to Ireland, as it never has been before—Irish nature is human nature, and justice will succeed in pacifying Ireland.”

CHARLES S. ROUNDELL.

ITALY AND ROME.

On the 11th of September, 1870, the Italian troops crossed the frontier which separated the Kingdom of Italy from what still remained of the Pontifical States. On the 20th of the month Rome itself was, after a brief resistance, occupied by the Italian forces. Early in October the Roman provinces voted their "union to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel II. and his successors." The King accepted the vote, and appointed General Lamarmora as his lieutenant in Rome. The Italian Parliament, in which the Roman deputies sat for the first time, converted into law during the month of December, 1870, the royal decree accepting the Roman plebiscite and uniting Rome to the Kingdom of Italy.

Such are the bare facts connected with this act in the great drama of Italian unity and independence. Thus has been accomplished the last of those annexations which have, ever since 1859, been transforming Italy from what Prince Metternich termed merely a geographical expression, into a single constitutional monarchy, by whose instrumentality the whole peninsula has at length been freed from the yoke of foreign occupation. What, then, it may well be asked, have been the views expressed by the different Roman Catholic governments of Europe with reference to this annexation of Rome? What has been the tone adopted by them in their official communications with the Government of the Kingdom of Italy, touching its dealings with the papal temporal power during the four last months of the memorable year 1870?

Of those governments, the first which naturally attracts attention is that of France. The war so wickedly and wantonly declared by the Second Empire against Prussia, chiefly at the instigation of the imperialist and clerical factions, had resulted in the speedy defeat of French armies and the overthrow of the Napoleonic dynasty. Such were the consequences to Napoleon III. of turning aside from that more liberal home policy upon which he had entered some few months previously—a policy full of promise to France, and hailed with more or less of hope by the friends of liberty throughout Europe. But devoted imperialists and clericals viewed with disgust constitutional tendencies, which, if honestly and fully carried out, would have converted the "empire absolu" into an "empire libéral." They therefore eagerly urged the Emperor into a war, by which they fondly hoped liberal concessions would be set aside, and irresponsible personal government be revived in all its pristine glory. The only result, however, of that wicked policy has been to make

manifest to the world the corruption, mismanagement, and worthlessness which pervaded the imperial administration after eighteen years of personal rule. During that time the whole executive and administrative machinery of France had been entrusted to the keeping and direction of a single individual and his chosen advisers—men who were never wearied of decrying parliamentary government, of eulogising the beneficent wisdom of the chief to whom alone they were responsible, of praising that imperial centralisation and absolutism which has, for the second time in this century, laid France prostrate at the feet of foreign invaders. To this vaunted rule of the Empire had succeeded, on the 4th of September, 1870, the Government of National Defence, and that government it was which had to express a judgment upon the course taken by the statesmen of the Italian Kingdom with reference to the annexation of Rome and its adjacent provinces.

On the 8th of September, 1870, M. Nigra, the Italian minister at Paris, informed his own government of the communication he had made to M. Jules Favre, the French minister of foreign affairs, to the effect "that on account of actual events, on account of the agitation in the Roman provinces where the Italian flag had been displayed in various localities, on account of the petitions received from the provincial and municipal councils of the kingdom, the Italian government thought that those conditions were realised, which left (according to the September Convention of 1864) reciprocal liberty of action to the French and Italian governments, and therefore the latter would use that liberty by sending its troops into the Roman provinces." M. Nigra went on to say: "As to the definite solution of the Roman question, so as to protect the spiritual power of the Pontiff, that will be the object of an ulterior examination." To this M. Jules Favre replied that the French government would leave the Italian to act on its own responsibility. Not a word was said by the French minister about any supposed breach of the September Convention. M. Jules Favre was too just and wise to raise such a question; for none knew better than he that the late imperial government had, to suit its own purposes, broken the Convention as soon as it had been signed. That government had favoured the formation of the Antibes Legion, composed of old French soldiers who, as Marshal Niel, the then minister of war, said, in an official letter dated the 21st June, 1867, were "commanded by French officers who hold suitable positions in our army." It is difficult to conceive a more flagrant breach of the Convention, which expressly stipulated that French soldiers were to be withdrawn from Rome. The letter in question is one of the many proofs of the untruthfulness and double-dealing only too characteristic of the imperial system. Nor should it ever be forgotten that those vices

were among the chief causes of the utter collapse of the imperial régime, and of the terrible disasters which it has brought upon France.

On the 12th September, 1870, M. Nigra writes to say he had informed the French minister of the order given to the Italian troops to cross the Pontifical frontier. M. Favre replied "that the French government would let us do as we liked, and sympathised with us" ("ci lascierebbe fare con simpatia"). When on the 25th September M. Crémieux, the President of the government delegation at Tours, was officially informed of the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome, he expressed his hearty congratulations on the event. Still more striking is the letter addressed to the King of Italy on the 22nd September by M. Sénard, whom the Government of National Defence had sent to Florence as the representative of France. He writes, in the name of his government, as well as in his own name, to congratulate the King on the deliverance of Rome and on the definite consecration of Italian unity. M. Sénard does not hesitate to add that in this Roman question the Italian government "had perfectly united to political necessity all the respect due to religious feelings." The King, he adds, has made an appeal to conciliation in terms so noble and so worthy that they must and will be listened to, as he hopes.

Several members of the French Government of National Defence, especially M. Favre, had long been warm advocates of Italian liberty, and avowed opponents of the papal temporal power. To their honour be it said, that when they held the reins of government they remained true to the policy they had advocated in times gone by, when opposed to those who were then in office. In this they form an admirable contrast to politicians who, as soon as they attain to the possession of power, quickly find innumerable excuses for giving up in practice, if not in theory, a policy which they advocated glibly enough while in opposition. But if the Government of National Defence (several of whose members are avowed republicans) thus warmly applauded the crowning of the edifice of Italian unity and independence, it must in justice be remembered that it was Napoleon III. who, in 1859, initiated the great movement which has ended in completing that edifice. Nothing can rob France and her Second Empire of this real glory. That Empire was doubtless founded in violence and wrong by the *coup d'état* of December; it rested on the evil principle of mere personal rule; it alone is answerable for the tragic folly of the Mexican expedition; it plunged France into a criminal and disastrous war in July, 1870; but despite these crimes and blunders, none who rejoice in the formation of a united Italy, freed from the yoke of foreign domination, can in justice forget that it was Napoleon III. who led France to strike in 1859 those first blows in favour of Italian liberty, which

redound so greatly to the true glory of France. To the second French Empire belongs the honour of commencing the work which has resulted in the union and freedom of Italy. To the French Government of National Defence belongs the merit of giving to the completion of that work its countenance and support.

The Austro-Hungarian government was asked by the papal court to protest against the occupation of Rome. To this request the Imperial and Royal government gave a direct refusal, alleging, among other reasons, that its "excellent relations" with Italy, "upon which we have cause to congratulate ourselves ever since reconciliation has been effected," prevented the Viennese cabinet from making such a protest. Now, on the 18th October, 1870, M. Visconti-Venosta, the Italian minister of foreign affairs, wrote a circular to the representatives of the Italian kingdom at foreign courts, touching the Roman plebiscite and the general policy of the Italian government in the Roman question. It is worth while examining this circular, if for no other reason, because Count Beust, the Austro-Hungarian chancellor, after having carefully perused it, told M. Minghetti, the Italian minister at Vienna, that the Austro-Hungarian government "was satisfied with the ideas expressed in the circular of the 18th October, and considered that the course which the Italian government had taken was reasonable and just, and such as would conduce to an equitable solution." M. Minghetti, with a due sense of the importance of such a declaration from such a quarter, at once informed the Italian cabinet of the opinion of the Austro-Hungarian government. This circular of the Italian minister of foreign affairs commences by stating that the populations of the Roman provinces having acquired the right of freely expressing their opinions, have declared in favour of annexing Rome and its territory to the constitutional monarchy of King Victor Emmanuel. The nation hailed with joy the King's acceptance of the plebiscite voted by the Romans, which is the final consecration of Italian unity. The vote of the Romans has thus definitely sanctioned the right of Italy to Rome proclaimed by the Italian parliament. The circular then proceeds to state that, in going to Rome, the government is aware that it has to settle the great question of preserving the spiritual authority of the Holy See in the midst of those liberties which are inherent in modern society. The government comprehends the greatness of its responsibility in declaring that "the temporal power of the Holy Father has ceased to exist." The circular goes on to show that the temporal power is but a last remains of the institutions of the middle ages, unfitted to our own day; very truly remarking that "compulsion in matters of faith, set aside by all modern states, found in the temporal power its last asylum. Henceforth, all appeal to the secular

sword must be suppressed in Rome itself, and the Church in its turn must profit by liberty." The circular, while declaring that in all spiritual matters the Pope ought to be free and supreme, proclaims the separation of Church and State, and maintains that in "making Rome the capital of Italy," the personal and spiritual position of the Pope will in no way be lessened. In a word, this remarkable state paper lays down clearly the great principle announced by Count Cavour, "*Libera chiesa in libero stato*," a free church in a free state, and sets forth the manner in which the Italian government purposes carrying out that principle in the Kingdom of Italy.

Count Bray, the Bavarian minister of foreign affairs, recognised the connection existing between the serious political events accomplished in France and the Roman question. He admitted, also, the necessity of the Italian government's preventing disorder from arising in the Italian Peninsula. "Count Bray said to me," writes M. Migliorati, the Italian Minister at Munich, on the 8th September, 1870, "that the basis proposed by Italy to the Holy See by which to arrive at a definite solution of the Roman question, seemed to him such as should be accepted at Rome, and for his own part he recognised, in the interest of religion and of the Papacy, that the Pontiff should eliminate from his mind his habitual *non possumus*. . . ." With regard to future events, the Bavarian minister, while renewing his declaration that Bavaria "would not interfere in our affairs," reserved his judgment touching future eventualities. As events developed themselves, the Munich government expressed itself satisfied that the occupation of Rome took place almost without bloodshed. It decidedly deprecated the idea of the Pope's leaving Rome. When Count Bray was informed by the Italian government that so far from the Pope being a prisoner, he was at liberty to remain at Rome, to leave it, and to return to it just as he pleased, the Bavarian minister received the information with much pleasure, and considered it "a very satisfactory reply" to the observations he had made on the subject to the Italian government. What the Bavarian government has at heart is by no means the temporal power but the spiritual power of the Pope, evidently believing that the latter may be preserved without detriment, although the former has fallen.

The Spanish government of the Regency directed its representative at Rome to counsel the Pope not to leave the Vatican, and to consent to a reconciliation with the Kingdom of Italy. Marshal Prim, the Spanish prime minister, congratulated the Italian government on the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome; while the Regent "manifested his satisfaction at the result of the affairs of Rome." The Spanish government insists only on the "perfect spiritual independence of the head of the Catholic religion, and full personal

liberty of the Roman Pontiff. The House of Savoy has given in the past such proofs of reverence for our religion, that Spain cannot ask a greater guarantee than that offered by the occupation of the Italian throne by the illustrious descendant of that race, Victor Emmanuel II." Such was the language of the Spanish prime minister to the Italian representative at Madrid in the last days of September. A despatch, dated 14th of the following November, from the minister of Spain, offers the congratulations of his government and nation to the King of Italy on "having at length succeeded in bringing to a glorious termination the work of Italian unity." The despatch praises M. Visconti-Venosta's circular of the 18th October, 1870, and speaks of the "wise and prudent" measures it proposes to adopt with regard to the Pope. "The conduct," says the Spanish minister, "which the government of King Victor Emmanuel has traced out for itself, desirous from this hour of preserving all that is most worthy of respect in the traditions of the Papacy, reassures the most timorous, and the government of his highness the Regent will be unanimous in approving, if the Italian government succeeds in overcoming all difficulties which in effecting its purposes will undoubtedly have to be faced, and so preserve unhurt amidst the ruins of the papal throne the spiritual power of the chief of our holy religion." It is difficult to conceive two governments more at one than those of Italy and Spain as to the necessity of the cessation of the temporal power, and the desirability of preserving the spiritual power. As if to give a yet more substantial proof of the agreement existing between the two countries, the Cortes finally elected to the vacant throne of Spain the second son of King Victor Emmanuel, now King Amadeus I.

A despatch of the Italian minister at Lisbon, dated 25th November, 1870, informs his government at Florence that, founding his explanations on M. Visconti-Venosta's circular of the 18th October, he gave a full account to the President of the Portuguese cabinet of the policy and proceedings of the Italian government in the Roman question. The minister of Portugal having heard the statement, declared himself "beyond measure satisfied, praising much the moderation, the good sense, and the political tact of the government of his Majesty in such difficult circumstances."

Baron d'Anethan, the prime minister of Belgium, in answer to the observations made to him by the Italian minister at Brussels touching the entrance of the Italian troops into the Roman provinces, replied, "That, speaking strictly, the temporal power was not, in truth, an indispensable necessity to the Holy See for the fulfilment of its mission in the world; but that it was necessary to find, at any cost, some combination, something which allowed it to exercise its spiritual functions in full and entire liberty of action" As to

what course Belgium would take, Baron d'Anethan declared that as a neutral power it could and would do nothing. He said :—

“Belgium's neutrality imposes on it the obligation of not mixing itself up in any way with the questions and differences which may arise between other states. If Italy has a territorial difficulty to discuss with the Holy See, that is a matter with which Belgium has nothing to do; and it would be to disown the principles on which our existence reposes if we expressed an opinion one way or the other upon the subject. In order to compel us to give officially an opinion, we are sometimes told that we are a Catholic government; but Belgium is a country where the freedom of all religions, and the absolute separation between Church and State, are written in the constitution as fundamental principles. Personally, we may have whatever religious convictions are agreeable to us: but, as a government, Belgium must and will remain neutral: whatever importunity and pressure be brought to bear, we shall not forsake this position.”

Such language and such views are most specially worthy of attention as coming from a Belgian statesman, who is the leader of the conservative or clerical party in his country. It is from such a man, when filling the high and responsible position of First Minister of the Crown, we learn that “the freedom of all religions, and the absolute separation of Church and State, are written as fundamental principles,” in that Constitution which has now for full forty years given to Belgium order, liberty, and material progress far surpassing that hitherto enjoyed by any other Roman Catholic country in Europe. These great constitutional rights and liberties have preserved to the Belgians order, when nearly all Europe was convulsed by revolutions, and liberty when it was once again enslaved by reactionary despotism. With such facts and such an example manifest to the sight of all men, save those who *will* not see, is it a matter for surprise that Italy should determine to bestow upon herself similar institutions, granting absolute religious freedom to all, and dissolving the union between the temporal and spiritual powers; so realising her great statesman's famous maxim, “*Libera chiesa in libero stato*”?

All the Roman Catholic powers, then—Italy included—desire the maintenance of the Pope's spiritual authority. Each one of them in turn plainly assert this opinion; they demand for the Pontiff of their Church full liberty and independence in the exercise of his spiritual functions; they ask the Italian government to be moderate in its dealings with the papal court, liberal towards its chief and its officers. Some of these Roman Catholic governments, while admitting the necessity, and even desirability, of the annexation of Rome to Italy, go so far as to advise Italy not to be over hasty in the transfer of her capital to Rome, and, above all, to allow every possible freedom for the exercise of the spiritual power. But not one of these states enters any protest whatever against the union of Rome and its provinces to the Italian Kingdom. Indeed the Austro-Hungarian government gave a direct refusal to do so when asked to take that course by the papal court. Other Roman

Catholic states openly avow that it is time for the temporal power to cease; express themselves satisfied with the course taken by Italy, and with the proposals of her government touching the Roman question; beg the Pope to drop his *non possumus*, to remain in the Vatican, and to come to terms with the Italian Kingdom now officially recognised by the whole world. These are remarkable facts, which are all the more noteworthy because there are to be found a certain number of Roman Catholics who join the papal court in denouncing the abolition of the temporal power and the annexation of Rome in the most violent terms. But although these partisans of the Papacy make no little stir and noise, they can prevail on no Roman Catholic government to take their view of the case. This seems a pretty clear proof that the great bulk of the intelligent Roman Catholics of Europe see the wisdom of the course adopted by their various governments, and believe the temporal power of the Papacy, maintained by foreign bayonets in the midst of Italy, to be neither useful nor creditable to their Church. That such an opinion should prevail is not wonderful, if an examination be made of the demands of the papal court regarding its former temporal power, and also of the principles enunciated in papal Encyclicals touching the exercise of that power. The Papacy refuses, or has at least hitherto refused, all compromise. It will not accept the jurisdiction of the Leonine city alone, or of Rome itself, or of the sole patrimony of St. Peter in which Rome stands, or of its old states, minus the Romagnol provinces. What the Papal Court demands is the absolute restoration of all it possessed before 1859. It asks therefore that the Italian Kingdom, which every foreign power has recognised, should be broken up, and some 3,000,000 of Italians be replaced under the Pope's temporal power. But inasmuch as the Papacy is hopelessly unable to effect this restoration of its former rule, it seeks the aid of foreign governments in order to bring about such a restoration. The bayonets of France and Austria have for the last twenty or thirty years (long therefore prior to the formation of the Italian Kingdom, ten years ago) been absolutely necessary to the maintenance of the temporal power amongst the Italians of the old Papal States. In vain, too, has France, who brought back the Pope to Rome in 1850, urged ever since on the Papacy the necessity of its government being brought more into conformity with the feelings, progress, and necessities of the age. Although such a course was constantly pressed on the papal court by French statesmen avowedly favourable to the temporal power, never was their advice followed. It is important that this should be remembered, because it clearly proves what an ungrateful task any existing Roman Catholic government would undertake, if it sought to effect a restoration of the temporal power. Thus it was that, on

the 9th May, 1849, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, then French minister of foreign affairs, asked in one of his despatches: "Can it be thought a matter of indifference to reassure that numerous portion of the Roman population whose moderation, while detesting a *régime* of anarchy, fears almost equally a return of that which marked with so sad a character the reign of Gregory XVI.—of the *régime* which, on the death of that pontiff, rendered a change of system absolutely necessary?" Be it observed, in passing, that this statesman, who was always very favourable to the Papacy, thus passes a distinct condemnation on the reign of Gregory XVI. Again, M. de Tocqueville, who had succeeded to the ministry of foreign affairs, declares officially in June, 1849, that his government desires "to assure to the States of the Church institutions really liberal," and says that "France in return for the sacrifices already made has a right to expect that the conditions necessary to the existence of a government liberal and worthy of the enlightenment of the age should not be refused." In the famous letter of the ex-Emperor Napoleon to Edgar Ney, written in August, 1849, the demand is made that the restoration of the Pope to Rome should be accompanied by "a general amnesty, secularisation of the administration, the code Napoleon, and a liberal government." During the next twenty years the imperial government of France constantly urged propositions of reform, in one shape or another, upon the pontifical government. But all such counsels were given in vain. Assuredly, then, it is not surprising that to-day no Roman Catholic government will undertake the restoration of a temporal power whose maxims of government are in direct opposition to the liberal and constitutional principles now adopted by every Roman Catholic state in Europe. How great that opposition is may be seen by studying the official documents put forth by the Vatican. Thus the present Pope, in his Encyclical Letter dated 8th December, 1864, distinctly condemns those who affirm "that the best condition of society is that in which the power of the laity is not compelled to inflict the penalties of law upon violators of the Catholic religion, unless required by considerations of public safety." The Encyclical goes on to say:—

"Actuated by an idea of social government so absolutely false, they do not hesitate further to propagate the erroneous opinion, very hurtful to the safety of the Catholic Church and of souls, and termed delirium by our predecessor Gregory XVI., of excellent memory, viz., liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man, a right which ought to be proclaimed and established by law in every well-constituted state; and that citizens are entitled to make known and declare, with a liberty which neither the ecclesiastical nor civil authority can limit, their convictions, of whatever kind, either by word of mouth, or through the press, or by other means."

This condemnation of liberty of conscience and worship, of freedom of speech and of the press, was further enforced by the well-known

Syllabus or Catalogue of Errors which, among other things, especially reprobates that institution of civil marriage long established in France and Belgium, and which has been adopted by the Kingdom of Italy. This institution makes it necessary for every subject of those countries to be married by the civil officer appointed by law, leaving each one free to be married, if he likes, according to some religious ceremony, the choice of which is left to the individuals themselves. If those who have been civilly married do not wish to go through any religious form of marriage, no law obliges them to do so.

Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Bavaria, and the Austro-Hungarian State, have all adopted, and are to-day all upholding in practice, that "liberty of conscience and of worship as the right of every man" which Pope Gregory XVI. termed "delirium," and which Pope Pius IX. distinctly condemns. Liberty of speech, of the press, and of public meeting, are now generally in operation in all these countries, even in France since the fall of the Second Empire. These liberties and liberal institutions have in Belgium been united, according to her present prime minister, Baron d'Anethan, to the most complete religious equality and absolute separation between Church and State. It is under such a *régime* that that country has enjoyed full forty years of admirably free and orderly government, as well as the greatest material prosperity. But these various Roman Catholic countries are now told that all such liberties are to be utterly condemned. They are further invited to furnish soldiers and cannon in order that the like liberties may be overthrown in Italy. The Roman Catholic powers who have adopted, in whole or in part, liberal and constitutional principles, are thus incited to invade the Italian Kingdom and restore the 3,000,000 Italians of the old Papal States to a temporal rule, whose chief officially condemns liberty of conscience and of worship, liberty of the press, of speech, and of public meeting. No wonder the Roman Catholic governments of the Continent decline to perform so odiously inconsistent a task. It would indeed be monstrous to see Spaniards, Frenchmen, Belgians, or Austrians, imposing by force of arms upon their brother Roman Catholics of Italy a system of temporal government which those various nations have themselves set aside.

It is in the face of such facts that not a few of our Irish fellow-subjects, while shouting about liberty, national representation, and national rights; while making every sort of possible and of impossible demand upon the legislature of the United Kingdom; while rejoicing, as well they may, at the complete separation of the temporal from the spiritual powers in Ireland—come forward at the very same time to denounce the establishment of the self-same liberties in Italy. These persons would, if they could, march foreign bayonets into the latter country, in order to compel their brother

Romanists there to endure in their midst a temporal power which refuses all such liberties and anathematizes them to the uttermost. Can anything be more outrageously inconsistent than to hear Irishmen demanding that Italians should be compelled, by force of foreign arms, to submit to a temporal power which condemns all those liberties happily enjoyed to-day by every Roman Catholic country in Europe, and by none more completely than by Roman Catholic Ireland?

The great majority of the people of the United Kingdom, as well as the government, if it be true to its own principles, will remind Irishmen that neither with the Pope's temporal nor with his spiritual power has our national Government any concern. The only ecclesiastical bodies with which it is still connected are the Episcopal Church of England and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. For the legislature of the United Kingdom refrained most happily from paying or endowing the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland. Had that unfortunately been done, there might have been some pretext for saying that our government ought to look after the interests, temporal or spiritual, or both, of the chief of that Roman Church whose priests we were supporting. But all such difficulties have been wisely avoided by the legislature refusing to take any such course, and by its applying in Ireland the principle of abolishing the union between Church and State. This good policy was carried out, not only as regarded the former Protestant state church of Ireland, but also as regarded the college of Maynooth and the Regium Donum. Having thus established complete religious equality in Ireland, and separated the temporal from the spiritual power in that island, it is but natural to sympathise with the Italian government in its efforts to carry out the same principles in the Kingdom of Italy. What Belgium has done, what Spain and the Austro-Hungarian State are doing, that assuredly Italy may do likewise. And the last people who should object to such proceedings, if, indeed, they have any idea of justice towards others or respect for consistency in themselves, are the people of Ireland, who are ever open-mouthed about their national rights, feelings, and liberties, and who are now in the enjoyment of that absolute religious freedom and equality to which Belgians have long attained, and after which Italians are striving. Irishmen only expose themselves to contempt when they express a desire to force upon their co-religionists of Italy, by the outrageous coercion of foreign bayonets, a temporal power which denounces the very liberties long demanded, and now fully enjoyed, by the Irish people. The Italian members of their Church willingly acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, but refuse any longer to endure the temporal rule, whether of prince or pontiff, to the maintenance of which foreign chassepots and cannons are necessary. Ireland may

rest assured that she will be condemned, not only by English liberals, but by every friend of freedom alike in America and Europe, if she who talks so loudly about national rights and liberties at home, declares herself the enemy of those self-same principles in Italy, upholding there the cause of a "temporal rule" which anathematizes religious freedom and the rights of conscience. It will be an evil day for any cabinet bearing rule in the British Isles which truckles to the flagrantly inconsistent conduct of a certain section of Irish Roman Catholics with regard to Italy.

But if there be Roman Catholics who would unjustly force upon their Italian brethren that temporal power of the Pope who condemns "liberty of conscience and of worship as the right of every man," there are also vast numbers who are opposed to any such proceeding. And if we may judge by the conduct of the Roman Catholic governments of Europe respecting the Roman question, the majority of Roman Catholics would appear to take this latter view. For if the majority of the people in Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Bavaria, and the Austro-Hungarian State really wished their governments to march troops into Italy to restore the Pope's temporal power, it is impossible to believe that those governments would be able to resist the wishes of their respective countries. This is all the more certain from the fact that their peoples to-day possess abundant means of freely expressing their wishes upon this as upon all other public questions. If, however, neither Spaniards, Frenchmen, nor Austrians would for a moment consent to have a temporal power, opposed to all civil and religious liberty, imposed upon three millions of their countrymen living in the heart of their own land, they can hardly wonder at Italians entirely agreeing in their views, and acting accordingly. It would seem scarcely possible even for the enemies of the Papacy to invent for him who calls himself the Vicar of Christ, a more unchristian position than that of declaring his spiritual power endangered, unless united to a petty temporal kingdom, which needs to be maintained by foreign bayonets. "My kingdom is not of this world," says Christ. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal," writes the Apostle. "The possession of a temporal kingdom is necessary to the Pope's spiritual power!" exclaim those who style themselves the only true supporters of papal claims. "It is, moreover," say these gentle sons of Mother Church, "quite right that the chassepots of French Roman Catholics should 'do wonders' in slaughtering Italian Roman Catholics, in order to uphold that kingdom of the Pope which is of this world; for without it his spiritual headship cannot be freely and fully exercised."

The march of events is so rapid in this age of steam and electricity, that it will probably be doing the reader a service to recount briefly how it was that the old Papal States began to free themselves from

the temporal rule of the Pope. A knowledge of the facts connected with that change of government is necessary to all who would form a sound judgment on the questions at issue between the Italian Kingdom and the Papal Court. Now it will be seen that the fall of the Pope's rule, as a temporal sovereign, came about immediately upon the removal from his old dominions of the foreign troops which occupied them, such occupation being absolutely necessary to the maintenance of the papal government. The facts of the case are simple, and may be stated without taking up too much either of time or space. In the beginning of 1859, as for many years previously, the Austrian troops held the northern portions of the then States of the Church, while French troops held the rest of those States—so preserving the temporal government of the Pope by the military occupation of two foreign powers, who had their respective headquarters in Bologna and Rome. The first of these cities had a population of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and was the chief town of the Romagnol provinces of the Papal States thus occupied by the Austrians. The rest of Italy was divided into the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, belonging to Austria; the dukedoms of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, all of which had Austrian garrisons; the kingdom of Naples, strong in its alliance with the Court of Vienna, which was ever ready to support the untempered despotism of the Neapolitan Bourbons; and, lastly, the kingdom of Piedmont, which alone maintained a purely national and thoroughly constitutional government, between which and Austria existed an open and deadly antagonism. Such, in January 1859, was the condition of Italy. During the war which broke out between France and Austria in that year, the former continued her occupation of Rome, while the latter withdrew all her troops from the duchies and from that portion of the Papal States occupied by them, in order to concentrate all her forces in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, so as the better to resist the allied armies of France and Piedmont.

It was in the evening of the 11th June, 1859, that the Austrians evacuated Bologna. The next day the Cardinal Legate left, following in their wake. His departure was quiet and unopposed, giving rise neither to disturbance nor insult. On that same day, 12th June, the municipality of Bologna proceeded to nominate a provisional government, whose members were the Marquises Pepoli and Tanari, Count Malvezzi, Professor Montanari, and the Advocate Casarini. A deputation was soon despatched to the head-quarters of the allies to offer the dictatorship of the Romagnol provinces, now completely freed of all Austrian troops, to Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont. The offer was not accepted, from prudential motives, arising out of the political complications naturally existing in those early days of the great change then only beginning to dawn on Italy. Very soon

afterwards, on 11th July, 1859, occurred the peace of Villafranca. Then it was that the Emperor Napoleon expressed his desire that the old governments of Central Italy, all of which had fallen after the retreat of the Austrian troops into the Lombardo-Venetian territory, should be restored to the possession of their former states. But the Emperor, to his lasting honour, declared not only that he would employ no force to effect such restoration, but also that he would not permit any other foreign power to use force to that end. The moral and diplomatic influence of France was then favourable to the restoration of the old governments, but the Italians were, nevertheless, left to decide for themselves whether or not such restoration should take place. What followed obviously arose, then, from the free decision of the Italians themselves. In August, 1859, the Romagnol provinces, of which Bologna is the chief city, were called upon to elect a national assembly or parliament. It was composed of 124 members, some forty of whom were titled men. A fact at which ultra-democrats, no doubt, will sneer, but a fact which is at the same time a very sufficient answer to ultra-retrogrades, who would have the world believe that the fall of the temporal power in the Romagna was effected by a mob, possessed neither of wealth, position, nor brains. The people did, indeed, go heartily with the new order of things, but the great Bolognese families of the Pepolis, Malvezzi, Bentivoglios, Hercolanis, and Tanaris, gave also their willing aid. The writer of this article well remembers, that when in Bologna during the autumn of 1859, Count Carlo Pepoli pointed out several of the palaces of leading Bolognese families, saying with a quiet smile, "These, my dear sir, belong to those whom the retrograde party in Europe call the *mob*, who made the revolution in the Romagnol provinces of the Papal States." On the 1st September, 1859, the newly-elected assembly met, and chose Signor Minghetti as its president. It passed unanimously a resolution declaring that "We, the representatives of the people of the Romagna, will no longer submit to the temporal power of the Pope," and then proceeded to vote annexation to the Kingdom of Piedmont. Thus this annexation was carried by a representative assembly possessed of all the rights of free and public discussion. It was not the result of a mere popular vote, unaccompanied by liberty of speech and of the press, those necessary guarantees of real freedom. The plebiscite vote of annexation to Piedmont was not taken until March of the following year, 1860; and this was done, as is well known, at the instigation of the French Emperor, not at the desire of the Italian people.

The overthrow of the papal temporal power in the Romagnol provinces arose, then, simply from the withdrawal of foreign bayonets, upon whose departure followed the election of that representative body, which at once decreed the fall of the Pope's temporal rule. Be

it remembered that at the time referred to (September, 1859) the peace of Villafranca seemed to annihilate any hope of ever Venetia becoming free, much more of any formation of a Kingdom of Italy. Austria still frowned upon the Peninsula from the mighty stronghold of the Quadrilateral, while France publicly declared her wish for a restoration of the old governments of Central Italy. Under such circumstances it was that the representatives of the Romagnol provinces assembled at Bologna, decreed the downfall of their old papal government, and their determination to become the subjects of King Victor Emmanuel. As to the spiritual power of the Pope, it was not even called in question, and has been fully acknowledged from that day to this. Had French troops cleared out of Rome and the remaining provinces of the Papal States, leaving their inhabitants to choose freely a temporal government, they would assuredly have done what their fellow-citizens did, who inhabited those provinces formerly garrisoned by Austrian troops. Again let it be repeated, the Italians want the Pope to remain in their midst at Rome, as the honoured and respected chief of their religion; but they insist also upon their right to have a free and national government which alone should bear temporal rule in Italy, to the exclusion of foreign bayonets and foreign interference.

It is worth while glancing, though but for a moment, at what has been effected in Bologna since it became, some ten years ago, one of the cities of the Italian Kingdom. To begin with the important subject of popular education. It will be found that, whereas in 1860 (the first year of the new order of things) there were 24 boys' schools, attended by 1,572 scholars, in 1870 there were 51 schools, attended by 3,164 scholars. The girls' schools in 1859-60 were only 2 in number, with 260 scholars; in 1870 there were 33 girls' schools, with 1,443 scholars. Evening and other schools, for men and lads, for young and grown-up women, were first established in the years 1861-62. The male attendants in these schools had, in 1868-69, reached the number of 1,132, and the female attendants numbered 526. At the same time the municipality greatly improved the school-buildings, cleanliness, light, and air being carefully attended to; while the quality and method of instruction were also much ameliorated. Technical schools were also established in 1860 for the first time. In 1869-70 the number of pupils attending them was 252 in the day-time, and 1,525 in the evening. A normal school for training schoolmistresses has been established since 1859, in which 150 female teachers are being trained; another for masters has 66 attendants. Before 1859 the library of the university was only opened during the day, the average number of readers being 1,400 per month. It has since been opened in the evening also. The average number of readers during the day-time is now 2,395 per

month, and in the evenings 2,132 per month. The Communal Library was formerly but rarely opened, and those who used it scarcely numbered 400 per month; it is now open regularly every day, and the average attendance has risen to 1,700 per month. The number of the various provident societies was seven previous to 1859; since then nine new ones have been formed. The town is far cleaner, better paved, and better kept than it used to be. The commercial movement has much increased. The new street Farini, and the new Piazza Cavour, are great improvements, as well as additions, to the city. It so happened that only last autumn (1870), when the writer was passing two nights at Bologna, he there met a gentleman who, when formerly in the Austrian army, had been quartered in the town. He spoke in the strongest terms of the great improvement effected in every way in the city, as compared with what he remembered it when in garrison there in the days of the past papal government. Here, as throughout Italy, much is doing; but much remains to be done. It is a work of time, labour, and patience. In 1861 the new Italian government set about a careful examination of the state of education in Italy. The result of its investigations was the appalling discovery that Italy contained 17,000,000 who could not read nor write—her whole population being 26,000,000. In the old Papal States from eighty to ninety per cent. of the inhabitants were thus grossly ignorant; while in the Neapolitan provinces the percentage was even higher. Such was the condition in which Italy was left by the old governments among whom she was formerly divided, and by whom she was thus kept in brutal ignorance. Under the new Kingdom both government and municipalities are eagerly pushing on the work of education throughout the length and breadth of the land. "By the end of 1866," says Signor Tommasi-Crudeli, in an interesting pamphlet on primary instruction in Italy, "there were, without counting Venetia, 11,137 elementary schools at work, attended by 1,217,870 boys and girls. The Government was spending 15,000,000 francs, and the municipalities over 21,000,000 francs annually, for public instruction. "We have," says the same writer, "done much, no doubt, especially in those provinces which were first penetrated with the immense importance of this branch of public administration, and in which a real thirst after instruction has sprung up of late years, as soon as ever those impediments were taken away which the preceding Governments took care to interpose; but in comparison with what is needed we have still not done enough." Everything proves the correctness of this statement; much has been done, but there is yet more to do. Happily, the Government, the municipal authorities, and the people generally, are bent upon increasing efforts to remove that mass of ignorance which Italy has inherited from the neglect

and cruelty of wicked rulers, who, for their own selfish ends, kept her disunited, enthralled, and ignorant.

On the 12th December, 1870, Signor Brioschi published the report of the examinations he had made for the admission of pupils into the Government educational institutions, which have been just opened in Rome under King Victor Emmanuel's newly-established rule. A few extracts will show in what state this official inspector found Roman youths, who were supposed to have received instruction.

"We have examined," he writes, "not unfrequently youths of fifteen, sixteen, and even eighteen years of age, who could not tell the different parts of speech, and did not know the conjugation of the verbs. Some excused themselves by saying that the Italian language had not been taught in the schools; others, that it ought only to be learned after Latin. So it was useless to examine them as to syntax, etymology, orthography, &c. The pupils examined had not the most elementary knowledge of the earth; they were even ignorant of Italy, of its seas, mountains, rivers, even of its most populous and celebrated cities. After this, it is unnecessary to speak about history."

Though Signor Brioschi was a Roman, and knew the terrible ignorance there existing, yet such was its depth upon examination, that he says, "I remained, I confess, overpowered with astonishment." So, too, will the reader when he comes to the end of the following extract:—

"I perceived that the Italian language was so neglected in all the schools, that, with very few exceptions, the youths could not distinguish pronouns from nouns, or give any account of the irregular verbs. As to geography and history, it would be better not to mention them, if it were not necessary to bring to light the depth of ignorance in which the Roman youth is plunged respecting them. When the young lads were asked by me if they knew anything about geography, some did not understand the meaning of the word; others, after assuring me that they had studied it for a year or two, told me that the Adriatic was a mountain, Sardinia a city, Milan the capital of Sicily. Very many did not know the number of Italy's population; many took the name of the Peninsula for that of a town; and there were those who said to me, that if they were unable to reply, I must remember that they were Romans, not Italians. When asked about well-known facts of Italian history, there were, with but rare exceptions, none who could state anything. One said Brutus was a despot, another that Dante was a French poet, and Petrarch an illustrious poetess. Of Columbus, I was told by one that he was an Apostle, and by another that he was the Holy Spirit."

As to arithmetic, it is observed "that there was a great inability to write from dictation the simplest numbers, such as 70,028. Such numbers were only written after repeated changes, corrections, and alterations." The report states that in Rome and its provinces "of a system of popular instruction, adapted to the wants of all, good as a preparation for further studies, but good also in itself as serving to awaken the intelligence—fit, in a word, to educate a whole people—there was not even an idea." Such is the official statement sent to the Italian minister of public instruction as to the condition of the Roman people in the matter of education in the year of grace 1870.

How enormous is the difference between this state of things in Rome and the condition of even elementary education in the popular schools of such cities as Milan and Naples, the writer can bear personal testimony, having himself visited many of the schools in those cities at different times from 1863 to 1865, and examined the scholars, both boys and girls. Since then, great progress and improvement of every kind has been made throughout the kingdom in the all-important work of popular instruction. When a government is founded on freedom and national rights, it naturally loves to rear up a free and instructed people. But when a government is upheld by foreign bayonets, it as naturally desires to keep its subjects from learning the real condition of their country, and therefore brings them up in ignorance that they may the more easily be retained in slavery.

While the great mass of the Italian nation are carrying on the work of national union and independence, seeking to lay its foundations broad and deep in widespread popular instruction, struggling patiently, and not unsuccessfully, with the old monster evils of ignorance and superstition, lawlessness and brigandage, there is at the same time a small but restless faction which, under the cloak of religious pretensions, would fain bring back the good old reign of ignorance and bondage, when petty Italian tyrants were bolstered up by big foreign battalions. That faction prove alike their hopeless weakness and their despicable want of patriotism, by always seeking help from foreign bayonets as the only means of restoring Italian division under foreign pressure, whose fruit was a perpetual alternation of despotism and revolution. It is really edifying to hear this faction's speculative hopes as to the future, which run in this fashion: "They say General Trochu is in favour of the temporal power. What if the Comte de Chambord mount the French throne? The Empress-Regent will perhaps turn up again. A National Assembly in France! Well, did not such an assembly vote the Roman expedition of 1849? Austria, too, *may* change, and once again return to the blissful days of a Bach or a Felix Schwarzenburgh. Then, too, the politeness of M. Bismarck to the Pope is reassuring, to say nothing of the communications of Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Dease. There is also M. Thiers, sadly bitten with constitutionalism in France, but happily enlightened enough to advocate theocratic absolutism in Rome." It is clear enough that the hopes of this faction rest upon foreign intervention; well does it know the result, if Italy be left in peace to shape her own destinies.

There is nothing connected with the new Kingdom of Italy more satisfactory than its friendly relations with the Austro-Hungarian State. But yesterday, so to speak, Austria and Italy were bitterly hostile to each other; now they are united by cordial good-will. In times past a military and priestly despotism weighed heavily on

both. That blind old system kept Austria in the possession of Italian provinces by way of strengthening her; but the only fruit it bore to her was that of internal outbreaks and foreign wars, which finally brought Austria to the verge of ruin. The new order of things has given to Italy and Austria alike possession of their own territory, relieving the one from the wrong of foreign domination, and the other from the burden of alien possessions; while it has bestowed upon both countries the blessings of constitutional freedom. Scarcely has the change been effected, when relations of the most friendly kind spring up between them. So strong are they that the Austrian minister, writing last autumn (1870) in an official despatch of the "neighbourly ties" existing between his own country and Italy, declared, that "a community of important interests makes it our duty to cultivate good relations with a power which we have every reason to praise, ever since a reconciliation has been effected. The Imperial and Royal government would correspond badly with the general feeling, and would be assuredly disavowed by public opinion, if to-day it broke its good understanding with Italy." The terrible war between France and Germany which suddenly burst forth last year, would assuredly have kindled a conflict between Austria and Italy had the latter, as in days past, been under the forcible dominion of the former. But as matters now are, not only has no rupture occurred between them, but they are in cordial friendship with each other, and have united their efforts to stay the awful strife of their powerful neighbours. Nor was there any country more earnest than Italy in its efforts to stop the outbreak of hostilities. Well, indeed, would it have been for poor France if she had listened to the wise and friendly entreaties of Italian as of other statesmen. It is, at any rate, a source of no little satisfaction to see that the Kingdom of Italy and the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy are, in their new conditions, elements of peace in Europe. This happy result has been produced by basing the relations of these two countries to each other, *not* on military positions, on quadrilaterals, and on bayonets, but upon those eternal principles of justice and liberty which give to each one his due. In the future, as in the past, it will prove miserable folly to make a military position however strong, or an army however mighty, the basis of a lasting peace, without regard to the demands of justice, liberty, and right. Let these who doubt the truth of such teaching read the story of Austrian rule backed up in Italy by vast armies and by quadrilateral fortresses; let them study, too, the history of that unprincipled conqueror at whose feet Europe was laid prostrate by the great victories of Austerlitz and Jena.

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CAN WAR BE AVOIDED?

EVER since the beginning of the late war between Germany and France a military mood has taken possession of the British people, who are liable to periodical disturbance and agitation about the condition of the national defences. Ministers have been loudly censured for injudicious economy. Alleged weaknesses in our military system have been unsparingly exposed.

All this is in some respects extremely satisfactory. Every one must wish that our army should be large enough for the legitimate purposes of our Empire. Every one must be anxious that the enormous sums devoted every year to the national armaments should be so expended as to secure the utmost efficiency in every branch of the military and naval services. Every one must hope that if any of the too numerous mischief-makers of the world should unhappily entangle us in war, we may not be exposed to so deplorable a breakdown as befell the armies of France under the Imperial system. But there is another side to this question which ought not to be forgotten. Newspapers and public men have addressed themselves to the discussion of our national defences without apparently betraying the smallest consciousness that the necessity of maintaining a large army and a powerful navy is of itself an evil. Instead of trying to realise Isaiah's vision of peace, we are rather looking forward to the very opposite; a time in which the countryman shall be taken from the ploughshare and the pruning-hook to drill, and when nations shall devote themselves by millions to learning the art of war. There is something profoundly melancholy in such a spectacle. It discourages our hopes of human progress. It reminds us of the deep-seated distrust which underlies the superficial protestations of amity that pass current among nations.

Doubtless the evil is one which at present cannot be avoided. Europe is far too barbarous to admit of disarmament. Men who live in a lawless community may, however peaceably disposed, be obliged to go about with loaded revolvers constantly in their pockets. But a patriotic statesman would make it his first business to take such measures for the protection of the citizens as would render the precaution superfluous. We should think little of a Government which calmly accepted the loaded revolver as a permanent necessity, and simply advised the citizens on no account to allow it to get out of order. Something of this sort, however, we are about to do in the case of our army. We possess in it a weapon which at present, it is true, we cannot dispense with because we are surrounded with neigh-

bours similarly armed and who cannot be trusted to keep the peace. Measures will be adopted to increase the strength and efficiency of the weapon ; none whatever to render the weapon itself needless. Yet surely it can hardly be disputed that this latter task would be infinitely worthier of far-sighted statesmanship, and infinitely more beneficial to the country. Large armaments imply that we live in a semi-savage condition, which all true statesmanship should endeavour to put an end to as speedily as possible. For even if war could be stripped of its incidental enormities, and reduced to a mere combat of armed men, in which every propriety and every rule of military etiquette should be strictly observed, it would still remain one of the worst of crimes, and would involve moral evils of the most terrible kind.

“Military glory,” says Theodore Parker, “is the poorest kind of distinction, but the most dangerous passion. . . . They are the heroes of the race who abridge the time of human toil, and multiply its results ; they who win great truths from God and send them to a people’s heart ; they who balance the many and the one into harmonious action, so that all are united and yet each left free. But the glory which comes of epaulets and feathers ; that strutting glory which is dyed in blood—what shall we say of it ? In this day it is not heroism, it is an imitation of barbarism long ago passed by.”

Alas, no ! the barbarism has not passed by ; it subsists in the very midst of the civilisation we are so proud of ; it bursts forth on the lightest occasion in all its fury, reducing Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen to the veriest savages, from whom they differ chiefly in the possession of a superior organisation and of more deadly weapons.

It is greatly to the credit of the Society of Friends that they, and they alone among Christians, have consistently denounced war as wrong on principle. While, however, they deserve all praise for having thus upheld a moral truth which has been so generally overlooked, it must be confessed that they have altogether failed to propose any substitute of a practical character for this rude method of venting international spleen. And it is, after all, of little use to assert the criminality of war in the abstract ; and of still less use to cry down standing armies and large armaments as if they were its cause instead of its consequence. Nations must learn to trust one another before they can disarm. Yet who can bid us trust the good intentions of our neighbours after recent experience ?

Moreover, it is, after all, a radically false ideal of national conduct which is upheld by the Peace Society. For if we understand them aright, they confine themselves mainly to urging particular nations to keep out of wars engaged in by others. But this course, though very often the right one, is not always so. Circumstances might arise in which it would be criminal weakness. To urge peace in

this indiscriminating manner, without considering the effect of our conduct upon Europe at large, is to take a road which will never lead us to the end in view. It is probably because the Peace Society fails to recognise any such thing as a just cause for that forcible intervention that it has so little influence even among peace-loving citizens. Some conflicts—often terrible and deadly conflicts—there are,

“When mankind doth strive
With its oppressors in a strife of blood,
Or when free thoughts, like lightnings, are alive;
And in each bosom of the multitude
Justice and truth, with custom's hydra brood,
Wage silent war.”

In such death-struggles of freedom against tyranny, a free and brave nation should not desire to stand apart in cold neutrality.

Perhaps it might be replied by the advocates of peace at any price that they do not extend their maxim to the case of an aggression upon the territory of any people, but that they admit the lawfulness of purely defensive warfare. This is a position which is seductive at first sight from its apparent simplicity, but which nevertheless it would be hard to uphold on any adequate grounds. If it is not a crime to kill human beings in self-defence, how can it be a crime to kill them in defence of others? It would be a strange morality which asserted that if attacked by brigands, we might lawfully use fire-arms to repel them, but that it would be highly immoral to rush to the assistance of a friend in a like misfortune and turn them to account in effecting his deliverance. Clearly, if we may defend ourselves, we may defend our neighbours, provided they have a good cause, and are unjustly attacked. To assert that in no case could such intervention be justified, would be to place the weaker powers of Europe at the absolute mercy of the stronger. It would be to withdraw the salutary checks which prevent the great military despotisms from extending their sway over those smaller neighbouring countries which are the homes of peace and of freedom. The nation which pursued such a policy, having the power to pursue another, would be degraded in its own eyes and in those of others.

Our object then ought not to be the isolation of any single country from the rest with a view of securing its own particular comfort. We should endeavour to embrace a larger area within the sphere of our benevolence. Not separation of interests, but union and sympathy among the various peoples—such a union and such a sympathy as should render war impossible—should be our goal. And England, as the most peaceable of the larger powers, should endeavour to lead the way in effecting that union. Poor indeed would be the policy which, requiring it to hold aloof from all intervention in Continental

affairs, would deprive it of its legitimate influence over its more war-like neighbours for so great an end.

It is when we come to consider the means by which this most desirable object can be attained that we find ourselves encompassed with the real difficulties of the subject. War has been so frequent and so general, it has so invariably been the resort of men when their wrath or hatred has been roused, that it seems quite hopeless ever to get rid of it. Men's passions remaining the same, it is natural to conclude that they will always express them in this particular way. To hope for the abolition of warfare seems like the dream of an enthusiast. Yet there is no obvious impossibility in an era of universal peace. It can scarcely be a more difficult task to establish peace between nations, than to establish peace within the limits of any given nation. The latter achievement has been the work of centuries. With such a precedent before us, the work still remaining ought to be much easier, inasmuch as we have to deal with men who have already learned to appreciate the blessings of tranquillity.

May not the reference that has just been made to the civilisation of communities in their internal relations supply us with a serviceable hint for the civilisation of communities in their relations to one another? May we not by inquiring how it is that nations have emerged from what Hobbes calls the state of anarchy, discover a method by which the state of anarchy in Europe, and ultimately in the world, may be superseded by a settled organisation?

Experience teaches us that peace can only be secured among the members of any nation when they all recognise a common authority which, supported by the united strength of the whole body, is able to enforce its decrees upon any refractory individuals. This common authority must not scruple to use force itself when occasion demands it in order to prevent the use of force by any private person; but the force which the authority can bring to bear against the contumacious must be so overwhelming that the general conduct shall be in obedience to its rules, and that the punishment of disobedience shall be prompt and certain. Only on these conditions can the state of anarchy be avoided. Where there is no common authority we have complete anarchy. Every man must defend his own family and possessions; every man may attack those of his neighbour subject to that neighbour's resistance. This, however, is a state of things which only exists among savages. Where the common authority is not recognised by all, or is too weak to enforce its laws, we have partial anarchy. This is a state of things which is not uncommon. In countries like Greece, where bands of marauders roam unpunished, the law being unable to suppress them, there is partial anarchy. Wherever it is necessary for the citizens to carry arms for the pro-

tection of their lives while discharging their ordinary avocations, there is partial anarchy.

With the progress of civilisation, and the improvement of the mechanism of administration, anarchy becomes less flagrant, until it gradually disappears. Private persons learn to respect their neighbours' possessions, on condition that theirs shall be respected by others. Blood is no longer avenged (as in rude countries) by the relations of the deceased, but murder is treated as a crime against the whole community. Quarrels do not habitually end in a fight. Insults are not punished by an armed assault on the insulter (though a modified form of this often survives in the midst of legally-governed countries in the shape of the duel). Speaking generally, the citizens learn to bring their complaints against one another (where they have any serious ground) before regularly-constituted tribunals, instead of appealing to the strength of their arms or the number of their followers. Domestic peace is thus effected by the recognition of a common and central authority. The common authority is that which we habitually term the Government; or in more abstract language, the Law.

Might it not then be possible to extend to international relations the same expedient which has proved so effective in domestic relations? Could not nations agree, as individuals have done, to submit their differences to a common authority? There is at least nothing palpably impracticable in such a scheme. In the European Congress which frequently assembles after a war to settle the terms of the treaty of peace, we seem to have the germ of a common authority. How much misery would be avoided if such a congress could meet *before* a war instead of after it, and make peace without the bloodshed which now precedes it.¹ But a diplomatic assemblage like this, though useful, is still in many respects unfit to discharge the functions of the supreme international authority. Let us consider how such a body should be constituted, and what duties it should discharge; proceeding, however, on the clear understanding that all the details of the following scheme are to be looked upon as mere hints, subject to any alterations which further consideration, or the suggestions of others, may commend as desirable.

In the first place, it is evident that all the countries which desire to be represented in it must enter into a voluntary alliance. On no nation should this alliance be forced against its will, though powerful inducements might be held out to the unwilling to join it. The allies would mutually engage—(1) To abstain from all warlike

(1) When writing the above sentence, several months ago, I did not expect that I should so soon see my wish in some measure realised by the successful meeting of the Conference on the Black Sea question. The Conference has been ridiculed in the press as "a farce." Perhaps it was one; but if so, I confess that I infinitely prefer a farce to a tragedy.

attacks against any one of the allies; (2) In case of dissensions arising, to bring their dissensions before the central authority; (3) To aid (in a manner to be hereafter explained) in repelling aggression upon any of the allies, either by any other ally, or by an unallied power, if called upon to do so by the central authority. This treaty—which might, if necessary, include any other articles—should be ratified by the Government and people of each State in the most solemn manner known to their local customs.

The next question which presents itself to us is that of the composition of the central authority. Calling the nations which may enter into the supposed alliance the Federation, we will call this authority the Federal Council. It will be obvious at once, then, that the Council must contain representatives from every member of the Federation. As to their number, and the mode of their election, we may remark, first, that the representatives of each Power should not be very few in number, but sufficient to insure variety of view, and to avoid the appearance of a close or limited assembly—such as a diplomatic Congress—which seldom inspires great confidence. Six representatives would probably not be too many, and there might be more without injury. Secondly, the number sent by each country should be the same, and should not depend upon its size. In a Council representing, not population, but those aggregates of population called nations, there is no reason why the feebler aggregates should not enjoy equal weight with the stronger, for they require guarantees against injustice as much as any. Acting on a similar view, the American Constitution provides that the Senate, which represents States, shall contain an equal number of Senators from each State, whether large or small. Thirdly, as to the manner of election, it will probably be best that each country should proceed upon the system it prefers; the essential point being that the members sent to the Federal Council should possess the full confidence of their countrymen.

At the same time, there is one condition which is of capital importance, and which the people of each country should insist upon, namely, that the members of the Council should be completely independent of the executive Government of their nation; that they should hold no office under it; and be in no manner responsible to it, or subject to its dictation. Were this condition neglected, the Council might become the scene of mere diplomatic intrigue, which it could scarcely do if its members were perfectly unconnected with the ruling powers.

Supposing the allied nations to have agreed to the appointment of the Council, it will remain for them to determine its functions; of which, however, nothing more than a rough and imperfect sketch can be attempted here. The great business of the Federal Council

will be the preservation of peace. All its actions will be directed towards this supreme end. The powers committed to it must be such as to secure this end most effectually. These powers would therefore be partly legislative, partly judicial. Legislative, because it must be able to frame laws for the guidance of nations in their foreign relations; judicial, because it must be able to decide international disputes, and to punish offenders who disturb the peace.

The legislative functions of the Federal Council would probably be of a subordinate and secondary character. National independence would require that it should in no case meddle with the internal affairs of any country. But the conduct of nations towards each other would come within the scope of its operations. On difficult questions of international law, its decision might be accepted as final, authority being given to it not merely to declare what the former practice has been, but to enjoin new practices, if needful. It would be empowered to hear complaints from strangers travelling or residing in a country against its Government; for instance, of any insult or injury inflicted on them by the custom-house or police, and to devise arrangements by which such evils should be avoided.

Incomparably the most important, however, will be its judicial duties. In this sphere it will be required, if dispute should arise between any two or more members of the Federation, to hear their arguments, and decide the case upon its merits. Should the complainant have just ground of offence, they will order the nation which has given it to make a suitable apology, and material compensation if need be. Suppose, however, that one of the Federal Powers, notwithstanding the obligations incurred by the treaty of alliance, should unjustly attack another, what should be the conduct of the rest of the Federation? Such an aggression is a crime against the whole of the Federation, a crime equal in magnitude and corresponding in character to that of high treason against an individual State. Morally speaking, it is an offence of a graver kind; legally speaking, it is an offence fully as grave, for the majesty of the whole Federation is assailed in the person of any one of its members. No small difficulty, however, is raised by the question how to deal with such treason. To seize and execute a nation is impossible. We have to consider, then, in what other mode it can be punished for its violation of public law. Now it is plain that there are ways, short of war, in which the sentiment of disapproval can make itself felt against a nation. The first and most obvious is, the suspension of diplomatic relations. No ambassador should be sent to or received from the offending Power, unless for a special communication. But stronger measures than this might be taken. Ships belonging to the assailant might be detained in neutral ports; while her merchant-vessels might be rendered liable

to seizure on the high seas. All neutral markets and ports might be closed against her, so that she would be unable to draw from them any kind of supplies, while the enemy would draw them freely. Nay more, her coasts might be blockaded by neutral vessels, if it were thought that in this way her action could be more effectually crippled. Any one who will carefully consider how preponderating would be the weight thus thrown into the scale of the country assailed, cannot fail to see that the aggressor would have the strongest motives to refrain from carrying on a war in which the conditions would be so unequal.

Moreover, if a whole people cannot be brought before the bar of the council as prisoners, its rulers, at least, can; and rulers who knew that they were liable to take their trial as criminals for an unnecessary war would be likely to feel some hesitation before entering into it. The Council therefore should be empowered to summon to its tribunal any monarch accused of declaring or provoking war, along with his advisers at the time of the declaration. It should try them for high treason, and have authority to condemn them to any penalty, not excepting the extreme penalty of death itself. Of course this could only be done with the co-operation of the nation governed by this sovereign and his ministers. Refusal to surrender them for trial would render any proceedings against them ineffectual. Where, however, a monarch had made war without the consent of his people, they might be expected to surrender him; where they approved of his action and protected his person, they would make themselves participators of his crime, and he, as the mere agent of their will, would not be peculiarly guilty, and would deserve no peculiar condemnation. To a ruler who had not this strong national support, the fear of execution as a traitor—a punishment from which, in aggravated cases, the Council ought not to shrink—would be a salutary and, not improbably, an effectual check.

Nevertheless it must be acknowledged that all this might be unavailing. National vanity or national antipathy might be so strong as to force on a war in spite of neutral condemnation; or the enemy might be so inferior in strength as to render any action of neutrals, short of active warfare, a matter of little moment. We are thus brought face to face with a further question of extreme delicacy, and which can hardly be answered without some hesitation. Is the Federation ever, under any possible circumstances, to declare war itself? Or must it confine itself exclusively to the milder forms of interposition suggested above?

At first sight it would seem rather inconsistent that a Federation, established for the express purpose of preventing war, should ever assume the attitude of a belligerent. To do so would look like a

flagrant violation of its own laws ; and would, moreover, wear the aspect of a palpable failure in the whole scheme for the preservation of peace. But it is plain that we are on the horns of a dilemma. If an aggressive and warlike nation should refuse to listen to the admonitions of the Federal Council, if it should be strong enough to disregard the active, though unarmed, opposition of all the rest of the Federation, then a partial war has taken place, and the purpose of the Federation has failed. If, on the other hand, the Federation itself engages in the contest, then a general war has taken place, and the purpose of the Federation has failed. This dilemma is put as strongly as possible, because it is right that the difficulties in the execution of the plan should be fairly stated. But, though serious, they are not insuperable. Let us see if, by observing the analogy of a single State, which has helped us before, we may not find a way out of them.

Unquestionably it is the duty of a government to repress all disorder, all violence, all fighting, within the limits of its jurisdiction. Its object in so doing is to save the life and limbs of all. Can it accomplish this task without the occasional employment of violence itself? Clearly not. If riots should occur in any locality, a government may properly send armed policemen to quell them, and these policemen cannot be blamed if they deal some hard blows to the rioters ; while in extreme cases even the military may be employed, and the public safety may imperiously require resort to so destructive a measure as that of firing on the crowd, whereby men may be killed without trial, and possibly without being guilty. But this is not all. Habitual lawlessness on the part of individuals, or bands of persons, must sometimes be met by lawless measures of repression. Bands of robbers infesting a district, whom it is impossible to capture and bring before a regular tribunal, may be pursued and shot by the agents of government, if that is the most effectual manner of putting them down. Rebels in arms, if their number should be formidable enough to cause danger to loyal people, may properly be opposed by troops, and on their refusal to surrender, be treated as enemies, and subjected to a hostile fire. Nobody would defend such rigorous proceedings as desirable, if they can possibly be avoided ; but where the general tranquillity cannot otherwise be secured, it would be the extreme of constitutional pedantry to condemn their use. Nor is the character of government as a peace-preserver held to be at all prejudiced by this necessary violence. On the contrary, it would be unable to preserve the peace if violence were in all circumstances forbidden to it.

Turning now to the larger case of the relations of nations, we shall find similar reasons for believing that the Federal Council could not adequately fulfil its office without the extreme power of declaring

war. In the first place, what else can be equally effective as a means of preventing war when declared, or likely otherwise to be declared, by an aggressive power? Confident in its strength, and regardless of the opinion of its neighbours, such a power is very unlikely to listen to any arguments not accompanied by threats. In the second place, what else can be so likely to bring a war to a speedy end, if it has actually begun? The people assailed would find itself defended by such a rampart as no single nation could think of assaulting with any chance of success. War, under such conditions, would be unlikely to occur; if it did occur, it would be of short duration. Moreover, it would be still further mitigated by the circumstance that any war undertaken by the Federation must be of a purely defensive, or more properly, preventive character. From its composition and character the Federation could never aim at its own aggrandisement at the expense of any country. Possessing no territory in its common character, it could never desire to take it from others. Military glory would be indifferent to so heterogeneous a body, and its very strength would lift it above such considerations. Its only object would be to remove the strain upon its resources as soon as possible by making peace. On receiving ample guarantees that the unjust attack would not be repeated, the work of the Federation, so far as that work was of a belligerent character, would be over. As an illustration of this sort of preventive warfare, the guarantee given to Belgium by three neutral powers in the present war may be referred to. In this case it was proposed that in the event of attack, Belgium should be defended by these guarantors, but without their taking part in the general operations of the war. In short, Belgium would have been protected, but no part would have been taken in the invasion of France or the sieges of her cities. This guarantee was completely successful in assuring the public mind that if any danger had threatened Belgium, that danger was now past. A reserved right on the part of the Federal Council of declaring a preventive war would thus have a threefold benefit—first, it would frequently prevent the occurrence of war altogether; secondly, it would shorten it where it did occur; thirdly, by giving it a defensive character, it would obviate many of its worst features.

Yet, notwithstanding all these alleviating circumstances, it must be acknowledged that any war waged by a Federation, instituted to preserve peace, is a melancholy prospect. If it were possible or probable that such wars should be frequent, the ends of its existence would not be answered. But it must be remembered that we are talking of nations that have not yet fully emerged from the state of anarchy in which they were before the Federation was formed. Partial anarchy still continues. Not till the authority of the Council has been completely established can all war be rendered impossible. But if the

Council by its wisdom inspired confidence in its constituents; if its members were superior to petty national jealousies; if its conduct evinced a single regard for the amity of nations and an earnest wish to administer impartial justice among them, there is no reason why its decrees should not be as promptly obeyed as Acts of Parliament among ourselves. If once it gained this high reputation—and there seems no reason why it should not—the remnants of the old anarchy would disappear. Nations would feel as secure in regard to other nations as each of us feels in his own home in regard to his neighbours. The wars, then, which the Federation might have to wage must be looked upon as transitory evils arising from the impossibility of at once emerging from our present barbarous civilisation to a higher state.

While, however, the Council would prohibit unwarrantable aggression, it must not be supposed that it would have nothing to do but to uphold the *status quo* throughout the world. Such an attempt would inevitably fail, for it would ignore the natural laws which compel the progressive expansion of some races at the expense of others. Cases occur in which a transfer of territory is desirable, as recently happened in Italy, when Victor Emmanuel took possession of the Estates of the Church. It would be the duty of the Council to deal with such cases on their merits.

These are the general rules upon which the Federal Council should act. Let us see, by a few special applications, whether they would be likely to avert the calamity of war. How, for example, should the Council behave in such a case as that of the late war? Had France declared war, instead of bringing her grievances before the Council, her declaration must immediately have been met by a counter-declaration on the part of the Federated Powers that they would oppose, *vi et armis*, any attack directed against Prussia. It is all but certain that such an announcement would have prevented the war altogether. Mad and reckless as the conduct of Napoleon was, it is barely conceivable that even he would have hurled his troops against the united forces of North Germany, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain, to say nothing of Italy and Spain, which would have attacked his southern frontiers. We may, therefore, safely assume that no war would have occurred. But, as we are bound to contemplate every possibility, let us imagine for a moment that the French had persisted in their bellicose ardour, and had met the allied forces in battle. Since the Germans alone sufficed to defeat the armies of France, it is plain that their overthrow by the allies must have been still more complete and crushing. Their aggressive movement would have been repelled, and their armies, we may suppose, surrounded and taken prisoners, as at Sedan and at Metz. But the danger of an invasion of Germany having been once averted, the objects of the

Federation would have been accomplished, and there could have been no further obstacle to the conclusion of peace. In no case could it have entered into the designs of the Federation to invade France, crushing its civil population beneath the iron tramp of hostile troops. Germany could have had no excuse for insisting on an accession of territory, for her frontier would have been amply guaranteed by the support of her allies. Besides, having received the support of other countries in repelling invasion, she must needs have acknowledged the right of those countries to a voice in determining the conditions of peace. Hence we must conclude that the existence of the Federation would have rendered this war all but impossible; and that had it occurred, its worst miseries—which are due to the devastation of France—would have been prevented.

But the duties of the Federation would not end with the mere repulse of an iniquitous aggression. Exercising the judicial authority with which they are invested, the Federal Council would summon to his trial the ruler who had been guilty of so flagrant an outrage on European peace. Charged by the nation against whom his attack was immediately levelled with high treason against the Federation, he would plead his cause before that august body, who would be bound to lend the utmost attention to any extenuating circumstances—such as provocation received by him—which he might urge in his defence. They would then pronounce their verdict of acquittal or condemnation. In the present instance it is hardly to be doubted what that verdict ought to have been. The ex-Emperor Napoleon, had the Federation existed, should have been found guilty, and condemned to whatever penalty his judges might conceive to be adequate to his offence. If any proper sentiment existed among nations as to the awful criminality of causing an unnecessary war, no punishment could possibly be deemed too severe. Napoleon's crime was of the deepest dye. Not only had he received no provocation, but he himself actually gave it. He stimulated the warlike passions of France and Prussia. He deliberately refused to be content with the concession of all he had demanded of Prussia, and put forth a further demand of so outrageous a character that it could not possibly be agreed to. The throne which he had won by bloodshed, required further bloodshed to sustain it; and as he had not shrunk before from the massacre of Frenchmen, so he did not now recoil from bidding Frenchmen and Germans massacre each other. The chasseur and the mitrailleuse were ready; it was time that Louis should receive the baptism of fire. A magnificent spectacle must be prepared for the Imperial child. He must learn in time that when you have such destructive and deadly weapons in your hands you cannot do better than to use them against neighbouring nations. His mind must be duly impressed with the traditions of

his house. If this great scheme broke down, it was because the capacity of him who planned it was not equal to his malignity. Such a man deserves no pity. Ordinary murderers are regarded with the abhorrence of mankind; the man who plunges nations in a wanton war is guilty of thousandfold murder. With the Emperor should have been placed at the bar at least the principal ministers who urged him on in his fatal career. If these persons were to be visited with the just penalty of their conduct, princes and ministers might possibly enter upon war with other feelings than the light heart of which one of them dared to boast at the very moment when he was leading France to her ruin.

While the existence of the Federal Council would have been thus beneficial in the most recent instance, its action would in all probability have been equally efficacious in determining other European difficulties which have arisen during the course of this century. For example, it may safely be concluded that Russia would have ventured upon no aggression in Turkey had she known that the whole force of the Federation was ready to oppose her. The German-Danish question would have presented little difficulty. By listening to the conflicting claims of Germany and Denmark, and at the same time carefully ascertaining the feelings of the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein, a satisfactory boundary-line could have been drawn without the humiliation actually suffered by Denmark. The Italian question, though more difficult, would also have been capable of adjustment by the Council without the necessity of war; for if the Emperor of Austria and the King of Piedmont had brought their respective claims before the Council, that body, considering the known wishes of the population, must have declined to support the Austrian cause. In any war between these powers—no matter which of them began it—equity would have compelled them to treat Austria as the aggressor, so long as she occupied Italian soil. The knowledge of this would in all probability have induced the peaceable cession of her Italian provinces to Victor Emmanuel. The Federation, in short, could have done by moral authority what the ex-Emperor Napoleon and his Italian allies did by war. Like reasons would have effected the evacuation of Rome by France.

Matters of a rather different character would also be brought before the Council. We all know the extreme difficulty of bringing such a quarrel as that between England and the United States with reference to the Alabama to a happy issue. Each nation is naturally unwilling to admit that it has been in the wrong. Were there an impartial body at hand, before whom, as arbitrator, the whole case could be laid, no war or even alienation could arise from such circumstances. If the Council decided that we had acted rightly, we should be absolved from all suspicion of guilt; if otherwise, we should

at once tender the compensation and apology which might be ordered by our judges. Moreover, in its legislative capacity it would be able to lay down—what are now sorely needed—distinct rules for the guidance of neutrals and belligerents in similar cases. Such rules would prevent the ill-feeling which now too frequently arises when neutrals are supposed to neglect their duty, or belligerents to overstep their rights.

I have endeavoured to point out a few of the advantages which the establishment of a central international authority might secure; but I am well aware that the preceding pages contain nothing like an absolute demonstration that it *would* secure them. In matters of this sort we can judge only from general probability, and I think in this instance the probability is that such an experiment would succeed. Perhaps, however, it may be necessary to explain rather more fully the grounds on which this expectation is based. I must admit that if the present state of the world only be regarded, the gravest reasons may be urged for believing that no such contrivance as that here proposed could possibly effect so great a revolution as the abolition of war. For, it may be asked, whence are the new forces to come which are to induce powerful and military nations to submit to the control of a heterogeneous body, in which, from the very necessities of the case, they will lose the advantage of their strength and their mighty armaments? Or what is to prevent them, even if they do enter into such a League, from breaking loose from it as soon as it suits their convenience? And if one nation were not strong enough to overcome the League, would it not necessarily be dissolved if several of the major States resolved, with a view to some iniquitous aggression, to repudiate its control? Such machines (it may be contended) can never be stronger than the public opinion that works them, and what we need is the transformation of this opinion into something more equitable and lofty—a transformation not to be effected by an artificial organisation. Nations would still be guided by their interests, and would break away from federal obligations or decrees as they now do from treaties, if the inconvenience of obeying them were greater than that of evading them. If there were a lawless spirit in Europe no federal body could repress it; while if there were not, the Council would be of very secondary importance, and might, indeed, be altogether needless. Again, the Council must be able to agree upon some common moral rules; but what would these be? Not the perpetual obligation of treaties; not the illegitimacy of conquest; not the right of each country to select its rulers; for each of these rules would condemn the practice of one or more of the great powers. Upon what general principles then could such an international parliament found its action?

Not only are these difficulties exceedingly serious, but if I had either hoped or wished for an *immediate* trial of the plan here suggested, I should have quailed before them as positively insuperable. But it never occurred to me to entertain so chimerical an expectation. War being a result of malignant passions, it is plain that nothing can prevent it completely but an improvement in morals. In the absence of a strong moral sentiment against fighting on the part of the majority of mankind, there can be no specific to stop them from occasionally gratifying their natural ferocity. In speaking of what the Federation and its representative assembly might accomplish, I have thought myself at liberty to presuppose this improvement. And I do not admit that this is by any means a rash or unjustifiable assumption. On the contrary, it seems to me that unless the progress of the human race should come to an unaccountable stand-still, the moral reprobation with which indulgence of the combative and destructive propensities of our nature is regarded must gain in intensity and in generality. Certain it is that all progress hitherto has been favourable to, and indeed has largely consisted in the growth of such a sentiment. Not only have all well-ordered societies suppressed the acts of violence, plunder, and rapine which were formerly common between individuals or sections of the community, but war itself, though still tolerated, is regarded with far greater horror and aversion now than it formerly was. The destruction and desolation which victorious armies inflict is spoken of with indignation, and efforts are made by benevolent persons to soften as much as possible the rigours of the state of war by appealing to laws supposed to be binding on the honour of the combatants. It can scarcely be supposed that philanthropy will rest contented with so trifling a gain. War cannot by its nature be anything but utterly cruel and barbarous, and if we want to prevent cruelty and barbarity we must check them at the fountain-head. Can it be doubted that this is the conclusion to which modern feeling irresistibly and inevitably tends? There is plainly visible a growing detestation of the odious massacres which, from time to time, disgrace the world, and a growing desire to discover some honourable means of doing without them.

Perhaps, however, it may be thought that this argument renders the whole of the foregoing proposals superfluous; for as soon as nations desire peace with sufficient fervour they will have it, even without the machinery of a Federal Council. In a certain sense this is true, and I fully believe that the condition of universal and permanent peace will sooner or later arrive, whether or not there should be established a formal league in order to secure it. But this result will not be attained without human co-operation. Progress is the joint result of the efforts of numerous human beings striving in the

same direction. Thus, in the present case, those who wish to see war superseded must labour together in order to convert others to their opinions. And I am convinced that they will labour far more effectually and usefully if they have a definite proposal to make in lieu of it, than if they confine themselves to general denunciations of its iniquity. Men listen to these denunciations as they do to sermons; with respect, perhaps with agreement, but without perceiving that there is anything to be actually done. War, they admit, is a great curse, but how are they to prevent it? Now I hold that the ends of the peace party in the several countries where it exists will be sooner and more easily gained if they can point out that there *are* other ways by which nations can determine matters of difference with honour and continue to exert a legitimate influence on one another. True, these better ways may not be capable of immediate adoption, but that is no reason why we should not work for them. It may be high time to *suggest* reforms years, or even generations, before it is time to *carry* them. In the present instance it is obvious that before the league contemplated here can be formed, the nations forming it must have been converted to an earnest desire to avoid future warfare. No one can force it upon them, and its formation would itself be ample evidence of a considerable advance. We need not, therefore, fear lest they should in their present immoral state enter into the league to break out of it again at the first convenient opportunity. A desire of peace, far stronger than is now prevalent, must unquestionably exist to render the Federation possible even for a moment; but this desire is not of itself an all-sufficient guarantee of future tranquillity. For we must recollect that this desire may exist in very different degrees of intensity, and also that it may be far stronger in one nation than in another. At its maximum strength it would be sufficient to prevent war entirely, but in its feebler degrees it would only render war unpopular and make people more reluctant to engage in it. Existing equally among all nations, it would be the best possible safeguard; but should one nation be aggressive and insulting it might so presume upon the pacific tendencies of others as actually to provoke a conflict which would have been averted if both had been equally warlike. It is in cases like these that the Council would be pre-eminently useful. It would prevent the feebler degrees of peaceable feeling from being overwhelmed by unfavourable circumstances. It would render it possible for the more pacific countries to resist, without ignominious submissiveness, the insults of the more warlike.

Still, there remains unanswered the important query, What guarantee have we that the Federal Council would decide justly between the vast interests that would struggle for the mastery within it? I reply that we have no absolute guarantee, but that,

presupposing, as we must, an earnest wish to preserve peace (without which no council could exist at all), the probability is that it would act with as much regard to justice as any other representative assembly. At the best, representative government is a rude method, though the best yet devised, of preventing positive *injustice* by not permitting any one class or any combination of persons to monopolise authority. And as a good many very unjust and very bad Acts of Parliament are preferable to rebellion, so a considerable degree of imperfection in the decrees of the International Parliament would be a cheap price to pay for our deliverance from the enormous injustice always involved in war. If only the people were determined to have peace, their delegates in the council would find means to preserve it, and would avoid any such gross departure from equity as to imperil its continuance. Moreover, it would be no small gain to compel an appeal from the wishes and actions of monarchs, diplomatists, and military men to a popular body, thus depriving these dangerous classes of the power of driving a nation into a war without consulting it.

Undoubtedly, if two or three of the large powers were resolutely bent upon a course of violence and aggression against a neighbour, they might break up the league in order to carry out their policy. But I fail to see that this constitutes an objection to the establishment of such a league. For surely the great powers in question would be much *less* likely to combine in an iniquitous war if there existed such an alliance than if there were none. There would at least be some check imposed upon them by the obligations entered into towards others, and by the knowledge of the far greater indignation and resentment their conduct would provoke. To act aggressively and perfidiously as well is more difficult than to act aggressively only. Hence, though it is true that the league might thus be destroyed, as any civil government might be destroyed by the insurrection of the majority of its subjects, this does not prove that the experiment ought not to be tried, or that if tried, it would be wholly useless.

Lastly, there is no obvious necessity for the establishment of any common principles of international ethics at the very outset of the Council's deliberations. Seeing how opinion varies from age to age, it would probably be even inexpedient to lay down any abstract principles to which the members must agree, and which, like the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, might possibly remain in existence only to hamper and perplex them, long after the riper judgment of posterity had advanced to something better. The delegates to the Federal Council would be instructed by their constituents that it was their duty to preserve peace; and subject to this general and paramount end, the larger the liberty allowed them, the better, in all

probability, would their functions be discharged. Rules to govern the relations of independent States towards each other would then be found, as soon as the condition of public opinion rendered it possible to arrive at a common understanding. Rules for the conduct of governments in their internal relations it would be beyond the province of the Council to frame at all.

There appears, then, sufficient reason to think that the cause of peace would be powerfully aided by the creation of a common international authority, empowered to arbitrate between rival nations. Experience favours the belief that, such an authority once established, the bitterest enmities disappear under its influence. In former times many small communities waged independent warfare, which being now united under a single rule, remain constantly at peace. Ancient Greece was divided into numerous little republics, which were often at enmity with each other; ancient Rome carried on long hostilities with its Italian neighbours. In the Middle Ages there existed several independent and hostile powers in Italy. England and Wales were not always friendly; England and Scotland were once inveterate foes. In Germany, unity has been but recently achieved, and war, which might formerly have occurred, and did very frequently occur, between its separate factions, is now no longer possible within the limits of the German Confederation.

Nor is it a sufficient reply to this argument to say that in all these cases peace has only been secured by the union of the hostile communities under a common ruler, who has had at his command such a preponderant force as to compel the turbulent to abstain from further quarrels. Whence could the preponderant force of these rulers have come but from the desire of the several sections of their empire to maintain friendly relations? Could the King of Italy keep in check the passions of his people if Florence and Pisa, Genoa and Venice, and all the other important towns of that peninsula were still inflamed by their ancient rivalries? And if the enmities of Greeks, Italians, Germans, and Britons are found to vanish under the influence of union under a central authority, why may not those of these various races among each other? They are surely not so widely separated in feelings, manners, laws, or religion, that it would be utterly hopeless to create among them too a sense of intimacy and sympathy which, a few generations hence, would render a war between France and Germany, or England and Russia, as monstrous and inconceivable as it would be now between England and Scotland.

Should it be thought, however, that the overwhelming power which a single government can generally bring to bear against refractory subjects—a power greater in proportion than the Federation could command against rebellious States—still vitiates the

comparison, there is another analogy which is wholly free from this defect. It is that of the Boards of Arbitration which have been found so eminently successful in certain trades in obviating strikes. Here there is absolutely no physical force to support the moral force exerted by the common authority. Masters and workmen might either of them at any moment refuse to abide by an adverse decision, and break up the Boards. But it is not found that they do this. The men, being represented in equal numbers, and knowing that their interests will be fairly considered, no longer resort to strikes—which are in trade the equivalent of war—but are content to be ruled by a body in which the claims of both sides are fully heard and amicably adjusted. This result, it is obvious, would never have been obtained by any number of speeches or writings showing the folly of strikes on general grounds, or exposing the injury they do to the workmen who resort to them. What was required in order to put a stop to them was that some one should propose a practical substitute. It would be the same with nations. War is not always resorted to by them out of pure malevolence, but often because, when their disagreements have caused a certain degree of exasperation, there is absolutely no other appeal open to them than that to the sword. Had they constantly before their eyes a tribunal which they could trust, they would be certain to bring their grievances before it, at least in the first instance, and it would only be in the rare cases in which calm discussion did not suffice to remove them that they would have recourse to the rude ordeal of battle.

But while a few such failures must be at first expected, or, at least, must not discourage us if they should happen, it is easy to foresee that they would become more and more infrequent, until at last they entirely ceased. The habit of peace would grow upon men, as does, unhappily, the habit of war. If an entire generation could grow up without having ever seen war, it would in all probability be thought of with such an intense aversion, that nations would recoil in horror from sending forth their sons, either to massacre, devastate, and plunder others, or to be themselves killed upon the field of battle or sent back mangled and shattered to their homes. Peace would have become habitual, and rulers or public men who tried to break it would be looked upon, not only abroad, but in their native countries, with the detestation they deserve. Armies and navies will then become useless burdens. The scientific skill which now employs itself in the multiplication and refinement of engines for the rapid destruction of human beings will turn to worthier pursuits. We shall dwell, not only in actual tranquillity, but—what is second only in importance—in security, confidence, and mutual friendship.

Doubtless all this can only be the slow growth of time—how slow it is impossible for any one now living to predict. But this does not

prevent us from beginning to move towards the distant goal. Let Europe, at least—Europe, which is the centre whence civilisation, knowledge, and humanity are diffused—be diligently urged to commence the work. The League of Peace could not be expected at first to extend its beneficent operations beyond the limits of Europe and the United States; but, if it were once thoroughly at work, if it succeeded in the preservation of amity, if it drew those who had joined it within the bonds of a closer union, it would powerfully attract and influence other populations which had remained outside its limits. Asia, instructed and enlightened by European influence, would be admitted to partake in its blessings. In due season Mexico and the communities of South America might also be welcomed as members of the great alliance. Nation after nation, continent after continent, would thus be drawn into the ever-widening area of uninterrupted peace—

“Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”

AMBERLEY.

[Professor Seeley's article on the "United States of Europe" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1871) did not appear until long after the above pages had been written; hence I had not the advantage of being able to strengthen my arguments by occasional reference to his. I rejoiced to find, however, that the reasoning upon which I relied had in no small degree been employed by him, with a view to the establishment of similar conclusions. Notwithstanding this circumstance, there is a wide difference between Professor Seeley's scheme and mine. He proposes that all the States of Europe should enter into a close federation, "with a complete apparatus of powers, legislative, executive, and judicial," and that the individual States should abandon to the federation the exclusive right of levying troops. This plan would enhance enormously the difficulties, already serious enough, of forming a federation at all. And though it might be desirable that this should be the ultimate form of international alliance, it is scarcely possible that it could be its first form. For how could the separate States consent to part with the power of levying troops until *after* they had acquired complete confidence in each other's pacific intentions, a confidence quite impossible at the commencement of their federal union. Professor Seeley's instance of the successful federation *par excellence*, the American Union, is not a happy one. 'The Americans were compelled to pass through a sanguinary struggle for four years for the express purpose of curbing the separatist tendency of certain States, and asserting the supremacy of the whole federation over each of its parts. And the ultimate cause of this struggle was difference of institutions among the States. In Europe, where the parts differ at least as widely from each other, a similar conflict between some section of the federation and the rest would be almost inevitable. Professor Seeley says, and I agree with him, that the Americans were right to maintain their Union by force of arms. But then it had other objects besides peace. Whereas if the European Federation had to be upheld by a similar process of military coercion, it would fail in its main object.

Another objection to Professor Seeley's proposal, if I do not misunderstand him, is that he makes no provision for the inclusion of the United States themselves in the federation—a fatal omission.

After pointing out these discrepancies in our mode of treating the subject, it would be ungrateful were I not warmly to acknowledge the service which Professor Seeley has done to the cause we both have at heart by the publication of his lecture. With its general spirit and aims I entirely concur, and I gladly appeal to it in support of the main proposition of the foregoing pages, namely, that war might be abolished by the establishment of a central federal authority.]

ANNE FURNESS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I MUST state as briefly and clearly as I can the facts which we only learned piecemeal, and with dismay and confusion of mind indescribable. Indeed, it was long before we became acquainted with much that I shall here set down.

My father had given a bill of sale over all his property at Water-Eardley to Matthew Kitchen.

The latter had worked and schemed to this end for a long time past. Most likely had had some such plan in his mind from the time when he first discovered that my father was, to a certain extent, in old Green's power. The sums that father had borrowed, first of the old man, and afterwards of his grandson Matthew, did not, when all usurious advantage was taken, amount to more than half the real value of the property at Water-Eardley. Nevertheless, when Matthew Kitchen had not only declined to make further advances, but had pressed for the payment of the existing debts on the ground that he held no sufficient security for his money, and could not afford to run the risk of losing it, father had desperately given the bill of sale; and, still more desperately, had trusted to Matthew's promise that he would not put it into execution, unless no other hope remained of indemnifying himself.

The news of father's disastrous racing speculation had spread through Horsingham. It was known that my mother's marriage settlement had been given up for the payment of her husband's gambling debts. Moreover, the rumour had spread throughout the town that Furness of Water-Eardley was about to sell his furniture and property for the benefit of his creditors. The tradespeople to whom my father owed money were well satisfied enough with this prospect. Not so Mr. Matthew Kitchen. There would doubtless be enough to pay all claims if the property were sold—as must be reckoned on—even much under its value. But his bare due did not satisfy Matthew. He held the bill of sale, and resolved to enforce his power while there was yet time.

The men who had come on the dismal errand of informing my father that no stick or straw in Water-Eardley manor-house, or on Water-Eardley farm, belonged to him any longer, were civil enough. I fancy such men mostly are so. For gratuitous incivility, some sort of emotion is necessary—malice, anger, resentment, sullenness, some feeling or other. These men in the present case had none.

The whole matter was to them one of absolute indifference. The man whom Sarah had called Joe Scott spoke to my mother with uncovered head and bated breath. It was a show of respect due to misfortune. His business lay with misfortune, as a funeral undertaker's business lies with death and mourning. How could he be specially sorry for us? But he understood that a grave and regretful demeanour was decent under the circumstances, and he did his best to assume one.

Mother looked about her confusedly, like a person who has been suddenly and roughly roused from sleep.

"I do not understand it," she said. "Could I not speak with Mr. Kitchen? It is impossible that my husband can owe him the worth of all the property here! *Everything*? Oh, it must be a mistake! It is impossible!"

"No mistake, ma'am. Mr. Kitchen holds a bill of sale, you know. You can say whatever you have a mind to, to him, ma'am. We've nothing to do with that. Only we must carry out our instructions, you know. Ladies mostly don't understand these things. You'd better let Mr. Furness know as soon as possible, ma'am."

"Yes, dear mother," whispered I in her ear, "father ought to be roused without delay."

"Quite so, Miss. In fact, he—he must be told, sooner or later, you know," said Joe Scott.

I looked round the kitchen. The two women-servants stood helplessly whimpering and biting their fingers. At the open door appeared two or three heads, eagerly looking in. They darted out of sight on my directing my gaze towards them. I had recognised them as belonging to some of the farm labourers.

"Is there any one here," said I, "who will go to Dr. Hewson's house, Mortlands, and carry a note for me as quickly as possible?"

Two voices answered, "Me, Miss!" and the peeping heads reappeared. The messenger I chose was a cow-boy, a lad of fourteen, swift of foot, as I knew, and acquainted with my grandfather's house. I scrawled a couple of lines, imploring grandfather to come to us at once, and watched the lad set off with my note at the full speed of his long uncouth legs. Mother had followed me into the sitting-room, whither I had run to write, and stood there now, with her hands pressed to her forehead. Writing the note and sending it off had taken little more than a couple of minutes.

"Darling mother," said I, "father must be awakened. Shall I do it? Shall I go to him for you?"

She took her hands from her head quickly, and then passed them once or twice over her brows, pressing down her closed eyelids.

"No, Anne," she said, speaking hurriedly, like one who cannot

brook an instant's delay, and yet not moving from the spot where she stood. "No, no, my child! I must do it. I must tell him. He will bear it better from me."

I waited an instant or two, expecting to see her go. Finding she still did not move, I again offered to go in her stead.

She made two or three quick steps towards the door, and then suddenly stopped, and burst out into silent, bitter weeping.

"Dearest, darling mother! let me go. I am stronger than you. I will tell father."

"No, no!" she said, trying to restrain the tears that streamed down her cheeks. "It is not that. I will tell him. But—oh, Anne—this will break his heart!"

Then she went quickly out of the room, and I heard her step ascending the staircase.

I stood at the window and looked out on the garden beds that my eyes had rested on so many thousand times. It was a beautiful autumn day. The distant woods had a thin veil of silver vapour softening their variegated tints. But overhead the sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly. All was peace and silence. Only the low of cattle came up from the river-side meadows now and then, with a tone by distance made not unmusical.

But to me all was loathsome,—the silence as the sound, the sunshine as the shade, the very perfume of the flowers.

To a sick palate no savour is delicious; and my soul was sick. All my senses seemed turned into instruments of pain, instead of pleasure. I could not cry: I could do nothing but stand as if I had lost all power to move, miserably waiting for mother to return, and feeling sore in every nerve.

Presently she did return, after an absence which really had been brief, although in passing the minutes had seemed to me almost unbearably lengthened out.

"What does he say? How did he—how did he bear it, dear?"

"He said only a word or two, kissed me, and bade me go down to the men and tell them he would be ready directly."

"Then he was calmer than you had feared?"

"He was calm; but, oh! there was an awful look in his face. A look almost like—like one insane!" added mother, after a long pause, and in a horrified whisper. And a strong shudder shook her from head to foot. I clasped her tightly in my arms. I could not speak. She had suddenly touched on a secret fear which I had tried to hide even from myself. Without another word she left me, and went to the kitchen to give the men my father's message; and I remained still standing at the window as before.

"What's that?"

I found myself uttering the words aloud, in a half-whisper, whilst

my heart throbbed with a rapidity that was agonising. I had been startled by a sound that seemed to make every fibre in my body quiver—the report of a pistol.

Something rushed along the passage, and passed the open door. I saw a fluttering garment and the vision of a white set face, with wide staring eyes. It was my mother's face. She flew up the stairs with a swiftness that was awful, superhuman. Others followed her quickly; but she outstripped them as a winged creature might. There was a second's pause, and then—O my God! the agony of that sound! Shriek upon shriek pierced the ear, like stab upon stab of a sharp, cruel sword. I mounted the stairs in a sort of frenzy, unconscious of my footsteps, as if a great wind had taken me and whirled me upwards.

There was a crowd of people in the room already—the servants, some of the farm-labourers, and the two men who had come on Matthew Kitchen's errand. I could not see my mother, but those dreadful shrieks continued. Two or three women had gathered about her; the others surrounded the bed. When they became aware that I was among them, some of the men cried out to me to go away, that was no place for me. The man named Scott even took me by the arm to lead me from the room, but I struggled and resisted.

“Mother! mother! Let me go to mother!” I remember crying out those words over and over again. I was trembling so convulsively that my teeth chattered in my head; but I still struggled to reach my mother. In the movement thus caused among them the crowd of people round the bed parted, and I saw——

No; even now I cannot write it; I cannot think of it. My hand is cold; my fingers quiver. All the anguish comes back again; all the old scars throb and ache. I see my mother's form flung, with wild hair, across the bed; the women struggling to raise her, to drag her back; her clenched hands clutching at the coverlet. I see an awful stain slowly spreading, creeping, winding horribly along the floor. I see a ghastly heap upon the bed; then all is red before my eyes; my ears are full of a roaring sound like the surging of the sea; the ground rocks and heaves and sinks from under me, and I plunge down, down, into a black gulf of unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XL.

ANOTHER “painting on the wall” of one of those secret chambers in the brain which preserve their memories with such diverse and capricious degrees of vividness,—another picture out of my past life,

grows distinct to the mind's eye, as I sit musing at my desk. Memory, as one who carries a flickering torch, flits from spot to spot, and holds her light now here, now there, illuminating the long-unseen pictures with scant, wandering rays. But at length she pauses, and stands still before one special scene; and the flame of the torch grows steady, and the picture clear.

A cold white world. A dove-coloured sky fretted with the black tracery of some delicate branches whence the snow has melted, although on the ground it is still lying in a smooth sheet that wraps the earth softly, and rounds every outline that it covers, giving even the angular garden-seat a new aspect. On the surface of the snow many tracks made by tiny claws, and one bold robin nimbly pecking at some bread-crumbs that look a dark stone-colour by contrast with the dazzling white they lie on, and affronting with his confident red breast and black-diamond eyes the perilous observation of two watchful bipeds at a window. A tall window that opens to the ground, and whose bright panes reflect to the watchful eyes which the robin braves so jauntily, ruby gleams and flashes of fire-light. In the air, that snow-silence which precedes a fall; for the dove-coloured sky is brooding softly, and there are furled-up folds of cloud with pale-lined edges, whence the feathery flakes will float earthward by-and-by.

Within the room whose window opens to the ground are three persons. Two, a young woman and a little child, are watching the robin. On a sofa drawn near to the blazing fire lies a figure covered with a crimson shawl. One arm is thrown outside the shawl, and is clad in black. A pale face with grey softly-waving hair is relieved against a cushion covered with damask, that once was red, but has now faded into a sombre brownish tint. It has been mellowed by time, as the colours of everything in the room seem to have been—of the Turkey carpet, the curtains, the morocco-covered chairs, and the shining, almost black, surface of the mahogany table. The face on the pillow is very wan and thin. The eyelids are closed, and surrounded by dark hollows; the slightly-parted lips drawn down at the corners, and the forehead is marked by strong wrinkles. The lines on the forehead are mostly horizontal, and are strongest above the eye-brows, giving a peculiar expression of painful weariness to the whole countenance. A dog lies stretched on the hearth-rug. His shaggy hair covers his eyes; but he blinks from beneath it with a half-sleepy, half-watchful glance directed towards the figure on the sofa. Within the room is absolute silence. Without there is silence also, as I have said, save for the faint sound of bells chiming from a distant belfry;—musical, melancholy bells, whose tones are dear and familiar to me, and float through all my memories of the place wherein now I

am listening to them. For I am at Mortlands, and the bells are pealing to church, and it is Christmas morning.

Presently Mrs. Abram steals into the room, dressed in a new black bombazine gown, the dye of which sends forth an odour more powerful than pleasant. She has on a black straw bonnet, and a black merino shawl embroidered at the corners with stiff groups of flowers worked in black silk. The two flat loops of hair lie on her forehead as of old. She is altogether very little altered within my knowledge of her. To-day she is attired in her best, and her hands are covered with black woollen gloves, the touch of which has the property of setting my teeth strongly on edge—as I remember was the case even from my childish days, when my sensitive little fingernails used to be ruthlessly brought in contact with the interior of woollen mufflers.

Moreover, to shield her hands from the December cold, Mrs. Abram wears a muff of her own manufacture; a knitted muff of white worsted, with dots of black worsted scattered over its surface. Imitation ermine, Mrs. Abram calls this fabric.

"Is Jane ready?" asks Mrs. Abram in a low voice, approaching the child at the window; whereupon Jane turns round with her finger on her lip, and a frown of warning severity on her brow, and hisses out, "Hus-s-s!" and points to the figure on the sofa, and shakes her absurd little head with solemnity.

"Oh, I won't wake her, love," answers Mrs. Abram; lowering her voice, however, still more than at first. "Is Jane ready to come to church with me?"

Jane is ready. She is enveloped in warm knitted garments, wherein it is not difficult to recognise Mrs. Abram's style and touch. There is more of the imitation ermine about the little red jacket she wears. Her tiny legs are encased in white ribbed stockings of the softest lambs'-wool. She has a muff like Mrs. Abram's tied round her middle by a cord and tassel,—(how I remember my own inaccessible pocket-handkerchief, as I behold this arrangement!)—and wears a little bonnet with a net frill inside it, framing her face; and the net frill is adorned with many bows of narrow blue satin ribbon. Well and warmly clad is little Jane from top to toe. And there are no patches on the small leather shoes she is noiselessly tapping one against the other.

"Are you not going, Anne, love?" asks Mrs. Abram, so inarticulately that I rather guess at her words than hear them; for she keeps her mouth half-open while she speaks them.

"No; I will stay with mother. Grandfather was sent for, just now, to poor old Betsy Lee. They say she is dying, poor old soul. I don't know when he will be able to get back. So I will stay with mother."

"Don't whisper; I am not asleep," says a faint voice from the sofa. Mother opens her eyes and looks at us all for a moment, then closes them again and gives a long quivering sigh.

"Does your head ache, dear mother?" I ask, bending over her.

"Not ache, no. But there is such a weight on it. You see I can't bear——"

She points, with a little feeble motion, to a widow's cap that lies on the pillow beside her head. She has tried to wear it constantly. But there are many times when the crape is too heavy a burthen for her weary brain, and she is forced to leave her hair, still softly waving but now quite grey, uncovered. But she will always have the cap at hand. She will never entirely relinquish it. Grandfather has once tried to persuade her to give it up; but he never repeated the attempt. He said to me, after having made it, "How every year that passes over my head teaches me toleration! I am ashamed to think, little Nancy, how often I have been too hard on the poor women that cling to that superstitious bit of cray head-gear. I judged them with my head, and not with my heart."

Mrs. Abram and little Jane go away together to church. As they are disappearing through the doorway, mother says, without opening her eyes, "Pray for me!" and turns her head on the pillow away from the light.

Roger Bacon has sat up on his haunches to watch little Jane's departure; has perceived—by what means I know not, but I am sure of the fact—that on this morning it behoves him to make no attempt to accompany her, and when the door is fairly closed behind her, lies down again luxuriously in the shine of the fire.

Silence again. Perfect silence, for now even the distant bells have ceased. I sit down on a low stool by the hearth, my favourite seat, and one I always occupy when grandfather is not present. He does not love to see me in that place. It reminds him too vividly of a certain autumn evening, long ago, when he saw two young heads, one dark, the other golden-fair, side by side in the light of the red flame upon that very hearth. Grandfather has never told me this; but I know it.

As I sit there alone to all intents—for mother, if she be not sleeping, feigns to sleep, in order that I may not talk to her—I look back musingly on the past three months. My musings follow no constant course, but they all tend backward, although ever and anon leaping from one point to another, and leaving a gap between; or, on the other hand, lingering wistfully around some sunnier spot, unweariedly going over its minutest details.

Let me gather up somewhat the strands that make the thread of my narrative, since that awful day which I cannot yet bear to write of—and it lies long years behind me; but from which, on that

Christmas morning, all my thoughts started and fled away, like a flock of terrified birds. No! Let my retrospective musings be what they might, there was a point—the grim entrance to that black valley of the shadow of death—at which the spirit stopped shuddering, as one shudders who, with averted head, passes some scene of remembered horror, shutting eyes and ears lest the recollection, which is not dead but sleepeth at the bottom of his heart, should wake and stir, and cry aloud, and pierce him with new agony.

We were brought to Mortlands. After our arrival there, my mother lay three weeks in an illness which threatened her life. Great part of the time was passed in alternations of delirium, with terrible periods of consciousness and memory, during which she cried almost incessantly. At last the fever left her;—left her as colourless and nearly as lifeless as the ashes of a burnt-out fire. Grandfather heaved a long breath one day at her bedside, and turning to me, whispered, “She will live!” I had scarcely realised until then how near we had been to losing her.

Then, when the peril had ceased, I began to look around and contemplate our position. During the worst time of mother’s illness, neither grandfather nor I had, as it were, lifted our eyes from her. I do not believe that any inmate of the house had thought much about anything outside the four walls of her sick-room. Only when she began to get better had we leisure to remember that there was a busy moving world without, and that we too, consciously or unconsciously, were being carried onward “in earth’s diurnal course.”

We were quite penniless. There was nothing in the world that we could call our own. Grandfather, as soon as we could speak together on the subject, made me understand that his home must thenceforward be our home. He had nearly relinquished all lucrative practice of his profession, attending chiefly poor patients from whom he would take no fee. But now, he said, he meant to resume his practice. “That is,” he said, “if it will resume me. When a man falls out of his place in the ranks, the gap he leaves is quickly closed up. There is enough, not much but enough, for us all to live on as it is. Whatever I earn will be put by for you, after I am gone, because when Lucy”—he broke off and put his hand over his eyes for a moment; then resumed—“because, some three or four-and-twenty years ago, I sank the greater part of what I possessed in an annuity. There is a little pittance secured to poor Judith, and there is this house and garden.”

He went on planning what he would do, and what immediate steps he would take, to obtain active employment in his profession. He was now close upon seventy years old; but I thought as I looked at him that I had rarely seen a face and figure more instinct with vivacity and energy than his. His eyes shone with a radiance that

seemed to warm one's heart. I thought him very noble and admirable in his courage, and hopefulness, and contempt of his own ease, the dear, unselfish, fine-natured old man.

Mother was not spoken to about his plans. It was long before she could bear the sound of any voice but his or mine; and if we uttered a word of tenderness, or said anything beyond the merest bald commonplaces which were necessary in daily intercourse, she would go off into convulsive hysterical fits of weeping which entirely prostrated her strength. When she began slowly to get better, it befel that poor Mrs. Abram grew to be a sort of comfort to her. Mrs. Abram was quiet, and melancholy, and dull. Very willing to be talked to, not unwilling to talk, and equally willing to sit by mother's bedside or sofa knitting away in silence. She had been warned so strenuously and severely as to frighten her into implicit obedience, not to broach any of her peculiarly lugubrious religious views to my mother. When speech on this subject was forbidden her, very few topics remained for the exercise of her loquacity, which in truth was never excessive. One topic, however, she had, my grandfather's goodness. His perfections, his learning, and his talents were an unfailing theme with poor Judith. And to her sincere, if unskilful praises, mother would endure to listen by the hour together. Often, it is most likely, her thoughts wandered away far enough from the present. But Mrs. Abram had no idea of taking offence at any manifestations of inattention. She was so thoroughly humble-minded, that she was grateful for being admitted to mother's companionship on any terms.

Mother could say things to her which it would have overcome her to say to me or to grandfather. For instance, as soon as she was able to be moved from her bed to a couch in the dining-room, and had put on the black garments provided for her, she commissioned Mrs. Abram to get her a widow's cap. Mrs. Abram faithfully fulfilled her trust. And grandfather and I, understanding that mother desired not to be spoken to on the subject, made no remark when we first saw her in that dreary head-gear. Afterwards, as I have said, grandfather tried once, but once only, to dissuade her from wearing it.

There was another person whose society mother gradually came to endure, and even to take something like pleasure in. This was little Jane Arkwright.

When the misfortunes I have formerly mentioned fell upon Mr. Arkwright—the execution in his house, the sale of his scanty furniture, and the turning into the street of himself, his wife, and children—he found kindness in more than one direction. The five children were sheltered at Mortlands. He and his wife were pressing invited by Alice Kitchen and her father to take up their abode

for a time in the tiny house in Burton's Gardens. Alice was just about to be married, and her father was to leave Horsingham for Brookfield immediately after the wedding. But for the few days that remained of their occupancy of the house, Alice begged the Arkwrights to come and stay there. "Until they could turn themselves round," as she phrased it. Mr. Arkwright was at first unwilling to accept this offer, fearing to cause ill-feeling between Matthew Kitchen and his relations. "Our trouble is bad enough," he had said in his gentle way. "Heaven forbid that we should do anything to cause a family quarrel to grow out of it."

But Alice had energetically assured him that he need not fret himself about that; inasmuch as her brother was already estranged from her on account of her intended marriage, and was also deeply angered by the fact of his father's leaving his workshop. In short, she persuaded him to accept her offer. "You can come as lodgers of course, if you like it," Alice had said in her blunt way. "But if you'll put up with our ways for a few days without talk of pay, why you shall be as welcome as the flowers in May."

All this I learned from Mrs. Arkwright herself. As soon as I was able to see any one, she begged to be admitted to speak with me. She was powerfully affected. I never saw any one so overcome. She tried to say a few words about the calamity that had fallen on us; and then she attempted to ask forgiveness for the harsh words she had spoken in her own misery and wrath. "If your mother would see me, I'd go down on my knees to her to beg her to forgive me. I little thought when I spoke as I did—oh, Miss Furness! if you knew how bitterly I have repented my angry words you would feel for me; and they did not come from the bottom of my heart either. But there's one pardon I shall never get in this world——" and Mrs. Arkwright fell to weeping silently, and with strong gasps, more like the weeping of a man than a woman.

After awhile I was able to tell her that the pardon she spoke of had been freely granted to her. "He knew how misfortune puts bitter words into men's mouths, and he never blamed you, never."

She caught my hand and squeezed it so hard that she hurt me. "God bless you!" she said. "You take a thorn out of my heart."

Then she told me how she had come to Mortlands every day, sometimes twice a day, to ask for my mother; and how thankful she and her husband had been to hear at length that she was recovering. Of their own affairs she had better accounts to give than could have been expected. Their prospects were brightening. People had been very kind, understanding that Mr. Arkwright had been hardly treated, and that he was an honourable man who desired to do his duty. His rector had expressed no intention of dismissing him from his curacy.

"Edwin had almost expected that," said Mrs. Arkwright, "because he says that his case was in a measure a scandal for the Church. But I don't see how Christian people can look upon poverty as a scandal, if they read their New Testament."

"At all events, Mr. Arkwright's rector has not done so."

"No; he—oh, yes! he has been very kind. He lectured Edwin a little, but—yes, we have met with a great deal of kindness."

Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright had taken the little house in Burton's Gardens. It was very small, but the rent was low, and they took such portions of Mr. Kitchen's furniture as he did not require in his new abode at Brookfield. He had consented to be paid for it by instalments. Sir Peter Bunny had made himself answerable for the schooling of the four elder children during the next six months. Several articles which Mrs. Arkwright peculiarly prized had been bought in at the sale on her behalf, and sent to her anonymously. But she knew, she said, whose hand had done them this kindness. It was Mr. Donald Ayrlic, God bless him! and he had even—think of that—sent little Jane the coral necklace.

Mrs. Abram begged so hard that Jane might be allowed to remain yet awhile longer at Mortlands, that Mrs. Arkwright had been fain to consent. She was much softened in these days. And though it was plain that she suffered many a jealous pang in leaving her little one to the care of strangers who would pet and caress her, and whom she would learn to love, the poor woman endured them in silence.

Thus little Jane was an inmate of Mortlands. We had feared that the sight of her, and the sound of her name, might distress my mother; for on an attempt I made (at Mrs. Arkwright's urgent entreaty) to deliver a message from her to mother, begging to be allowed to see her, my mother fell into a violent hysterical fit, which so alarmed us that we did not dare to recur to the mention of the Arkwrights' name afterwards. But in the course of two or three weeks, mother voluntarily spoke of them to Mrs. Abram. "Tell Anne," she said, "that I have no rancour in my heart against the woman. I *had*—God forgive me! But I have prayed and tried to cast it out. *He* forgave her. He spoke of her to me on that—that last night. But I cannot see her. Some day it may be; but now I feel as though the sound of her voice would kill me."

Therefore, for some time, little Jane was carefully kept out of mother's sight. The little creature herself was so impressed with awe, and compassion for the "sick lady," as she called her, and so conscious that for some mysterious reason she must on no account intrude into her presence, that when she heard the slow feeble footsteps which announced the invalid's descent down the stairs, she would noiselessly steal away and hide herself; and once, after a long

search, we found her sitting on the grass in a secluded corner of the garden, with her little pinafore over her head and face.

But by degrees we found that my mother was aware of the child's presence in the house, and she asked to see her; and gradually quite a friendship arose between them. Little Jane admired and idolised my mother, much as Mrs. Abram admired and idolised her. Mother was always gentle with the child. I think she had some feeling which prompted her to force herself to endure Jane's presence, as a sort of expiation for her refusal to see Jane's mother; but she was never affectionate, still less caressing, in her ways with her. Nevertheless, little Jane would sit for hours as quiet as a mouse gazing up into mother's face with her solemn grey eyes, quite content to be allowed to remain by her side unnoticed.

And so our lives glided away with a sober sadness, but yet with growing peace; as river waters that have escaped, all torn and tormented and foaming, from the jagged rocks of a cataract, flow onward towards the great sea, still shuddering from the awful shock; and with whirling eddies here and there, and wildly-scattered foam-flakes on their surface, which tell of the mad turmoil, the horrible roar of the rapids they have passed.

CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN my mother began to be able to walk out into the garden, with the assistance of an arm to lean on—for she was weaker than an infant—grandfather said that she ought to go away to the sea-side for a while. There were sea-side places which were frequented by invalids even in the winter time; and the air of one of these places would be at once milder and more invigorating than that of Mortlands. He would go with her, and see her settled in some quiet lodging. And she should have either Keturah or Eliza to remain with her during the whole time of her stay. Mother chose Eliza. She rather shrank from Keturah, although that good creature was thoroughly devoted to her. But I believe mother could not get over certain sharp speeches Keturah had been in the habit of making, long ago, to the effect that Miss Lucy might have done better; and that she didn't consider that anybody in the world was too good for "master's daughter." No slight, or taunt, or insult to herself, could have affected her like the least disparagement of my father. If she had been happy, she would have thought no more of Keturah's words; in truth, they sprang from no worse feeling than the old servant's jealous pride in, and fondness for, her master's only child. But in her deep affliction, and in the peculiar anguish (far beyond

that of most bereaved wives) which attended the circumstances of it, trifles became magnified, and passing annoyances intensified into serious pain.

I was to stay at Mortlands. Firstly, my health required no such change as was necessary for my mother. Secondly, the increased expense of my accompanying her was a burthen I was most averse to putting on my grandfather's already heavily-laden shoulders. Thirdly, I knew, although he said no word to that effect, that it would be some comfort for grandfather to have me with him at Mortlands when he should have returned from taking mother to the sea. His house was very lonely now, since Donald had gone away.

As for mother, she expressed no desire to have me with her. Her absence would be short; and it was well that I should stay with grandfather, she said. She was very passive and listless, save on a few points. The fact was, her strength to suffer as well as to enjoy was nearly exhausted. Grandfather, however, had great hopes that the projected change would do her good.

"I should like to remain, and watch her progress day by day," he said; "but it is not absolutely necessary. And I ought not to be absent from Horsingham longer than I must."

He had already secured a few patients of the paying class. And had girt himself up to this work with a vigour and resolution which filled me with ever new admiration.

The night before he and mother went away I sat up late with him, talking. For the first time he spoke to me of Donald. I have said that during the worst time of my mother's illness we had neither of us looked beyond the walls of her sick-room. Now grandfather opened his heart to me.

He had always, he said, had a hope and a plan of marrying me to Donald, even from the days when we had been children together. It had failed, as such plans mostly did fail. Well, thank heaven, he had not made or meddled importunately between us. Nor had he ever breathed a hint to Donald more than to me, of the hope now frustrated.

I hid my face on his knees and cried. "Oh, grandfather," I said, scarcely knowing why I said it—the words seemed to fall involuntarily from my lips—"it is better for him as it is. But it is for you I am sorry. I have cost you the companionship, that was so dear to you, of your old friend's son. I wish I had not been such a disappointment to you."

"Not altogether a disappointment, little Nancy," said my grandfather, stroking my hair as he had used to do when I was a child, and smiling a little.

"But, grandfather, I do think it was not right of Donald to leave you as he did. After all you had done for him!"

"I have had a letter from him."

"A letter from Donald?"

"Yes; it came at a moment when I had no thoughts to spare from my poor suffering Lucy. But I was looking it over again this morning, and, on the whole, I can't be angry with Donald, though he was rash."

"I can scarcely fancy Donald being rash."

"Can you not? A most impetuous nature, little Nancy, especially where his affections are concerned. Gentle withal, and not greatly demonstrative. Ah! well, he did not mean to desert his old friend altogether. He speaks of coming back at some future day, when he feels himself able to see the old place with more calmness, and when——"

Grandfather made so long a pause that I repeated, interrogatively, "And when?"

"When Anne is married, and gone away," he says.

There was a silence, which neither of us broke for a long time. At length grandfather resumed.

"The letter was written two days after Donald's arrival in London. He went straight to London."

"Then he had not heard——"

"No, no," said grandfather quickly. "No; he had heard nothing from Horsingham when he wrote. And he met with an adventure on his journey. He was robbed."

"Robbed?"

"And at the house of an acquaintance of yours. At the Royal Oak public-house, near Diggleton's End, on the London Road."

"At Dodd's house? Oh, poor man; how sorry he will be! He is such a steady honest fellow himself. Was the thief discovered?"

"No; it seems not. Donald, I fancy, would not delay his journey. He hurried on as best he could. He does not give me the particulars of the case, except that he says the man on whom suspicion bears heavily, was a fellow who passed himself for a Methodist preacher. In all likelihood he was not one really. He must have had some dishonest object in view, for he was regularly disguised: left a wig and some other things behind him at the Royal Oak. I believe that Dodd came here once or twice to try to speak to me, but I could not see him. It was during the time that your mother's fever was at its height."

"Has—has Donald given you no address where you can write to him?"

"Yes; at one of the great London hospitals."

"When he has passed the necessary examinations to enable him to practice his profession, will he come back here to you, grandfather?"

"So it was planned and hoped. But now, I should not like—I could scarcely urge him to do it."

I understood why but too well. It would have been impossible for grandfather to importune Donald to return to Mortlands now that I was there. If Donald had been rejected in the days before our utter calamity and ruin, it could not be that grandfather should urge him to come among us now. I felt this too; it could not be; but I was inexpressibly pained to feel it, for my grandfather's sake. Yes, honestly and sincerely I protest from my heart there was at least no selfishness in my regret. If I could have purchased for my grandfather the happiness of Donald's society at the cost of never more looking on Donald's face myself, I would have done it then without a murmur. I faltered out some broken words to this effect; but grandfather took me in his arms, and soothed me tenderly, and said—I will not repeat all his words, for I well know that he beheld me, as it were, transfigured in the light of his own love and goodness; but he said—

"Anne, dear as Donald is to me, you are far, far dearer. No human being, not even your dear mother, holds the place in my heart that you hold. My beloved child, I have never summoned courage to say a word to you about the sacrifice you made—There, there! cry, my child, if it eases your heart. These are not bitter tears. If I had been consulted about it beforehand I should have opposed your giving up your fortune. And you and your mother felt that, and therefore did not consult me. Yes, yes; I understand it all. But you were right, Anne. I should have been harder and more worldly, and less wise. Now the past holds that sacrifice safe for ever. It is yours, and cannot be taken from you. And what earthly compensation, what worldly ease and prosperity, could bring a balm to your heart now, like the consciousness that you did not hold back grudgingly, that you gave your utmost with a free, loving hand? God bless thee, child. I have said what it has been in my mind to say for some time past. And now go to rest and sleep."

The next morning my mother and grandfather and Eliza set off by the mail-coach for S——, a beautifully situated town on the sea-coast. It was a small place then, but has since grown year by year into an important fashionable watering-place.

Keturah, Jane, and Mrs. Abram—I have placed them in the order of their relative importance in the household—were left with me at Mortlands. And a very secluded, nun-like, sort of life we four led in the old house together.

For myself, I did not once leave its precincts during grandfather's absence. I spent whole days in the garden despite the cold, raw, wintry weather. Keturah insisted that I should not sit out of doors

as I had been inclined to do, sensibly protesting that the notion was a quite crazy one, and that grandfather would think her as crazy as I was, if she permitted such imprudences. But I walked about the garden and shrubbery for hours; walked until I was fain to come indoors from pure weariness. And I found that the silence and the solitude and the air did me good, and soothed me inexpressibly. In the evenings I read whilst Mrs. Abram knitted, and little Jane gravely received instruction in the mysteries of words of two syllables, or learned to work a sampler with coloured worsteds. Mrs. Abram gave the lesson without abandoning her knitting, which indeed she could do without looking at it.

The sampler might have been the identical square of canvas on which my inexpert little fingers had been exercised so many years ago. It had the same queer patterns in brick-red and olive-green, ranged in two rows at the top as models to copy from. Also there were the letters of the alphabet, and the Roman and Arabic numerals.

Little Jane was not indocile, and was, moreover, very deft and quick with those morsels of waxen fingers. She succeeded with the sampler far better than I had ever done, and was immensely proud of it. It was a sight to which I quite looked forward every evening to behold her grey eyes solemnly dilate, and her mouth compress itself severely lest the lips should part in a smile of exultation, and the delicate pink colour flush into her cheeks, as she slowly, after nearly every stitch, held out the wonderful sampler at arm's length to gaze upon its beauties. This grave enthusiasm somewhat interfered with the progress of the work, of course: but it was finished at last; and the date, and Jane's initials, J. L. A., worked in all the colours of the rainbow at the bottom of it. Her joy was speechless. She took the sampler to bed with her, and fell asleep with it on her pillow. I am inclined to believe that life held no subsequent triumphs for little Jane so unalloyed as the completion of that piece of work.

I was not deserted by my friends. But I had not as yet gained courage enough to see any of them. Lady Bunny had called frequently to inquire for my mother; had asked leave to send her a few bottles of some very fine old wine from Sir Peter's cellars, "wine," as she said in a few words written in pencil on her visiting card and addressed to me, "that you can't get for money in Horsingham; do allow me the pleasure, my dear Miss Furness, it is considered so strengthening."

My old schoolmistress, Mrs. Lane, who had long ago made a competency and given up teaching, and whom we had quite lost sight of for many years, made daily journeys in her little pony carriage from the village where she lived, to ask with her own lips how Mrs. Furness was, and to hear the answer with her own ears.

The general feeling in the town was, I afterwards learned, one of unmixed sympathy with my mother. Even the tradespeople, who had lost all chance of recovering their money, showed kindness and compassion in various ways.

And as to our kindred, I received a very unexpected letter from Mr. Cudberry the week before mother went away to the sea. I communicated its contents to grandfather, who agreed that we should say nothing about it to my mother for the present, and agreed with me also in the general sense of the answer which I should write to Uncle Cudberry.

I give a faithful copy of his letter in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XLII.

WOOLLING, Jan. 25th, 18—.

“MY DEAR ANNE,

“You are now I hope well enough in mind and body to bring your mind to bear on what I have to say. I waited till such time as I thought your head would be clear a bit. And, not being muddle-headed by nature, I suppose it is clear by this.

You and your mother gave up the marriage settlement of your own accords. You was of age, and I didn't think well to refuse my consent, as you know. If I know it, says you, why does Uncle Cudberry go over the old track again? Fair and softly. I must take my time and say my say in my own way. Fair and softly goes far in a day. But as things have turned out I feel it's a hard case for Doctor Hewson to have you and your mother on his hands at his time of life. And perhaps he may say, if Cudberry of Woolling had have held firm, my daughter and my daughter's daughter wouldn't now be depending on me for board and lodging. Not that he ever *has* said such a word to me or of me as I know of. But I put a case. Now this brings me to what I have got to say. If you will come and live at Woolling, and be as one of my own daughters, there's a home for you as long as I last. After I'm gone my son Sam will be master, but your aunt Cudberry and you have always got on very comfortable together, and I dare say you could make it out still to be with her if Sam brings home a wife to Woolling. For I shan't leave my wife dependent on Sam Cudberry. There'll be a comfortable maintenance for her during her lifetime. The girls each has their bit of money separate. By reason they will likely break up and go different ways when once I'm underground. Or they may get married. Any way they'll be left so as they can steer clear of each other if they are so minded. Now there's my offer, and

don't say no in a hurry. Take your time. If you come to my house you'll be in every particular treated the same as the Miss Cudberrys of Woolling. You'll have the same allowance for your clothes as them. Neither more nor less. You'll have the same liberty of going into Horsingham to see your mother and grandfather as my own daughters have. I expect every one in my house to understand that I am the master. But you have plenty of common sense and so have I, and I aint afraid that we should quarrel. Your aunt Cudberry has been afflicting herself a great deal as she couldn't get to see your mother or you, and she bids me tell you that she did go to Mortlands several times, and you know she don't often stir outside the garden-fence at Woolling. Why, I believe in the five-and-forty years we've been married she hasn't been into Horsingham a score of times, and all told. But there was no getting to see you. And she hopes you've been told that she did come; so there's your Aunt Cudberry's message with her best love. Sam and his sisters—one or t'other of 'em—have been to your grandfather's house every day. And I suppose you know it. But I don't wonder at your not wanting to see *them*. Miss Cudberry has her merits, but she aint soft-mannered, and she's apt to be trying when folks are not strong. But your Aunt Cudberry would dearly like to see you, Anne. She has been cut up terrible. She has, indeed. Her own sister's own son! And she was very fond of George. I can tell you that for many weeks ours was a real house of mourning. Well, no more on that score, and I give you my word that you shan't be worried by any scenes or anything, if you'll let me bring your Aunt Cudberry down to see you—her and me; we won't say anything about the girls till you're more up to them. Now think of my offer. You know I'm not a romantic kind of a man. But I mean just what I say, neither more nor less. And I remain,

“ My dear Anne,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ S. CUDBERRY.”

This letter was written in a small, cramped, but very legible hand, in crooked lines, on a very large sheet of paper. And it was sealed with a massive oval lump of red sealing-wax, bearing the impression of the Cudberry arms. I was greatly surprised at the offer contained in it. Knowing Mr. Cudberry as I did, it seemed to me a very wonderful thing that he should voluntarily offer to assume the responsibility of feeding, clothing, and housing a fourth young woman in his family. For he was always lamenting the cost of supporting the three daughters who had just claims on his care and his purse. I was not ungrateful. I was really touched by this proof of Uncle Cudberry's regard. But I own that when it occurred to me

that it would be my duty to lighten my grandfather's burthen by accepting this offer, I shrank very greatly from the prospect of passing my life at Woolling. I thought, nay I was sure, that I would rather earn my bread by the labour of my hands, than become a member of the Cudberry household. But the point I had to consider was not by any means what I would rather do. And then it was easy to talk of earning my bread by the labour of my hands, but of what labour were my hands capable? Where could I find employment? The more I pondered the case the more clearly my conscience seemed to tell me that I had no right to refuse Uncle Cudberry's offer. And I own once more that I grew very cowardly and faint-hearted, and tried to fend off the growing conviction.

But when I showed the letter to grandfather, and talked it over with him, he speedily removed my scruples.

"Don't, my dear child," said he, "fall into the mistake of fancying that a given course of action must be right simply because it is painful. Self-abnegation is as much a snare and a temptation to some natures as self-indulgence is to others. But let us try to keep as steady a balance as may be."

Then he talked with me at length on the subject, pointing out how much more useful I could be, and—he said this because he loved me so dearly, and his love made it true in some measure—how much more happiness I could give to others around me, by remaining at Mortlands, than by going to Woolling. I had once before, he reminded me, refused to desert my mother at a time when she needed a daughter's tenderness and care far less than now. In brief, he persuaded me, not at all against my will, that the path of duty for me did not lie in the direction of Woolling. And we agreed together what manner of answer I should make to Uncle Cudberry. Also grandfather advised that I should not write at once.

"Mr. Cudberry bids you take your time," he said, "and it is due to him to let him see that you give his proposition some consideration. Write in a week."

Accordingly my letter to Woolling was despatched the day after mother and grandfather went away to S——.

I wrote it as well as I knew how to write, and tried to make my words convey the real feeling of gratitude in my heart, and at the same time the firmness of my decision not to leave my grandfather's home. But I was very dissatisfied with the letter, after all. I had written it over twice, thinking it now too hard, and now too weak, and at last I sent off the third copy, not because I thought it satisfactory, but because I despaired of doing any better.

On the second day after the despatching of my letter, the Cudberrys' sociable drove up to the garden-gate at Mortlands. I had said in my letter that I should be very grateful to Aunt Cud-

berry if she would come and see me, and I added that I would see my cousins also, if they wished it. I thought, to say the honest truth, that I would take advantage of mother's absence to get this first interview over. It must take place some time, and I was better able to endure whatever pain might be connected with it than mother was. The first meeting would be the most trying, of course. And I own that I had not implicit faith in Uncle Cudberry's power to spare me any scenes, as he had undertaken to do.

Mrs. Abram was with me when the Cudberrys' visit was announced. She had a profound dread of my cousins, especially of Tilly (whom I do not think she had seen half a dozen times in her life), and would fairly have run away out of the room, if I had not begged her to remain. But I cannot say that her presence had any encouraging influence, or one that tended to tranquillise my nerves.

Uncle and Aunt Cudberry came into the room first, and were followed by their three daughters. They were all dressed in deep mourning. I ought to have expected this, of course; but somehow the sight of their black garments gave me a strange shock, and contrary to all my resolutions, and despite all my efforts, I burst out crying.

I found myself, I don't know how, in Aunt Cudberry's arms. The poor woman hugged me close, and cried too, in a subdued, stealthy way, as if she were afraid of being seen. And she was altogether very quiet, and said only a broken word or two, "My dear child! My dear Anne! How are you, poor dear thing?" So that I soon grew composed, and did not again lose my self-possession. I am sure Aunt Cudberry had been lectured severely by her husband as to the necessity of behaving with tranquillity: indeed, she whispered to me in the course of the visit, that Mr. Cudberry had threatened to "march her off without an instant's warning if she made a fuss." Also the girls appeared to be under some severe kind of discipline, which certainly had the effect of making their demeanour more quiet, if not less eccentric, than usual.

They shook hands with me, and kissed my cheek in rotation, each saying, one after the other, "Well, Anne!" And then they all sat down in a row on the sofa and stared at me, save when they chanced to catch their father's eye. He passed them in review every now and then; and when they perceived this, they looked out of the window—only to look at me again, however, so soon as he released them from his glance.

By-and-by, Aunt Cudberry asked for my mother, and was curious to have all the particulars of her journey, asking how much it cost to go to S——; what I thought she would pay for a lodging; whether provisions were much dearer there than in the country, and so forth. To all which questions I made the best answers I could.

The girls, meanwhile, having I suppose somewhat slaked their curiosity regarding my appearance, had bestowed a good deal of attention on Mrs. Abram. With her, they were not under any awe of their father's displeasure, and they scrupled not to say what they pleased to her. Tilly had a rooted idea that Mrs. Abram was little removed from an idiot. The old story, which I had heard from the servants when a child, of her having once been in an asylum, had doubtless reached Tilly's ears by the same channel. She regarded the unconscious Mrs. Abram with an expression of mingled repugnance and compassion, made audible remarks about her to Henny and Clemmy as coolly as though she had been deaf, and talked to her with laborious distinctness, at the same time repeating the leading word of her phrase several times in a loud threatening voice, such as I have heard used in teaching a dog some difficult trick.

Of the cause of Miss Cudberry's peculiar manner towards her, Mrs. Abram fortunately had not the remotest idea. But it served to alarm and disconcert her terribly.

"Do you ever go out into Horsingham, Mrs. Abram?" asked Henrietta, looking at her sharply with her head on one side.

"Into Horsingham? Oh I—well I sometimes——"

"Town, you know," interrupted Tilly; "shops, streets. Streets. Ever go into the streets, eh?"

"Not much into the streets, love—I mean Miss—a—a—Miss Cudberry."

"Ah! They don't trust her much by herself in the streets, you see," announced Tilly to her sisters. Then turning to poor Judith, "You walk in the garden, I suppose? Out there. Garden, where the flowers grow."

"Not many flowers there, love—a—a—I ask pardon if I'm too familiar. It isn't the season for flowers now," observed Mrs. Abram feebly.

Tilly stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, apparently to prevent an explosion of laughter at the imbecility of this remark.

"Well, but that isn't silly," said Clemmy in a half whisper to her eldest sister, "because this is not the season for flowers, you know, after all."

"La, Clementina, that's you all over!" retorted Henrietta in her waspish way. "How can you be such a goose? I do believe you scarcely know whether people have their senses or whether they haven't. It don't seem to make much difference to you!"

"You think a great deal of the old gentleman, don't you?" said Clementina in a somewhat less aggressive tone than her sisters.

This was an unfortunate phrase, inasmuch as it was habitually used by Keturah to designate the evil spirit whose snares occupied so large a share of poor Judith's thoughts. And in the confusion of

mind to which she had been reduced, she did not for the moment conceive that Clementina's phrase referred to any other and less terrible old gentleman, and was dismayed and bewildered by the question accordingly.

Clementina, on her side, was a good deal amazed at the result of her words; for Mrs. Abram remained with dropped jaw and raised hands, staring at her.

"You know who I mean, don't you?" asked Clemmy, returning the stare with interest.

I came to Mrs. Abram's rescue, for she was by this time almost reduced to tears.

"Clementina says you are very fond of my grandfather, Mrs. Abram; and I can undertake to answer that question. Dr. Hewson has no more devoted friend than his sister-in-law," said I speaking across the room, and with some little emphasis.

My interposition had the effect of causing instantaneous silence among the Misses Cudberry; and Judith, with an imploring glance at me, took the opportunity of the young ladies' attention being attracted away from herself to slip timidly out of the room.

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Cudberry rose and placed himself with his back to the fire, so as to get us all within his range of vision. And after a short pause, during which he surveyed his wife, his daughters, and me, with an inscrutable face, he thus spoke:

"Now, Anne Furness, I got your letter. 'Twarn't a bad letter, nor yet it warn't altogether a good, because it answered my offer the wrong way. Now, I made up my mind to give you another chance, and I had a word to say as I thought might be well to say before my daughters; so as there should be no mistake, you understand, but everything clear and plain between us."

Here he turned his wooden visage towards his daughters, who bridled, and tightened their lips a little, but said nothing.

Mr. Cudberry proceeded with his usual slow deliberation:

"It may be as you think you wouldn't be treated quite kind at Woolling, not in the way of victuals, or that, but—in—in—in the way of—being jawed at, in short; or envied, or——"

"Envied, pa!" screamed Tilly in irrepressible indignation. "Now that I will not stand!"

"Steady, Miss Cudberry," said her father, without any display of emotion whatever. "You stick to your agreement, and I'll stick to mine."

"There was nothing about envying in our agreement, pa; and I wonder at you making such an accusation against your own daughters."

"Specially when there's nothing to envy," put in Henrietta.

"La, there now, my dears, don't ye put yourselves out, poor

things!" said Aunt Cudberry, squeezing my hand furtively, and addressing her daughters in a deprecating tone.

"Now, if you have any notions of that sort, Miss Anne," proceeded Mr. Cudberry, quite ignoring the little interruption, "I can tell you as you needn't have 'em. Me and my daughters understand one another very well. I've told 'em as you're coming to Woolling won't make a brass farthing of difference to them. They'll have their allowances same as usual. I shan't leave you anything in my will. My will 'll stand as 'tis, *unless I'm put out, and made to alter it*, which I should be uncommon sorry to have to do."

A blank look came over the faces of his daughters at these words, and an awful stillness fell upon them.

"So, therefore," said Mr. Cudberry, winding up his address, "I now make you the offer once more of coming to Woolling, and being as one of us, without fear of any unkindness, or sharp words, or envy. No envy shall be shown towards you in my house, so long as I'm master in it." There came a sparkle into his black eyes at each repetition of the word "envy," which he uttered with a kind of dogged enjoyment that was very characteristic of the man.

As if acting by preconcerted arrangement, the three Misses Cudberry rose from their chairs at this point, and said, "We hope you will come, Anne," one sister uttering the words after the other, beginning, as of right, with Miss Cudberry. And each, as she spoke, kept her eyes fixed on her father.

"Do 'ee, my dear!" said Mrs. Cudberry humbly, and gave my hand another furtive squeeze.

I could but repeat my former refusal. But I tried to tell Uncle Cudberry how grateful I was for his proffered kindness. I assured him that, among my motives for not accepting it, there had not been any fear of meeting with unkindness at Woolling. And then I said a word or two to my aunt and cousins, thanking them also for being willing to receive me among them.

The relief expressed in the faces of the three girls, when I made it plain that I preferred to remain where I was, was unmistakable; and though not very flattering to me, was, I reflected, natural enough. I had never been on cordial terms with them; and despite my best endeavours, I should infallibly have proved an element of discord in the Woolling household.

Perhaps Uncle Cudberry also was relieved at heart by my refusal, although he let no such indication appear in his countenance or demeanour. They all took their departure in a short time, and before they went, I had promised to spend a day at Woolling at the end of the week. I was averse to doing so, but I could not refuse Mr. Cudberry's request.

That evening, when we had been sitting at work by the fire-side

for some time, Mrs. Abram raised her head after an interval of silence, and said, "Anne, you won't be angry, love, at what I'm going to say?"

"Angry? Surely not angry at anything you say, Mrs. Abram."

"Well, love, I—— Don't you think there's something very queer about the eldest Miss Cudberry?"

"She is undoubtedly eccentric."

"Oh yes, love."

There was another pause of considerable duration. Then Mrs. Abram resumed:—

"But I don't mean exactly that, love. I—— You're sure you won't be angry?"

I shook my head, and smiled at her.

"Well, then, love"—and here Mrs. Abram dropped her voice to a mysterious whisper, and put her finger to her forehead—"to-day, once or twice, I did fancy that—that she was not quite right in her head."

CHAPTER XLIII.

BEFORE my grandfather's return from the sea-side, I had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Dodd. Strictly speaking, their visit was to Keturah, who had invited them to drink tea with her. And mighty preparations she made in the way of pastry for the repast; for this was a solemn occasion, a bridal entertainment; for although Alice had now been married nearly four months, she had not yet paid a visit to her old friend Keturah. Mortlands had been no place for feasting and making merry in during that drear time when my mother lay struggling for life, and the shadow of an awful affliction brooded blackly over us.

But the world must go on. Grass and flowers will cover the traces of death and disaster. We could not expect all around us to be darkened by our eclipse. So when Keturah, with some hesitation, asked me whether I thought the Master or Mrs. Furness—she never called my mother Miss Lucy now—would have any feeling against her (Keturah) inviting the Dodds to a quiet cup of tea some day, I cheerfully answered that I was sure they would have no objection to such a sober festival being holden in the kitchen at Mortlands. And Keturah appeared relieved by the readiness of my reply.

Alice and her husband arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, and came, as they said, to pay their respects to me before going into the kitchen.

Alice looked as buxom, and bonny, and blithe a landlady of a way-

side inn as one could desire to see. But I observed immediately that she wore none of the wedding finery, which she might have been expected to put on, on the occasion. No gay ribbon, or artificial flower brightened her attire. She wore a grey stuff gown, with a little black silk handkerchief passed under her collar, and pinned at her throat. This was the more striking in Alice, inasmuch as she had always loved bright colours, from the days of the blue bead necklace she had been fond of wearing as a girl. Dodd, too, although otherwise dressed in his ordinary attire, had a narrow band of black crape round his shining new hat.

And, when I noticed these things, there rose such a lump in my throat, and such a dimness before my eyes, that I could not speak for a minute or two. I could only grasp the honest hands they proffered me in silence.

Presently Alice, who was never troubled by bashfulness, began to talk; and, once set going, her tongue was sure to run on nimbly for a good while. Dodd was much more timid and constrained than his wife. But gradually he became more at ease, and, if he did not contribute much to the conversation, listened with evident complacency to Alice's voluble account of how prosperous they were, and how the little farm was thriving—they had bought a few acres of land that lay conveniently near to the Royal Oak—and what wonderful layers her poultry proved to be, even in the winter season, and how she had taken the liberty of bringing a few new-laid eggs, and one or two other trifles as a present for Mrs. Abram. It afterwards proved that Mrs. Dodd's notions of a present of country dainties was on a most liberal, not to say colossal scale. The taxed cart in which she had driven to Mortlands must have creaked under the weight of the pots of jam, store-apples, eggs, home-made cake, and cherry brandy that constituted Alice's present to Mrs. Abram.

Alice made a sort of apology for making Mrs. Abram the sole recipient of her gift.

"You see, Miss Anne, me and Dodd, we says to each other, 'Now we haven't got any way to please Mrs. Abram, nor anything to give her as she'll care about—for I know she never touches dainties herself—unless it may be as it'll please her to have something to give away.' That's how we made it out. 'Little Jane and the others 'll eat the stuff, and Mrs. Abram 'll enjoy seeing 'em.'"

I thought this displayed a more delicate appreciation of poor Mrs. Abram than Alice's unassisted intellect was capable of; and I had no doubt that the thought originated with her husband.

"You came here once or twice, when my dear mother was very ill, to speak to Dr. Hewson. He was sorry not to see you, but he was literally night and day occupied with my mother," said I to Dodd.

"Yes, miss; I did come. I wanted to say a word to the doctor

about that business at my house. But I don't know as he could have done anything, either. Mr. Donald——”

Dodd stopped himself abruptly, coloured, and withdrew his eyes from my face. I fancied I could guess why. He thought that the mention of Donald's name might be painful or embarrassing to me, but I resolved to overcome any such notion.

“Mr. Donald was robbed,” said I—and I was quite surprised to find that it cost me an effort to say the words in an ordinary, tranquil tone—“he wrote to my grandfather to say so, but he gave very few particulars of the case.”

“Well, a very queer case it was, Miss Anne. It put me about terrible.”

“Why you were none of you sharp, I think,” said Alice. “If it had been after you had a wife to look after you, instead of before, maybe the rascal wouldn't have got off so comfortable.”

“Nay, lass; thou'rt sharp enough; but I don't see as thy sharpness would have done much good in this case. The police could make nothing of it.”

“Police!” echoed Alice, with blunt disdain, “why don't I know old Hogg the constable, and Williams, and one or two more of them? They're but a thick-headed lot. Old Hogg used to be quite intimate wi' my father, when I was a little girl. Many a pipe they've smoked together. Nay, lad, I don't think anything o' thy police.”

Dodd did not enter into the question whether the fact of Mr. Hogg having smoked many a pipe with Mr. Kitchen necessarily implied any peculiar thick-headedness on the part of the former; but he began to give me an account of the circumstances of the robbery, which I shall set down in a somewhat abridged form; for Dodd was by no means exempt from the common Horsingham failing of being excessively “long-winded.”

On the evening of the twenty-second of September, about half-past eight o'clock, a man came into the bar of the Royal Oak, and asked if he could have a supper and bed there. The road had been thronged all day by vehicles, equestrians, and foot-passengers leaving Horsingham, for the races were over, and the house had been doing a brisk trade in serving casual refreshment to the thirsty, dusty passers-by. But it was chiefly a house of call. Few persons slept there, Diggleton's End being too short a stage out of Horsingham for any but foot-passengers, and the Royal Oak being a hostelry above the pretensions of ordinary tramps. Thus there was more than one clean, lavender-scented bed at liberty; and the stranger, having been shown a room, and expressed himself satisfied with it, sat down in the little parlour to await his supper. He was a singular-looking man, dressed in black, with a very bushy head of black hair, that hung down over his forehead, and a great white neckcloth wound round his throat, and partly concealing his chin and jaw.

"I didn't like the look of the chap from the first," said Dodd; "but a publican can't choose his customers by their beauty, you know, miss. I fancied he was one of them Methodys as travels in the religious line, a preacher, or something of the sort. Any way, whether he was or not, that's what he wanted to pass himself off for. For he began canting, and talking about the sinfulness of the races, and pulled a great printed bill out of his pocket, full of what I consider very bad language, miss. I've seen fellows distributing such bills to the folks going up to the race-course. And whether races is bad or good things, my opinion is that's not the way to put a stop to 'em."

Alice looked a little grave at this; for her own former spiritual pastor had been very active in open-air preaching and bill-distributing, and the use of the vigorous sort of phraseology which Dodd—lacking the nice discrimination that perceives how circumstances alter cases—irreverently styled "very bad language."

Whilst the supper was being got ready the black-coated stranger remained quite apart. He did not enter the bar, and seemed to desire to hold no communication with the other persons in the house. In short, he seemed to be skulking. But this peculiarity in his demeanour Dodd confessed that he had partly set down to his being "one of them Methodys." For which instance of prejudice Alice justly rebuked him.

Presently, whilst the supper was being cooked, Dodd was surprised to see Mr. Donald Ayrлие enter the house. He had a little knapsack on his shoulders, and had walked from Horsingham. Dodd was still more surprised when Mr. Ayrлие asked if he could be accommodated with a bed for the night. But of course he readily answered in the affirmative. Mr. Ayrлие seemed tired, and out of spirits. In answer to Dodd's respectful inquiries, he said that Dr. Hewson was very well; that he himself was bound for London; and that the coaches being all full in consequence of the race-week, visitors taking their departure nearly all about the same time, he (Donald) had made up his mind to walk to a town some miles further on, where he hoped to get a place on a branch-coach for London. Meanwhile, as it was growing late, and the night was dark and threatening, he would sleep at the Royal Oak, and resume his journey early in the morning.

In answer to an inquiry whether he would not have some food, he said yes; he supposed he had better have some supper, anything they had. He had not eaten since the morning, and should be glad of a meal.

It occurred to Dodd that if Mr. Ayrлие had no objection, he might share the supper of the traveller in the parlour; and to this Donald agreed, having previously ascertained that the stranger was not a Horsingham person. He did not wish, he said, to meet any gossiping

acquaintance just then. But it seemed that the Methodist preacher—if such he were—made considerable objection on his part to having a companion at his meal. He did not wish to associate with any of the godless and depraved men who frequented race-courses.

“I got a little nettled at the fellow’s blustering way,” said Dodd. “And I told him that he needn’t be afraid of meeting disreputable company in my house; and that as to frequenting race-courses, why he’d been doing that himself, according to his own account. But I said that if that was all that troubled him, he might make his mind easy, for the gentleman was a real gentleman, and lived with Dr. Hewson at Mortlands, and there wasn’t many people in Horsingham as wouldn’t feel it an honour and a pleasure to sit down to table with Mr. Donald Ayrle. He seemed took aback when I said the name. ‘Oh,’ says I, ‘you’ve heard of him?’ ‘Yes,’ says he, ‘I’ve heard of him. What brings him here?’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘I didn’t take the liberty of asking him, because at the school I went to, when I was a little lad, they taught me as it wasn’t good manners to ask questions about other folks’ business.’ He thought it over for a minute or two, and muttered something about it’s being ‘queer enough;’ and then he says, ‘Well, he can come then. I may do the young man some good by my discourse.’ And I nearly bit my tongue in two, to keep from giving him a bit of my mind. But you know, miss, a landlord’s a landlord; and the Methody paid for his supper and bed same as another: at least, I was flat enough to think so then.”

Donald went to his room and deposited his knapsack there. Dodd asked him, as he came down-stairs again, whether there were any money or valuables in it, and he answered yes; there was all the money he had with him in it, excepting a few shillings in his pockets. Upon this, Dodd begged him to lock his chamber-door whenever he left it, so long as the knapsack remained within it. Dodd had no reason to suspect the honesty of the two country servants who composed his staff of indoor assistants; but he had an uneasy feeling on that evening, which made him anxious that no risk should be run.

“Almost like a kind of a warning, wasn’t it, miss?” said Dodd, with some solemnity.

But Alice, whose mind was differently constituted from her husband’s, observed that it was a stupid kind of a warning then, just enough to make folks uncomfortable, and not enough to help ’em to take care of themselves; and that, for her part, she was convinced that Dodd all the while had his suspicions of the parson, and didn’t like to say so then, even to himself.

Donald took the landlord’s advice, and locked his bedroom-door when he went down to supper, and left the key hanging on a nail in the bar.

At first, the meal proceeded quietly enough. Dodd was in and out

of the room, serving his guests himself, and he noticed that Mr. Ayrle gave rather short answers to the other man's talk. But when the broiled eggs and bacon, which had formed the staple of the repast, had been cleared away, and the "Methody," as Dodd persistently called him, had ordered a tumbler of hot brandy-and-water, Mr. Ayrle said that, although he was not inclined to drink himself, he would ask for a similar jorum, and would beg Dodd to take it in their company—"for the good of the house, and for auld lang syne, Dodd," he said," recounted Dodd. "'You and I are old acquaintances, Dodd,' he says. He's a real gentleman is Mr. Donald. One of the sort as isn't afraid to be kind to folks for fear they should take advantage o' him."

"Ah," observed Alice sententiously, "when folks is only made of Britannia metal, lad, they want to be handled careful; but real silver, or honest pewter, 'll stand a deal of rubbing. No fear of taking the plating off when you're made of the same stuff all through."

Dodd accepted Mr. Ayrle's invitation,—the more willingly that he thought the latter did not particularly enjoy the company of the odd-looking stranger,—but he could not remain in the parlour for very long together. Once, on returning to it from some business in the bar, he heard a name he knew very well, uttered in a loud voice, and saw that Mr. Donald looked very pale, and that his forehead was drawn into a stern frown, whilst the "Methody," leaning with both elbows on the table, and shading his eyes with his hands, was looking at him in a fixed, eager kind of way.

"What name was it that you heard spoken, Dodd?" I asked.

He hesitated an instant, and then answered, "Yours, miss."

"Mine."

"'Furness,' miss. That was the name I heard," answered Dodd in a manner which showed that he was very unwilling to say more on the subject.

After the first start of surprise, I reflected that it was by no means unlikely that such a man as this itinerant preacher should have taken my father as a text whereon to expatiate against the evil and mischief of races. It was the evening of the 22nd of September; and two days previously my father's losses had been widely enough rumoured in Horsingham to have come to the knowledge of this man. I did not again interrupt Dodd's narrative; which proceeded to the following effect.

Donald speedily left the supper-table, and went to his own room. He took the key from the nail where it had been hung in the bar, and unlocked the door. The lock was out of order, and made a considerable noise when the key was turned in it. Dodd was clearing away the supper things, when the grating of the lock sounded distinctly through the little house. The "Methody" asked what that was, and

Dodd told him. Shortly afterwards the stranger said he was fatigued and should go to bed. He was so sleepy that he begged not to be disturbed next morning until he should call or ring. Then he went up-stairs, and Dodd heard his chamber-door shut. It was opposite to Donald's.

Soon afterwards, Donald came down-stairs again. He did not feel inclined to sleep, he said, and would go out and smoke a cigar in the orchard behind the inn. The night was heavy, and he felt that he needed air. He remained out of doors for an hour. At the end of that time a storm, which had been gathering, burst with great fury. The thunder was loud, and almost incessant; and then the rain came down with a rushing noise. Donald re-entered the house, said "Good-night," as he passed through the bar, and went up to bed.

The next morning he rose at seven, breakfasted, and asked for his bill. When he opened the division of his knapsack that had contained his money, he discovered that he had been robbed. Every farthing was gone. There had been about fifty pounds, chiefly in bank-notes; but there had been a few sovereigns also. The whole house was in commotion. The servants were called up, and questioned. Dodd was in dire distress. Donald, though of course much vexed at the occurrence, seemed, Dodd noticed, to be more annoyed at being detained than at the loss of his money. He could not bear the idea of being kept there; still less of having to return to Horsingham. Dodd himself ran up-stairs, and knocked at the "Methody's" door. He thumped and called for a minute or so in vain. Then he tried to open the door, and found it locked. A vigorous kick, however, made it fly open, and the room was discovered to be untenanted. Dodd rushed down-stairs again, bawling out that he had found the thief; but he only meant that he had found out who the thief was; for the stranger was off and away, doubtless, hours ago. He had brought a little black leather valise with him. That lay open on the bed, and beside it a bushy black wig and voluminous white neckcloth.

How, when, could the robbery have been committed?

The "when" was doubtless during the hour that Donald had been walking in the orchard. The "how" was not difficult to understand. On going down-stairs the second time, Donald had merely turned the key and left it in the lock of his door. No grating noise had been heard; but that ceased to be surprising when, on examination, it was found that the lock had been copiously oiled. The oil had been taken from a lamp that burnt in the passage. A torn bit of paper was found on the floor inside Donald's room, on which the robber had evidently wiped the oil from his fingers. It was part of a letter. Mr. Ayrlic had picked it up, the servant-woman told her master. Dodd asked Mr. Ayrlic for it, as it might furnish an important clue for the

tracing of the thief. But Donald had said, "Oh no; it could not be of any use. It was an illegible scrap of writing." He was much more anxious to pursue his journey than to remain and be worried by the Horsingham police, who would in all probability fail to find the thief after all. How could they describe him? The man had been disguised. Who could tell what he looked like without the wig and neckcloth?

In short, it ended in Donald's borrowing ten pounds of the landlord to take him to town, and setting off without waiting to give any evidence to the constable, who did not arrive at the Royal Oak until some minutes after Donald's departure. And from that day forth no trace of the Methodist preacher had been found, nor had the thief been discovered. It could not be doubted that the disguised stranger and the robber were one and the same. Perhaps a London thief who had come down, as many did, expressly to glean a harvest at the races; though Dodd admitted that Mr. Hogg had declared he didn't believe it was done by a "professional" hand.

"Mr. Hogg, indeed!" cried Alice. "Why what should he know? There ain't much gumption in old Hogg."

"It is a very strange business," said I. "How was it that when Don——Mr. Ayrle returned to his room, and turned the key he had left in the lock, he did not notice that it went smoothly and made no noise? For the robbery must have been committed by that time as you suppose."

"The very question I asked him, miss!" replied Dodd, nodding his head twice or thrice. "And the fact is, that if the house had been still, he would have noticed it. But you see that by that time the thunder and the rain were making such an uproar that it put any littler noises out of one's head. And then Mr. Donald said as he had been thinking of a many things, and his mind was so full of his own thoughts, he didn't much heed what was under his nose. He didn't seem himself at all, didn't Mr. Donald——Mr. Ayrle, I should say. But you see, miss, I remember him when he was a little short, blue-eyed chap, as wanted to catch the black bull at Water-Eardley with a rope and a running loop. He said that was the way they done in South Ameriky. Lord, what a nice little boy he was! Anyway, he didn't notice as the lock had been oiled, and so he lost his money."

And thus ended Dodd's history of the robbery at the Royal Oak.

CHAPTER XLIV.

My grandfather came back from the sea, having seen mother comfortably established in her lodgings there. And after his return we began to work in earnest, and found a good deal to do already. He

laboured hard, because nothing would have induced him to abandon his poor patients ; and as the number of those who paid him increased, his time began to be very fully occupied.

Mother derived so much benefit from her stay at S——, that grandfather advised her remaining there for a longer period than had at first been determined on. She obeyed him somewhat reluctantly ; for, with returning health and strength, her living interest in those dear to her returned also, and she longed to be with us at Mortlands.

Meanwhile our life there—the life of us women folks—was one of almost nun-like seclusion. Nevertheless we heard occasional tidings of the outer world.

Of Gervase Lacer many rumours reached me—rumours, that is to say, dating from the period of his stay in Horsingham and Brookfield : for nothing had been heard of him, so far as I knew, since he had left our part of England.

Alas ! I heard nothing but evil of Mr. Lacer. And much, most of the evil that I heard I knew to be true. But my feeling for him was always one more of pity than anger. He had done ill, he had been weak, false and selfish. It was all true. Still I did believe, and do believe, that the story of his neglected youth was in the main an accurate one, and I pitied him. But in Horsingham there was no voice raised in his favour ; and truly, I could not wonder at it. He had left debts there and at Brookfield. He had disappeared stealthily and suddenly. He had borne a very bad character among his brother officers. He was a swindler, a black-leg—in brief, there was no word too bad for him. My kind friends, the Bunnys, were especially furious against him. Sir Peter could not, he said, get over the mortification of having introduced such a person to his friends. “A fellow of the lowest origin, I’m told. If he had even been a man of family. But he deceived me on that score. I give you my word he deceived me completely.”

Of Matthew Kitchen, I heard that he was not popular, but prosperous. He was growing rich very rapidly. Water-Eardley, or at least, the property upon it, had been sold by auction. When Mr. Kitchen’s claims were satisfied, there remained little for the other creditors. The remainder of the lease had also been sold. The purchaser of it, to every one’s surprise, was the dissenting preacher, whose ministrations the family of the Kitchens had attended for many years. But that person did not hold his purchase long. It presently appeared that Mr. Matthew Kitchen himself was the real buyer. He sub-let every acre of the land to a neighbouring farmer, saving only the garden and shrubbery, and within a very short time, he and his family were installed in my old home. It was a strange turn of Fortune’s wheel, I thought, which had made Selina mistress of Water-Eardley Manor !

Between Alice Dodd and her brother there was a breach which grew wider day by day. They rarely saw each other. Mrs. Matthew Kitchen declared that she could not invite the wife of a publican to visit her. Selina's native, stolid, self-sufficiency had grown to portentous proportions with her growing prosperity. She did no active harm. She obeyed her husband, and reared her children, and ruled her household, and performed the public ceremonies (whatever they were, I know periodical new bonnets entered into her conception of them) of her religion. A most respectable woman. Who could say a word against her? And yet I have rarely come in contact with a character which had so little that was human, as Selina's.

From Woolling there came from time to time vague murmurs, like the sound of a distant sea, of an impending marriage in the Cudberry family. Mrs. Hodgekinson's son was supposed to be paying marked attention to one of the young ladies. I did not know, and I do not know to this day, why Mr. William Hodgekinson was commonly spoken of by the appellation of Mrs. Hodgekinson's son. He was Mr. Hodgekinson's son also; but no one ever mentioned his father. Neither did they usually call him briefly Will Hodgekinson, or Young Hodgekinson, or Mr. Hodgekinson, junior. No; he was almost invariably "Mrs. Hodgekinson's son." I wondered sometimes whether, when he should be married, the world would speak of him as "Young Mrs. Hodgekinson's husband!" And, contemplating the probability of his marrying Tilly Cudberry, I really thought it very likely. I even allowed my idle fancy to conjure up a time when he might be known to mankind as "Miss Hodgekinson's papa."

We received no hint of any matrimonial project direct from the Cudberrys. So, of course, on the not very frequent occasions when I saw my cousins, I refrained from asking questions which time would infallibly answer if I held my tongue and waited.

The spring came, and then my dearest mother returned to us, wonderfully strengthened and restored. It must not be supposed, however, that she was ever again the pretty, bright, youthful-looking mother whom, despite traces of care and sorrow, I had seen on the day on which she kissed me and blessed me, and signed away her marriage-settlement; that had been a delicate-complexioned, brown-haired, graceful woman who seemed barely to have reached middle life. The figure that I received in my arms on the threshold of Mortlands was a very different one. In the first place, it was bent and bowed. It was an old figure. Then the face was sallow and colourless, the still abundant hair grey, the mouth tremulous. But the eyes—the eyes were those of my own darling mother. Soft, clear, and sad (as they had ever been), and full of ineffable sweetness. She had gained considerable outward calm. And she talked

to us all almost cheerfully. A little pale gleam of sunlight flickered over the surface of her spirit. What dark and undying sorrow lay within its depths God only knew—she never spoke of it.

Little Jane's joy at mother's return was characteristically intense and undemonstrative. She sat quiet and attentive until the first words of welcome and the first bustle of arrival were over. Then, having waited her opportunity with astonishing self-control, she toiled up-stairs—a laborious journey, for little Jane's legs were still very small, and had never been very strong—and brought down her sampler and laid it on mother's lap.

I do not think mother would have noticed it, at all events, she might not, had I not luckily guessed the child's errand, and prepared my mother to admire the great work.

Jane flushed and grew pale at the praises which mother bestowed upon it. Presently she said, with earnest, dilated eyes—

"I would give it to 'oo. But my own muvver must have it. My own muvver would be so sorry if I didn't give it to her. 'Oo wouldn't. 'Oo don't love Jane de best. But I love 'oo."

Mother had been with us again about two months—they had glided away with peaceful monotony—and the summer was near at hand, when one afternoon my grandfather sent for me to his study. It was an unusual hour, and an unusual summons, and I entered with a little trepidation. Grandfather's face did not altogether reassure me. There was sorrow in it, but something besides sorrow which I could not decipher.

"Anne," said he, holding out his hand to me, "Donald's father is dead."

"Oh, grandfather!"

"He died in India. Poor Steenie! We were children together. I—I was very fond of him." Grandfather hid his face in his hands for a few minutes. I did not interrupt his sorrow. My own eyes were dim.

"Well," said grandfather, raising his head and tossing back his thick white hair with a quick, decisive motion that was habitual with him, "now I have something else to say to you. I'm going to ask your opinion, or rather to ask you to approve—approbation is the only comfortable sort of advice you know, little Nancy—to approve what I have done. I have written to Donald."

He stopped.

"Yes, dear grandfather?"

"And have begged him to come down here without delay."

"Here? To Mortlands?"

"Yes, child. I must see him; it is right that I should. I don't think he will refuse to come to his father's old friend at this moment. Do you think he will, Anne?"

"No—no, dear grandfather. I—I don't think he will refuse to come to you."

"And you, Anne, will you forgive me if I put you to a little pain in meeting Donald? You will bear that for me?"

"Oh yes, yes, dearest grandfather! And, please, don't mind my crying a little. Don't misunderstand my tears. It makes me think so of the old days. It brings back that birthday story you told me once about yourself and 'Steenie' school-boys together, and that first evening that Donald came—and—and—let me cry. Oh, let me cry a little; it will ease my heart."

CHAPTER XLV.

It was more than eight months since I had seen Donald when he arrived at Mortlands. He did not come down immediately on my grandfather's summons, having to prove Captain Ayrlic's will, and to arrange a good deal of business connected with it. But he (Donald) lost no time in writing to my grandfather, and in assuring him that he would come and see him as soon as it was possible for him to do so.

Captain Ayrlic had died possessed of a considerable fortune, all of which—with the exception of an annuity to an old body-servant, a mourning ring to my grandfather, and one to Colonel Fisher, and a few such trifles—he bequeathed unconditionally to his son.

The same mail which brought the tidings of his death, brought also a long letter from him to my grandfather. He had written it but two days before he died.

In it, he said, that he had for some time been aware that his days were numbered; and that, although his physicians encouraged him to hope for some years of life, he himself neither expected nor desired to live very much longer. He was quite willing to go to his rest, feeling old and lonely, and having done his work in the world.

"Old!" cried I, when my grandfather read me this portion of the letter; "why, he was younger than you are, grandfather."

"Yes, a few years—four or five, I suppose. But I have not lived thirty years of my life in India; and, besides, my work isn't yet quite done. I hope to make a shift to hobble on until it is done, little Nancy. Steenie was lonely, you see. His boy was almost a stranger to him. He could scarcely look forward to having Donald out there; and as to his coming to England, he had given up the idea years ago. He had got into a certain routine of life, into certain habits and customs; and it would never have suited him to begin all over again, as it were. Poor Steenie was the gentlest, sweetest-natured,

most high-minded fellow imaginable, from a boy upward. But he had a good deal of soft indolence in his character, a good deal of *vis inertiae*."

"That is not like Donald," said I musingly.

"Donald! Donald! Good heavens, no!" cried my grandfather. "Donald is about as energetic a human being as I ever encountered in my life. And he wastes no power in fuss. His poor father wrote me all this long letter about him. His wish was that Donald should stay near me. He says that in the young man's letters to India he has always spoken of me as having been a second father to him; that all Donald's affections seem centered here; and that it is a great consolation to him—to Colonel Ayrlic, that is—to feel that his son is surrounded by true friends. 'For,' he writes, 'Donald loves the familiarity of friendship; he is shy and warm-hearted, like his dear mother; and he would find life a dreary business without kindness and affection.'"

"So we most of us should, I suppose," said I.

"Some natures can do better without them than others. Don't you fancy that if you gave Sam Cudberry Donald's money, and liberty to do as he pleased with it, he would not be apt to pine, or find life savourless for want of affection? You smile at the very notion. Poor Steenie goes at some length into money matters, explaining to me the particulars of his fortune, and he charges me to give Donald my best advice as to the disposal of it. My advice on such points will not be worth much, but I look on Steenie's last request—which he makes to me with a good deal of solemnity—as sacred. And therefore I have, as I told you, begged Donald to come here and let me talk with him, and show him his father's letter."

On a fair evening at the end of May, Donald arrived at Mortlands. Long bluish shadows were lying on the grass-plat in the garden. A nightingale hidden in a tangle of fresh young foliage, was preluding in low rich liquid tones, and had not yet burst forth into the full rapture of his song. I have never understood why the nightingale's note should be termed sad and lamenting. To me, even when I have been most sorrowful myself, it has ever seemed the very soul of rapture; an intense, quivering, rapture such as no other sound conveys to my imagination. It is true that in its very ecstasy there is something akin to pain, something suggestive of the mysterious sadness which underlies our highest joys, and our highest joys only.

Mother had been prepared for Donald's arrival, but she showed no agitation such as we had feared might overcome her at the sight of him. Ever since her return from the sea-side she had been free from any hysterical attack. Nothing seemed to have much power to

excite emotion in her. I was often reminded, when I looked at my mother, of the words of a song I had heard years ago :—

“ I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I ne'er impart,
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart.”

We were all sitting out in the garden when Donald arrived ; all we women, that is, for grandfather awaited him in his study.

My mother was lying half reclined in an easy-chair just outside the dining-room window. Mrs. Abram was near her, in the shadow, knitting of course, and with a queer little tract lying open on her knee, and embellished with a woodcut which I am convinced could have had nothing to do with the letter-press ; for it represented a young woman in a low gown and a straw hat trimmed with flowers, standing at a cottage door in apparently tender conversation with a youth attired in the extreme of fashion of about the year 1810.

Little Jane was gravely studying her next day's lesson in the spelling-book, seated on the ground not far from mother's chair. I had a book, but was not reading. I was lazily listening to the nightingale, and drinking in the sweet evening scents, and letting the calm minutes float by me, watching their course, almost as one watches the ripples of a stream.

We had heard no sound of arrival when Donald appeared among us. Keturah, it seemed, had been on the watch for him, and had taken him into my grandfather's room at once. Donald had been at Mortlands nearly an hour before I saw him.

He bent over my mother and took her hand. He shook hands also with Mrs. Abram. Then he turned towards me. At first I believe he was going merely to bow to me ; but I held out my hand, and he took it for an instant, and then relinquished it in silence.

I cannot express the chill at my heart which Donald's demeanour gave me. It was like a numbing blow. I was instantly depressed, and shrank into myself, remaining silent, or speaking in monosyllables.

I had expected to feel some pain in meeting Donald, but not this pain.

Presently my grandfather came to the dining-room window and called us in. It was too late, he said, for mother to remain out of doors, there was a heavy dew falling.

We all obeyed his summons and entered the dining-room, and Keturah brought tea and meat, and we sat round the table and ate and drank, and some attempts were made to converse with ease and cheerfulness ; but it would not do. That first evening was altogether blank and disappointing. How could our life go on if all our subsequent intercourse were to be equally constrained ?

I saw grandfather watching me uneasily, and glancing from me to Donald, and from Donald to me. I feared that he, who had not seen our first meeting, would blame me for the coldness which was manifest enough. And yet I felt that in this case I was not blameable. There was no opportunity for explanation between grandfather and myself that night. I told myself, in reflecting upon the events of the evening in my own room, that Donald must be excused for his chilling manner on our first meeting; that he possibly was unaware how severe his demeanour had been towards me; that without any doubt he too had suffered—he was too utterly sincere for me not to believe in the reality of the attachment he had formerly professed for me, and in the grief he had shown on that day when we parted at Water-Eardley—and that in a day or two he would recover self-command enough to resume something of his old familiar manner towards me. I told myself all this, and it sounded sage and reasonable; but, it was utterly unconvincing. My heart would not be thus logically comforted, and—shall I confess it?—I cried myself to sleep.

The next day Donald behaved to me in the same chilling way, and the next day, and the next day after that. His intercourse with the rest of the family became genial as of old. To my mother he resumed the respectful tenderness he had shown her from his childhood. To Mrs. Abram, to little Jane, to the servants, he was his own old self, softened and made naturally graver by the losses and sorrows which had befallen him and us. But to me he never softened. He avoided me whenever it was possible to do so, and when he was compelled by circumstances to address me, it was with a rigid formality which was never for a moment relaxed.

After enduring a week of this, I went to my grandfather and told him that, loath as I was to do anything which might make his position difficult, or which might cause him pain, I felt it to be impossible for me to go on living under the same roof with Donald Ayrrie, eating at the same table, forming part of the same family circle, whilst he plainly showed me, in every look and every tone, that my presence was irksome and distasteful to him. And that I would ask his (grandfather's) leave to pay a promised visit to Woolling. I had no doubt I should be able to extend the visit to a few weeks, by which time Donald would in all likelihood have departed from Mortlands.

Grandfather was distressed by my words. And he was all kindness and affection to me. But he was unable to deny that Donald was treating me badly. He was grieved, surprised, puzzled, he said; but he could not deny the fact.

"And what, after all, have I done to merit such treatment, grandfather?" I said. "If Donald had ever—had ever—felt for me as he once professed to feel, surely he could not have grown thus rancorous. It is unreasonable—cruel!"

I broke down, and cried bitterly. My womanly pride would have prevented me from yielding to this weakness in Donald's presence. But I was so sure of grandfather's sympathy, so confident that he would not misinterpret my emotion, that I gave way to it, after a momentary struggle, unrestrainedly.

"Come, come, my dear child," said grandfather, stroking my hair fondly, "this will never do. I cannot have my little Nancy made unhappy. I cannot have her driven from my house for all the Donalds in the world. He has some crotchet in his head; there is some misapprehension. I must try to set it right."

"Oh pray, dear grandfather, say nothing to Donald about this. I could not bear that he should think—that he should fancy——"

"Have no fear, my Nancy, that I shall compromise your feminine dignity. Donald shall fancy nothing but the simple truth, so far as I am able to set it before him."

However, I still persisted in my project of going to Woollong for a little time. I wrote to Aunt Cudberry, who returned a cordial invitation to me to come and stay for as long a time as I could. Grandfather, after a little opposition, came round to my plan. In truth, I felt that some change was becoming absolutely necessary for me. I was nervous, and wretched. I had now no special active duties to perform for my mother. I could be well spared for a week or two. Even grandfather would miss me less, now that he had Donald. The daily meeting with Donald—hoping each morning to find in him some semblance of his old self, some beam of the former frank kindness towards me in his eyes—and the daily disappointment of his cold and distant greeting, were almost more than I could bear. I felt so helpless, so unable to appeal to our old affectionate friendship. My tongue was tied, my spirit was fettered, by the remembrance of Donald's declaration at Water-Eardley. How could I go to him and beg him to take me back into his heart? How could I do so now? My feeling towards him fluctuated. Sometimes I thought that, but for the remembrance of that day when he had asked me to be his wife, I could have knelt down before him, and taken his hand, and cried—"Donald, let us love each other, and trust each other, as we did when we were children. If I have pained you, forgive me. Be kind and gentle with me, Donald, for I have suffered greatly, and my heart is sore."

At other times my pride rose, and my sense of justice was outraged by his frigid demeanour. What had I done, after all? How had I merited to be so treated? I had never willingly deceived him by word or deed. It was too harsh, too unreasonable. I would shake off my depression, and care no more for one who evidently had ceased to care for me.

But whatever other phase of feeling I passed through, I never attained to that of not caring.

Mother expressed a little surprise at my determination to go to Woolling. Would they behave kindly and considerately to me there? She was afraid they would be rough, and that I should find myself in an uncongenial atmosphere. But she did not seriously oppose my going from the first; and when grandfather told her that I was running the risk of growing morbidly sensitive and depressed, and that a change—even a change to the society of not too sympathetic persons—would do me good in mind and body, she even urged me to depart.

Accordingly one day I had my clothes packed in a little black box, and quietly mounted in a fly from Horsingham, to be driven to Woolling. Mr. Cudberry had offered to send for me; but I preferred to go in my own fashion.

As the fly left Mortland's garden-gate, Donald appeared on his way home to dinner, and the driver of the fly knowing him, and seeing him glance curiously to discover the occupant of the vehicle, touched his hat and pulled up to give Donald an opportunity of speaking to me.

I was heartily vexed at the man's proceeding; but there was no help for it.

"Oh, Anne! Is it you?" stammered Donald in considerable surprise when he saw me.

"Yes; I—I—am going——"

"Going! You are not going away?"

There was more impulse and warmth in his manner as he leaned forward into the coach to look at me than I had encountered from him for many a long day. For once his cold manner would have been the best for me; it would have given me courage. The little gleam of sunshine melted me. I could scarcely speak, and made a desperate and not wholly successful struggle to keep back my tears.

"I am going on a visit. I—I have not been quite well, and the—the—change is thought good for me. Good-bye."

I signed to the driver to go on. As he drove away, I leant back in a corner of the coach and covered my face with my handkerchief. Not, however, before I had seen Donald's face for one brief moment as he stood hat in hand beside the garden-gate, and looked after me. He looked very sad. There was a wistful, tender expression in his eyes, and his forehead was knitted into painful lines. It seemed as if—almost as if he was sorry to see me depart.

And yet, how could that be? He had shown me that my presence irked him; so of course he could not regret me.

Besides——

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A VISION OF LOVE REVEALED IN SLEEP. By SIMEON SOLOMON. London. 1871.

IN an age not subject to visions, the writer of a book like this works at a disadvantage. Nothing serves the man who would write a vision so well as the having really had one, and this is not so easy as it once was. A miraculous excursion in the spirit is not the thing of common experience and ready credence which it was in the days of Dante; nor even the prerogative of over-wrought consciences which it was in the days of Bunyan, the Dante of Puritanism. Neither can a writer employing the visionary form of narrative nowadays expect to be taken at his word in the sense in which Dante or Bunyan could expect it; the grace is not given him to bring us from the land of dreams reports vivid as theirs of images branded in upon the passive brain. We know, and he knows, that we are to accept him not as a witness but as an artist; as one speaking in parables, and making use of a certain kind of imagery and machinery because it suits his pleasure. If, as in the present case, he has been in the habit of realising the mental imagery of his predilection so as to embody its figures to the eye as well as to the mind, then no doubt he is likely to give them more colour and definition than if they had been creations of the literary art alone.

Colour and definition accordingly we do not find wanting in the mystical figures of Mr. Solomon's "Vision," although we do, I think, find wanting in them the vivid sincerity of the veritable seer. The phantoms of Mr. Solomon's creation are known to many readers, as well from his singular works in painting, of which the genius both pictorial and poetical has commanded general acknowledgment, as from a set of photographs published after the delicate drawings in chalk which have been the medium of many of his more evanescent and esoteric inventions. It is the same set of images that in the present book—a little book very beautifully printed, and enriched with a characteristic frontispiece, and a cover of charming colour and design—are re-embodied in the literary form. The creator must needs be the only judge whether his creations in one art are in need of, or the better for, illustration by help of another; but it is certain that those who have taken most pleasure in the work of Mr. Solomon's brush and pencil will also be those to find most meaning in the work of his pen. The narrative takes the tone of a sort of recantation or apology from one who, having done despite to love, is led, past one visible manifestation and another of Love in affliction, to a final revelation of Love enthroned and worshipped; his own soul in human shape acting as guide and comforter. In all this one catches an echo of Dante, and now and again even a certain echo of Bunyan, notwithstanding that the governing sentiment of the piece is strictly personal, having a literary precedent, if anywhere, rather in the romantico-mystic literature of the Greek decadence than in any other. A considerable monotony in scenic and incidental mysticism, and the repetition of a uniform imagery of poppies, ruined temples, flame-coloured garments, faded flowers and flecks of foam, frayed wings and raiment, shells of memory and echoes of the past, will be the blots of the book for readers to whom these things do not appeal with the same fascination as to its author. Again, it may be said that much of the epithet-work of the book is of the nature proper not so much to ecstatic

material vision as to reasoning spiritual analysis—very certainly beautiful in itself, but not so certainly appropriate, and even if so, still used with too much abundance; as when we hear once and again of a face having on it the shadow of glad things unattained, and a voice unburying the dead cycles of the soul, and eyes in which there shines the light of infinite memories, and ears in which there ring the voices of unnumbered years, and so on. Imaginative spiritual analysis—a marshalling together of beautiful attributive thoughts and sayings, both old and new—that, indeed, is also the staple of such fine passages as those relating the visions of Death (pp. 12-14) and Sleep (pp. 21, 22); of which the eloquence is, of all that the book contains, most dignified and moving, and the purport most full of real and pathetic human significance. In such places as these we find ourselves face to face with the inmost life of life; elsewhere sometimes, as it seems to me at least, with relaxed phantoms thrice removed from humanity. But, however unequal may be the significance of this "Vision" in various parts and for various readers, it possesses a colour of style and personality distinguished enough and interesting enough, if not with enough of simpleness and restraint, to claim something more than curiosity, and assert nothing less than genius.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

DIARY OF AN EMBASSY. Translated by A. H. WRATISLAW. Bell and Daldy. THE Slavonic reformation of the fifteenth century has sunk to the dimensions of a somewhat obscure episode in the history of European emancipation. But it was a very wonderful movement, for all that, if also a very disastrous and bloody one. There were the Slavonic race and Hussite ideas on the one side, and the Teutonic race and Church or Papal ideas on the other. The Bohemians were crushed, and the reformation of religion was accomplished in the sixteenth century by the very race which resisted the primitive attempt at reformation in the fifteenth. In the year 1464 the King of Bohemia conceived the idea of an alliance with France against the Catholic and German empire, and sent ambassadors to Louis XI. with designs of this kind. The MS. account of this mission was found in the archives at Budweis, printed, after passing through the fire of Viennese censorship, and is now translated from the original Slavonic by Mr. Wratislaw. It is very brief, but is not without a certain interest. The iteration of the translator's grievance against the Viennese censor is, perhaps, carried far enough to be a little childish.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. Vol. I. Blackwood.

THIS is the first of three volumes in which Lord Brougham is to tell the story of his own life, and covers the period from 1778, the year of his birth, down to the end of 1811. When the volume closes, the future Chancellor, who had sat for awhile in the House of Commons as the Duke of Bedford's nominee for Camelford, has just learnt that the duke wishes to sell the property and the borough seat as part of it, and Brougham is left meditating whether he may betake himself. As up to this point his position was not remarkable politically, we may fairly suppose that we have the least instructive and interesting part before us of a work which, as a whole, is tolerably sure to deserve, at any rate, the latter of the two epithets. The work was compiled in the writer's latest years, and bears marks of failing judgment. A man must either be extremely old or else extremely young, to be able to believe that the world will care to read even a portion of a tale which he wrote at the age of thirteen. More than a

hundred pages go to the record of a tour in Denmark and Scandinavia, and nearly half as many to a ramble through Holland and Italy in 1804. The reader, however, will probably use his own discretion as to the exact amount of care and time of which he may think these portions worthy. One chapter, to which everybody will turn, is that describing the circumstances of the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*. Of this Lord Brougham gives us ample details, and not the least marvellous of them is his own portentous activity as a contributor. In the first twenty numbers he wrote no less than eighty articles, *de omni scibili*. Before starting on the tour to Holland, he received a remonstrance from Jeffrey, who did not know how he was to get his next number out, so "to make his mind easy I contrived to send him four or five articles before I left England."

There is a certain interest in the account of the Portugal mission, of which Brougham was secretary, in 1806, Lord St. Vincent being its chief. The rest of the volume is mainly filled with letters and hasty notes to Earl Grey and others, on the public events of the hour, from 1807 to 1811, such as the policy and conduct of the Peninsular war, Sir John More's retreat, the Scheldt expedition, the quarrel between Castlereagh and Canning. The reader may at all events be sure of getting very decided views expressed in uncommonly strong language.

BERKELEY'S LIFE AND WORKS. Edited by Professor FRASER, of the University of Edinburgh. Four Vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Macmillan.

THIS is the first complete edition of the works of one of the most ingenious and far-reaching of English thinkers, though he has been dead for considerably more than a century. His life has never been described in any tolerable form, although scarcely any philosopher's life will bear narration better. Professor Fraser, than whom no one is more competent, has performed his work as editor with great care and fulness. He has revised the text of the works previously known; collected writings of Berkeley not published hitherto, including many letters and commonplace books; added critical and bibliographical introductions and notes; and finally devoted a large part of a volume to an account of Berkeley's life, and a valuable estimate of the scope and significance of his contributions to philosophy. Professor Fraser has a style of exposition which is peculiarly luminous for those who possess the proper amount of instruction, and it will be the student's own fault if he does not acquire clear ideas of a metaphysical position which has been more egregiously misunderstood than any other in the history of speculation. In giving such a book, so executed, to the world, the authorities of the Clarendon Press are showing a just and laudable notion of the true functions of their department of university work.

CONVERSATIONS ON WAR AND CULTURE. By the Author of "Friends in Council." Smith, Elder & Co.

THE accomplished writer of the well-known conversations, of which this is the latest instalment, does not weary of providing pleasure of a veritably good kind for those who have taste enough to find pleasure in a mild and attractive wisdom, varied by frequent strokes of gracious humour. The conversations are perhaps on the whole somewhat too general exactly to warrant the specific title which the author has given them, but the war has inspired more than one passage which shows a depth and pathetic power that the ordinary reserve or playfulness of the style might have prevented us from expecting to find.

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GERMANY: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THERE is no people in Europe whose future, at this moment, is more dependent on its character, whose character is more richly illustrated by its literature, or whose literature is more explanatory of its history, than the German. To any superficial observer the collective history of the German populations for the last thirty years must appear strangely paradoxical. For nearly half a century Germany has been commonly regarded as the Hamlet of nations: given up to dreamy contemplation, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," hopelessly fastidious in its disinclination to prompt conclusions or rough and ready action, quite incapable of "enterprises of great pith and moment." And, in consequence of the general acceptance of this convenient classification of German character, Europe has been startled out of all composure by the sudden discovery that when Germany does act, she acts with a clear knowledge of her own purpose, an iron will, an unflinching tenacity, a celerity and accuracy of movement, a practical attention to the minutest details, which have never been surpassed; while, on the other hand, the conduct of the world's two great practical nations, France and England, throughout a crisis fundamentally subversive of the old international organisation of Europe, has been marked, as regards the first, by haste whenever caution, dilatoriness whenever promptitude, was required, oversights, inaccuracies, and bungling of all kinds; as regards the other, by hesitation, half-heartedness, unpreparedness, sentimentality, confusion of mind, hysterical self-mistrust, and humiliating self-reproach—the usual consequence of ignorant self-glorification. This seeming paradox, however, is merely superficial. Accustomed to look at only one side of German character, we have been unduly startled by the sudden apparition of the other; and, now that this last happens to be uppermost, we are disposed to ignore and

deny the first. Yet the biography of all heroes, and the history of all great nations, should teach us that sentiment and action are convertible forces, intensity of sentiment being a prime condition of strong and efficient action. He, therefore, who would render to himself any adequate account of the historical action of Germany, should first endeavour to understand the sentiment of the German populations, as it is reflected not only in their literature, but also in their social traditions and habitudes. This is the method we intend to adopt on the present occasion. Before tracing the events, or discussing the character, of German history, we shall endeavour to trace the origin, and indicate the character, of German sentiment. Between the dream-life and the actual life of the German populations there is a close organic connection. The latter cannot be rightly understood without reference to the former, whereby it has been, from age to age, sometimes paralysed, sometimes inspired and sustained, but always most materially affected.

I.

Tacitus has described the national habits of the Germans in a few words which are still wonderfully characteristic of them. "*Satis notum est,*" he says, "*non pati inter se junctas sedes. Colunt discreti ac diversi, ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit.*" It is this strong hereditary tendency to development round separate and independent centres which has hitherto preserved for each of the component populations of Germany a distinctive national life of its own. Herein lies the explanation, and, at the same time, the justification, of what is called German *Particularism*. Cæsarism, that bastard outgrowth of royalty grafted on democracy, has never struck deep roots in the national life of any manly, self-respecting people. But German soil is even less congenial to it than any other. Each of the German populations, however great the growth of it, clings tenaciously to the organic root of its existence; and this tenacity of tribal instinct has saved them all from that levelling process which policy calls unification.

Louis XIV., by his famous dictum, "*L'état c'est moi,*" completing in France the work of unification which had begun in that country, as early as the reign of Louis XI., unconsciously bequeathed to the Revolution what the Revolution, in turn, passed on to the Empire—a complete political apparatus of absolutism. Mirabeau, in one of his remarkable letters to the king, forcibly pointed out what he was perhaps the only man of his time to perceive clearly; how much more had been effected by a single year of revolution, than by centuries of monarchical government, for the consolidation of supreme arbitrary power in the government of a society reduced to a flat, dead, social level. But the Revolution only revealed what it found already exist-

ing under the rotten surface which it swept away. Destiny generally accomplishes her designs by means of those who are opposed to them. 'Tis the surest way. Long before the Jacobins destroyed the Girondins, the Bourbons had extinguished throughout France the *sui generis* of free provincial life. Out of the ruins of all separate social powers arose the conception of the modern state.

The force of this unifying and levelling movement was shattered against the firmly crystallised separatism of the German populations. The Reformation might, perhaps, have unified Germany, if Charles V. had understood German. But, not understanding German, he could not understand Luther. And so, for lack of intelligence in the sixteenth century, the German Emperor missed at Worms, as, for lack of audacity in the nineteenth century, the Prussian monarch missed at Frankfort, the occasion of "placing himself at the head of the movement."¹

Hence the *Vielstaaterei*, for which Germany has been so often ridiculed, but to which she owes so many rich reservoirs of self-respect and self-development. In connection with this peculiarity in the composition of that strange social and political cellular tissue which constitutes German nationality, it must be observed that the monarchical sentiment has lasted longer in Germany than elsewhere throughout Europe. And the reason is simple and obvious. The princes of Germany are not, like those of so many other countries, an imported political commodity. They are homogeneous with the populations over which they preside. Prince and people are of one and the same stock. The life of a people expands, figuratively speaking, in a lateral rather than a vertical direction. The man of the people can rarely reckon back his own begetters beyond two or three generations. His family chronicles date, at earliest, from a great grandfather, and he knows not who were his ancestors. But throughout Germany every man of the people knows who were the ancestors of his native princes. They and he have sprung from the same ethnic root, and their ancestors are virtually his. The Prince of Hesse has been a Hessian, and the Prince of Saxony a Saxon, ever since there were Saxons or Hessians in the world. Thus the German populations have hitherto been monarchical, not only in sentiment, but in fact; for prince and people are historically one. The force of the monarchical principle, growing spontaneously out of community of origin between the populations and sovereigns of Germany, is promoted by a peculiarity common to their temperament in all classes. *Mensch zu sein*, to be a human being (a man, that is, in the simple sense of the word, and without any of those adjectives which so often restrict the full significance of nouns to which we tag

(1) "Ich stelle mich an die Spitze der Bewegung." Speech of the King of Prussia, March, 1848.

them by way of emphasis), this is the highest social and moral conception of the average German mind. At the apex of the community to which he belongs, the ordinary German burgher or peasant would rather see a human being than an administrative machine; he would rather be governed by an individual man, than by a number of men unindividualised by corporation, and mechanised into a mere political abstraction. It must not be understood from this that Germany has ever been a patriarchal paradise. Here, as elsewhere, there have been plenty of bad princes and frequent popular discontent. But the natural strength of the monarchical sentiment in Germany is proved by the fact of its having survived even such conduct as that of the German sovereigns before and after the war of liberation. Elsewhere, throughout Europe, the institution of monarchy rests, not upon sentiment, but convenience. It has long ceased to be the affirmation of any idea, and is now only a negation—the negation of republicanism. Not so in Germany. There it has hitherto been preserved by the still existing strength of the sentiment which created it, and the continued recognition of the idea which it represents.

There is one form of death, however, from which it is not in the power of the gods to protect either human beings, or human institutions; and that is, suicide. From the day when a German sovereign is able to dissolve the bond of union between the populations of Germany and their native princes, his brother sovereigns and Germans, we must date a new epoch to which the German people can only adapt itself by the loss of its monarchical sentiment. This sentiment has hitherto been the product of a perfect historical fusion of prince, population, and territory, into a single political organism. You may cut off a man's arm or leg, and he will still remain a man. But cancel from the composition of this political organism any one of its three great organs, and you destroy the whole *ensemble*. To the general German mind, German monarchy has hitherto presented itself in the light, not so much of a human institution, as of a human condition. It now passes into the sphere of pure political contrivances, which have no *raison d'être* apart from convenience. The sovereign of one German stock becomes to the stock of another German sovereign, if not an imposed, at least an imported, prince; like the Bourbons in Naples, and the Lorrainers in Tuscany. The Prussian dynasty has deep roots in the Prussian people. In Hanover, in Kur-Hessen, in Slesvig-Holstein, in Lauenburg, &c., it has none, and will find no soil congenial to its natural fibre. In these states the population has lost its native dynasty. In so far as the monarchical sentiment of such populations is the slowly-formed cutcome of ancient community of origin, long historical and local connection, and familiar social intercourse, with their native princes, his sentiment is now left without any object. It has lost its *raison*

d'être, and will rapidly become extinct. But the sentiment of local nationality, the *tribal* feeling, will endure in Hanover and Hesse, as long as a Hessian or a Hanoverian tribe remains in Germany. What will become of it? These Hessians, these Hanoverians, may put on Prussian uniforms, and be governed on the Prussian pattern. They will then become Prusso-Hessians, and Prusso-Hanoverians; but they will never become genuine Prussians. It may be said, however, that Prussia will become, is fast becoming, Germany. But what is Germany? and who are the Germans?

There has never at any time existed a German nation. The term *German* is simply the common denominator of the various German fractions. By the use of it we are enabled to equalise the differences of the separate Teutonic tribes which it adds together; just as in common arithmetic—if we want to add together a third, a fourth, and a fifth, we must find a denominator which shall be neither three, four, nor five. All comparisons are imperfect; and we offer this only as the readiest illustration of the right meaning of a word which must frequently occur in the course of the present article. The arithmetical method of uniting fractions, however, though excellent when we have but figures to deal with, is not easily applicable to human beings, especially when those human beings happen to be Hanoverians, Hessians, Saxons, Würtembergers, &c. The nature of things may sometimes be recognised in the names of them; and history is occasionally illustrated even by grammar. Whence the word German? How does it happen that a name should exist for what happens to have never existed?

The Romans said *Germania*, just as they said *Γαλλία*. People are rarely embarrassed how to express what they want to get. But the native populations of those parts of the world which were so named by the Romans had not the same motive for coining proper names; and the Teutonic tribes never called themselves Germans. There was, indeed, a tribe who called themselves *Germani*, and another who called themselves *Allemani*, just as there was a tribe who called themselves *Longobardi*, and a tribe who called themselves *Francs*. But these are only the names of particular tribes; which tribes were never united all together, except temporarily, for common resistance to a common foe; and then simply as allies—never as a nation. The plenipotentiaries appointed by these tribes to treat for peace with the Roman Legates, always spoke of those whom they represented as “our folk,” “*unsere Leute*.” In the language of that time the equivalent for the word *Leute* was *Diut*; and the adjective of *Diut* was formed by the syllable *isc*, corresponding to the modern *isch*. Hence the ancient word *Diutisc*, from which the modern *Deutsch*, or German. The word German, therefore, signifies simply a collective notion—an abstraction.

But the German language? Yes, there is the true Germany. The German language is a neutral territory, in which all the German tribes have given each other rendezvous. Whatever reality the idea of German unity is susceptible of has been realised in the German language. In old Father Arndt's famous song, which has waked a patriotic echo from every German heart (and which is, characteristically enough, the only national patriotic song we know of that begins with an interrogation), the singer asks, on behalf of all his countrymen, "Where is the German's Fatherland?" And to every German country which he mentions, one after the other, the song emphatically replies, "No, no! greater must be the German's Fatherland!" Greater than any German country it is, however; for its true bounds are those of the German language; and it is in that language that we must look for Germany, just as Austria was once said to be in the camp of Radetski. The camp of Radetski is no more; and no man knows precisely what has become of Austria.

What then is Germany? Another abstraction. Like the language—like the name. Travel over every part of this great abstraction which we call Germany, and in no part of it will you find either the German people or the German language. What you *will* find is: in one part, Prussians who speak the Prussian dialect; in another, Austrians who speak the Austrian dialect; and so on, from tribe to tribe.

But the German language, nevertheless, exists. Surely, then, it must exist somewhere. If so, where? In books. The German language is spoken literature. It is not the language of any German population.

When Luther translated the Bible, he wished his translation to be read and understood all over Germany, south and north. So he took all the principal German dialects, fused them together, and made out of them—a language. Thereafter, all who wished to speak directly to the people followed Luther's example. The printing press came to their assistance just in the nick of time, and carried all these popular messages easily and rapidly from German tribe to tribe. Thus was established that great national compromise, the German language. It was the first product of its own creation.

Everywhere analysis leaves us the same residuum in the language, in the country, in the people, in the name—Abstraction!

This is no mere play of fancy. The future of a nation is developed, like all things else under heaven, in strict accordance with the laws of necessity. Those laws spring from the essence of things, and the essence of things lies not upon the surface. We have seen that throughout Germany the monarchical sentiment is the offspring of a long unbroken continuity of national union between the several German tribes and their respective chiefs. We know that recent

events have dissolved the old organic connection between the institution and the sentiment of monarchy in Germany.

We have seen that the tribal sentiment being in the nature of the people, which is an indestructible body, is likely to survive the change which has disconnected it from the monarchical sentiment; whereas this latter sentiment, deprived of its natural nutriment, and having no *necessary* part to play in the new order of things, is likely to perish rapidly. If, therefore, we have viewed the facts of the present in their right relation to the sentiments of the past, we can come to no other conclusion but that Germany has now entered upon the road which will eventually lead her to some more or less federal form of republic. Federal, not confederate. For the problem now before her is how to secure permanent international unity, without entirely sacrificing the wholesome variety of her national structure. But a German Republic, what does that mean? Rome? Athens? Sparta? Venice? The Convention? No. All these republics represented the affirmation of a something, no matter what. But the German Republic of the future will be a born negation; and what it means is non-monarchical association. The length of the road which seems destined to lead to this result we cannot calculate. The goal of it, however, is indicated by the direction it has taken at the starting-point.

Before we follow any further the steps of Germany along the path they are now treading, it will be convenient to fix in our memories one or two important dates which mark, like milestones, the course she has already traversed.

In the year 1830 war had become a myth. It was an article of faith that the hue of human blood is ruddy; but few of the then existing generation had ever seen the colour of it. On the pavement of Paris, for the first time after many years, the crimson dew of death again descended. A cry then went forth from the barricades of St. Antoine which startled Europe from her slumbers. Terror became a power, menace a weapon. Germany, hardly healed of the grievous wounds she had received in her great struggle with Napoleonic France, and drenched with political physic of all kinds, was still what the Germans themselves call *medicinkrank*.

To galvanise into spasmodic movement this sick body, weakened, as it was, by loss of blood, the Holy Alliance had been obliged to administer a strong dose of *promised* liberty. The princes had conjured the people to arise; and, in obedience to their invocation, a spirit had indeed appeared, which terrified the conjurors by its reluctance to vanish as soon as it had performed the task for which it was summoned. How to get rid of this inconvenient demon then became their paramount concern. All expedients were resorted to; and, when an appeal to the good manners of the apparition

proved of no avail, the door was shut in the face of it with no manners at all. Like the genius in the Eastern tale, this strong and patient spirit was squeezed into an iron pot, tightly bottled down, sealed with the seventeen seals of the German Solomon, and contemptuously tossed into the deep. Those who thus dealt with it had no presentiment that, in an after day, some fisher, fishing in troubled waters, might haply catch it in his net, drag it back to the light of heaven, and restore it to liberty.

The Germanic Confederation has been much discussed, and little understood. It was certainly a very complicated affair; but the explanation of it is simple. This Germanic Confederation, as constituted by the Acts of 1815—20, was nothing more or less than the old German legend reduced to a protocol, and written out in the pedantic official style of the German chanceries. It was a sleeping and dreaming emperor, whose red-rust beard went on silently growing through the green-cloth-covered board of the Tour und Taxis Palace in the Eschenheimer Gasse at Frankfort, just as the mossy marble table in the Unterberg had been slowly pierced by the secular growth upon the chin of his legendary prototype. And, like the ravens round the mountain tomb of Barbarossa, the seventeen voices of the German Confederation might be heard drowsily croaking and chattering, and often wrangling with each other "about the Emperor's beard."¹

The state papers of the Congress of Vienna closed the international series of political classics with a theoretical *chef-d'œuvre*. The like of it we shall never see again.

The act of the Germanic Confederation was a masterpiece of political caution. But there was one miscalculation in it. This unlucky miscalculation was like the single misprint which has given such celebrity to the Elzevir edition of the "*Corpus Juris*." In that carefully printed book millions of little types are correctly set together without a fault of grammar or orthography. But on one page of the volume, above its double column of small print, we find conspicuously printed in large capitals the words *PARS SECUNDUS*. And yet, for a long while, no one detected the misprint. The acts of the German Confederation had also their one conspicuous, yet unperceived, misprint; their *pars secundus*. That misprint was the second great German Power. *Secunda* this Power was called, and *secunda* it has been in both senses.

II.

The thirty years which elapsed from the settlement of the German Confederation in 1815, to the European Revolution of 1848, make up a period which, as regards Germany, has perhaps been less studied

(1) "Um des Kaisers Bart sich streiten." To dispute about the Emperor's beard, i.e., about trifles.—*German Proverb*.

and more misrepresented than any other in modern history. And this is natural enough. For the fruitful toil of the German intellect during those thirty years of national seclusion was unaccompanied by any of that noise which is necessary to attract the attention of politicians. The intelligence of professional politicians would seem, indeed, to reside in their ears rather than in their eyes. They are frightened by every clap of thunder, and forget that it is the lightning only which strikes.

The *régime* of the restoration in Germany was a *régime* of rigid political repression. Thought was forbidden all alliance with political action, and all use of popular vehicles of expression, such as newspapers, pamphlets, &c. But, in point of fact, these deprivations only increased its fecundity. They prevented the virility of the German intellect from being frittered away in unproductive employment. Unmolested in her great sanctuaries, the German universities, thought remained, not only independent, but supreme. In no other part of the world, and under no other institutions, has the independence of the human mind ever been so free from fetter, so industrious, or so triumphant.

The obligation of thirty years' wholesome abstinence from the feverish food of current political trivialities, to which the thinking power of Germany was, during this period, arbitrarily subjected, has been a standing subject of mockery to foreign journalists and orators. But whilst England and France have been talking, and acting after a fashion, Germany has been thinking and learning how to act. Disengaged from the strangling entanglements of party politics, placed beyond reach of those social bribes to intellectual dishonesty which are still the bane of our own society, and freed from all cant shibboleths of every kind, the master intellects of Germany have constituted themselves into a vast fraternal army of student soldiers, armed to the teeth for unflinching battle with the toughest problems of human thought, and marching serenely in the van of the great crusade of the nineteenth century against the infidels who deny the gospel of knowledge. Bustling politicians have called these men dreamers, nor wholly without truth. For undoubtedly all these German professors have, like the rest of their countrymen, been dreaming for half a century the old, old dream of the great German Empire. Only, what they dreamed they have accomplished. Not in the world of political fact, but in the world of those ideas which are always, in the long run, the masters of political fact. There, the great German Empire has already been established supreme: an empire vaster and wealthier than that of Charles V., when the mariners of Spain poured into its lap the treasures of the Indies: an empire, adding new worlds to the old, and founded by the dauntless enterprise and patient toil of each dreamer who dreamed

To be
Columbus of some far Philosophy,
Bringing again the golden Indies home.

Ah, it is easy to sneer at German moonshine and the dreams of German professors. But the fun of it is, after all, a poor set off against the starless theological twilight of our own universities, and the humiliating necessity of walking only by the borrowed beams of this German moonshine along almost every path of original research or independent speculation. And among the results achieved by German professorship must be reckoned the formation of a generation of men trained to habits of intellectual honesty, and thoroughness in whatever work they set their hand to. The astonishing military successes of Germany in her last great war with France are conspicuously due to national superiority in qualities which have for the last fifty years distinguished the abstract intellectual work of the German from that of the French people. And of these qualities none is more obvious than severe accuracy in detail. It is certainly true that the *belles lettres* of Germany suffered grievously from the dulness and heavy inactivity of her social life under the prolonged political repression of the period we are now speaking of, whilst those of France during the same period represent a brilliant literary epoch in her history. But all this while the intellect of Germany was not inactive. It was working, and deeply, though in another direction. And perhaps it is fortunate for Germany that, until she was startled by Heine's revolutionary trumpet in 1826, no modern German poets were sufficiently audible to confuse or silence the heart-stirring echoes of such patriotic lyres as those of Körner and Arndt. It is impossible, in the present article, to do justice to the paramount political importance of this long period of political inactivity. We can only direct to it the attention of all who may care to inquire why and how it happens that the German people have recently proved themselves to be the bravest soldiers as well as the most laborious bookworms, and the least boastful conquerors although the most tenacious antagonists. We may also point out in passing the advantageous position of any nation which, at such a moment as the present, when the busier communities of Europe are beginning to show symptoms of weary impatience with the disappointing results of empirical politics, now for the first time comes into full political activity, with energies unmarked by petty party strife, and the rich intellectual results of a prolonged play of free thought in many directions where thought is often superseded by social prejudice or popular passion.

The German system of government by drill-sergeant and censor's scissors fell to pieces at the first sound of the French tocsin in 1848. Germany was shaken to her foundations. And again, as heretofore,

Prussia became at once the rallying-point of every practical effort on the part of the German people towards the realisation of their long-suppressed aspirations. On the 18th of March, 1848, the King of Prussia publicly pledged himself to support energetically the demand of the Liberal Party throughout Germany that the existing *Staatenbund* should be replaced by a *bonâ fide Bundesstaat*.

On the 18th of May, at the solemn invitation of the Diet, which was in a hurry to perform "happy despatch," a German Parliament elected by the various governments on the basis of population assembled at Frankfort, assumed the functions of a constituent assembly, invested the Archduke John of Austria, *ad hoc*, with the regency of the German Empire, and assigned to his imperial and royal highness a provisional executive. On the 24th of July the old Diet resigned its powers into the hands of the regent, and snuffed itself out with its own breath. Much valuable time was lost by the Frankfort Parliament in the discussion of abstract questions, and, of course, the old standing joke about German professors and doctrinaires had a busy life of it. No doubt the intellect of Germany, having neither any political experience nor any political organisation of its own, undertook the political reorganisation of a people teeming with revolutionary excitement under altogether hopeless conditions. And, even had the circumstances been as favourable as they were the reverse, the reconstruction of Germany could not possibly have been accomplished by a Parliament of professors. Nevertheless the constitution devised by these much-abused professors, and voted by the Frankfort Parliament early in 1849, was a much more practical instrument than the constitution so deliberately elaborated in a moment of profound calm by the politicians in 1815. Its principal features were the following:—a national Parliament consisting of a States' House or Senate (like the American) and a House of Representatives, directly elected; a responsible ministry; complete international unity under one supreme head. This time, however, the *pars secundus* was not Prussia, but Austria. One all-important consideration had been overlooked. The international sovereignty of the new Federative Empire would necessarily be supreme, not only over all its component States, but also over all their component populations, over the international status of each citizen as well as of each government. What then was to be done with Austria? Either the whole of her German population must be separated from the rest of her empire, or else her whole empire must be excluded from the new German State, since upon no pretext, historical or political, could Germany assume sovereignty over the non-German populations of the Danube and the Vistula, who had never at any time belonged to the Empire. Out of the discussion of this difficulty arose two antagonistic parties, who have for years divided

between them the whole field of German politics. As were the Big-Endians and the Little-Endians to Lilliput, so were the Great Germans and the Little Germans to Germany. The party calling itself Little German saw clearly that Austria would never willingly consent to part with her independent sovereignty over her own German population. To separate this population from the rest of her empire would be to upset the balance of the latter, and to deprive it of its governing and civilising element. The Little Germans, therefore, perceived that the whole Austrian Empire must be either included in, or excluded from, the new German State. But to include in Germany, as an organic part of the new concretion of German nationality, the whole Austrian Empire with its Slavs, its Magyars, Italians, Roumans, Ruthenes, &c., was a sheer impossibility.

Therefore, the only practical course was to exclude Austria altogether from New Germany. This necessity the Little Germans recognised reluctantly but clearly, and they frankly accepted it with all its consequences. They may be regarded as the representatives of German sense, which abhors deliberate self-deception, shrinks from no logical conclusion, and, shrinking fearlessly at the centre of a recognised difficulty, tries to settle it, once for all and for ever, on the basis of a fundamental principle rather than on that of a political compromise. The Great Germans may, on the other hand, be regarded as the representatives of German sentiment. Without offering any practical solution of a difficulty which could not be ignored, they vehemently denounced, and with no affected horror, what they regarded as a sacrilegious proposal for the dismemberment of an empire existing only in their own imaginations. In the conflict between these two parties we may again detect the ever-increasing divergence between those two main currents of emotion which are to be traced, one of them through the dream-life, and the other through the political life, of the German people.

Whilst these discussions were going on in Germany, the administration of the Austrian Empire had passed into the strong hands of Prince Schwartzenberg. By a few strokes of the pen, and a few more of the bayonet, he converted that incongruous congeries of nationalities into the political fiction of a social unit, and then addressed to the Frankfort Parliament an imperious and peremptory demand for the immediate admission of the *whole* Austrian Empire into the Germanic State-system—to be resettled for that purpose on its previous rickety foundations as a confederation of States. This demand was rejected by the German Parliament, which thereupon offered the imperial crown of Germany to the King of Prussia, April 3rd, 1849. The King of Prussia, after long hesitation, rejected the offer of the Parliament on the 25th of April. He could not

make up his mind to accept from the German people a crown which he would willingly have accepted from the German sovereigns, who, however, were in no humour to offer it to him. The national party, having failed in its programme, which could only be carried out by the energetic co-operation of the Prussian monarchy, was discredited, fell to pieces, and sunk in the revolution which now swept over Germany. Austria had more than enough to do in combatting her own revolution in Hungary. She could spare no help to the German sovereigns for the suppression of the German revolution. This work was done, and promptly, by Prussia. The King of Prussia, having thus re-established his brother sovereigns, now looked to their voluntary co-operation in re-establishing Germany on a footing more favourable to Prussian interests. A new draft of constitution was drawn up by the Berlin Chancery, maintaining the popular principle of the *Bundesstaat*, or Federative State; placing it, however, not under the sovereignty, but only under the presidency of Prussia, supported by a council of seven German sovereigns. Towards the end of May twenty-nine German governments had (most of them reluctantly) accepted this new constitution. On the 20th of March, 1850, it was also accepted and ratified by the German Parliament, then sitting at Erfurt. Austria, however, had already, by the surrender of the Hungarian to the Russian army at Vilagos, been released from her most pressing internal difficulties, in the autumn of the previous year. Her attention was again turned to Germany. The Southern States, encouraged by the attitude of their old patron, plucked up heart, and put on a bolder face. Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and Hanover refused to attend the Erfurt Parliament, although, in the summer of the previous year, both Saxony and Hanover had entered into formal alliance with Prussia, pledging themselves to support the Prussian draft of constitution.¹ On the 26th of April Austria, magnificently ignoring, as *non avenu*, all that had happened in Germany since the beginning of 1848, convoked the old Diet, as though it were still in constitutional existence. Prussia refused to attend it; but the heart of Prussia had already begun to fail her. Eleven German governments responded to the summons of Prince Schwartzberg, and, stroke upon stroke, he followed up his advantage, till Austria's only rival in Germany kissed the dust at her feet.

The Electorate of Hesse was still a member of the new union, placed by the Erfurt Parliament under the presidency of Prussia. The Elector of Hesse was one of the worst and ignoblest of those petty tyrants whose existence made Heine wish that Germany had one Cæsar, instead of so many fathers of their country. The Elector of Hesse invoked from this rump Diet, created by Prince Schwartz-

(1) The alliance of the three kings.

enberg, armed assistance in levying war on his subjects, although the peace of his tiny dominions had not been disturbed by them in a single particular, notwithstanding the intolerable provocations they had received from his government. Under the dictation of Austria the Diet decreed a federal execution in Hesse. Prussia was bound by every consideration of honour and interest to oppose it. Her character in the eyes of all Germany was at stake. She made a faint show of frightened and insincere resistance. After a sham fight at Brouzel, in which one horse was slain, and nobody else wounded, the Prussian troops evacuated the duchy; and immediately afterwards, at Olmütz, in compliance with the orders of Austria, Prussia agreed to dissolve the union, attend the Diet, and leave to Austria the exclusive settlement of the so-called Slesvig-Holstein question, about which the German population of those duchies were then in open war with the King of Denmark. The humiliation of Prussia was complete from every point of view, military, political, and diplomatic. The Prussian Minister, Count Brandenburg, who had brought things to this pass, died, it is said, of a broken heart. The Crown Prince, afterwards Prince Regent, then King of Prussia, and now Emperor of Germany, retired in disgust from the court of his brother; and from that time forth it became the object of his life to redeem the military honour of his country.

We now enter upon a new phase in the history of Germany. It is opened by the battle of Brouzel, Austria's last, and closed by the battle of Sadowa, Prussia's first great German victory. The whirligig of time brings round its revenges.

III.

The Manteuffel Ministry, by signing the punctuation of Olmütz, for which bad business it had come into existence, bequeathed to itself a heritage of national humiliation which made its position extremely embarrassing at home as well as abroad. We may fairly apply to it a recent exclamation by Count Bismarck, in reference to the present English Government, "It is inconceivable how such a Government can get any man of character or ability to serve under it!" It must here be explained, however, that in Prussia there have ever been two antagonistic currents of political sentiment. One of these sets strongly towards the future, carrying with it the whole of the middle and literary classes. Its political *credo* was clearly articulated in the programme of the Frankfort Parliament of 1849, and has since been embodied in that of the National Verein. The other current of Prussian sentiment and opinion, reverting to the past, and seeking the re-establishment of the feudal order, has hitherto animated the great majority of the landed gentry, who con-

stitute the military caste in Prussia, and whose ideas find utterance in the *Kreuz Zeitung*. The ranks of this party are recruited from the *Junkerthum* peculiar to Prussia. The word *Junker* is untranslatable. A clever German writer, writing for foreigners, has described the Prussian Junker as "the descendant of a military family, representing a strange *mélange* of the cavalier à la Stuart, the sub-lieutenant of Prussia, and the Don Quixote of Spain."¹ This class, which is also a political party, embodying Prussian particularism in its most unpleasant form, has always looked up to Austria, as the ark of German feudalism and reaction, with a reverence not destroyed even by the memories of Olmütz.

In the ranks of it, at the time we are now speaking of, there happened to be a young man whose bold and exaggerated advocacy of its most exaggerated political dogmas, combined with a certain vigorous personal eccentricity, had already attracted notice to a name destined to become historical.

This young man was Baron von Bismarck, a Junker of the Junkers. He had opposed the occupation of the Danish duchies, which he characterised as "a stupid revolutionary adventure." He had opposed the adoption of that policy which Prussia, having adopted it, so precipitously and disgracefully abandoned, with regard to Electoral Hesse. He had told his countrymen that their only legitimate national duties in Germany were those of loyal vassalage to Austria. He had derided the alliance of the three kings, and disapproved of the union. During the revolution he retired in disgust from parliamentary life. He returned to it in 1849 as one of the most bitter critics of the revolutionary failure. He was then thirty-four years of age. In a speech delivered in 1850 he declared the natural policy of Prussia to be one of "strict subordination to Austria—the true representative of the ancient power of Germany."

It was natural that a ministry whose "subordination to Austria" had disgusted the majority of the Prussian nation, should gratefully avail itself of the services of a young man who so fearlessly defended the policy it represented. In the following year, 1851, M. de Bismarck was named Secretary of Legation at Frankfort. Three months later he was promoted to the rank of Minister at the same post.

If we may trust the evidence of his private correspondence, and there is no reason whatever to doubt the sincerity of it, a very short experience of the real character of Austrian supremacy, as revealed to him at Frankfort, effected in the mind of this remarkable man a revolution of sentiment and opinion which was pregnant with consequences for Germany. In a letter, dated April 2, 1858, he writes—"It is impossible to go on with this *liberum veto* of twenty-

(1) M. Louis Bamberger.

eight governments, supported by fifty parliamentary assemblies. *I think we must seek our model in the Unionist Programme of 1848. . . .* The Chambers, and the press, may be of great assistance to our foreign policy."

In the following year, 1859, Austria was attacked by the combined armies of France and Italy. The deliberate and well-matured intention of the French Emperor to make war upon Austria, under pretext of liberating Italy, was known at least twelve months previously to Count Rechberg, then Austrian President of the Diet. The speech of the French Emperor to Baron Hübner, the Austrian ambassador, on New Year's Day, preceded by the secret, and immediately followed by the open, military preparations of the French Government, made this intention known to all the world, with a single exception. That exception was the British Ambassador at Paris, whose Government was still openly boasting of the benefits secured to Europe in general, and England in particular, by the cordial alliance then existing between England and France—an alliance which, though it obliged all the old allies of England to arm to the teeth, was yet supposed by British statesmen to be, in some mysterious way, the best guarantee for the peace of Europe. On the strength of this boasted alliance Lord Cowley was authorised to undertake with great parade a special mission to Vienna, in the confident expectation of preventing, by concessions to be extorted from Austria to "the reasonable demands" of France, a war which had been decided upon by "our august ally" before His Excellency left Paris.

The cause of Austria was popular throughout Germany, and in Prussia as much as anywhere, on political no less than sentimental grounds. It was generally felt that Austria's possession of the Quadrilateral was substantially advantageous to the security of Germany. Moreover, the war, thus provoked by France, was considered ominous of what Europe in general, and Germany in particular, must expect from the policy of a Government compelled to make war abroad in order to maintain peace at home. From all sides round the Cabinet of Berlin was pressed to declare war upon France. The cause of Italy was viewed with only languid favour by German Liberals, and was an object of detestation to all that class of German Conservatives who took their political gospel from the *Kreuz Zeitung*, at the hands of the Prussian Junkers.

When in the following year, 1860 (after Castelfidardo), Count de St. Simon, the Prussian Envoy at Turin, was instructed to express "the profound disapprobation" of his Government at the conduct of the Piedmontese Cabinet, Count Cavour replied that, "Perhaps the time may come when Prussia will thank us for the example we have set her." The time had already come, however, when at least one Prussian clearly recognised the full significance of

the situation thus created in Germany. On the eve of the Italian war, and as a demonstration of good-will towards Austria, M. de Bismarck had been transferred from Frankfort to St. Petersburg. Thence, on the 12th of May, 1859 (fifteen days after the passage of the Ticino), he addressed to Count Schleinitz a private letter, in which the following remarkable passages occur :—

“The means of breaking down the obstacles set by the *status quo* to our legitimate development will not so soon again be offered us. If we neglect the present opportunity, we shall find, as heretofore, that organic changes are not possible in ordinary times. . . . Should a majority of the Diet now take a decision to which we can by any possibility object as a violation of the federal principle, we ought not to regard such an event as a misfortune ; but rather as a salutary crisis, pregnant with progress. We shall not easily find again such favourable conditions for the amelioration of our position in Germany. The more outrageous the conduct of the Diet, the better will it be for us. Even the *Kreuz Zeitung*, I see, is beginning to get impatient of the insolence of our allies.”¹

The “insolence” complained of by M. de Bismarck was no doubt the pretension of Austria to claim the support of Prussia and the rest of Germany not as allies, but vassals. This pretension Prussia naturally and properly declined to admit. The Prince Regent, however, was firmly resolved that Austria should not be left to perish at the hands of France, the hereditary foe of all Germany. It was fair, he thought, that Austria should bear the first brunt of a war, incurred by her, not as a German, but an Italian, power ; and which found all Germany unprepared. But, should she be seriously worsted, he would come to her assistance, by taking the offensive on the Rhine. This step would have exposed Germany to a French invasion, which it was therefore necessary that Germany should be in a fit state to repel before such a step was taken. Austria had only to hold out a reasonable time ; and who could doubt that she would do so ? As early as the battle of Magenta the whole Prussian army was mobilised, and, simultaneously with the battle of Solferino, it had begun its movement towards the Rhine. The Emperor of the French knew this. He knew that before the Italian Quadrilateral his victorious army was likely to be shattered to pieces ; and perhaps he also knew that in the humour which Austria was then at no pains to conceal, almost any concession to France would be less odious to her, than salvation from the necessity of such concession by the military successes of Prussia. Acting on this knowledge, he sought and obtained a personal interview with the young Emperor Franz Josef. At this interview he succeeded in making upon the Austrian sovereign and the Imperial Chancellor, Count Rechberg, that instantaneous favourable impression which at that period of his life the personal manner of Louis Napoleon rarely failed to produce upon the

(1) The private correspondence from which all these quotations are made, is now published.

feelings of those whom he at any time cared to please or persuade. His manner was on this occasion a charming mixture of modest frankness, manly deference, and respectful sympathy, which, on the part of a victorious enemy, could not but be specially soothing to those who were still smarting with indignation at what they deemed the *outrage* of Prussia. The effect of it was completed by the production of a secret draft treaty of peace, containing terms more onerous to Austria than any which had been proposed in the course of the interview, and to which the Austrian Emperor and his Minister were easily persuaded to believe that the acquiescence and approval of Prussia had been as good as given. When they discovered their error it was too late. The Peace of Villafranca had been signed.

The estrangement between the two great German Powers was now deep and bitter.

From the circumstances of this brief campaign, however, the Prince Regent of Prussia had learnt, and laid to heart, some important lessons. In the first place, the military power of Austria had proved to be a mere phantom. Had the Diet, at her demand, declared war upon France, Austria would have been unable to make up the contingents which she as a Federal Power was bound to furnish to the Federal army. In the next place, the German Confederation had been found worse than useless as a military instrument for defensive purposes in time of war. Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, and the other States which had been most clamorous for war, were utterly unprepared for it. Months must have elapsed before they could take the field in any efficient force; and even then, the utter want of any general military system, or administrative cohesion, would have probably made such allies an easy prey to any well-organised army. Finally, the military organisation of Prussia herself had been found defective in many important particulars. To perfect his own military equipment, and organise that of the Confederation, now became the dominant objects of the Prince Regent. The Austrian Government, on the other hand, was now more than ever anxious to place all its non-German provinces under the ægis, such as it was, of the German Bund, thus extending the political frontiers of Germany to the Po and the Carpathians.

The Middle States of Germany, on their part, seriously alarmed by the military collapse of Austria, and dreading any extension of the power of Prussia, in the sense of the liberal programme of 1849, now endeavoured to come into closer unison with each other.

The Prussian proposal to substitute for the occasional Federal army two permanent armies of the north and south, the first incorporated with the Prussian and the second with the Austrian military system, completed the consternation of these Middle States, and procured from them a favourable reception to the strange proposal of Baron Beust,

for resuscitating the idea of the German Triad, in a form which, had it been adopted, would have fully realised the French ideal of German reconstruction.

The danger of any such misfortune gave a fresh impetus to the Little German party, and brought about the formation of the National Verein—a league having the constitution of 1849 for its watch-cry. It was formidably opposed by the official league of the Middle States, known as the Würzburg Coalition, which now drew up a scheme of Federal reform, retaining the essential character of the Acts of 1815-20, but converting the Diet from a diplomatic into a ministerial congress, dividing the presidency of it between Austria and Prussia *à tour de rôle*; adding to the constitution of it a Directory to be composed of Austria, Prussia, and a third state, and also adding an Assembly of Delegates to be elected only by the Chambers of the component States. It need hardly be said that no German liberal was taken in by so transparent a sham. Austria professed herself willing to entertain the consideration of it on the *sine quâ non* condition of *all* her territories being admitted into the confederation, though she objected to share the presidency of the Diet with Prussia. Prussia summarily rejected the proposal, and put forward one of her own, developing the principle which seemed to be recognised in Article Eleven of the Federal Act, and advocating the formation of a voluntary *Bundesstaat* by independent alliances amongst the members of the *Staatenbund*. The Prussian counter-proposal was received with a scream of indignation. The aid of Austria having been invoked and obtained by the Middle States, identical notes were presented at Berlin by the Cabinet of Vienna and its German allies, drawn up in terms which amounted to a declaration of diplomatic war against Prussia.

Here we must revert for a moment to the year 1859. In that year M. de Bismarck wrote to Count Schleinitz a letter in which we find these words—

“As to the word *German*, instead of *Prussian*, I should not wish to see it inscribed on our banner, until we have placed ourselves in closer and more effectual connexion with our brother Germans. It would prematurely lose all its charm if applied to the present state of things, as represented by the Diet. . . . In our actual position; and that of the Confederation, I perceive something radically vicious *which we shall eventually have to cure, ferro et igne*, if we now shrink from subjecting it to serious and searching treatment. Were circumstances just now to suppress the Confederation altogether, even without substituting for it any other arrangement, I believe that in a short while this negative result would suffice to develop better and more natural relations between Prussia and her neighbours.”

Here, then, we have the famous prescription for the ills of Germany which so startled all Europe when, some years later, it was publicly proclaimed. But, in fact, politicians have no excuse whatever for

the surprise and consternation with which they have been seized by each successive manifestation of the policy of Count Bismarck. The opinions and objects of that outspoken and clearheaded statesman have never been concealed; nor since he was Prussian Minister at Frankfort have they ever been materially modified.

The Prince Regent had, meanwhile, succeeded his brother on the throne of Prussia. In the year 1860 M. de Bismarck had at Baden a long interview with his Majesty. The King was not unaffected by the enthusiasm of his future Prime Minister; and M. de Bismarck was invited to place his views upon paper in a confidential memoir. Simultaneously, he wrote to a friend—

“What we now need as much as daily bread is more compact consolidation of the military force of Germany, a better Customs’ system, and a whole number of common institutions more fitted to protect the material interests of Germany from the dangers growing out of her external configuration and internal divisions. We ought to leave no doubt whatever as to the sincerity and thoroughness of our desire to ameliorate the present order of things. I really cannot, for the life of me, see why people should be so frightened at the idea of popular representation. . . . With the aid of the Liberal party throughout Germany, we might now create a thoroughly national representation, which would nevertheless be conservative in spirit.”

When M. de Bismarck took office as First Minister of the Crown, the conflict between the Crown and the Parliament was at its climax. This well-remembered conflict has been somewhat misunderstood in England. We naturally judged it from the point of view dictated by our own parliamentary traditions and rights. No such traditions and rights existed in Prussia. Had the King’s Government retired before a hostile vote of the Chambers, the Chambers could neither in theory nor in fact replace it by a government chosen from their own majority. Moreover, the Chambers were divided against each other; the upper one being as ready to support, as the lower one was ready to oppose, the Crown on every question of parliamentary privilege. The Crown had no practical choice but to take for its ministers professional statesmen having personal experience in the management of public affairs. Such statesmen could not be chosen from the Prussian Parliament, which did not contain them, and which had no constitutional claim to be consulted in the selection of them. The whole contest therefore, although very demonstrative, was essentially unreal. If the vital connection between the measure on which the King’s heart was set, and on which his Majesty would listen to no compromise, and the whole scheme of Prussian policy which was destined to realise all their aspirations, could have been confidentially explained to the parliamentary liberals of Prussia, they would probably have supported it as warmly as, not perceiving this, they opposed it. But to discuss with a public and popular assembly all the latent potentialities of any

great scheme of foreign policy, is an obvious impossibility. Count Bismarck saw at a glance that on this point the King was substantially in the right and the Parliament in the wrong, since the object of the liberal majority in Parliament could only be worked out by the military power of Prussia, which demanded the measure this majority was opposing. His sharp insight into the reality of things perceived from the first that the conflict between essential principles, once fairly engaged, can never be settled by words alone. Hence the famous dictum about blood and iron, which shocked the world by the brutality of its truth. He had taken accurate reckoning of the forces with which he had to deal, and played them all off one against the other. At home he brought the whole power of the royal prerogative and the reactionary party to bear against the Prussian liberals on the pressing question of army reform ; whilst, at the same time, he addressed the rest of Germany with the confidence of a man who could, whenever he pleased, command the support of the liberal party in every German State. He supported neither Great Germanism nor Little Germanism ; but, true to the views expressed in one of his letters from which we have already quoted, he made these two parties serve as supporters to his own device of Great Prussianism. In a letter written from Frankfort as early as 1858, he had pointed out the possibility of utilising both France and Russia to the advantage of the policy he had thus created for Prussia. Prussia, so long as she remained merely Prussia, could not afford to incur, as Austria had incurred by her flirtation with the Western Powers during the Crimean war, the ill-will of so close and powerful a neighbour as Russia. Nor had Prussia the slightest motive for doing so. On the contrary, she and Russia had at least one common interest growing out of their common wrong to Poland ; and Prussia, *quâ* Prussia, having no particular interest of her own in the affairs of the East, could cheaply purchase the good-will of Russia or Germany by a policy at Constantinople, which England was too poor or too stupid to buy up.

As regards France, on the other hand, the restless, aimless, and yet greedy, policy of her Imperial Government might be easily played off against herself by any able and not over scrupulous diplomatist. Before assuming the personal direction of the Berlin Cabinet, Count Bismarck had laid the basis of a valuable understanding with Russia while he was yet envoy at St. Petersburg. Although in a subordinate position at that time, instead of diplomatically concealing, he had diplomatically *aired*, his whole political programme ; and subsequently he had entangled the conscience of France, adroitly, in the confused web of her own *idées napoléoniennes*, by the famous interviews at Biarritz.

The ground, therefore, was thoroughly prepared, both at home and

abroad, when on the 13th of December Count Bismarck stated to Count Carolyi, the Austrian Minister at Berlin, that the relations between Prussia and Austria must rapidly grow worse, if they did not rapidly grow better. That, if Austria persisted in supporting the Würzburg Coalition against Prussia, she must take the consequence, and might, perhaps, before long, *find Prussia allied against her with some Non-German Power*. That Austria was, properly speaking, an Eastern, not a Western, Power, and would do well to remove her centre of gravity to Pesth, and meddle no more with the affairs of Germany. At the same time, Count Bismarck declared that any vote of the Diet hostile to Prussia would be regarded by her as the dissolution of her relations with the Bund; and that, therefore, ceasing to be a Federal Power, she might be compelled to occupy Hanover and Hesse Cassel, for the maintenance of communications between her eastern and western provinces. Austria, disdaining this menace, pushed her own federal proposals to the vote; but her allies were frightened, and placed Prussia in an unexpected majority at the Diet. Neither party was satisfied. What Prussia wanted was a pretext to withdraw from the Diet. What Austria wanted was the subjection of Prussia by means of the Diet. The next move of the Confederates was a Congress of Sovereigns at Frankfort, which the King of Prussia refused to attend. He had not been consulted about it. This congress of crowned heads drew up a new project of federal reform, which, if carried, would have placed Prussia under the obligation to put 150,000 of her own subjects (without any reference to the wishes of her sovereign or her Parliament) on a war footing, at the *ipse dixit* of the sovereigns of Austria, Bavaria, and Saxony. This project also contained some spurious liberal proposals, which, flimsy as they were, yet, in consequence of the extreme unpopularity of Prussia at that moment (owing to Count Bismarck's high-handed proceedings with the Parliament), and the greatly increased popularity of Austria (owing to her recent efforts to reform herself as a constitutional State, with a middle-class Government) sufficed to attract to it a momentary current of popular favour. The reply of the Berlin Cabinet, subjecting the whole scheme to a ruthless analysis, exposed the illusory character of its pretended liberalism, and once more Austria and Prussia stood irreconcilably opposed to each other in the face of all Germany, on the eternally recurring question of the reconstruction of the German States' system. The conflict now imminent between these two Powers was, however, momentarily postponed by the telegraphic announcement that in the night between the 14th and 15th of November, Frederick VII., King of Denmark, had expired.

We will not weary our readers by any discussion of the causes, or recital of the circumstances, of the last Danish war. We only wish

to point out one important fact connected with the military history of this war, which, strange to say, passed entirely unnoticed at the time. The war itself was neither a great nor a glorious one for any of the Powers concerned in it, but it was, so far as it concerned Prussia, a military experiment of momentous import; and the result of the experiment proved Prussia to be the greatest military power in Europe. For the peculiarity of the Prussian military system is that, instead of confining the perils and sorrows of war to a comparatively small portion of the community, it brings them home to every hearth and every heart in the nation. The practical social effect of this dangerous peculiarity had never before been put to the test. If it stood that test, then it was clear that no State in Europe could compete with Prussia in the magnitude of her military force; and, supposing the discipline, equipment, and other military qualities of that force to be satisfactory, it was the most formidable war-instrument which had yet been invented. For a fair trial of its capacities, it was perfectly immaterial whether it was employed against a small State or a great one; since the friends and kinsfolk of those who were struck down in battle could not possibly suffer more or less according as the bullet or the bayonet, which plunged them into mourning, might happen to have been manufactured for a first-class or a second-class Government.¹

With this single observation, we may pass from the fall of Düpel to the battle of Sadowa, passing rapidly over events yet fresh in the memory of all our readers. How Count Bismarck succeeded in converting a national into a political war; how, having seduced Austria to betray and discredit her natural ally in Germany, the Diet, he then betrayed and discredited Austria; how, availing himself without pause or pity of the false position in which the inconceivable stupidity of her Government had helped him to place her, he pursued her with blow upon blow, till he had struck her down in the heart of her own dominions; how the alliance of Italy was secured by a masterpiece of shrewd negotiation, which left the Italian Government tied hand and foot to Prussia, and Prussia free from any technical pledge to Italy; how France, utterly unprepared for war, was fooled by the hope of poaching a fish for herself out of the troubled waters of Germany, to contemplate with complacency the outbreak of a conflict which, before she could lift a rescuing hand, laid prostrate the only German Power for whose friendship she could hope in any emergency of her own;—all these things, are they not written in the chronicles of a hundred newspapers not yet old enough to be forgotten?

(1) If the conclusion to be drawn from the military results of the Austro-Prussian campaign against Denmark escaped the notice of every other Government, it was thoroughly appreciated by that of Prussia herself.

IV.

The story is told and widely believed, but we cannot vouch for the truth of it, that at the battle of Sadowa, Count Bismarck, who accompanied the royal armies, carried a revolver in his pocket for the purpose of blowing out his brains, if that battle were lost by Prussia. Those who believe this story probably draw from it different conclusions. To many it must appear characteristic of the desperation of an unprincipled gambler. Some, however, will perhaps think it a rare good fortune for any country to possess a statesman capable of staking his life on the issue of his policy, when the grandeur or safety of his country is depending on it.

One of the ablest of Prussia's many able diplomatists was so convinced of the inability of France to put an army in the field at the time when the battle of Sadowa was fought that he implored both the king and Count Bismarck to fight one more battle under the walls of Vienna, and then, concentrating the Prussian armies on the Rhine, to proclaim the German Empire. It is not probable that this advice was rejected from any doubt as to the ease with which it might have been followed. Count Bismarck doubtless acted on the sound conviction that if he then placed on the head of his royal master an Imperial crown snatched from the shambles of fratricidal carnage, in which Prussia, allied with a foreign Power, had just assaulted and disabled the most venerable of her sister German States, and on a pretext, moreover, which had no pretence to be other than purely Prussian, the King's possession of so cynical a decoration would be neither creditable nor secure. Doubtless he perceived that the Empire could only issue, with any chance of durability, from the spontaneous fusion of all Germany on some common patriotic effort, organised by Prussia, and evoked, as in 1813, by foreign aggression.

He must have been fully aware that France would grievously resent the disappointment of her greedy speculations, and be seriously alarmed at the startling and unexpected apparition of a new great military power close on her frontier. It would be easy to provoke so ambitious and discontented a neighbour into some act of apparently unprovoked hostility. The military organisation and equipment of France were still generally supposed to be irresistible. Prussia alone had discovered that they were worthless, as compared with her own. The seeming danger to Germany of any French menace would therefore be very great, and the actual risk to be incurred by provoking it would be very small.

Evidence of these calculations runs all through the treaties of Prague and Nikolsberg, which we need not examine, since their provisions have now been superseded. It will suffice to enumerate the most salient results of the victory of Sadowa. The elimination

of Austria from Germany, and the consequent realisation of the Little German programme. The annexation to Prussia of the Danish Duchies, and of all those German States which had joined Austria against her, with the exception of Saxony; i.e., the realisation of the Great Prussian programme. The division of Germany into two Confederations, of north and south, on a footing defined with what would seem to be intentional vagueness by the Treaty of Nikolsberg. A National North German Parliament, elected from direct suffrage, and therefore representing a partial realisation of the programme of the National Verein.

France lost no time in justifying the calculations of Count Bismarck. The foreign policy of the French Imperial Government was viewed with unconcealed irritation by its own subjects, who complained that France was shut in between a nearly united Germany on one frontier, and a nearly united Italy on the other, having, moreover, lost all control over the international policy of these two neighbours. It became urgently necessary for the French Emperor to recover lost credit at home by a speedy success of some kind abroad. Count Bismarck was pathetically reminded of the Biarritz interviews; and M. de Benedetti was authorised to moot at Berlin the unwelcome topic of territorial repayment for the neutrality—in other words the connivance—of France. It was, however, all-important for the success of Count Bismarck's policy that he should be able to select the moment most convenient to him for that great struggle which he knew to be inevitable. This moment was not yet arrived; for the work of internal reorganisation, bequeathed to Prussia by her victory at Sadowa, was still far from completed. The Prussian Premier, therefore, proceeded to play the French Ambassador, as anglers play a lively salmon when they fear to break their line by prematurely jerking it. All we yet know about the diplomatic correspondence of this time between Paris and Berlin has a ridiculous resemblance to the matrimonial negotiations between Robert Macaire and the Baron de Wormspier.

Meanwhile Baron (now Count) Beust, the former Prime Minister of Saxony, became Chancellor of the Austrian Empire. This appointment did not improve the relations between Austria and Prussia. The relations between Austria and France, moreover, now assumed a degree of intimacy, the full significance of which was thoroughly understood by the Cabinet of Berlin. Misery makes strange bed-fellows; and France in 1870 desired nothing so much as the friendship and military support of that Power which she had attacked and crippled in 1859.

It was soon *le secret de tout le monde* that France and Austria united would pay off old scores against Prussia on the first favourable occasion. Count Bismarck, on his part, was resolved that the occa-

sion should not be favourable. But France was rapidly arming, and the crisis could not be much longer delayed.

In the autumn of 1869 a revolution expelled Isabella of Bourbon from the throne of Spain. With the exception of General Prim, who took, and kept, a line of his own, all the leaders of this revolution were pledged to place on the throne of his cousin and sister-in-law, the Duke of Montpensier, through whom they had been supplied with the necessary funds for carrying out their enterprise. There are reasons which cannot here be discussed for believing that the web of this conspiracy was woven at Berlin; certainly not by the Prussian Government, yet neither altogether without the knowledge of the Prussian Premier. Be that as it may, Count Bismarck lost no time in taking the step most certain to encourage such a belief. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. Whilst the result of the revolution was yet doubtful, and before the Queen's Government had fled from Madrid, the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires was instructed to assure Senor Gonzales Bravo that Prussia had no hand in the conspiracy. Whilst listening to this assurance, the Spanish Minister had in his possession an intercepted correspondence which, rightly or wrongly, led him to an opposite conclusion. Count Bismarck subsequently declared that, but for the Spanish Revolution, France and Prussia would have been at war with each other in 1869.

Certain it is that the downfall of Queen Isabella was a grievous embarrassment to the French Emperor. So long as she remained upon the throne of Spain he could count upon a friend across the Pyrenees, and had nothing to fear in that quarter. He now suddenly saw France exposed to the contagion of revolutionary excitement, and his own dynasty to the humiliation of tolerating an Orleans Prince upon the Spanish throne. The Duke of Montpensier's absence from the battle of Alcolea, however, deprived him of the unmerited object of his ambition, and the throne of Spain was put up to auction by General Prim, a bitter enemy of the French Empire ever since the disastrous Mexican expedition of General Bazaine.

Rumour reported that a young prince of the House of Hohenzollern (a younger brother of Prince Charles of Roumania) was a likely candidate for the situation. Questioned by M. de Benedetti, the Prussian Government repudiated and disapproved the candidature. Rumour adds, however, that it was not unfavourably viewed by the Empress Eugénie, who saw in it the occasion of a brilliant alliance for a young lady of the Montijo family, and that Count Bismarck, having wind of this project, immediately withdrew his own. Not many months later it was authoritatively stated by the public journals that the throne of Spain had been offered to, and accepted by, *another* prince of Hohenzollern—an elder brother of the former, *and already married*. This announcement placed the French

Emperor in the position of Robert Macaire, when the Baron de Wormspier turned up the king three times running at écarté. And his embarrassment was increased by the profound secrecy in which the whole arrangement had been kept till the moment when it was deemed expedient to give information of it to the public press; for this left his Government unable to reply to the charge of inadequate diplomatic vigilance; and public opinion in France was really exasperated by the loss of that preponderating influence in Spanish affairs which it was accustomed to regard as one of the hereditary privileges of the French nation. There is absolutely no truth in the popular story about the snubbing administered by the King of Prussia to the French Ambassador on the public promenade at Ems. But Count Bismarck's supposed participation in the propagation of this story, was the last straw that broke the back of the French camel. When the *Times* subsequently published the draft of the Benedetti Treaty, the previous exasperation of the Imperial Government could hardly have been increased by the bitterness with which it might have exclaimed, "I never thought that Jemmy Twitcher would peach against me!" And France plunged headlong into a war which united against her the whole of Germany, at a moment when Austria was utterly unprepared to assist her.

Technically, the provocation came from France; virtually, it came from Prussia. But, well knowing that France was determined, and actively preparing, to attack, and, if possible, to crush her, as soon as France could get a favourable opportunity and a plausible pretext, was not Prussia fully justified in forcing France to begin the inevitable struggle when the opportunity was unfavourable, and the pretext ridiculous? Those who are now so loudly lamenting the continental supremacy of Germany, on the ground that it is destructive to the balance of power in Europe, seem to forget that, for the last twenty years, Europe has been obliged to await, in fear and trembling, the annual oracle of the Tuileries for information as to her destinies from year to year. The balance of power was effectually destroyed when England, the greatest naval power, entered into open and permanent alliance with France, the greatest military power in Europe. M. de Bismarck has driven many hard bargains with the governments of other countries for the benefit of his own. He has outwitted not a few clever persons, who would have gladly outwitted him had they been able. He has cynically despised and discarded the decencies of those conventional forms with which, in an age of phraseology, it is customary to clothe the naked brutality of physical force; but he has only employed physical force as the instrument of national ideas, and never for the petty purposes of his personal advantage. He is the undoubted author of two sanguinary wars; but, looking to all the circumstances

of them, we cannot fairly call them unjustifiable from a Prussian point of view. Fortunate, indeed, is the statesman who, in the difficult labour of raising from the ground the complete fabric of a mighty empire in the midst of Europe, has never stooped lower than Prince Bismarck.

V.

It is already not impossible to estimate some results of the war just ended.

As regards Europe, the number of the great Powers has been reduced by it, at any rate for the time being, from five to two. These two great Powers, Germany and Russia, are at present united, both by the memory of mutual good offices, and by general interests which have not yet become divergent. But looking fairly at their respective future interests, and at their dissimilar national tendencies, it is difficult to believe that the policy of Germany can long remain in perfect harmony with that of Russia. The Russian alliance has never been popular amongst German Liberals, to whose support the German Empire is so materially indebted for its existence. The Slav and German nationalities have never been sympathetic to each other. Already the German policy of Prince Gortchakoff has provoked from the organs and leaders of pure Slavonic sentiment throughout Russia demonstrations of an impatient disgust, only temporarily appeased by his Excellency's recent diplomatic triumph.

Austria, having now ceased to be an impediment to the reconstruction of Germany, would certainly have the instinctive sympathies of all Germans in any struggle between her and Russia.

It is already apparent, however, that Austria cannot reasonably hope to retain permanent possession of her German population, which is rapidly gravitating to the kindred body of its natural Fatherland. She must therefore look for the consolidation and extension of her empire in the direction of the Danube and the Vistula. But she cannot go far in those directions without coming into open conflict with Russia. Against a contingency so probable, she would do well to secure in time all the advantages of a cordial alliance with Germany; and, while she yet retains her German population, she can bid high for such an alliance. Should she, however, be isolated and overwhelmed by Russia as rapidly and easily as she was overwhelmed by France in 1859, and by Prussia in 1866, then Germany, however reluctant, might possibly be compelled, by the necessities of her own position, to share with Russia in the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire.

As regards France, it is clear that she can never be permanently free from anarchic convulsions, until she has effectually solved the

vital social problems bequeathed to her by her first great revolution. The temporary suppression of such problems, under showers of grape-shot, will not advance the solution of them. If, however, taught by a tremendous experience to care less for external appearances and more for internal realities, she is content to concentrate her bright and generous intelligence upon the patient regeneration of her own social condition and national character, she will continue to be a mighty social force in Europe; and her people and their rulers, having learned how to conquer the world by ideas instead of bayonets, may eventually see cause to bless what they now regard as an unmitigated calamity.

If, on the other hand, with returning strength the old dream of military glory should revive in the spirit of the French people, the first object of their Government, whatever may be the form of it, will probably be to secure useful military alliances in Europe, and in that case, the only alliance possible or desirable for France will be a Russian one. We forbear to speculate on the consequences of such an alliance. But the character of it would be exceedingly curious, for it would instantaneously associate the modern communism of France, which has hitherto been revolutionary, with the ancient communism of all the Slav races, which is generic and historical.¹

Lastly, as regards Germany herself. We are not among those who anticipate any trouble to the German Empire from its new Alsatian citizens. These Alsations have long been a social anomaly in Europe. Their national fibre is still thoroughly Teutonic. But their incorporation into France has effectually isolated them from the intellectual movement of modern Germany. They are superficially Frenchified Germans of the seventeenth century. On the other hand, their persistent Teutonic fibre has rendered them more or less impervious to the intellectual movement of modern France: and it is therefore probable that, when replaced in contact with Germany, the progress of this population will be more rapid, under even the most ordinary German government, than it could be under the best possible form of French administration.

Meanwhile, Alsatian sentiment, though certainly not German, is provincially, rather than nationally, French. Such trouble as Germany may expect from the consequences of her forcible annexation of purely French populations is another matter. But, whether

(1) Previous to the rise of feudalism, the land system, which must always and everywhere be the basis of the social order, was communistic throughout the families of the Teutonic, as well as of the Slavonic race. Owing to various circumstances, the Slavonic race was passed over and omitted by the constructive movement which feudalized Europe on the decline of the Roman Empire; and the social physiology of all the Slavonic populations retains to this day the communistic character which has been superseded, by their passage through the feudal stage, in the gradual revolution of all other societies.

the policy of such annexation be prudent or the reverse, the appeal made, on behalf of France, to German generosity by the British press, was deservedly disregarded. It is easy to be generous with the interests of other people. At the close of her own great struggle with Napoleonic France, England's generosity was not conspicuous; and she annexed without scruple to her colonial empire large populations of born and bred Frenchmen. Since that time the history of modern Europe has been of a kind to weaken rather than strengthen the credit and validity of what are called moral guarantees. And whether the Germans were right or wrong in their estimation of the material interests involved in the annexation of conquered French territory, they were certainly right to seek some more stable guarantee for the security of those interests than could possibly be hoped for from the future emotions of a people so unstable as the French.

We think, then, that the new Empire has nothing to fear from abroad. Has it anything to fear at home? In recording our general impression that Germany has now entered on the path which must ultimately lead her present Federative Empire to the adoption of a Republican form of some kind, we cannot but express our sincere hope that, for Germany's own sake, the goal of this path will not be reached during the lifetime of the prince who must shortly succeed in the course of nature to the Imperial throne, with every virtue that can dignify, and every grace that can adorn it. But here we will sum up the facts which appear to indicate the general direction of the road along which we are looking. He who attentively contemplates even a small section of the course of any great river, notwithstanding its many sinuosities, and although neither the spring nor the fall of it is included in his limited field of vision, may yet be able to guess accurately whether the main current is flowing east or west.

German particularism (the obstructive character of it at least) disappears; but German separatism so far remains that the sovereigns of all those German States which were not absorbed into Prussia after the war of 1866, retain under the constitution of the new empire their separate diplomatic representatives abroad. So far however as political arrangements are the result of popular convenience (and this, in the long run, becomes their only natural justification), there can be no reason why the population of Bavaria should be separately represented in Europe, whilst that of Hanover, for instance, is only indirectly represented through the diplomatic establishments of the Empire. Everywhere throughout Europe the social is now rapidly superseding the political question; and the relations between the component classes of Germany are likely to become more important than the relations between her component

States. The aristocracies of these component States have virtually, by the constitution of the new Empire, been converted from national into provincial aristocracies, in only remote relation to an alien court with which they have no organic connection. The probable destiny of the local royal families, even, is to subside gradually into the position of provincial magnates. All these provincial aristocracies are collectively much too numerous to find general employment in conducting the political business of the new Empire; and large groups of them, which were opposed to the popular movement of which the Empire is the consequence, are likely to retire for ever from political life. With the loss of political power, they will cease to be a social force. We have already explained why we doubt the capacity of the monarchical sentiment in Germany to recover from the mortal wound it has received. And, as regards the institution of monarchy, the sole basis, in principle, on which this institution now rests, so far as the German Empire is concerned, is that of public convenience. For it is solely to public convenience that the existence of so many German monarchies has been deliberately sacrificed in the construction of the new German Empire. Now, when we look at the political organisation of this Empire, we can scarcely believe that such an organisation will be permanently compatible with public convenience. The legislative organ of it is a free national parliament on a broad basis. The executive organ of it is an irresponsible council of diplomatists, in which the part reserved for the Prussian diplomatist is that of *Maire du Palais* to an association of *rois fainéants*. Between the legislative and executive bodies there is no organic connection of any kind. It has often been the sad fate of great conjurors to be destroyed by the spirits they have raised. The monarchy of the Bourbons in France was ultimately destroyed by the system of administrative centralisation, which it was at so much pains to perfect. The First French Empire was overwhelmed by the war spirit it evoked. The second has fallen before the opposition of that principle of nationalities on which for a while it prosperously traded. The apparition raised by the German Empire is that of a national army; and in Germany, whilst every citizen is a soldier, every soldier is a citizen.

Whatever the form she may ultimately please to give it, Germany has now achieved her long-desired imperial unity. Has she then realised her dream? Yes, and no. Yes, perhaps; so much as any dream of the past can ever be fulfilled by the present. But every dream is destroyed by its fulfilment. The secular dream of Germany was that dreaming Hohenstaufen Kaiser, whose long beard we have seen growing slowly through the marble table in his mountain tomb. Even so, throughout the national life of the German people, has the hard substance of political fact been penetrated, from

age to age, by the subtle influences of an old romance. Over the sea, over the Alps, amongst the cedars of Palestine, and the myrtles of Italy, the soul of Germany sent forth, in bygone days, those dreamlike actions which haunt the memory with inactive dreams.

Once, under the sceptre of the fifth Charles, the dream seemed about to be realised, when for a moment, by a golden bridge of many arches, thronged with the chivalry of Spain and the gorgeous forms of Arabian fancy, Germany was united to the double Indies. A hard-headed monk of Wittemberg knocked to pieces all those glittering arcades with his positive Protestant fist. The dreamers became thinkers; but their thoughts were still dreamy; and, instead of planning romantic crusades, they planned metaphysical philosophies, whilst their greedy neighbours were coveting their ill-guarded frontiers. So, slowly, bit by bit, the old weather-beaten German rock began to crumble away. But within all that still remained of the old mountain still dreamed the legendary emperor, and still, above it, hovered the legendary crown, like a ghostly sun which might yet at any moment shine and fructify again. In the reign of the poetic and chivalric Maximilian the rays of this ghostly sun sparkled over helms and plumes in the festive pomp of splendid tournaments. That was the last gleam of it however. For many a long year afterwards the ancestral heritage of Imperial Germany lay buried amongst old yellow parchments in the dust and mould of Time's great lumber-room.

The German Emperor was a dreamer. The German Crown was a dream; and about them both the German people dreamed. It was at Vienna that the crown had been last seen. It was at Vienna it would be found again. Such was the popular belief. And often, when the nights were still, often, too, in days of storm, the people beat timidly at the doors of the Hof Burg to awaken the dreaming Kaiser, and asked in plaintive tones for a sight of the missing crown. But those within who heard the knocking without knew not how to find the crown. They kept their secret however; and the people waited, waited always; for nothing on earth is so patient as the people, because the people's life is long, and the German people has also a long memory; and those who think much about the past will say "To-morrow" many times before they think "To-day." The heritage was there, but the heir was wanting. Then came one who stretched a sudden hand and seized it. The whole thing did not pass off quite quietly, but it succeeded, and that is the main point. Now the empire has come again, and the emperor too; but the crown? No; in its place a *Pickelhaube*. No more romance; no dream fulfilled; no fruit from the old tree. Practical and unmistakable facts however—a row of frontier posts, a sentry-box, a barrack.

BEAUTY AND REALISM,¹

IN CONSTRUCTION AND DECORATION.

THE qualities of mind required to produce a work of art are two, the power of Design and the power of Imitation. The power of design, again, is of two kinds, Constructive and Ornamental. The first of these, or constructive design, has its simplest expression in the form which a savage gives to the ordinary objects of his daily use—in the shape which he gives to his hatchet, or to the rude vessels in which he cooks his food; the second, or ornamental design, in the patterns which he cuts on the prow of his boat, or traces with a stick on his pottery, or the mud walls of his hut. The power of imitation shows itself in its simplest form in his wretched attempts to represent animal forms when he introduces them into his decorative efforts, and is therefore necessarily a part of ornamental design.

Thus we may have, first, constructive design pure and simple; then ornamental design as applied to constructive work, either purely composed of patterns without reference to natural forms, or including the imitation of objects; and, thirdly, we may have a kind of ornamental design, of which the imitation or realisation of nature is the principal and most important aim. I will attempt to define the form of truth which I think to be the basis of beauty in all these classes of work.

Among uncivilised peoples, the art of design, both ornamental and constructive, is generally far in advance of that of imitation; for whereas their attempts in the latter direction are mostly of a very feeble kind, or so hideous as to be positively alarming, very frequently the forms of their pottery and the patterns with which they decorate it and other things, are of a beauty which the most educated artist of taste could not surpass. The art of design is, or I should say has been till within the last fifty or sixty years, employed in every work which men's hands produce; for I think I am right in saying that until the progress of civilisation developed the principle that beauty is not essential to our happiness, nothing that man did with his hands was wrought without a desire, however slight, of making it pleasant to look at, at least from his own point of view. It is only since the enormous advance made in the science of engineering that the necessity of beauty has been completely ignored; but it has now got to this point, that men take a pride in showing how deficient in

(1) A lecture delivered at Manchester, February, 1871.

interest a structure can be made ; for they reckon it not only useless, but a waste of time, which we all know means money, to give a single thought to their work which should redeem it from utter hideousness and help to make it agreeable to the eye. Their practical minds revolt from so foolish an idea.

If we examine the elements of beauty in constructive design, we shall find that two things are essential. First, fitness for the purpose which the object made is intended to fulfil ; and, second, good workmanship in making it.

In those objects which are made simply for use without after-thought of beauty, fitness for the purpose for which they are designed is evidently an essential. Whatever beauty is to be found in this class of objects is inherent, so to speak, in their nature, or, rather, I should say, arises from the necessity of their construction. Art, or the artistic sense, has nothing to do with determining their form, which are entirely suggested by perfect adaptation to their purpose, and vary but little in any country, or at any period of the world's history. Among them I may take as examples the more ordinary implements of agriculture, carpentry, &c. ; the form of a spade, or a rake, or a hatchet, or an oar, is determined entirely by its appropriateness to its purpose.

Such things as these, however, cannot be said to be works of high artistic order ; for that a second element of beauty is required, namely, beauty of workmanship. By this I understand that in addition to a knowledge of a strong and durable method of construction, the workman should have an eye capable of appreciating nice delicacies of proportion, and a trained and skilful hand which shall enable him to execute them with perfect neatness and precision of finish ; he must have the power of carrying out to perfection the idea of the design. Good workmanship is but rarely to be met with at the present time. I know by experience that to get an ordinary piece of cabinet maker's turning of the last century copied correctly is almost an impossibility. The workman cannot do it ; he has got such a habit of doing bad and cheap work that he cannot (or will not) copy what any skilled workman could have done sixty years ago. A skilled workman now, with rare exceptions, is either nothing but a machine, or, rather, part of the machinery which he serves, repeating from morning to night the same action with the monotonous and perfect regularity of a machine, and utterly incapable of doing anything else ; or he is a workman skilled only in concealing the badness of the work he produces.

Now this beauty of fitness, which is nothing more or less than truth or reality of construction, and which I have spoken of as the first essential, depends on much more than the mere fact that the object is useful for the purpose for which it was intended. It means

that every point should be attended to which is advantageous for that purpose, that every portion of the fabric should have something to do with the construction, and not be introduced falsely for the sake of ornament, or, as frequently happens, for no purpose at all; also, that every portion of the work should be what it appears to be, and do the work which it appears to do. It is not by any means sufficient that a chair should be comfortable and firm to make it a well-designed chair; it must be designed in the best way to produce these and other results. So that a cottage chair made of common materials, and even roughly made (roughly, that is, as regards the finish of its appearance, but finished as regards the perfect fitting and fitness of its parts) may be an object of more intrinsic beauty than the performance of a fashionable upholsterer; and if to this beauty of construction is added beauty of workmanship, it is capable of becoming a true work of art without addition of decoration or ornament of any kind. In nothing more than in our dwelling-houses and furniture is this truth of construction necessary; with the exception of isolated works of good architects and artists, there is nothing in which it is more ignored. And here I must pause to interpolate a vehement protest against the usual application of the words ugly and handsome, or beautiful. The very general idea is that plainness is ugliness in these matters. Is not indeed the word plain a synonym for ugly? I mean that furniture is considered ugly unless it be decorated with scrolls, or inlaying, or gilding, and has useless and unnecessary curved lines about it. For a thing to be called handsome—the word so commonly applied to houses and furniture—it must have cost a good deal of money; it must be well overlaid with ornament, no matter how debased, inappropriate, or badly done, and it must cost, or appear to have cost, a good deal of money. A house is not considered handsome unless it is covered with stucco or artificial stone ornaments. The architect who in the present day builds for a man of wealth a plain brick house, whose beauty consists in its proportions, and in the good execution of whatever detail of ornament there may be—such as houses as were built by thousands in the last century—is a daring man, and is rarely to be found, for his commissions will be few. Let him run up a shoddy house, with staring plate-glass windows which let in twice as much light as is wanted, and make one feel as if one were sitting in the chilly open-air; let the structure be bad in its proportions, and the rooms, staircases, and passages ugly in shape, and, very possibly, ill-contrived for comfort; then let him cover it inside and out with meaningless and tasteless ornament, as badly executed as it is designed; above all, let it look as if it cost a great deal of money; let him, I say, build a thousand such, and he will find a thousand wealthy men to occupy them. If we examine into the cause of this state of things, we shall find it to

consist in more than a mere change of fashion; changes of fashion up to this present century have always been from one kind of good work to another. A Queen Anne house is different from an Elizabethan house; but both are equally strongly and well-built, and both have elements of beauty in them from their perfect construction and finish of detail. But the change of style in the present day is a different matter—it is a change from a reality to a sham.

I will proceed with the consideration of the necessary elements of beauty in constructive design. If I dwell mostly on the beauty of well-constructed furniture, it is not only because it is one of the chief necessities of our lives, but because it serves best as an illustration of all the points I am touching upon, not only in the matter of truth of construction and good workmanship, but in its capabilities for the application of the second kind of design I spoke of—namely, ornamental design. Also because there has really been a great move made lately by certain architects and artists to furnish and decorate our houses with something better than what upholsterers supply us with so freely. Moreover, there are schools of design all over the kingdom for the purpose of educating workmen, where all sorts of devices are tried to supply them with the taste which has been denied them by Nature, and of which they have lost the tradition. Now with regard to the chair I have spoken of, do not imagine that I mean that it is necessary to have such chairs in our drawing-rooms—beautiful carving and beautiful inlaying are most important additions to the beauty of furniture; but I do assert that an old-fashioned cottage arm-chair, constructed as it is for purely useful purposes, constructed for strength combined with lightness, constructed for durability, constructed for comfort, and, above all, constructed by artificers who, knowing that they have no decorative gift beyond a kind of modest and homely taste arising partly from their purely traditional teaching, have not attempted to add decoration which they do not understand—I say chairs of this kind might well take the place of most of what we hear called the elegant chairs of our houses. Such furniture as this chair, which has served me for an illustration, is made, with few variations of form, from tradition, and being used for the commonest purposes, it has never been thought worth while to art-educate the workman who makes it; and while the furniture remains in its simple, useful, and picturesque form, the workman has not acquired that kind of half-knowledge which is so characteristic of most of the art-workmen who have studied in our schools of design, who have a peculiar knack (I am speaking from experience as having assisted for two years in inspecting the designs and awarding the medals at the annual national competition of the schools at South Kensington), who have a peculiar gift for seizing upon the

half of an idea in a piece of good work or ornament, and that always the wrong half. This is plain speaking; but if the evil is to be remedied—and we are all interested in the matter that much—it is only by plain speaking that it can be done. I believe one of the great difficulties in finding good art-workmen to arise from the fact that more money is to be made in other branches of art, than in designing or executing the more useful kinds of decorative work. Any man gifted with exceptional facility of design immediately sets himself to making water-colour drawings or painting pictures, for he finds it a much more rapid means of making money; and this is one of the results of the notion so deeply ingrained in us, that art consists only in painting pictures. But this whole matter of the working of our schools of design, and of the condition of our art-workmen, is a separate branch of the subject of decorative work, and cannot be dismissed in a few words; to consider the matter properly, and the remedies that might be applied, would require a separate lecture. We have, therefore, but two kinds of good work in furniture (and other kinds of art-manufacture) possible. One is this almost extinct traditional work I have spoken of, and which remains only in the construction of the most homely objects, and the other is the work of highly gifted and original minds, which has an independent and higher quality of beauty than the other. Such work as this, I need not say, is very rare; but we fortunately have men among us capable of originating it, and if it is rightly understood and followed it is capable of producing a school doing work scarcely inferior to the original. Rightly understood, I say—for it is only if rightly understood that it is possible for a good tradition of work to arise out of it. I will not dwell on the failures consequent on the efforts such men have made; it is sufficient to say that upholsterers and house-decorators, unless their productions have been under the immediate and careful control of architects or artists of talent, have been just as successful in seizing the wrong end of every idea which has been given them, as they are in producing the meaningless imitations of the more debased sort of last-century tables and chairs which constitutes most of our drawing-room furniture.

I will now pass to the consideration of ornamental design. And first I will treat of it briefly in reference to its application to constructive design, reserving for the second part that third class of work which I spoke of, where the imitation of Nature is the principal object of the artist.

There is this obvious difficulty in speaking both of patterns pure and simple, and of colour, that there is absolutely no criterion by which we can judge of the beauty of a pattern or of beauty of colour. Both these things depend so entirely upon the capacity that the eye has for judging of proportion or of harmony, that there is nothing to

be said on the matter. If I say that mauve, magenta, and all the new aniline dyes are offensive colours with a harsh metallic tint, which renders them utterly unfit to be used, and impossible to harmonise in any kind of ornamental work, whether in the dyeing of silks, the printing of chintzes, muslins, or wall-papers, I only state my own conviction, which those whose eyes are not offended with these colours will not agree with. The same thing happens with regard to patterns; if I say that a pattern is ugly, vulgar, and badly designed, I can bring forward no argument in favour of my assertion, for the thing admits of no proof. But if an imitation of Nature is introduced, I have some foundation for an argument on the matter. I can say, for instance, that the animals introduced into the ornament on the beautiful bronze bowls of Assyrian workmanship in the British Museum are perfect for decorative work of the kind; for, though done in the simplest possible manner,—merely engraved in outline, without attempt at detail or relief—they so thoroughly breathe the spirit of the creatures represented, and seize upon all the salient and most important points of character, that the most finished sculpture or painting could not surpass them. Also I can explain by examples what I mean by inappropriate decoration. I should say that a bunch of roses or a lap-dog, painted in a slovenly way on the black japan of a coal-scuttle is as inappropriate a piece of decoration as ever was devised, and would spoil instead of improving the best-contrived coal-scuttle. Yet it is undoubtedly one of the most successful ideas in the whole range of our art-manufactures, for there is hardly a drawing-room in the kingdom where there is not some such elegant work of art to be seen. It is not difficult to trace the source of this particular form of bad decoration; it arises entirely from a somewhat vulgar feeling, hidden in the depths of our hearts, that there is something rather common-looking in a coal-scuttle which makes it suitable enough for a kitchen, but out of place in a drawing-room; hence the introduction of the roses and the lap-dog, varied occasionally by a picture of a church by moonlight, is considered to give great elegance to what would otherwise be rather an objectionable piece of furniture. Now as a good fire is one of the glories of our rooms, I cannot see that a coal-scuttle is much out of place in them, even if we are obliged to have a black and unsightly object; nor do I see that, when left in its simple, undecorated condition, it is necessarily so unsightly. It is a piece of furniture like another, and has its own inconspicuous place in the chimney-corner, and if it is not an object we should single out for our admiration, it, at all events, does not obtrude itself on our gaze. But when it comes to be decorated with bad painting and tawdry gilding, it forces itself upon our notice, as though it were some kind of elegant vase for holding pot-pourri. Fortunately, however, for those who like and

can afford handsome furniture, there is a most simple way of making a coal-scuttle a really decorative object in a most appropriate manner, and that is, by making it of copper or brass, and keeping it polished. Moreover, an admirably appropriate form of decoration might be applied (the idea is not my own, for I have seen it done once in imitation of an old brass pail) by embossing the metal of which they are made with a kind of *repoussé* work. This might be very effective; but it requires a real artist to do it well, and such are not easily to be found, who will devote their energies to the beautifying of so humble an object. This instance of a painted coal-scuttle may, for all I know, be trite enough with writers on the revival of good art; but I have chosen it on account of its being an extreme case of inappropriate decoration. This incongruity which I have dwelt upon, this disconnection of ideas between coals and roses or churches by moonlight, is not the only cause of the inappropriateness of that form of decoration as applied to objects of such ordinary use in our houses. We will suppose some suitable subject to be chosen for its embellishment; let us say a landscape, representing the mouth of a coal-pit. If this landscape were well painted by a good artist, every one, I think, would agree that it was quite out of place on anything so subject to rough usage as our coal-box; *à fortiori*, if it is badly done it is still more out of place, for bad work has no business to be done at all; so that even if the roses and lap-dog were appropriate in one sense, they would not be in another; they have no place on a coal-scuttle if well done, still less if they are ill done. I can, indeed, imagine a kind of painting which would be suitable, where the things represented would be so simply and conventionally treated as to require only a skilful and intelligent workman to do the painting—a man not necessarily fitted for a higher kind of decorative art—such painting as we see in Oriental lacquer-work: indeed, this simple form of decorative painting is the origin of all our modern japan-work (witness the name); but the treatment of it has by this time become entirely debased. The incessant craving for novelty has led our workmen far away from the original idea, so that they imagine a bad imitation of a water-colour drawing or a chromo-lithograph to be better than the broad and simple effects to be got with sober colour and subdued gilding. Nothing but the name of this kind of work remains, and we must go back to the fountain-head if we wish to recover the spirit of the original.

Subject to the negative conditions treated of above, there is nothing that may not be done in decorative work. If I am asked what is a good pattern for a chintz hanging or for a wall-paper, I can only say that any well-designed and well-executed appropriate pattern is good. And it is this difficulty, I think, of deciding upon what *ought to be*, after the conditions are well understood of what *ought not to be*,

that has led so many into the belief that there is no salvation in art out of particular styles; some standing up for English Gothic, others for French Gothic, others for Greek, others for Moorish, and others believing that there is no safety out of a particular century. The violent reaction which took place against what was an obviously bad condition of decorative art about fifty or sixty years ago, headed, as far as my knowledge goes, by Pugin, and which is known by the name of the Gothic revival, induced men anxious for a better state of things, into an extreme of purism, which became a sort of watch-word by which the good and earnest workers in the cause of art were to be known. No one who has seen the painted windows in St. George's Chapel, designed by Benjamin West, where all the conditions of stained glass were misunderstood or ignored, where an attempt was made to produce the effect of the highly elaborated light and shade of the oil-pictures in fashion at the time, and in which no thought was given to adapting the work to the exigencies of the surrounding architecture—no one who remembers the pseudo-classical monuments of military and naval heroes, rising to a heaven of blue slate through ponderous masses of marble clouds, which encumber Westminster Abbey and other of our cathedrals—will suppose that this reaction came a moment too soon. But it is not because these things are done in what is called a Classic style, instead of what is called a Gothic style, that they are bad; it is because they are in the first place genuinely bad work of their kind, which would look bad wherever they were placed; and, secondly, but less so, because classical work is out of place, and could with difficulty be made to look harmonious in a Gothic cathedral. I say less so, because the Elizabethan monuments and the almost purely classic work of James I.'s time, do certainly not look out of place in the Gothic architecture of our cathedrals, and there are numberless instances all through Europe of the happy adaptation of one style to another. However, our Gothic revivalists would allow of nothing in decoration but the severest forms and the most absolutely flat surfaces. For wall-papers, for instance, or for hangings, or for any kind of surface decoration, nothing but diapers were allowable; light and shade were quite inadmissible, either in these forms of ornament, or where figures or animals were introduced. As for the imitation of relief, it was abomination, and the names of the noblest and greatest painters were entirely expunged from the world of art wherever they showed a desire to dwell upon the roundness and relief of Nature; these purists forgetting that if the decorators and painters of the thirteenth century did not introduce light and shade into their work, it was because their art was in its infancy, and that the whole of the best art of Europe, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, shows one continuous struggle to get nearer to the realisation of the

splendid effects of roundness and solidity in Nature ; the beauty and grandeur of the work of those early masters depending on something quite different from the fact that their pictures are painted with flat colours, and without perspective. If I dwell on this point, it is because the belief in the efficacy of flat tints and black outlines is still strong among us, especially among architects, who have assumed the practice of laying down the law for the guidance of artists on that point. Now, whereas it may well be supposed that the enthusiasts, who were the first cause of this reaction, were men of high imagination, and that it was only the excess of enthusiasm, which is at once both the cause and the consequence of a reaction, which led them to insist dogmatically on the necessity of returning to the early centuries of Gothic art for whatever was to be found of good work, in their followers at the present time it is merely a proof of want of invention to insist on there being but one style in which a man may work, and earn the right to be called an artist.

Anyhow, this determined insistence upon the necessity of a purely flat method of decoration has produced, as a result, a kind of work quite as unfortunate, if not more so, than the vulgar rococo ornament which it has superseded. In the use of diapers for hangings, our school of design teachers and workmen imagine they have found a safe harbour of refuge from the difficulties which beset them in their voyages in search of appropriate patterns. They appear to be quite unaware that it is just as difficult to make a good diaper as any other form of decorative pattern, and they have opportunities for violent juxtaposition of colour which they never had before the numberless new dyes now in fashion were invented, or when the custom of making shaded designs of flowers and scrolls obliged them, to a certain extent, to break up their tints. People accept these most excruciating contrasts of colour, that are only too commonly found in houses, more especially in paper-hangings, where we see the most violent blues opposed to raw red and orange, or magenta patterns on arsenic green grounds, as being in what they call the Gothic taste. Tiles in this Gothic taste, too, are very common in which magenta and green are most favourite colours. Indeed, they have got to this point, that they will not have harmonious colour when it is to be got. We were always able to fall back on Turkey carpets, if we could not find other things to our taste, with the certainty of finding them good and rich in colour ; but they were evidently too harmonious for the taste of the majority, so that wools dyed in England of harsh bright blue, magenta, and purple colours are sent out with the idea of improving the taste of the Oriental makers, and it is now almost impossible to find any Turkey carpets that are not as crude and disagreeable as English ones. The Orientals, no doubt, manage these harsh colours as well as it is possible to do it, but colours that are

bad to begin with, cannot be made to look anything but disagreeable.

Let me return to the question I was considering. There is really nothing objectionable or inappropriate in the imitation of nature in surface decorations *provided it is kept in subservience to the more important necessities of decorative design*. When the qualities of design, and the beauties of form and colour and workmanship, are of the highest order, as in the works of the great Italian masters of the sixteenth century, the imitation of relief, even to the point of deception, is admissible, because it becomes subordinate to the other qualities which are more difficult of attainment. The reason that the flying cherubs and festoons of flowers, which we so constantly introduced in the debased art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—and which are frequently so skilfully done as to be absolutely deceptive, and appear detached from the walls—the reason why this is bad art is, because the trick of imitating relief from the surface is a very easy one, and is the only power the artist has; the decoration being badly designed, the figures and flowers being ill-drawn and bad in colour, the whole decoration interferes with the general unity of design in the architecture. That is the reason why it is bad art. The reason why the attempt to introduce the light and shade and relief of an oil-painting in stained glass is bad art is—not because stained glass was made of flat tints in the thirteenth century, but because, in the first place, a window which is meant to admit light carries with it the idea of transparency to begin with, and therefore should not be encumbered with heavy shading; and, secondly, because, however well the light and shade may be imitated, the presence of the lead-lines brings us back constantly to the idea of a flat surface, so that the kind of painting which best accords with this introduction is the best for the purpose. The reason why the imitation of relief is not admissible in the more ordinary kinds of wall-decoration is—first, that the means of execution are of a very imperfect kind; the common block-printing used for wall-papers cannot produce that subtlety of workmanship which is necessary for the design to be carried out as a work of high art, whereas it can be so managed as to produce a coarse kind of illusion, thus elevating the lower quality above the higher; and, secondly, because supposing we could so imitate a natural form—a climbing rose, let us say—in a wall-paper as for a moment to deceive us into thinking it was real, the continual repetition of the same form, which is a necessary part of any printed or stencilled decoration, would undeceive us in a moment. Between the limits of a diaper on the one hand, and deceptive light and shade on the other, there are a hundred different ways, or degrees rather, of suggesting the roundness of objects in this form of ornamental design which are perfectly reasonable and

allowable; and here again I may refer you to Oriental designs, as showing admirably how far the imitation of natural forms, flowers, fruits, birds, &c., may be carried without attempt at illusion.

And the consideration of this subject brings me naturally to the second part of my lecture, wherein I shall devote myself entirely to that kind of ornamental design I mentioned at the beginning, in which the imitation or realisation of Nature is the principal and most important aim of the artist.

It will hardly, I think, be denied that truth to Nature is the most important necessity in any kind of work which professes to imitate Nature; but there is more to be said on this point than would at first sight appear. The art of painting is, after all, but a part of the art of ornamental design, and the power of imitation is rarely unaccompanied by some power of design.

It is pretty obvious that when a savage makes a rough drawing in imitation of an animal, some feeling of design must enter into his imitation, for he has to decide upon the action he will represent, and the position it has to occupy on the vessel or wall on which he draws it; this he will do in the way which makes it most pleasant to his eyes—and the art of design is this and nothing more. Michelangelo himself in painting a figure does no more than make the best imitation of Nature he can, and arrange the figure in the form and position which best pleases him. But one or other of the powers called into play is pretty sure to predominate, and this creates two classes of art, which to my thinking are more closely allied than is generally supposed; at least by far too much distinction is made between them, as if they were *opposing* qualities rather than so closely connected that it is difficult to draw the dividing line. I mean the Real and the Ideal—Realism and Idealism. These are generally set in opposition to each other; we hear of schools of Realists and schools of Idealists; and certainly the Ideal is apt to be sneered at by so-called Realists as being something which is untrue to Nature, and therefore beyond the scope of art. Realism again is looked down upon by Idealists as being unworthy the aim of men of high artistic gifts; but this denotes a confusion of ideas concerning the necessities of a work of art, which leads on the one side to those poor substitutes for photography in the shape of elaborate studies from Nature which some of our modern artists give us under the name of Realism. Poor substitutes I call them, because the subtlety with which photography represents the more unimportant truths of Nature can never be rivalled by human handiwork; or to a still lower class of picture in which the notion of Realism is achieved by the identity of some historical accessory, as though one should paint the flight of Napoleon from Waterloo, and make the interest of the picture depend on the fact that the coach is painted from the real

original at Madame Tussaud's—an idea which fully comes up to our modern notions of Realism. On the other side, under the name of Idealism, of high art, of the grand style, and I know not what, we have a more insufferable amount of bombastic work forced upon us than it is conceivable men could do under the pretence of representing Nature. But real shades of difference there are between Realism and Idealism, caused by the operation of one or the other tendency I have spoken of in the artist's mind. To this point I shall recur further on, in a comparison between the work of Michelangelo and the work of the Greeks.

Still, so far from Realism being, as some suppose, in opposition to the development of beauty in art, I affirm that the highest beauty is attained by the highest application of the realistic or imitative faculty. Truth I have affirmed to be the essential of beauty; how indeed is beauty in art to be arrived at but by the power of realising the beauties of Nature to the utmost?

Here I must pause, for I find myself in face of the difficult question, how are we to decide on what is true to Nature? Opinions vary on this point almost as much as tastes differ with regard to what is beautiful. Among those who practise art, you will find some who differ at every point on the relative truth of artistic productions. The fact is, that those who are really capable of judging of the truth of a work of art will be found to be far less numerous than is supposed; yet, I imagine, there are very few who will not say, that though they may know nothing about beauty or art, they are at least capable of judging whether a picture be true to Nature or not; indeed, there is no point on which people are commonly so touchy, or which they are so tenacious in holding, as this of being able to decide whether a picture is "like" or not, and this is the reason: they mistake part of the truth for the whole, or an unimportant truth for an important one. The ignorant sight-seer who stops his listless wandering in the British Museum to look over the shoulder of a student drawing from one of the antique statues, stands amazed at what appears to him the truthfulness of what is possibly but a very feeble copy of the original; for him it is enough that the arms and legs are represented in due number and in approximately correct positions, that the eyes are correct in being open and the mouth in being shut, that the light falls on the proper side; he makes no question but that he has the power of seeing that the drawing is true to the original. Really it may be so unlike, that the veriest tyro in art, or the most superficially gifted amateur, can see the faults at a glance. This is an extreme case of a glaring kind, and therefore, perhaps, the better adapted for illustration, as it is on that account obvious to every one. But the same kind of ignorance, though of different degrees according to the knowledge of the

observer, is constantly shown in the appreciation of pictures from Nature. Her truths are so many, so subtle, and so various, that it requires that born insight of an artist, which is his greatest gift, to discover but a part of them, and even having that gift, his whole life is spent in acquiring his knowledge, for not only does he day by day discover some new beauty to which he was blind before, but he finds in doing so how little he really knows.

This insight into the truths of Nature, coming partly as a gift and partly acquired by the closest and most continual observation, combined with the power of expressing his knowledge, is what I understand the power of Realism to be; and these truths are what the uncultivated cannot see, they are to be found only by those who diligently seek after them. The broad external facts of Nature are patent to everybody. An ignorant person discovers in a landscape picture that moonlight is represented, for he sees the moon in the sky, the reflection in the water, the light catching the roofs of the houses and the tops of the trees, and candle-light shining through the windows. The picture may be the veriest daub, without a single point given correctly, but this fact of the moon-shine is made clear, and the unpractised observer gazes with fond admiration on what he considers a miracle of truthful painting. What does he know of the relative values of tone and colour, truth of perspective, aerial and linear, and other matters, which require a life-time of observation to represent faithfully? It seems simple pedantry to him if you tell him the picture is bad because thoroughly untrue. Can he not see with his own eyes? Does he not know what moonlight is like? &c., &c. And so a mass of work, better no doubt than the very bad I have just quoted as an example, is accepted by the public as being admirably true, which though rendering cleverly enough unimportant things, is utterly untrue to Nature on all points where a real artistic insight is necessary. And the converse of this is equally true, that the noblest works of high art are completely misunderstood and ignored by the general mass of people, and not unfrequently by artists, because they contain truths which are beyond their comprehension, or which have not been sufficiently studied to take the important place in their minds which they ought to hold. The artist who has the profoundest insight into the noblest truths, and neglects no point in his work which is calculated to give them the highest expression, unquestionably produces the noblest work; and yet, in spite of this apparently obvious fact, Mr. Leslie, in his *Hand-book for young painters*, has what I cannot but call the daring to assert that there is no such thing as what is commonly called "High Art," and declares emphatically that a picture by Ostade, who aimed at nothing but the literal representation of coarse and ignoble subjects, never caring to look for any form of beauty in Nature, is as high a work of art as a

picture by Raphael (he says, as far as I remember, "I should consider a picture by Ostade on a level with one by Raphael"), the whole of whose life was devoted to searching through Nature for the most beautiful forms and the loftiest characteristics, and who, by the acclamation of the world, has been recognised as not only having found the highest beauty, but as having expressed it in his best work in a more consummately refined and graceful manner than any painter.

Most of our popular art depends for its success almost entirely on the facts represented in the pictures, and not on the art which is expended in the painting of them; a certain amount of technical skill is required, no doubt, by the more knowing portion of the public, but very little of it will go a long way. The public generally, not being very profoundly instructed in the point of art, but perfectly understanding the point of a scene from Shakspeare or one of Scott's novels, the artist whose only design is to make a popular success does his best to amuse the public with what they can appreciate, and represents his subject without regard to the more important and nobler truths of Nature which he knows would be thrown away upon the ignorant, only looking for just as much of reality as is sufficient to make his point obvious to them.

Hence the complete absence of what is called style in the popular school of painting in England, and the contempt with which foreign schools, better educated in the practice of their art, and more serious in aim, look down on such work. Those critics who speak of style as an academic quality, to be acquired as if it were something separate from truth, fail to see that beauty is only to be attained in art by the study of what is profoundly and not superficially true. Style I understand to be the power of realising those beauties in Nature which are only to be attained by study, and the power of expressing this knowledge as one who has had a complete education in his craft. An academic style, taken in the bad sense in which critics use it, is nothing but a mannerism, and is the result of the student adopting without understanding the peculiarities of work of a certain painter or school, rather than studying the truths of Nature with a view to arrive ultimately at the highest beauty. This form of mannerism is extremely common in foreign schools, where acres of canvas and paper are covered with masses of theatrical and bombastic figures, who neither look nor behave as any mortals could look or behave under any circumstance. Every one who knows anything of German art, for instance, knows well the scowl and the clenched fist which do duty for the tragic passions of their heroes. Most of the efforts at high art which have been made in this country, till within the last few years, have included this scowl as the kind of stamp which marks a work of style, or what is called historical

art, as distinguished¹ from a genre picture. But there is not much fear at present of a stilted or grandiose style spreading amongst our artists; the popular work of which I have been speaking is far too much of a favourite among us. English artists are, as a rule, too independent to adopt a manner; unfortunately they are frequently too independent to submit to any kind of schooling. The multiplicity of picture exhibitions that we have encourages young artists to exhibit before they have learnt anything of their craft; and once having gained a place at an exhibition, possibly even made a success by a display of talent never perhaps to be developed, those are very few who have the perseverance to school themselves further. The mannerism of English artists is more often that of complete ignorance, and ignorance has a manner of its own made to conceal ignorance. This mannerism is known by the name of cleverness. That dexterous manipulation, those brilliant performances with transparent shadows and sparkling lights, with which the walls of our exhibition-rooms are yearly covered, are only displays of ignorance. They serve to conceal from a public amazed at the dexterity of the performance the fact that the painter knows nothing of his art. Or, if the pictures are not on this wise, they are what is called Realistic, the realism consisting in the most elaborated painting of trivial details, while the great and important truths of Nature are unknown and uncared for; so that the value of the work is reckoned according to the patience of the artists in realising trifles, and the success of the picture is in proportion to the time the artist has taken in painting it.

This is not all the art to be found in England, thank God. We have among us men of poetic minds, and sincere and serious aims, who will never condescend to paint for popularity; and that very spirit of independence which is so fatal to conceited facility, is perhaps a means of securing a certain amount of originality which otherwise might have been confined, at all events for a time, by the trammels of academic teaching. Not that I would be thought to mean that education can ever fetter genius; on the contrary, a deficiency of early training of a good kind interposes a forest of difficulties between the artist of genius and the power of giving form to his thoughts, which he never completely clears to the end of his life. I am referring rather to the enforced adoption of certain bad or stilted methods of work which is to be found in some foreign schools, and which may well shackle a man of talent, if not a man of great genius. It is to these schools that we owe those ludicrous exhibitions of the human form which are fondly supposed to be done in obedience to the style of the great Italian masters, where the beautiful and varied play of the muscles under the skin is represented by meaningless lumps to be found rather in a sack of potatoes than in a human body. No one has ever

been more misunderstood in this respect than the gigantic genius to whom I have already referred, and to the study of whose works I shall devote the rest of my paper, as that will best explain what I mean when I speak of Realism as giving the highest form of beauty. I mean the great Michelangelo Buonarroti, justly styled by his countrymen 'the divine'—a man whom, as an artist, I place on a level with, and in some respects above, the greatest known of Greek artists.

I have referred, a while back, to the predominance of one or other of the faculties which go to the making of high artistic work; I mean the powers of design and of imitation. Now in Greek art the love of design seems to predominate over that of imitation; in Michelangelo's, the two seem to hold an equal place. I do not mean that the Greeks had less of the imitative faculty, but that they kept it in subordination to that of design. Nor do I say that Michelangelo in any way excelled the Greeks in anything that he did in the way of study from Nature; for the work of Phidias is brought to a perfection of truth and beauty which Michelangelo may have striven after, but which he certainly never achieved, at all events in his sculpture, though I shall presently allude to one of his painted figures, which, to my mind, equals in perfection of beauty anything done by Phidias, and that out of the force of his own single genius, for the work of Phidias was completely unknown to him. But this I say, that Michelangelo's best work is in no way inferior to the very highest Greek work in point of design, and that his imitative faculty not being kept in subordination, he was enabled to see truths that no Greek ever dreamed of expressing. Above all, his vast imaginative gift, the stormy poetry of his mind, the passionate Italian nature that was in him, the soul of Dante living again in another form and finding its expression in another art, led him to contemplate a treatment of the human form and face which the intellectual Greek considered beyond the range of his art.

The Greeks aimed at the perfection of decorative design, and in so much as the study of the human form helped them to arrive at that perfection, they carried it further and to a more consummate point than has ever been done before or since. But they gave themselves small scope for the display of human passion; when they represented it, it was in a cold and dignified manner, which fails to awaken our sympathies. The figures of fighting warriors on the pediment of the temple of Ægina, receive and inflict wounds, and meet their death, with a fixed smile, which shows that the artist intended to avoid the expression of pain or passion. The Greek artists have the supreme right to the title of Idealists; they are the true worshippers of the Ideal; the ideal of beauty once achieved, they cared not to vary it. Witness the most perfect specimen of their decorative art which remains, the most perfect in the whole

world—I mean the frieze of the Parthenon. There is not in the hundreds of figures which form the Panathenaic procession, except by accidents of execution, any variation of character in the beautiful ideal forms represented, whether they be of man, woman, or animal; enough remains of the faces to show that they conform to two or three types throughout, without variety of character of expression; all is as perfect as the most profound knowledge, the most skilful workmanship, and the highest sense of beauty can make it. But with the great Florentine, the realistic tendency is obvious from the beginning, not to work up to an ideal of humanity, but to study it in its countless forms of beauty and grandeur, and its ever-varying moods, and to represent these as truthfully as the deepest contemplation of nature could enable him to do.

In Michelangelo we have an instance of a mind gifted with the highest imaginative faculties, and with the most profound love and veneration for all that is most noble, most beautiful, and grandest in Nature, following with unwearying perseverance the road best calculated to develop these faculties, by studying with accurate minuteness the construction of the human form, so as to be able to give the highest reality to his conceptions. Luca Signorelli's imaginative faculty was akin to that of Michelangelo's, and some go so far as to think that this painter's work had an influence on Michelangelo. This may possibly be true, and no doubt Michelangelo may have admired this painter's work greatly; but I do not see the necessity for supposing that Michelangelo was indebted to him for ideas, when we consider the vastness of his genius. The difference I wish to point out between two men alike in the character of their genius is, that Michelangelo's marvellous knowledge of the human form, in which he stands alone, enabled him to give that splendid and truthful beauty to his figures, and to dwell on subtleties of modelling and of outline, which are not to be found in Luca Signorelli's work. Astonishing as is the power of Luca Signorelli's imagination, and admirably true as are the action and expression of his figures, he fell short precisely on that point of realism which makes the enormous gulf between him and the greater artist. Michelangelo I consider the greatest realist the world has ever seen. The action, expression, and drawing of his figures, down to the minutest folds of drapery and points of costume, down to the careful finish given to the most trivial accessories (where used), such as the books his figures hold, and the desks they write on, are all studied from the point of view of being as true to Nature as they can be made. He left it to his imitators and followers to make human bodies like the sacks of potatoes I have alluded to; he who never made, never could make, a fault of anatomy in his life, has had such followers, who gloried in thinking how Michelangelesque was their work. It is his

followers, again, and not he, who make their saints and prophets write with pens without ink, on scrolls of paper without desks, and such-like absurdities.

And here there is a very general misconception, which I must dwell on for a short time, as it is so very important that it should be set right. I have heard it said again and again, by artists (who ought to know better) and others, that Michelangelo's works may be grand in style, they may be imaginative, they may even be beautiful (sometimes), but they cannot be said to be true to Nature on account of their exaggeration. You will all recognise that this is the common way in which Michelangelo's works are spoken of. Now, my first notion connected with a lecture was that of vindicating Michelangelo's honour on this point. There are, I think, many reasons, and perhaps some good ones, for this opinion. The best and most universally known of his works is the Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel, a work executed when he was sixty years old, by which time his magnificent manner had possibly developed into somewhat of a mannerism; that is to say, that whereas throughout his life the necessities of his subjects, chosen, no doubt, especially for the purpose, obliged him to depict the human form in every beautiful variety of action and position, in his later years this pleasure of exercising his ingenuity in inventing and correctly representing difficulties of foreshortening seemed to grow upon him, and in some parts of the Last Judgment, especially in the upper part, outweighed the more simple dignity with which most of it is invested. The stupendous work which does most to make his name immortal is on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, executed twenty years before the Last Judgment, which is on the end wall of the same chapel, was done; and it is on this work that I take my stand in placing Michelangelo as the chief of realistic painters; not so much on the Last Judgment, tremendous as it is both in conception and execution. Another, and the most important reason, for the charge of exaggeration, is that from some cause or another no great man has ever suffered so much at the hands of the engravers. All with one accord have taken it into their heads that Michelangelo's work cannot be properly copied unless limbs and muscles are exaggerated in a way which they would never dream of using with another man's work; in fact, they think it necessary to import into their work every exaggerated defect which they find in the works of his imitators, or rather the defects of exaggeration to be found in the preposterous school formed upon Raphael. Raphael indeed himself is not exempt from having made exaggerated imitations of the great master. The "Incendio del Borgo" is perhaps the beginning of that lumpy and inflated style so different from the simple and elegant work of Michelangelo. Engravers, at all events, find that Michelangelo is not so

Michelangesque as they expected, so they try to improve upon him ; and the greatest master of drawing the world has ever seen, has had the most ill-drawn travesties of his finest works passed off on those who are unable to visit the originals and judge for themselves. Still those who have eyes to see, can very plainly make out from the wretched stuff that engravers have given us what manner of man it was whose work was thus travestied. It is obvious that the mind which could conceive figures so amazingly grand in intention could not be guilty of altering Nature for the purpose of producing the grotesque forms and faces shown us by the engravers. I, fortunately, a little time ago had the opportunity of verifying for myself what I had surmised to be true, but much as I expected in the way of beauty before entering the Sistine, I was prepared rather to be overwhelmed by a magnificent grandeur of imagination and design than to be charmed by refined beauties of form and face ; and another element of beauty I found which I had not expected, for the engravers carefully avoid representing it in their copies, and on a point of excellence for which the palm has generally been given to another painter—I mean the amazing subtlety, variety, and truth of expression in the faces of the Titanic beings who sit enthroned over one's head in that amazing work. Raphael has been considered the master of expression and beauty of face ; Michelangelo of grandeur of form. I find the latter supreme in all. He it was who found in Nature what beauty and what grandeur lie in the most trivial actions, and first had the power to depict them. Raphael's receptive mind seized at once on the idea, adapted it to his style, and followed close on the great master's steps. The possibility of verifying the truth of what I say is now fortunately within reach of all amateurs of art, for within the last eighteen months this amazing work of which I am speaking, in which the variety is so great that Vasari may well say, "That no man who is a painter now cares to seek new inventions, attitudes, draperies, originality, and force of expression"—this great work has been reproduced in all its details in photography ; the enterprising German who has rendered this most important service having taken no less than one hundred and forty negatives, all (with the exception of seven or eight from the Last Judgment) being taken from the ceiling. These photographs are a revelation in art. No one until now who has not seen the original has had the slightest idea of what Michelangelo's work is.

I will allude first to the naked figures which sit in pairs on the architectural projections which form the sides of the prophets' thrones. Each pair of these figures holds between them a large medallion on which, in imitation of a relief in bronze and gold, is painted a subject from the Book of Kings, or supports a ponderous festoon of leaves and acorns—a common feature of decoration

in classical architecture, but employed in a totally new way by Michelangelo, which the original inventor of the idea was far from dreaming of. For there are no less than twenty of these figures, and Michelangelo has taken advantage of their employment to represent not only almost every kind of action of which the position of these figures could suggest to his great genius, but for the display of every variety and mood of the human mind. One of them seems the very type of life and activity: he laughs as he shifts the ribbon, by which he supports his medallion, from one shoulder to the other; he is in the act of uncrossing his legs as he does it, and the great master of design has arrested him in the middle of this complicated, and to any other artist, almost impossible, movement. An instantaneous photograph could not seize on the action with more absolute accuracy; and there is that look of life in his light and active limbs which almost makes you expect him to continue his movement. More grand is another, as he sits calmly reposing on his ponderous burden, profoundest and most melancholy thought reflected on his god-like face.¹ Others seem to catch some faint sound of the inspiration which the cherubs of God are whispering in the ear of the prophet, or sybil below, and start with affrighted and awe-stricken looks. There is another laughing figure even more beautiful than the one described; he lifts with ease his heavy weight of leaves and acorns, while his fellow looks at him with an angry glance as he struggles to raise his own share which has slipped from his shoulder. There is a pair who converse over their task, and another pair perform it with careless indifference, as if weary and uninterested; and all these various figures are depicted with a realism of expression and action, a beauty of form and face, an absolute accuracy of anatomical expression, a splendour of light and shade, a roundness of modelling and minuteness of finish to the perfect drawing of every nail on hand or foot, and the graceful turn of every lock of hair, which never flags for a moment, and which is never at fault. The beauty of the heads of these figures is beyond all that ever was done in art; nothing of Raphael's to my mind approaches them; and on one point he has utterly surpassed the Greeks—while giving to many of his faces the beautiful refinement of a woman's, he has never sacrificed one atom of the manliness. The figure before us, with all the melancholy tenderness of its face, has nothing but the character of a man, and the limbs are massive as rock, with all the beauty of their forms. Not so the Greeks, who made their Apollos so effeminate that it is often difficult to tell from the head whether a man or woman is represented. The beauty of the heads of these figures is, as I say, beyond all that ever was done, but it is hardly more extraordinary than the beauty

(1) Illustrations of these two figures were given enlarged to full-size from a photograph.

of the bodies and limbs; the heads and feet especially are most perfect, and being the most difficult part of the figure, are, in contrast to most of our modern work, precisely the parts that are always the most perfectly done and the most finished. But more wonderful than all is the harmony of design; the figures being in pairs, and facing each other, they are made to a certain extent to correspond. The perfectly natural way in which this is done without forcing the action of the figures into similar forms, is not the least astounding part of the work. One pair is in action, another in repose, and yet it never occurs to the spectator, till he begins to examine the work as a composition, that this is a matter of most careful arrangement. The lines of composition, too, of each figure are not only most harmonious in themselves, but in perfect harmony with every figure round it. And what shall I say when I come to speak of the inspired beings, sybils and prophets, who sit enthroned below? The realisation of these sublime forms is carried to the highest pitch. Nothing so true as their expression and action, down to the most trivial points, has been achieved in painting. The most magnificent of these figures, to my thinking, is the prophet Isaiah; he receives inspiration from a cherub, who, with excited looks, is pointing behind him, his flying drapery indicating that he has come, like the winged Mercury of the pagans, with a message direct from heaven; with all the grandeur of this figure, the movement and expression are as exactly true as any painter of child-life could desire. Turn to the prophet himself; what a subtle combination of expressions on his face! His right hand drawing forth the book wherein he records the inspirations he receives from heaven, he listens to the divine message with a mingled expression of attention and wonder. His downcast eyes have a fixed look, as though they saw not; his brow is half raised in wonder, half frowning in deepest thought, and a slight look of bewilderment plays hesitating round his mouth, as with his left hand he seems to indicate that he has received the message, and turns with the intention of recording it. The massive grandeur of his features is in accordance with the dignified repose of the action, and over all there is the lofty look of the prophet not unaccustomed to hold intercourse with his God. I believe this to be the most triumphant realisation of a complicated expression and action, combined with the most consummate grandeur of face and form ever achieved in art. The first impression on the sight of this figure in its gigantic size on the ceiling, sixty feet above one's head, is that of amazement at the mighty art that produced it; in this case Nature really seems to have been surpassed, and a new creation made. And the imagination of the artist—how justly called divine!—rises to yet higher flights when he treats of the creation of the world, and the history of our first parents, in the centre compartments of the ceiling. But throughout, from

beginning to end, through all the hundreds of groups and figures which make up this triumph of the decorative art, there is this one predominant fact, that no matter how supremely difficult the position or action of the figures, no matter whether he be representing prophet, cherub, or ordinary mortal, or even those scenes where the Almighty manifests his glory in acts of creation, the expression of face and figure is realised with the utmost attention to truth. The draperies take not the least important place in this expression; they clothe and express the forms of the limbs without affectation, and in the most natural manner; as the figure moves so the drapery moves, as the figure rests so the drapery falls. Everything is in perfect balance; the turn of the shoulders follows the movement of the head, the limbs answer for and balance each other exactly as in Nature; and thus the figures have a more absolute vitality than any other artist has ever been able to give. All other painters—except perhaps Raphael, and he only when he had caught the inspiration from Michelangelo is to be excepted—seem to place their figures in poses; it is his amazing and almost incredible power of seizing the passing movement, that makes Michelangelo's figures appear positively alive; an instant more and the position is changed; for this reason, to draw from one of his figures is like drawing from Nature itself, and to achieve a result like this is to achieve that highest form of Realism, by which alone he has arrived at the expression of the highest Beauty. These are the mighty works that, like the gorgeous symphonies of Beethoven and the choruses of Handel, stand out in sublime solitude above the efforts of other men. Let all artists remember that, if they wish to catch some reflection of the beauties that appear revealed in these lofty creations of genius, they will fail most egregiously if they aspire to imitate them; whereas it is in the power of each one to follow in the steps of this most glorious master, by seeking in Nature, as he did, for some of her hidden truths, by never condescending to substitute dexterity for knowledge, or to catch applause by wilfully falsifying for fear that truth should be misunderstood. In this way they will find that it is not necessary to treat of angels or prophets to produce a thing of beauty, for realism of this noble kind can glorify the humblest subject.

EDWARD J. POYNTER.

SOME RECENT ENGLISH NOVELS.

DE QUINCEY's elaborate piece of irony, *On Murder* considered as one of the Fine Arts, had, as all know, a serious meaning in the fact that, apart from all morality, particular crimes and sins are regarded, some with an interest almost æsthetic, others simply with a disgust that never rises to horror. We wish that he had devoted his mind to the larger question, treating it with entire gravity, What are the sins and crimes, calamities and sorrows, that are permissible and proper themes for art,—which may be painted, which dramatised, which expounded in fiction, which made the basis of a poem? We are all aware that painting and the drama have the narrowest range of all, and that we could not bear to see on canvas or the stage acts and scenes that the novelist or poet calls up before the mind's eye. When Hogarth, in one of his pictures in the *Progress of Cruelty*, paints a girl with her throat cut, he excites no feeling but disgust; "the pity of it" is forgotten in the desire to banish the whole picture from the memory. It is also obvious that no dramatist could put on the stage scenes that the novelist can make effective enough; even the coarsest English audience would object if the death of little Dombey were represented by a baby actor. But what are the limits to the novelist's licence? What is the proper range, or is there any? Which of the broken commandments may he illustrate? If allowed to take as his hero a murderer or a thief, is he also free to invest the adulterer or adulteress with the interest of romance? In the old Greek drama and in modern French fiction this question has been answered emphatically and elaborately in the affirmative. The Greeks, indeed, took a sweep so wide in their representation of sin that no succeeding literature has come near them in its defiant scope; while the French, lawless enough in spirit, have run so nearly in one groove, that a careful student of their novels might almost be led to believe that nine commandments had been abolished, and that there remained only one, or at least one worth breaking. Tastes differ, no doubt, and probably there are men, nay nations, who find a flavour in that perpetual play of sexual intrigue which forms the staple of so much of the old literature of Italy and Spain, and of the old and new literature of France. Yet we doubt whether the first feeling of every Englishman at reading a world-famous book like the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, is not one of unmitigated surprise. He has seen it alluded to again and again for its genius, its charm, its rich variety; it is one of the world's classics. He reads it, and he finds that almost every tale is a

record of, not love, but lustful amours; that almost every heroine is an unchaste woman or an unfaithful wife; that almost every hero is a false or betrayed husband, a successful or an unfortunate gallant. As a study of Italian literature, of Italian manners, nothing can be more interesting; but taking the stories as stories, the monotonous poverty of the range of incidents, the perpetual reliance on one source of interest, the continual recurrence of one vice, *must*, we should think, make the book exceedingly tedious to any Englishman who comes to the perusal unawed by the glamour of its fame. Nor are we without means of showing the difference between English and Italian treatment of the same themes; the *Isabella* of Keats—though the poem, as a poem, is full of immorality and faults—has a delicacy, a beauty, a passion, and a power, and even through the wild love a wonderful purity, which the *Isabella* of the *Decameron* entirely lacks. The same feelings with which English, or perhaps we might say Teutonic, readers regard the unending intrigues of the *Decameron*, are aroused after going through a course of French novels. One is presented with a picture of a world in which illicit relations between the two sexes seem the only important relations in life; everything hinges on intrigues and amours that derive all their charm from being furtive and forbidden. *Toujours perdrix* is bad enough, but this is *toujours perdrix* with the game very high. Yet nobody can deny that some great French novelists have given us novels that are real works of art based on illicit love. If this can be done in French literature why not in English? And the author of "Guy Livingstone," in his novel of "Anteros," has tried to answer the question.

The "morality" of this kind of art is a matter rather difficult to discuss, for who can fix precisely the limitations of artistic selection? But looking at it as a practical question there are some solutions that may be suggested. Considering the influence that stories exercise over the minds of inexperienced persons, there seems, apart from all philosophy and all abstract morality, a certain peril in any vivid representation of successful sin. A novel that would describe a murderer neatly killing a man, carefully picking the pockets of the corpse, burying the body of his victim, and living happily ever afterwards on the proceeds of his crime, might be true enough to life—for such things, no doubt, have occurred, nor is there anything essentially inartistic in the idea of such a work. The real objection to it would be from a police point of view—it might excite a certain number of young men to imitative crime. Nor is the objection entirely removed when the hero is hanged; the attraction of his early life may outweigh the horror of his ending. This practical objection to stories of crime applies with more force when the offences described are of a soft and seductive character, likely to

encounter with their temptation ordinary men in ordinary life. Omitting, however, this side of the question, we look at this new novel of adultery in English life merely as a work of art.

As a story it is a decided failure. The author has a certain fluency in cynicism, an open worship of muscles and high life, a devoted faith in sensualism and pluck, that gave to some of his earlier works vividness and energy in passages and episodes, though no sustained power. In his first and his best work, "Guy Livingstone," there was a certain art in the contrast between a very muscular hero, all blood and no brains, and the woman he loved, pure-minded, unsensual, womanly, and sweet. Yet it was only in one or two scenes that the writer showed any real pathos or power; in subsequent stories he has simply gone in for the apotheosis of well-born and blackguard dragoons, and of women some cold and cruel, some over kind. As no doubt he had exhausted this rather narrow range of male and female character, the author has fallen back in "Anteros" upon a novel of double adultery; there are two adulterous heroes, one in intention, one in deed, and two adulterous wives, one in fact, one in desire, and the whole story turns upon the progress of the main sin from its incipience to its completion and catastrophe. There is some cleverness in the manipulation of the plot; the sin of the principal sinner is led up to and more or less made natural by events; when a poor well-born girl, no longer in her fresh youth, deliberately marries a man old enough to be her father, still loving another and a younger man, it is not difficult to make the after-adultery seem a more or less natural result. But the failure of the author lies not in the introduction of the sin itself but in the circumstances surrounding it. He has drawn a novel of *English* life, and simply on account of the national and local tone, the whole story seems absurd, unnatural, and untrue. It may be asked, are there not unfaithful wives in England as in France? There are; but the whole tone of English feeling on the subject is entirely different from what it is in France.

To begin at the beginning, marriage in England and marriage in France are, as a rule, managed differently from the start. The typical and indeed common French marriage is that of a young girl of sixteen or seventeen fresh from a convent school, to a man a number of years older, who is to a great extent influenced in marrying her by the almost invariable dowry given with French brides. Her marriage gives her for the first time social liberty and social knowledge; there may be, there often is, a gulf between her husband's ideas and her own; he may be, often is, estranged from her and from home, having formed habits of independency, and if she forms an attachment to another man he is probably able to console himself elsewhere. The typical, indeed

common English marriage, is that of a man who marries for love or liking a fortuneless girl who understands life, and has had already perhaps four or five more or less serious flirtations: the man seeks in her an agreeable and affectionate companion, and as a rule is fond of his home: both have been free in their choice; she with her mind matured and eyes open, he as a rule uninfluenced by anything but disinterested choice. When the French wife is unfaithful, society cannot help thinking of her excuse: she was young and ignorant when she married, she never loved her husband, her first passion was for her lover, and so on. Nor can society sympathise strongly with the typical French husband, influenced by the almost invariable *dot*, and capable of subsequent consolation. On the other hand, it is difficult to give anything like the same sympathy even to the deepest sorrows of an ill-mated English wife. Her original freedom of choice appears as a bar to the after-right of revolt; and it is certainly no exaggeration to say that while nineteen out of twenty Frenchmen may follow with interest the unfaithful wife, nineteen out of twenty Englishmen think with sympathy of the deserted husband and the broken-up home. The deepest French feelings are those that are aroused by personal attachments between man and man or man and woman; some of the very deepest English feelings are those that are both personal and local, where wife, house, children, servants, old habits, are included in the one word *home*. It is inevitable therefore that an English novel of infidelity in married life should awaken in English readers sympathies the very opposite of those aroused by French stories of the same class in French minds. But it may be asked, Why should not the sorrows of the desolate hearth be painted for us in accordance with this English sentiment? It may be that some day a writer will arise to do so; but we can understand the difficulties of the case. The pain is domestic; associated superficially with what is tame and trivial; and yet linked in reality with emotions so deep and so delicate that words would fail to reach them. Then English husbands with such troubles do not "wear their hearts upon their sleeves." The French novelist has as his hero a man sure to possess the natural Gallic expansiveness and the inevitable Gallic confidant, a devoted friend; the English novelist would have as his hero an Englishman that, if drawn true to life, would be reserved on the topic with even some of his oldest friends. Nor can we forget another and very important difference between English and French customs. The French wife and her lover have to contend with an obstacle of a heroic character—indissoluble marriage; the English wife faces a marriage tie that may be dissolved; the greater romance attaches naturally to the more uncompromising foe. Then again there arises from this another and very important difference: for the French wife and her lover there

is no after-legalisation ; what some of their writers calls the "prose of marriage" never mars the so-called poetry of their love ; but adulterous English love has been again and again legalised by subsequent marriage, and this possibility turns by anticipation much of the illicit poetry into legal prose ; the coming event casts its shadow before, and we foresee the wild Romeo and Juliet growing slowly into the tame Darby and Joan. As regards the deserted husbands the contrast also is strong. French sympathy is, as we say, given freely enough to the lovers in their defiance of religion and law ; but if the husband avenges himself with his own hand, and assassinates the lover or his wife, he, too, receives sympathy and acquittal, and probably for the very same reason—that he, too, has defied religion and law. In England, as we have not the romantic beginnings—the very young victim, the unattached husband, the lover all fire, and so on—we also lack the romantic end ; our husbands seek and obtain prosaic redress in the Divorce Court, and may build up other homes. But apart from the principals in the story and the final event, we must regard the accessories and the preluding facts. In French society that a wife should have many admirers and receive much attention is a matter of course ; that she and her husband should have different tastes, even different circles of society, is not thought strange. But English husbands and English wives as a rule have other manners and other ways. Few Englishmen tolerate with grace particular attentions paid to their wives, not from suspicion, but from a certain insular love of family independence and family isolation, and a certain thoroughly English belief in those proprietorial rights which, until women have votes, and perhaps even then, men will exercise, or try to exercise, more or less over their wives. In many honest, worthy husbands this readiness to repel any very marked courtesy of their friends or acquaintances to their wives is pushed to a boorish excess, and the lives of many Englishwomen are made through it, Heaven knows, dull and dreary enough. But there are the facts. In France the tone of society permits any intrigue to be led up to by a hundred *petits soins* from the lover to the married lady, repeated again and again, and everybody looks on unsuspicious, tolerant, or perhaps sympathetic. In England some old friend—rough, plain-spoken, and privileged—or some husband, selfish rather than suspicious, and proud to show his power, would soon put a stop to the delights of dangling, giving the incipient lover a rough word, or even if provoked, the cut direct. To put it briefly, according to the conventions of French life, and to the still stronger conventional tone of their literature, adultery is there considered one of the fine arts ; here it is not. Englishmen have run away with English wives, but the tone of society is not favourable to the fine-drawn preceding

incidents and feelings and adventures that give to the same fact in France a circumstantial and developed interest not permissible here, where husbands and society, although they are obliged occasionally to accept adultery as a fact, are decidedly intolerant of amorous intrigue. Like Lord Salisbury's invective according to Mr. Disraeli, illicit love in England "wants finish." It may be worth while to indicate one more distinction. Novels in England are written to be read by girls and boys; novels in France are not. If our story-writer wishes to make his puppets go through a voluptuous dance, it must be in fetters and with very long drapery around their limbs.

It is not at all necessary for our argument to deny that there may be in England many exceptions to the English style of marriage, or in France many alliances entirely un-French. No doubt there are thousands of French ladies who marry in free choice, just as there are thousands of young English girls all but compelled to marry men they do not love. But for our purposes it is enough to know that the conventional types in each country are strong enough to form a kind of atmosphere for the national literature—an atmosphere necessary to its life. It would be quite possible to pick out from our police and divorce reports abundance of cases justifying English stories in which the whole tone would be conventionally French; but a novel can no more be based on exceptional life, than it could on a society of people with wooden legs. Even the very conventions of national literature itself have an influence that cannot be shaken off, unless by a very powerful and original writer.

In "*Anteros*," the three volumes must be filled up in some way; and so, besides the duplicate adultery in thought and deed, we have scenes of English society in a hunting shire. We have an English squire so very complacent in his marital capacity, that he allows all her friends—indeed, nearly all her acquaintances—to call his wife by her Christian name, to flirt with her freely, and, like the conventional Continental husband, has his own favourite out of the ruck. This favourite, too, is represented as being consoled by the husband when jilted by the fickle lady in favour of a new lover; and as confiding to this extraordinary English squire the tender fact that this may be his last day for some time with the lady of his thoughts, and therefore he more than usually deploras her cruelty. But the author goes beyond this: he represents this rough squire as not only encouraging this favourite and very frank dragoon in his open amour, but as occasionally tolerating the man who amongst all his wife's admirers he most disliked. "*The Driver . . . felt in charity even with Caryl Glynne, and, standing discreetly aside, did not seek either by word or gesture to hurry the protracted cloaking process which ensued.*" But as authors have long had a licence to torture and maim and kill their little puppets, we

suppose that, if it be needful for their ends, they will in future be allowed to impute to whole classes, or circles, or sections of society, alien vices and alien virtues. But if they do, we, the readers, must retain our rights to see that the marionettes are marionettes, and to mark the clumsy fingers of the showman behind the little wooden women and the little wooden men. A prolonged tale of adulterous intrigue is impossible without a husband blind and stolid, or a husband good-humoured and complacent. In "Anteros," the first is one of the principal characters; so, as the adultery is double, the second must come in for a change; and if the facts of English country life do not as a rule supply such characters, so much the worse for the facts: they must give way rather than that three volumes should want their proper proportion of padding. But a novel of this kind would also be defective without the presence of a persevering and malignant enemy who hunts down the frail woman and prepares the necessary Nemesis of the tale. In the typical French novels, of which "Anteros" is an English imitation, the character fits in with the characteristics of the French race. In French schools, in French society, even in French public life, there is always what to unaccustomed English observers seems unaccountable—a recourse to trick and stratagem, and wile and white lies, by people otherwise honourable and in the main of good intent. To serve some purpose or lover or friend, a French man or woman thinks much less of hypocrisy, of acting a part, of eavesdropping, of espionage, of letter-opening, of desk-breaking, of keyhole-peeping, than English people of equal rank or corresponding type; the French have a natural ability in the assumption of looks and tones and words that tell a false story or act a deceptive part, and that ability they are often too ready to use. In all these things the English are not only conscientious, but clumsy; and in many cases they want for hypocrisy not the will, but the power. Hence the unnaturalness, from an English point of view, of Marian's character. She is Lord Atherstone's daughter-in-law; and as her husband and she live in his house, she is lady-paramount. But when he marries again, she of course makes way for the young wife. Taking ordinary English life, one would hardly expect a lady, childless too, to cherish a deep and life-long hatred, and carry out a rancorous revenge, simply because she had lost the privilege of living with her father-in-law, and for that reason alone. She personally likes the new wife; but simply because she has been supplanted from her position as lady-housekeeper to her husband's father, she broods over her wrongs, and resolves to encourage Lady Atherstone to commit adultery, and then detect and denounce her! To this end she makes herself a patient and persistent spy. She closely watches Lady Atherstone and the suspected lover. Thus:—"Lady Atherstone rose. As Caryl stood aside to give her room to pass, Marian was

sure that his lips moved. Lena did not pause for an instant, or turn her head, or answer a word; but for the first time that evening a change swept across her face. It lasted not so long as a light breath on a mirror, yet it was enough for the patient watcher, and she exulted in her heart: like the fowler who, ambushed near an eyrie, waits till limbs wax stiff and eyelids heavy, for the coming of the eagle; and seeing afar off a dark speck in air," &c. &c. (p. 15, vol. iii.). The watching is continued:—"Marian could have sworn that during the rest of the evening not a sign or word of intelligence passed betwixt them" (p. 18). She hunts them down from room to room. "They passed quickly into the morning room; yet not so quickly but that, before they crossed the threshold, there vanished through the opposite door a train of silk too soft to rustle; and the colour of it was a tender grey" (p. 37). She gives them full opportunities to commit themselves:—"She was never likely to hinder the ends of justice through stinting the allowance of rope" (p. 54). Again:—"When she left them alone, as she invariably did, by-the-bye" (p. 55). Then finally, when near success, she is resolved to hurry them into open sin:—" 'In time.' The two syllables struck unpleasantly on Marian's ear. Was it possible that, though bitter misery might ensue, the complete ruin on which she had reckoned might yet be averted? Remember, beyond the unsupported testimony of her own eyes and ears, there was, so far as she knew, no substantial proof to convict the criminals: some overt act of theirs was needed to complete the case" (p. 139).

Of course such a character is possible, and there may be English women who for a cause so slight would cherish a purpose so venomous and carry it out with such cold cruelty. But all we can say is, that described as it is by the author, it seems simply monstrous in its puerile artificiality and absurdity: it is more like a figure cut out of paper than a woman of flesh and blood.

It may be thought that we have devoted too much space to the exposure of such inferior workmanship, but the fact is that many of the faults of the story arise, not from the author's defects, but from his merits. He felt that it would not do to bring an adulteress or two, and their co-respondents, into the middle of the story: the whole plot must hinge round his heroes and heroines, and there must be room and free play for their intrigues, and then somebody to track them down and find them out. So, having taken his first step in selecting a particular sin for illustration, he was obliged, having some knowledge of his business, to drag in all the rest. Were the scene of his story laid in France, the whole tale might pass as a free translation of a second-rate French story. But on English ground it jars on the sense of probability almost at every scene. This, it may be said, tends really and truly to the entire exclusion of adultery from

English fiction. We do not see much to regret in that. We have no doubt whatever that what a master like Hawthorne has done, may be done again, and that the inner souls of an adulterer or adulteress may be laid bare so as to fascinate and to awe. But the manner in which whole realms of French fiction are filled with this sin, and no other; the way in which they harp and harp upon the one theme, as if the distinction of sex were the only distinction of life, and as if sexual love, especially when illicit, were the master-key to the enigma of the universe, teaches us that adultery is a very cheap and easy source of interest and attraction. It is so easily brought in. To introduce murder the novelist must describe a man or woman darkly passionate, and as a rule physically strong either in muscles or nerve; but for the other sin one requires only a weak woman and a weak man—and some opportunity: there are other receipts, but that is the simplest. On the whole, then, we think that the “Lady Audley” style is more national, more our own. A good sound, brutal murder, with plenty of blood in it, chimes in better with our patriotic feelings: it is not un-English. In one of his older stories the author of “Guy Livingstone” did something in that style—the rejected suitor beats out the brains of the happy bridegroom with a big stone; and if there must be sin and crime to give flavour to English fictions, we vote for murder.

But why require sin or crime when for generation after generation English stories have had the one theme with variations—innocent and ante-matrimonial love? The directions are simple. Take a few characters, male and female, as a rule they must be young, place them near enough to “simmer,” and let them fall in love. Then manufacture difficulties and troubles and sorrow, and in the mode of this manufacture lies nearly all the possible variety. An old plan often worked out, was to make the parents cruel, or separated by a family feud. Another old-fashioned obstacle was difference of rank or the lover’s poverty. A new fashion in difficulties, mainly due to Mr. Trollope, is inconstancy in the woman or sometimes even in the man. Then, of course, there is always the villain of either sex inspired by jealousy or hate, who murders the hero or poisons the heroine, or sows dissension and keeps the two apart until the three volumes are nearly out. Or bad temper, or false delicacy, or an accident, or some blunder will serve the one great end, to separate the interesting two until the proper number of pages is written. These being the fundamental necessities of the craft, we must regard with a certain toleration the repeated use of the old machinery, and when we hear the familiar creaking of some well-worn wheel or joint, we must not be disgusted or surprised. If English readers will have love stories they cannot have the lovers meet in the first chapter

and marry in the second, for then what would become of the story? But these things being granted, we see the vast differences in the mode of treatment of the men with a born genius for story-telling and those who merely write because Mr. Mudie's customers want more. There must [be in England a large class of persons who read novels and nothing else: otherwise it would be impossible to understand the inartistic inferiority of the stories poured out from the press in such wasteful profusion of excellent paper and good ink. Taking the average of several years, there is nearly a new novel a day published in England—English novels alone! Of course no man nor even woman has read them all, perhaps no one reader could devour even a quarter. But the utter want of literary art in many of them induces us to believe, as we have said, that there must be a large and utterly uncritical public whose sole acquaintance with literature (save the mark) comes from ordinary novels. For them these novels are written that show an utter indifference to all those ideas of artistic composition that animate the masters of the art. But we think that most habitual novel readers or novel reviewers, people whose "dreadful trade" it is to read novels with a view to criticism, will agree with us in expressing surprise, not at the badness of many novels, but at the great ability frequently displayed in the delineation of one or two characters, or the invention of one or two incidents. The worst novel seems to have something good in it. This is probably due to the natural genius of women. English novels are now nearly all written by ladies, and all the social cleverness, powers of observation, turn for sentiment, and the uncalculating ardour in love natural to the sex, come into play and rush into print. But as the majority of women who write never learned even the rudiments of literary art, their ability is naturally displayed in episodes, and scenes, and pet characters, and is seldom or never used to construct a good story or build up an ingenious plot. We have often thought how very good many of these stories would seem to the reader if he stopped at the end of the second volume: the novelists can often weave the story up to that point into a pretty network of complication, but they cannot disentangle, and the third volume is a mass of crudities, absurdities, and impossibilities. This is partly due, no doubt, also to the baneful practice adopted by so many novelists of writing, and even publishing, the earlier chapters of their story before they had devised the last, so that the author leaps with all his characters into a pit without thinking how he can possibly get out again. If, having to get out, he invents balloons or impossible ladders, or stray angels or grotesque accidents, the fault is not due to the needs of the third volume, but to the situations created by the first. Possibly in time to come there may be a division of labour,

like that suggested by Goldsmith in one of his essays, where he speaks of one Grub Street author as a quick hand at translation, and of another as "a dab at an index." There may be first volume authors, clever at imaginary inextricable entanglements; second volume writers, able to carry the characters onward and to complicate the situation; while third volume men will, from long practice, be able to guarantee any amount of knots untied, situations explained, riddles solved, fathers found for stray children, fortunes for poor heroes, and lovers for unmatched maids—on moderate terms and at the shortest notice. As to the joint-workmanship so common in France, we have very little of it here, and that little has not been successful: the common product of the two allies has in nearly all cases been inferior to the best efforts of either alone. It is also hopeless, we suppose, to expect here what we see so often in French and German literature—a really great artistic work executed in a small compass; neither in literature or art have we such power as Meissonnier puts on a few inches of canvas, or MM. Erckmann-Chatrian condense into a chapter or two. A very little story by the two collaborateurs, entitled "Catherine's Lovers," is more finished and more powerful, more full of character, interest, incident, emotion, love, and life, than many novels in England, where the long-drawn story meanders through seven or eight hundred pages of type.

One recent English novel seems to us a happy exception to many popular defects in our national fiction. It is called "Vera," and the author is anonymous. It is in one volume, and had the writer followed the foolish fashion of most of her contemporaries, she would no doubt have spun it out into three, with all the dull writing and subsidiary characters needful to fill up the allotted space. As it is, it deserves the title of a work of art. It starts with a theme great enough in its character and emotions to account for the subsequent shadows that overhang the destiny of the hero and the heroine. He is an English officer of high birth; she, a princess, the betrothed of a Russian officer, and the theme is the Crimean war. The personal influences of such a strife are indicated in two chapters; the Englishman takes leave of his friends, and marches through London one fine morning to embark; the young Russian takes leave of his mother, and his betrothed, and starts for the Crimea to fight for the Czar and Holy Russia. The key-note is thus struck high; we deal with an event that lifts us above petty personal griefs, and that invests the individual fortunes involved with something of the grandeur of tragedy. At Inkermann the English officer is wounded, and lies on the ground while Russian soldiers attempt to plunder the wounded; he fires at them with his revolver, and mortally wounds, not one of the ruffians, but their young officer, who just gallops up to restrain them. The tide of battle ebbs, and leaves the two wounded men near. The Russian takes a cross from his cap

and a locket from his neck, begs the Englishman to take them to his mother and to his betrothed, naming them, and dies. The Englishman is carried off, passes through brain fever, and finds on his recovery that he utterly forgets the names he had thus strangely received, while there is nothing on the trinkets to identify the wearer. Some years after he, a middle-aged man and older in feeling than years, meets a young Russian princess, the heroine of the tale, and between them gradually grows up a deep and delicate love, chequered in his case by distrust of his power to win her. Some words she lightly drops, indicating that youth is *the* time for love, he takes as an indirect proof that she could not think of loving him, and he, to her silent discontent, leaves her, never uttering a word of his thoughts. They are brought together again, and she explaining why her aunt received him discourteously one day, tells that her aunt's son, her cousin, a young Russian officer, was killed in the Crimea—killed it was thought by an English officer, and even his body stripped of the cross and locket he wore. This cousin was, she explains, her betrothed. As she describes the trinkets, their shape, their inscription, the old scene and all its horror come back, *her* name is remembered, and he finds that he has been on the point of asking for wife the woman whose lover he had killed. He does not know that the engagement was more a formality than an affair of the heart; the fever and the forgetting, and his distrust born of humility and reserve, conspire to give a morbid emphasis to his feelings; it seems to himself that the blood he unintentionally shed stands between him and the girl he so deeply loves.

We do enormous injustice to the story by this summary, but it is needful for us to indicate its outline to point the moral. As we have said, all love-tales have as their central work the creation of difficulties that keep the lovers apart; but in vulgar novels we can see the clumsy workman manufacturing the difficulties as he goes on. In "*Vera*" inexorable public events have already thrown their shade over the two lives, and it seems natural that personal woe should be wrought by war. In an ordinary novel we can put our finger on the very point where the trouble begins. Julia is guilty of a flirtation, or Alonzo neglects to write a letter, or the father becomes bankrupt, or some small, trivial incident is invented in cold blood; and hence separation and sorrow. But to take the sadness and sorrow out of *Vera*, we must make her not a Russian princess and him not an English officer, and the Crimean War must be omitted from history. When the delays and difficulties and dangers of a story are traceable to some great unalterable facts, not only do our souls "to higher levels rise," but the reader is inclined to accept the troubles that ensue much as he would troubles in real life. But when they arise from old, or stale, or petty incidents, a feeling of irritation arises. We see two, or three, or four persons tortured through three volumes

because one of them made a blunder one fine day ; and the extent of the agony piled up, compared with the triviality of the foundation, forces back the thoughts on the obvious artifice of the writer. Of course every writer cannot bring in an event like a great war to supply him with the essential evil and the necessary grief ; but there are other ways of making the misfortunes of the hero or heroine seem inevitable and beyond the writer's control. For instance, in Paul de Kock's "Barber of Paris," the tragedy at the end is traceable through a chain of interdependent incidents up to events that have occurred at a period antecedent to the opening chapters : so that, to make the sad ending impossible, we should have had to watch over the very childhood of the wicked nobleman of the story, have eradicated his engrained propensity to profligate life ; in fact, have had him changed at nurse. In short, a skilful story-teller makes the pain and trouble flow naturally from natural and commonplace and inevitable events, or traits of character that seem unchangeable, while the unskilful writer makes a whole volume of woe depend on an accident or a trivial personage, some false delicacy, some touch of jealous feeling or burst of petty wrath. That in real life great effects from little causes spring, is no sufficient justification. In real life we accept such facts because they *are* facts ; but in reading a novel, the whole groundwork is so necessarily make-believe, that the facts must seem very natural to make us forget their unreality. As to "Vera," we have only noticed the points of the story essential to explain its superiority in the central idea of its design to many English tales ; it has other charms—freshness and wit. But these are minor characteristics, and they sometimes abound in stories so wretchedly designed and executed that they do not deserve to be called literature.

Having referred to the comparative monotony of English stories, where ante-matrimonial love is the almost invariable theme, we ought perhaps to be thankful to Mr. Edmund Yates, who, in "Dr. Wainwright's Patient," introduces two novelties—one heroine insane from the first, another sane enough, but entering into a cool, plain-spoken, unloving, business-like negotiation with a gentleman who proposes to make her his mistress. As to the mad girl, the mistake of her introduction seems to us not in her insanity, but in the fact that she is mad from the first, and recovers her reason only as she is going to disappear at the end of the third volume. This is rather unfair ; we, the readers, have her at her worst ; and all her rationality is reserved for her private and unrecorded conversations after the fall of the curtain. This ought to have been reversed ; she ought to have kept sane through the three volumes, and gone mad in the last chapter ; then it would not have mattered so much. But we doubt much whether insanity in itself can ever be made a proper subject of true art. The madness of King Lear has its interest from contrast ; we

have known him sane, and we trace with him the causes of the sorrow that has made him mad; the events have so led up to the horror that we feel with him. But when Mr. Yates plunges us all at once into the society of insane strangers it is impossible to feel a proper interest. We never heard them talk sense, we know nothing of their previous life, and their incoherence and absurdity are not pathetic, are not strange. Mr. Yates's second heroine is not a greater success. She and her would-be seducer are possibly true to life. No doubt facts could be produced to prove that some such middle-aged profligate has made a deliberate bargain with some cool knowing London girl, who sold herself for a certain income or a certain sum down; but the negotiation cannot possibly be made interesting as a subject for literary art. It wants colour, it wants depth of life and shade. The wickedness of the seducer seems very tame when the victim knows all about it from the first, and talks of it with open words and unblushing face; her apparently impending fate excites no horror and little pity, and when she escapes it our joy is not excessive.

In "Dorothy Fox," another recent story, we have a novelty introduced with more success; it deals with Quaker life, and a Quaker girl in love is painted evidently by somebody who knows the Friends. There is one other good character, Audrey Verschoyle; the development of good feeling in a worldly girl touched unexpectedly by love is admirably described. The only fault in this story is the ending; we go through the three volumes "pleased we know not why, and care not wherefore," and fascinated by the pretty little Quakeress, but suddenly the blank page recalls us to real life, and we find that a military man of high rank has married the daughter of a shop-keeper, and lives happily ever afterwards. It takes more than three volumes of love-making to make us accept that as we would accept events in real life. But why do all happy endings to stories seem rather unreal, making us remember that we have been reading a story and not studying life? We suppose that it is that life itself has no such definite and blissful *dénouements*. But when the story ends with the catastrophe of tragedy everybody can recall some life-story thus broken off; even commonplace real life is made dramatic by death. Yet the novelist has this difficulty: if he ends his tale unhappily he makes a deep impression, but gives pain, and escapes popularity; if he winds up with orange blossoms, the manufactured happiness seems like a literary confectioner's trick. The true artist evades the difficulty by "mixing the bitter with the sweet." In the last chapters of "Jane Eyre," Rochester's blindness, his bruised and scarred face, *her* sharp, direct, hard words, veiling a love too deep and tender for expression, all recall us to reality, even amid the flush of the happiness of the two. In the last scene in "Vera," too, we have a similar touch of art—the memory of the sad death of her

first lover, her betrothed, comes to take the smile of happiness from her face; the shade of sorrow makes the scene like one in real life, not one created simply by the story-teller's art.

Speaking generally of English novels, it might not be very unjust to attribute a large proportion of their obvious faults to the abominable custom which obtains of stretching them out to three volumes. In what other art besides story-writing could such a custom be allowed to prevail? What should be thought of picture dealers if they dictated to artists an invariable size for all pictures of all kinds—so that landscapes, interiors, fruit pieces, *genre*, and historical scenes should all be painted on canvases of the same size? Of the three hundred novels published on an average every year in England, about two hundred, perhaps, are published in three volumes, and of the two hundred there are probably not ten where the three are required for the proper development of the characters or plot. In the rest it is easy to trace the efforts of the unfortunate writers to eke out the required quantity: they have straw enough for one brick, and they are forced to make three. They invent characters and scenes not bearing on the main story, and they leave their characters and scenes either entirely unconnected, or put them into connection by some forced clumsy device, or they fill up a chapter, as Mr. Yates does, with that description of London when everybody is out of town, which has been described in novels, sketches, stories, and magazine articles about four or five times a month for the last thirty years, and on which nothing in the least new can be said.

In a recent novel, "My Little Lady," the author or authoress faces the difficulty boldly. The central idea of the tale is good: a gambler who travels about to Baden, Homburg, Monaco, and other places, with his little daughter from her childhood, the child utterly unconscious that her father's life was in any way disreputable, and combining, naturally enough, innocence of girlish youth with a knowledge generally only acquired by hardened women or grown men. The story is not only good in idea, but the design is faithfully worked; and the love of the child, growing with her years, for the young doctor who has been kind to her, and who has fascinated her imagination, is very well and naturally painted. But as the tale goes on, the three-volume curse is upon the writer, and something must be done; and so, to borrow a phrase from the Erie swindlers, the stock of ideas is watered. The little girl has a brain fever—extra chapter. She gradually recovers—another chapter. She prepares to escape from a convent—chapter. She escapes—another chapter. She is not caught—another chapter. She has another brain fever worse than the last—two chapters. And so on. The result is most vexatious: the story is just interesting enough to tempt the reader on, but the terrible prolixity of the story-teller makes violent and, indeed,

reckless skipping the only resource. And all because a pretty little tale fit for one volume had to be spun out into three in accordance with some miserable superstitions connected with the publishing trade, and the custom of putting 31s. 6d. as the price of what is fairly worth 7s. 6d. As a result of these tricks of trade, the short stories completed in one number that used to fill our magazines twenty and thirty years ago, are gradually disappearing; and busy readers are expected to keep fresh in memory the sorrow of March to contrast it with the joy of April, to be followed by the catastrophe of May.

These objections to novels in the present day may seem a waste of criticism to those who think that literature means poetry or history, or criticism of either, but that the manufacture of new and fashionable stories can be no more literary than the making of new and fashionable bonnets is a matter of high art. But the vast and varied kinds of pleasure given by novels—the tens of thousands of homes brightened, the wearisome hours soothed, the great minds that have been refreshed by them, and even the little minds that have been lifted out of the rut of lowly thoughts—the memory of all this gives to the subject a certain interest and power of a very touching kind. A man who by temperate indulgence in the pleasure keeps his love of story-reading fresh and pure—tasting discreetly, and never going in for a debauch—has done well for himself; no pleasure is so cheap, none so independent of weather or friends, none so easily linked with home happiness, few more natural, few more pure. Nor can we admit for a moment that even the most searching criticism implies either lack of love or affectation of superiority. He who points out this or that fault in design or workmanship, may still acknowledge how often even inartistic novels have afforded great amusement, and even evoked excitement—surprising afterwards when the reader, carried away by the spell of the moment, develops into the critic calm enough to pick out the flaws. Nor must it be forgotten that when all has been said, story-telling is still a mysterious natural gift—wonderful in itself, and difficult to be analysed, which the most unliterary and most inartistic writers sometimes possess, and which, perhaps, not one out of fifty of the critics they so cordially detest could compass by taking thought. But the difference between stories where the fine gold of good invention is wrought with art worthy of the material, and those where the gold is left in lumps, is this, that the first delight generation after generation, and will live in the literature of the language, while the others pass away with the bonnets and mantles and songs and occasional farces of the year.

J. HERBERT STACK.

THE THREE THEORIES OF THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES.

It is a melancholy thing to enter into controversy with the dead, and reminds only too painfully how shadowy our controversies really are. But there can be no offence to the memory of one who never shunned courteous literary dispute when living—who was as tolerant as he was free-spoken in the assertion of his sentiments—whose freedom from the common vanities and asperities of the learned was such that he seemed always to invite criticism of his opinions, and to thank opponents for giving him an opportunity to dwell further, in self-defence, on the arguments in favour of some conclusion which had captivated his assent—in resuming a discussion broken off by death, and in which his last utterances are only conveyed to us in a posthumous form.

In one of the recently published letters of the late Sir George Lewis (to Mr. Reeve, Sept. 16, 1858), he notices an article which I had then lately contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, on Mr. Gladstone's "Studies on Homer" (*Ed. Rev.* vol. 108). He does so in terms of generous compliment, such as recall to me only too agreeably my veteran acquaintance of long years, in his upward progress from Oxford to Downing Street, with his modest wisdom and impartial judgment on many a subject of common interest to us, from matters of classical research to the politics of the day. But he has, nevertheless, misrepresented a certain passage in my article—it wounds my vanity to confess that it is pretty clear he had not read it—in so very cruel a manner, that I cannot be easy without a reply, which would certainly not have been posthumous had I seen his comment in time. "I cannot," he says, "go the length of Merivale's scepticism as to the uncertainty of the Homeric text. . . . Merivale's statement as to each Greek town having a peculiar version of Homer is, I believe, an enormous exaggeration." It would, indeed, have been an enormous exaggeration if I had said so; but I said nothing of the kind. My words were "that in the best age of Greece there were many received texts of the poet—many manuscripts, distinguished by the names of particular cities;" and in so saying I only adopted the language of distinguished Homeric critics. I will cite only one in my defence—namely Colonel Mure:—

"The practice of rhapsodism," says the Colonel, "if on the one hand it may have been a source of corruption, was instrumental in providing a remedy, by suggesting to the different States where it prevailed the compilation of complete editions for the use of the festivals. Many such, accordingly, were extant

in later times, under the title of civic, or State, editions."—*Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*, Book II., ch. ii., 95.

However, having discharged my debt to myself by this very slight indulgence in egotism, I will proceed to deal with matter of more general interest to young Homeric students, if any such may do me the honour of perusal, and to veterans like myself, for whom neither years nor occupations have entirely extinguished their zeal for tracing out classical problems, and not least, that ancient enigma of the wanderings of Ulysses.

"Merivale's attempts," says Sir George Lewis, still referring to my aforesaid article, "to identify the places visited by Ulysses with places in real geography, are less startling than Gladstone's, and more in accordance with the views received among the Greeks; but I believe them to be equally chimerical. If Homer had known anything of Sicily, it is not likely that he should have been ignorant of *Ætna*. My conviction is, that *Thrinacia*, *Ogygia*, *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*, the *Isle of Æolus*, &c., are as unreal as *Lilliput*, and *Brobdignag*, and the *Isle of Laputa*."

Here, then, are three distinct theories placed in juxtaposition. The first is that which Sir George Lewis justly terms "the view received among the Greeks." According to this theory, or rather supposition, the voyage of Ulysses was a real voyage in this sense, that the poet intended to make his legendary hero visit certain known geographical points, however large a share of fable he may have interwoven in his narrative; and that the course so indicated is along the coasts of Italy and Sicily. The second theory, which is known to scholars as favoured to a certain extent by Müller and other German critics, and which has been adopted very zealously by Mr. Gladstone in his "*Homer and the Homeric Age*," and in his "*Juventus Mundi*," regards the Wanderings as equally real in the sense that real scenes are visited; as having a foundation in the reports of mariners, probably Phœnician; but finds its localities partly in the very opposite regions of Europe, in the Bosphorus and *Palus Mæotis*, and partly far away in imaginary seas stretching to the north and north-east. The third—that adopted by the critic *Eratosthenes* of old, and adopted by Sir George Lewis—regards the whole story as fictitious, in the same sense as *Lucian's "True History"* or *Gulliver's Travels*, and maintains that we shall discover its whereabouts in real geography only when we "find the bag in which *Æolus* shut up the winds."

We are, therefore, travelling, in pursuit of this inquiry, over ground perhaps more beaten than that of any other mere literary controversy. The "*Wanderings of Ulysses*" furnished the favourite fighting-ground to a whole tribe of ancient critics. *Lewis* and *Gladstone*, *Völcker*, *Müller*, and *Nitzsch*, do but revive the quarrel which *Eratosthenes* and *Aristarchus*, *Callimachus* and *Demetrius*, and others long forgotten, but pillars of critical orthodoxy in their day,

had championed in the busy centuries of Alexandrian authorship. And there is something in this circumstance which should, perhaps, invite the modern to a little less presumptuous use of the undoubted advantages which the advance of civilisation has given him. No doubt a German professor possesses the developed critical faculty to a degree quite unknown to Grecian scholiasts, few indeed of whom can be said to have possessed any such faculty at all. Nevertheless, we may depend on it that their comparative proximity to the age of Homer, their intimate familiarity with the vast wealth of Grecian story and literature which has passed away, their very traditional feelings and notions, on the other hand, made a vantage ground which Jena and Göttingen cannot occupy, and can hardly realise; and that if we find anything approaching to consistent uniformity of belief in the interpretation put by the ancients on particular passages or portions of the Homeric poems—anything which may tend to satisfy the established canon, “*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*”—we cannot reasonably disregard the phenomenon, although not absolutely bound even then to frame our conclusions in obedience to it. And now—avoiding all direct dispute with those able men, living and dead, who have maintained the two other opinions—I shall confine myself to what appears to me the leading arguments in favour of the first, which was once, and for many ages, the established creed on the subject. I believe, with antiquity in general and a long *catena* of modern critics, that Homer had in his mind’s eye a voyage from point to point of the coasts of Italy and Sicily, though mingled with much of poetical fiction; that his very imperfect knowledge of those parts was derived from the tales of actual navigators; and that he follows, in some passages at all events, their matter-of-fact accounts of their course.

I have said that antiquity in general believed this. I cannot but repeat that those who adopt either of the two remaining views hardly allow sufficient weight to this very remarkable consensus. Thucydides—earliest of historical authorities—received without doubt what I will call the Italian tradition. It is embodied in the poems which we possess on the Argonautic expedition: modern indeed and valueless in themselves, but founded, we have every reason to conjecture, on earlier authorities, and so carrying back the chain of tradition to that school of Greek epic poets which succeeded the Homeric. It is received and amplified in the Theogony ascribed to Hesiod—a “piece of patchwork,” no doubt, as it has been called, but of which even the newest patches are of respectable antiquity. Nor does this harmony of early opinion meet with any interruption until the comparatively recent period of the Alexandrian school of critics and grammarians. As long as people were content with tradition, all belief took one direction. There were no rival creeds on the

subject. As criticism advances, we find the "Eastern" theory, or what the Greeks themselves called the oceanic, *ἰσημερινός*—arising, not out of counter tradition, but out of the ingenious suggestions of commentators. It was only when doubt became as it were a profession, and every sophist thought it necessary to distinguish himself by the defence of some fashionable paradox, that some writers transferred the scene of the wanderings to the Euxine and Mæotis, and others simply to the land of nowhere. It is these last whom Strabo, the first of extant authors who found it necessary to defend the orthodox faith, condemns in words involving a very sound canon of criticism: "To construct a new fabric of marvellous stories, without any real foundation, is un-Homeric."

Assuming, then, that a fictitious story is founded on actual observation, poetically adorned and magnified, by what canons are we to distinguish the foundation from the superstructure? In answer, and in elucidation also of what I conceive to be the meaning of Strabo in the above passage, I will take the liberty of reproducing a portion of my *Edinburgh* article already mentioned:—

"Stripping off for a moment the conventionalisms which have gathered round the idea of Homer, and trying to get at him in his simple character of the maker, or story-teller, let us try to distinguish by probable rules where the compiler of fiction in a simple age is drawing more or less on fact, and where he is drawing on imagination.

"For instance, let your story-teller be describing an enchanted castle; all the minute particulars which are necessary to the purpose of the story, will be inserted as a matter of course; the gate at which hangs the mysterious horn the hero is to sound; the dark vaulted passage through which he penetrates; the moat he swims; the staircase he scales; the chamber in which the sleeping warders sit entranced by magic; all these, being parts of the fabric of his story, will be minutely described, whether he is drawing on his imagination only, or whether he is weaving into the tale recollections of some place he has seen or heard of. But, if he introduce also a class of particulars, such as are neither essential to the conduct of the story, nor poetically appropriate to its adornment, such as seem rather to delay the action and direct the attention to indifferent things; if at a particular point of the castle you find a double staircase, or a round window, or any other architectural feature, without any bearing on the context; if you are told that on turning to the left you see a particular view, or on turning to the right you reach a gateway leading to a particular place; especially if these unmeaning, yet noteworthy minutiae are introduced in that unexpected, inartificial way which is easier to indicate than describe; then we may say with perfect safety that the story-teller in question has some real place in his mind, however it may suit him to disguise or embellish the reality."

"Now this test, which we are applying only to the Homeric geography, is precisely that which Mr. Gladstone has applied with great judgment, as it seems to us, to the character of the Homeric writings in general.

"'Over and above the episodes,' he says, 'which seem to owe their place in the poem to the historic aim, there are a multitude of minor shadings which run through it, and which, as Homer could have derived no advantage from feigning them, we are compelled to suppose real. They are part of the graceful finish of a true story, but they have not the showy character of what has been invented for effect.'"—*Homeric Studies*, Vol. I., p. 28.

One caution, however, may be given, though hardly necessary to an intelligent reader. This apparent accuracy and minuteness of insignificant detail are not unfrequently assumed by writers of modern fiction, intending either to mislead or amuse their readers by a false appearance of truth. Take, for instance, many a passage in the travels of Gulliver, which are wonderful *tours de force* in this way; and many another from the pages of De Foe, the greatest of all masters of this trick. But it *is* a trick; and belongs to a more advanced and critical age than Homer's. "The faults of assuming in literary composition an archaic costume, voice, and manner," says Mr. Gladstone, with great truth—may we not add, that of assuming any affected or artificial manner?—"do not belong at all either to an age like that of Homer, or to an age of which the literary conditions at all resemble it." Let us then apply to some details of the voyage of Ulysses the discriminating test between particulars which *may* (not *must*) have been simply invented, because they are either—1, not minutely characteristic, or, 2, needed for the purpose of the story—and those which (if we are right) *must*, according to reason, be real and local, because they are at once minutely characteristic, and insignificant, or incidental only. One more introductory remark. For the sake of clearness, let me say in the outset of this inquiry that I waive all question as to the genuineness of Homer as we have him. I assume for my present purpose the general correctness of his text, although marred, beyond all reasonable doubt, by interpolations. I assume that the *Iliad* was the work of one poet; the *Odyssey* that of the same poet. I assume all this, as I say, for the sake of avoiding what I may term collateral issues.

I will start on my inquiry with a postulate. I will assume that whatever may be the case as to other portions of the Ulyssean travels, the passage through the Straits of Messina, between Scylla and Charybdis, is at all events a most certain fragment of reality. Whether Homer intercalated this portion of narrative in a series of mere imaginary adventures, or whether it is only a single link in a chain of actual adventures—a chapter in actual geography—thus far, at all events, he stood upon firm ground. Homer's Scylla and Charybdis exist, and always have existed, in the place which he assigns to them. Here I have with me something like the common assent of all critics, to whichever of the three schools which I have enumerated they may belong. To the old traditions I need not refer; they are unanimous and uniform. Klausen, an able modern exponent of the Eratosthenic, or fictitious theory, admits that Homer must have had "*eine dunkle kunde*," an obscure knowledge, of the Sicilian Straits. Mr. Gladstone, whom I will take for the present, as the representative of those who contend for an admixture of notions derived from eastern and northern travel, confesses

that "Homer appears to have compounded into one group two sets of Phœnician reports concerning the entrance from without to the Thalassa, or Mediterranean; one of them referring to the Straits of Messina, with their Scylla and Charybdis; the other to the Bosphorus and its Planctai." My own contention is of course entirely different. I maintain that Homer had in view the real Strait; that it is portrayed by him.

Thus much I shall endeavour to demonstrate; but before doing so, let me ask the reader the question: on which side does he suppose that Ulysses entered the straits? From the north or from the south? I venture to say that nine readers out of ten will answer without hesitation, from the north. This seems universally assumed. Ukert (Geographie), sceptical as he habitually is, says without hesitation, "Ulysses had Scylla on his left," and quotes in proof Od. xii. 81. Not a word to that effect will be found there. Homer only says that Scylla "looks to the west," πρὸς ζόφον ἣδ' Ἐρεβος τετραμμένον: which is quite accurate, but indicates nothing as to the direction from which Ulysses approached it. The truth is that Ukert, like every one else, addresses himself to the subject with a mind full of the old Italian tradition, although he may profess disbelief in it, and cannot help seeing Ulysses in his mind's eye, where all antiquity saw him, ploughing the Tyrrhene waters on his southward voyage to the mysterious strait.

Nevertheless it is true that an accurate reader of the poem would arrive at the same conclusion if he had never heard of any tradition at all. The poem itself indicates it, although quite indirectly, and therefore with all the stronger presumption of reality. Circe warns Ulysses against Scylla *first*, and Charybdis next; that is, she places the objects of danger in that order in which they would occur to a real voyager from the north, not from the south. Her advice, translated into the sailing directions which some sea-witch may probably have given to that Greek or Phœnician navigator who was the protoplasm of Ulysses, amounted to this: When you come to Scylla, keep well to the left, for it is better for you to run the risk of being dashed to pieces in the caverns of Scylla than that of being drawn into the whirlpool of Charybdis on the opposite coast. From the north, therefore, Ulysses came.

What is "Scylla," against which he is warned? A lofty, perpendicular rock, πέτρῃ λίσ, περξέσση ἐκῶια, which no man can climb, with caverns at the base. No very special description, it might be thought at first sight. But those who have observed Scylla with their own eyes, may think otherwise. Its sheer face of precipice contrasts very markedly indeed with the general sloping formation of the rocky shores of the straits and all the neighbourhood. In truth, perpendicular cliffs, such as those formed by the action of the sea against soft

horizontal strata along the coast of eastern England and northern France, are not common in the Grecian and Italian parts of the Mediterranean, where the more inclined beds usually dip under the sea with a steep declivity. Rocks like Scylla, where they occur, stand well out from the unconformable face of the sea-coast, and are therefore well known as landmarks.

It was this intense "realism" of Homeric description which struck so forcibly the naturalist Spallanzani when he visited the straits, and stirred the blood within him into an enthusiasm very unusual in so placid an observer. In the midst of the poet's exaggerated and fantastic description of Scylla and Charybdis, he says, there is truth itself at the bottom. After quoting the lines, he proceeds—"Tale, son già tre mila anni, appariva lo scoglio di Scilla secondo le osservazioni di Omero, e tale oggigiorno apparisce nè piu ne meno." Although, he adds, there was hardly any wind on the day when he approached the spot, "yet at two miles from the rock I began to hear a roaring, a thundering, and something like a confused barking of dogs," the cause of which he discovered in the agitation of the waves in the caverns at the foot of the rock. The worthy *savant* may be accused of an indulgence in imagination, which is rarely his fault. But it is precisely his sober character which gives force to his words. And the sceptic should remember this, that it is not given to us moderns, who steam past historical points of a coast at fifteen miles an hour, to ascertain their accordance or discordance with ancient description. It is only allotted to such patient, old-fashioned visitors as Spallanzani, who spent hours tacking about in his speronaro between the Faro and Messina, hammering rocks and fishing for medusæ, to enter into the mind of Homer, and see these legendary wonders with Homeric eyes.

Let us add from Strabo one more instance of verisimilitude, though but a trifling one—the little circumstance of the monster Scylla's habitual employment in fishing for sea-dogs—that is, the swordfish, or *pesce spada*, the chase of which is still pursued with peculiar success at the entrance of the straits, as it was in the days of Strabo, and for the natural reasons which he assigns. Here, says Strabo, *δοκεῖ δὲ κελόν τι ἐρησθαι*. This is a "local feature," as we should phrase it.

Scylla, then, is a reality—all but the she-monster which made its cavern her dwelling-place. And what was the monster, the daughter of the mighty Hecate, with her twelve legs and six heads, and voice like that of a newborn puppy? A mere creature of fable or of inventive genius? Or was some mariner's tale of wonder respecting man-strangling Pieuvres, or Krakens, or "the hateful Polypus million-brood" which Schiller makes his diver confront in the depths of the same sea, wrought into this poetical shape under the plastic hand of the "Maker"? Who can say?

Thus much for Scylla. Let us now turn to Charybdis. The Homeric whirlpool is close opposite Scylla—*Καὶ κεν διολιστεύσας*: "You might shoot an arrow across." This, we all know, is inaccurate. Scylla is 6,047 yards from the Faro Tower, at the north entrance of the straits, and therefore at least that distance from any possible Charybdis. Nevertheless, the misdescription is one which would not unnaturally occur in the loose narrative of a sailor; for to one approaching from the north the entrance of the straits is invisible until close at hand. The coasts overlap, and appear connected; whence the well-known fable of Hannibal's putting his pilot to death for supposed treachery, in leading him into a land-locked bay; a story from which Brydone observes that Pomponius Mela has drawn two very wise inferences—the one, that Hannibal was extremely passionate; the other, that he was totally ignorant of geography. But where is the true Charybdis to be found in this "mare vorticosum"—this sea abounding in eddies and contrary currents? Certainly not off the harbour of Messina, fifteen miles from Scylla, although popular belief, even as early as the time of Strabo, placed it there, and has kept up the delusion ever since. The "vortex" there, immediately outside the Braccio di San Raniero, commonly called the Garofalo, retains Homeric honours in the eyes of all true Messinese, notwithstanding plain geographical incompatibility. So I remarked to an officer of the French postal steamer, who retained enough of classical lore to keep Homeric description in his memory, as we looked at the Garofalo together. "That is not Charybdis," he said; "but with this wind and tide" (there is a marked tide, or rather alternating current, in the straits, as we shall have to observe by-and-by) "I will show it you in a short time." Accordingly, as we neared the Faro lighthouse, he pointed out a most distinct and active "vortex," spinning round with quite sufficient violence to have terrified an Homeric navigator, a few hundred yards only to the south of the spot on which that lighthouse stands, and in the very narrowest part of the straits. "So Homer had appointed it," as Kinglake says in "Eothen" concerning the relative position of Samothrace and the Troad, "and so it was. The map was correct enough, but could not, like Homer, convey the whole truth. Thus vain and false are the mere human surmises and doubts which clash with Homeric writ."

To all which I may add the testimony of painstaking old Philip Cluverius, the Dutch geographer, worth more than the speculations of a good many ingenious moderns. Philip had been to the straits to study their ancient topography; had asked many questions, he tells us, of English, Dutch, and other skippers; and he remains sorely perplexed between his old-fashioned respect for Fazello and such authorities, and his own clear judgment. He had seen with his own eyes a "trireme" whirled round in the true (not Messinese) Charybdis.

And now, having fixed on the Straits of Messina as undoubtedly the central point of the voyage of Ulysses, let us, building on this cornerstone, construct our fabric of the wanderings from it and to it, following carefully, as far as we can, the line of established tradition, but adhering to that line only in so far as the tradition appears to have a reasonable basis to support it.

Leaving Troy, Ulysses touched, first—

I. On the coast of the Cicones, in Thrace, where he conducted a fillibustering expedition, to his own great loss and discredit.

II. After three days' north wind (Boreas), he makes an unsuccessful endeavour to double Cape Malea, and is driven southwards.

Nine days more of tempest. On the tenth he reaches the land of the Lotophagi. This tradition places on the coast of Libya, and the geographical indications seem to coincide.

I am bound at the same time to say, with reference to this class of coincidences in general, that, for my own part, I consider the statements of numbers, throughout the *Odyssey*, and possibly the *Iliad* also, as all but valueless guides to the reality of which we are in search. Most ingenious theories have been founded on them. Critics have fancied, and indeed assumed, that every mention of the number of days spent by Ulysses, or Menelaus, in traversing sea and land from one place to another, safely represents the actual number of days which such a journey ordinarily required. Nay, they have endeavoured to establish distinctions between the number of days needed to perform a certain passage with a fair wind, an ordinary wind, with oars, and drifting on a wreck. All, I imagine, futile, and indistinct "as water is in water." Homeric numbers are clearly arbitrary. Nitsch makes out "that every number of days' journeys in the *Odyssey* exceeding three is a multiple of three." And so with other numbers as they occur. They are always the marked numbers to which peculiar properties belong—three, seven, ten, and their multiples. The Cicones kill six of Ulysses' comrades in every ship. Ulysses takes with him twelve ships to ransack the property of the Cyclops, and each carried off nine goats. King Æolus has six sons and six daughters. Scylla has twelve feet and six necks, and seizes on six of Ulysses' companions. The Sun's flocks are seven in number, each consisting of fifty animals. Instances to the same effect might be multiplied from other parts of the *Odyssey*; the difficulty would rather be to find exceptions.¹ I repeat, therefore, as a cardinal canon, numbers in the *Odyssey* are, as a rule, merely arbitrary.

But this peculiarity, which seems connected in some strange way with the natural instincts and propensities of unsophisticated men, is

(1) In the narrative part of the Book of Job, every number given is in the same manner an odd one, or a multiple thereof.

also akin to that general freedom from narrow involvement in the ordinary rules of prosaic life which makes Homeric poetry delightful. The poet is free to range over distance and time in the most unnatural manner, even while the pictures which he draws, leaving those accidents aside, are natural in the extreme. Time and space are with him immaterial, to use the old verbiage of common lawyers. Helen, having run away with Paris before the war of Troy, has been ten years a dweller in Troy, and has returned from Troy ten years; and yet she steps out of her chamber at Sparta as beautiful as the immortal Artemis. Penelope and Ulysses himself seem equally exempt from wear and tear of time, like the gods with whom they habitually converse. All are dwellers in the land of poetry, and but partially subject to the laws of mortality. So of places. It is never a sufficient reason for rejecting the truth of a local description in Homer that it does not fit at all points. It is not his manner that it should do so. Ithaca is so fully recognised by traveller after traveller from certain features in the description, that its reality may now be assumed. Yet the real Ithaca is a mere rock, the poetical a populous and wealthy island. If I am asked to harmonise this condition of dream and glamour with the life-like exactness shown at intervals in the reproduction of natural objects and of impressions in these poems, I can only avow my inability to do so. It is the product of an age with conceptions and habits of mind widely different from ours; but its existence is undeniable. Travelling with Homer is like the journey of a doubtful and stormy day in his own sunny regions of the South, when the outlines of the landscape are at one moment brought out in almost painful distinctness, and veiled at the next in bewildering darkness.

III. To proceed. Ulysses next arrives at the island of the Cyclops—*νήσος λᾶχεια* or *ἐλάχεια*, whatever the meaning of those much-disputed epithets may be. There is no indication of the time or direction of his voyage thither. Here, notes one of the old scholiasts, he leaves firm earth and enters on the land of marvels. But the country of the Lotus-eaters is surely as marvellous as that of the Cyclops. The one-eyed giant is not more strange to real life than the magical plant which makes men forget their friends and country. The one may just as well be founded on travellers' stories, or be simply fanciful, as the other. The description of the island has all a poet's vividness, but no plainly local features; it may serve one place as well as another. All which can be said, therefore, is that it contains nothing to contradict the traditional chart of the wanderings, which placed it at the western end of Sicily. Sir George Lewis's observation, that if Homer knew of Sicily he would have mentioned *Ætna*, is only the hasty utterance of a letter-writer. Homer certainly did know of Sicily, as we shall see further on. And he might

very probably have never heard of Ætna, inasmuch as there are reasons, which I will not enter on here, for supposing that the volcanic activity which makes it so remarkable an object had undergone a protracted cessation prior to the arrival of the first Greek colonies, not very long after the probable era of Homer.

IV. The island of King Æolus. I will not detain my readers over this evident morsel of fairyland. Lipari, on which the ancients pitched as its site, no doubt fits well enough into the general map. But there is no special indication out of which the utmost ingenuity can frame a local theory. One thing I hold to be pretty clear—that the episodical voyage from Æolus to within sight of Ithaca and back again is to be omitted altogether from my present inquiry. Conjectures founded on its direction and duration are useless. It is merely “such stuff as dreams are made of.”

V. We next arrive at a more important and more perplexing point in our migrations—the land of the giant Læstrygons, with its “lofty city of Lamus.” It does not seem safe even to hazard a conjecture whether there is or is not any reality about it. Some have found tokens of such reality in the description of the harbour. To me, I confess, this is over-refined. It is simply a natural or artificial basin, with projecting moles on each side and a narrow entrance between—the model of a commercial port in a tideless sea. It comes within the category of what I have ventured to designate intentional particularity, not incidental, and therefore probably unreal. It may have been derived from some sailor’s story—not concerning Terracina certainly, where the ancients placed it—but possibly of Spezia, or Genoa, or the port of Hercules on the Cornice. Or it may be simply imaginary and ornamental. One circumstance, however, is on this last supposition, puzzling. Why does Homer send the daughter of King Lamus to draw water, not at a well simply, nor at “a well called Artacia,” but broadly “at the Artacian well,” as if the spring in question was as well known to his hearers as Arethusa or Castalia? There must surely be some special meaning here. The Argonauts also found a spring called “Artacia” on the coast of Asia Minor; but, as Mueller justly observes, their poets are, at least, as likely to have “cribbed” from Homer as Homer from them.

But the most remarkable feature of the land of the Læstrygons, and that which has most sharply exercised the wits of generations of critics, is described in the well-known and enigmatical lines—

‘οθι ποίμενα ποιμην
ἀπύει ἐξελάων, ὅδε τ’ ἰσιελάν ὑπακούει.
ἔγγυς γὰρ νυκτὸς τε καὶ ἡμέρας ἔισι κέλευθοι.

“There might one sleepless earn a double wage,
Tending white flocks and horned oxen too,

Since in that region, rich in pasturage,
Night with the day doth move, and measure equal stage."

WORSLEY.

It was Crates the grammarian, the opponent of Aristarchus—learned in the later discoveries of Phœnician navigators—who first gave to this extraordinary passage a meaning of which Homer, I will venture to conjecture, never could have formed a conception, applying it to the

"Polar day, that shall not know
A sunset till its summer's done,"

which belongs to extreme northern latitudes. As soon as the day is over, another day begins for the Læstrygonians.

And the theory thus suggested has been eagerly seized on by the partisans of the second school of interpretation: that which is embraced by Mr. Gladstone. They see in it (naturally enough) a pregnant proof of their notion, that the principal scenes of the adventures of Ulysses were transferred by the poet from the shores of the Mediterranean to the dimly-known regions of outer geography, far in the north and north-east. Ingenious, but very far, in my belief, from the mind of Homer. To understand that mind, we must examine more closely (with Völcker and other able German critics) the ideas of the early poetical age respecting sun-rise and sun-set. The earth is a wide flat surface, with a rim to it. The sun sinks below the western edge of that rim. Those who live nearest to that edge see him the longest. Then he takes his dip into ocean, and so descends to darkness and the infernal regions, *ζόφος, ἔρεβος*: to re-appear in the East after his subterranean or nightly journey: and to those who have watched him latest, his re-appearance comes earliest: "for the paths of night and day are near to each other." Let us compare, for this purpose, Homer's lines about the Læstrygonians with those of the Theogony about the palace of Atlas in the far West, which I proceed to cite —

Ἰατρίεο παῖς ἔχῃ θυράων ἑρυν
ἀσπίφειω, ὅθι νύξ τε καὶ ἡμέρα ἀσσον ἴουσαι
ἀλλήλας προσίστητον, ἀμυβόμεναι μίγαν θυδόν.

"There night
And day, near passing, mutual greeting still
Exchange, alternate as they glide athwart
The brazen threshold vast. This enters, that
Forth issues: nor the two can one abode
At once contain."

In Hesiod, it is Night and Day who themselves exchange greetings: in Homer, the out-going and in-coming shepherd. I cannot think it possible to doubt that the same idea is here expressed by Hesiod in his more prosaic manner, and by Homer with all the fantastic

charm of his half-visionary, half-earthly poetry. But that idea in Hesiod most unquestionably applies to the Western region of earth—the home of Atlas—not the Northern. Homer therefore, we may rest assured, placed his Læstrygons in the vicinity of Atlas, in the far West, close to the river of Ocean: and the harbour of King Lamus was the last port reached by the ships of Ulysses in their North-westerly voyage, following the general direction which they had taken ever since leaving the Lotophagi: whether it had, or had not, a specific locality on the shore of Italy.

VI. The island of *Æsæa*, the dwelling of the witch-nymph Circe, is next reached,—distance and direction not specified. The only local indication given us is, that it is the spot

ὅθι τ' Ἦους ἡριγενίας
δαῖτα καὶ χόροι ἴσι, καὶ ἀντολαὶ Ἡελίου

where the morning dwells and the sun rises. Lines of which I fully confess, with Mr. Gladstone, the magical charm. Their ring in the ears is as that of voices from some beautiful imaginary shore, on the border of the known and unknown. *Æsæa*, the land of sunrise, the land of Circe, sister of *Æetes*, King of Colchis, lies, as he believes, in the far East, and Homer is here on the track of the Argonauts. But this very plausible view is, I must believe, quite unfounded. As for *Æetes*, I will give my reasons presently for suspecting that Homer knew nothing of him, or the Argonauts, at all. And, following Völcker, I place *Æsæa*, with little doubt, in the vicinity of the Læstrygonians, and the extreme (to Homeric navigators) North-west. The land of sunrise,—*ἀντολαί*, by the way, is used in this sense nowhere else in Homer; but we may be content to give it the ordinary meaning—is the land over which the sun first appears to him who is making the backward journey from the West, the realm of sun-set and of death, across the ocean-stream to the inhabited world: as the extreme west of Cornwall is the land of sun-rise to the Scilly islanders.¹ And it is noteworthy that the lines in question are introduced, not where Ulysses first sights the island of Circe, but where he returns to it on a second visit from the shore of the dead.

ἐκὼς ποταμοῖο λίκων ῥόον Ὠκεανῶιο
κηῦς, ἀπὸ δ' Ἰεστο εὐμα θαλάσσης ἑρυνπύροιο
νῆσόν τ' Αἰαίην. (xii. 1.)

When the sunrise glory, in the poet's imagination, would strike the voyager's eye with multiplied intensity, as the "dolce color d'oriental zaffiro" did that of Dante when issuing from the pit of Hell.

(1) The river Aous in Epirus (now Voioussa), the westernmost of Grecian streams, is "perhaps so called," says Bishop Wordsworth, "because it flows from the East." The reason of the name is the same with that of *Æsæa*. It is the "river of sunrise" to him who lands at its mouth.

The idea, therefore, closely tallies with that which has been above attributed to the poet as to the country of the Læstrygons. And in this way the two passages—following close on one another, and relating apparently to neighbouring places—are united by a chain of probable consistency. The supposition which places the Læstrygons within the polar circle and Circe at the eastern end of the Black Sea, destroys all connection and all poetical probability. Let us, therefore, leave the musical goddess where the ancients established her, on or near the western coast of Italy, whether on the quondam island, now peninsula, of Monte Circello, is matter of indifference—"local features" there are none to guide us.

VII. Under the guiding directions of Circe, Ulysses and his companions next proceed to visit the realm of the dead, in order to call up the shade of Tiresias. Volumes have been written on the subject of this mysterious quest; but tempting as are both the glimpses which it affords of the forbidden world of the supernatural, and the exquisite melody of the poetry itself, I must abstain here from any study of it except on the dry geographical side. It is situated, if we take the text in the most literal sense, within a day and night's sail of the island of Circe; but, as I have already said, I hold these indications of distance as misleading. Still, we cannot suppose any wide tract of sea intervening. To arrive at it, the voyager must first reach the "boundary" of deep-flowing ocean: that is, by comparison with other passages, must cross the great stream which in Homeric geography encircles the world beyond the outlet (as it were) of the *ᾠλάσσα*, or Mediterranean. On the other side is the land of the Cimmerians, dwellers in eternal darkness, or rather mist, whom the sun never visits either when he rises or when he sets. Weird and unearthly as is the general outline of the description, there are passages, nevertheless, which savour of "realism," as if the poet had in view some actual region, dimly known through mariners' tradition, which he connected with the legendary attributes of his fiction. Else, why the "junction of the two far-sounding rivers"? why the "narrow beach" contiguous to the groves of Proserpine? No wonder, with these tempting indications to lead it astray, that ancient fancy ascribed special localities to these points of the description; found the "narrow beach" in that strip of pebbly shore which bars the Lucrine Lake of antiquity from the sea, the same along which Hercules conducted the herds of Geryon; and even imagined that the land of darkness inhabited by the Cimmerians might be found in the neighbourhood, subject to volcanic eruptions of ashes, of the sunny Gulf of Baiæ. But these are fancies with which we need not concern ourselves. All we can make out with profit is the general direction—not the special locality—which the poet attributed to the scene of his *Nekyia*.

"That Homer, in common with all the unsophisticated children of men, placed that dreary abode of the dead, which was visited by Ulysses, far towards (or rather beyond) the sunset, is a position of which we cannot for a moment entertain a doubt. The connection of the daily disappearance of the sun with the end of life is rooted in the mind of man. We meet it everywhere, in forms of the strangest diversity, in the traditions of races utterly divided by space and history. The Red Indians' land of the shades is ever beyond the setting sun. But, among the Asiatic races, from which the ancient Grecian mythology was derived, the notion had acquired all the fixity of religious truth." (See Rawlinson's "Herodotus," vol. ii., p. 83). "The Amenti, or kingdom of the dead, of the Egyptians, is the same with 'Ement,' West, and all along the Nile valley the western hills are appropriated to the tombs. The Semitic languages have a similar root. Erebus, Erēb, Sharb, are simply darkness, = the West. This root appears in 'Europe,' 'Arabia' (the western part of Asia relatively to the primitive dwellers on Euphrates), and in Algarve, the south-western extremity of the Iberian peninsula. Ζόφος, the west, and Erebus, seem also to be identical in the description of the rock Scylla. The universal tradition is admitted without scruple by the author of the *νεκυία* in the last book of the *Odyssey*, who dismisses the ghosts of the slain suitors *παρὰ Λεύκαδα πύργον*, past the Leucadian rock, that is, over the Western Sea. That the site of Homer's Erebus was westerly, seems therefore to us an undoubted truth, and the sure key of the general locality of the wanderings, supposing them to have had any locality at all."—*Ed. Rev.*, vol. cviii., 516.

VIII. After leaving the shores of the dead, Ulysses sails or rows with the advantage of verbal sailing directions communicated to him by his charming, though dangerous hostess Circe, for the purpose of returning to Ithaca; therefore, southward. Henceforward, for some part of his wanderings, we have the double detail of Circe's preliminary description, and of the voyage itself: nor are these two always quite easy to reconcile, as we shall find on closer inspection. The first point visited is the Island of the Sirens, which for my purpose may be passed by without remark. There is no local mark by which it can be recognised. All which can be said is, that, following the general chart of the wanderings, it must have lain somewhere between the furthest north-western point reached—the haven, apparently, of the Læstrygonians—and the Straits of Messina, which lay in the hero's way to his native island. The bare islet rocks in the Gulf of Salerno on which the eye lights from the lofty precipices at the back of Sorrento, will serve the turn as well as any others, but no better.

IX. After parting with the Sirens—so Circe indicates the way to Ulysses—you shall have your choice between the passage by the Planctæ rocks, or between Scylla and Charybdis. Such, at least, is the ordinary interpretation of the passage (xii. 55—72). The Planctæ are described in the boldest style of Homeric picturesque, as presenting sheer precipitous, or overhanging points, *πείραι ἐππρόφεις, λῖς πέτρῃ*. The very birds of heaven cannot fly over them, but are dashed against their faces in mid flight. No vessel—save the *Argo*—has ever passed them, but the fragments of ships and bodies of sailors are borne away by waves of the sea and "storms of devouring fire."

Such are the Planctæ: wild, fantastic perils, say the Eratosthenites,

of an imaginary sea. To the disciples of the received western tradition, they have given a good deal of trouble. Most have placed them in the archipelago of Lipari: on the supposition that Ulysses, on leaving the Sirens, was offered his choice between sailing all round Sicily westwards, and taking the short cut through the straits of Messina, and that Circe advised the first, or circuitous, course. Timid council, doubtless; but precisely the same which the imitator Virgil makes Helenus give to Æneas, when about to perform the reverse voyage from Greece to Italy.

“*Præstat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni,*” &c.

If so, Stromboli, from its geographical position, with its ever-burning “storms of fire,” and its sheer precipitous aspect, bids fairest for the honour of representing them. But the partisans of the Oriental view—that embraced by Mr. Gladstone—had an entirely different solution of the problem. They imagined that Homer had traced the ship of Ulysses along the track of the Argo on its way to Colchis, and identified the Planctæ with the Symplegades. See, especially, Nitzsch’s “*Anmerkungen*,” vol. iii., p. 373, where their reasons for this notion are elaborately stated and controverted. To my own conception, this theory is of the very wildest. Nothing can possibly be less alike than the lofty, fire-vomiting Planctæ, and the low island rocks at the entrance of the Bosphorus, remarkable for nothing but the deceptive appearance of an opening through them, which gave the ancients the idea of their colliding. The fancy seems, in fact, to have arisen wholly from Homer’s casual mention (if Homer it be; as to which, a word presently) of the Argo passing by the Planctæ in her voyage. That coincidence is fully explained by a reference to Apollonius Rhodius, whom I will again venture to cite as embodying the ordinary traditional belief of Grecian legend. According to Apollonius Rhodius (iv. 934—960), the Planctæ are without doubt the Lipari islands. The Argo makes its way through the fiery sea around them by the help of the Nereids, and touches next on Sicily. Now in the very same book (1,003) Apollonius tells us how the Colchians, in pursuit of Medea, were at the very same time making their way through the Bosphorus, “and by the Cyanæan rocks” (Symplegades). It seems as if the poet had gone out of his way to protest against the heretical notions of those (if there were any such in his day) who confounded these two marvels of the deep with each other. “*Quas nugas*,” says Cluverius, “*Apollonius in suis Argonauticis aspernans, Argonautas non ultra Circæum proVectos per Siculum fretum reducit.*”

The Planctæ therefore present no difficulty to him who embraces the old Italian belief. At the same time I will boldly say, for my

own part—although I have found no countenance for this notion in such critical works as I have consulted—that I suspect interpolation here. My reasons are the following. I give them without supposing that they will carry conviction, but fancying that they may, at all events, excite some suspicion to the minds of those whom close reading of Homer has made fastidious.

1. Circe foreshadows the Planctæ as a danger in the way of Ulysses. But when we come to the account of the actual voyage of Ulysses, the Planctæ are not mentioned at all. He passes at once from the Island of the Sirens (*αἶψα' ἔπειτα*, xii. 201) to the jaws of Scylla and Charybdis. Now this omission is not absolutely unnatural, inasmuch as Ulysses, having, according to the supposition, though he does not say so, chosen the passage by the straits instead of that by the Planctæ, has no absolute occasion for mentioning the latter at all. Still I venture to suggest that, although not unnatural, the omission is un-Homeric. Nothing is more noteworthy in Homer than the constant repetition of details, when occasion for it occurs. If a herald is to carry a message, the dictation of the message to the herald and its utterance by the herald are given *totidem verbis*. If a prophecy is narrated, the fulfilment of the prophecy is recounted in the same literal way. If a question is asked, the answerer adopts the words of the questioner. One can scarcely help feeling that the primitive audiences to which the bard addressed himself resembled children, who always require that a story, if repeated, should be repeated without variation, and watch the narrative eagerly, to see that he does not diverge a step from the familiar road. I think it, therefore, as I have said, “un-Homeric” that Ulysses should give the go-by to the Planctæ without any allusion to them.

2. The Planctæ are a little too like Scylla. The strange phrase, *ὡς πέτρῃ*, occurs in the description of each, and nowhere else, that I know of, in Greek literature. This looks very much as if the interpolator of the lines about the Planctæ had the genuine description of Scylla under his eye.

3. Circe informs Ulysses that the only ship which ever passed safely by the Planctæ was

Ἀργὼ πασιμίλουσα, παρ' Αἰήτας πλίουσα.

“Scarce the famed *Argo* passed these raging floods,
The sacred *Argo* filled with demigods.”

Now it is surely a most singular and significant fact that these two lines contain the only allusion to the ship *Argo*, or the voyage to Colchis, which can be found throughout the Homeric poems. Let us consider for one moment what this omission imports. No tradition, no legend, save, and hardly save, the tale of Troy divine itself, was so dear to Greek imagination as those respecting the Argonauts. Famous

cities boasted of their visit, illustrious houses claimed kindred with them. Scarcely a poet, after Homer, from Mimnermus downward, who does not dwell on their achievements. Many of these heroes were near ancestors to the chiefs celebrated in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. And yet Homer, the topographer, the gossip, and pedigree-monger, has not a word, except here, about their world-famous expedition. He mentions the Minyæ repeatedly, Jason many times, but never with any reference to the one adventure which makes the name of Jason and the Minyæ immortal. To me, I confess, this circumstance is all but convincing. I cannot make up my mind to believe that Homer should have known all about the Argo and her voyage, and should have mentioned her only once.

There is a curious passage in Strabo (book i.), which, as far as it goes, confirms my opinion. He says that Demetrius of Scepsis, an Homeric commentator of some note a century or so before his time, alleged, in controversy with one Neanthes, that Homer knew nothing whatever about the voyage of the Argo. (See Ukert, "*Geographie der Griechen und Römer*," i. 34.) Now that Demetrius of Scepsis, or any one else, could have maintained such a position, in the face of the testimony afforded by the lines I have just quoted, is simply impossible. If, therefore, Strabo is to be depended on, it is certain that Demetrius either had not the lines, xii. 68—72, in his copy of the *Odyssey*, or that he did not believe in their genuineness.

Omit the whole twelve (55—72), and there will no doubt be an abrupt transition from the last line of the passage about the Sirens to the first about the straits (*οἱ δὲ δυνάσκοπελοι*, &c.).² But then it is to be remarked that even with the existing reading, the abruptness of transition is very nearly as great—great enough to have given considerable trouble to grammatical critics, and to have suggested ideas of imperfection in the text.

For these reasons, I am disposed to "obelise" the *Planctæ*, although, if they are retained, I do not see that they stand at all in the way of my general conclusion.

We have now accompanied the hero from the commencement of his voyage to the Straits of Messina. The "reality" of that geographical position is, as I have already endeavoured to show, all but undeniable. And this being so, it is reasonable to regard it as the key to the incidents which follow his arrival there, as well as those which preceded it.

I. Ulysses reached the straits from the North, sailing, under Circe's teaching, in the direction of Ithaca. It is obvious therefore that he continued his voyage in a southerly course. This being so, he arrived "immediately" after leaving them, *ἀντικα*, at the Island of Thrinakia, where the herds of the Sun were fed. For reasons already given, I pay no accurate heed to Homer's indications of time, and

am very far from adopting the matter-of-fact conclusion of Müller ("Homerische Vorschule"), that, from the dwelling of Circe all the way to Thrinacia, could have been only one day's sail. But it may be taken for granted that Homer did not mean the voyage to be regarded as a long one. And thus the conclusion becomes inevitable—if Scylla and Charybdis are real, Thrinacia must be the east coast of Sicily. And so antiquity with almost one voice declared. All modern objections seem to me answered by the simple consideration that Homer is not giving us a geographical description of Thrinacia. He is conveying us to the several points, one by one, which his adventurers from Ithaca touched in their voyage. Of the topographical connection of these points with each other he says nothing at all, and possibly knew nothing. He adopted and adorned the scattered tales of mariners, without seeking to weave them into a treatise on geography. His "Thrinakie" is the spot on the coast of Sicily—very possibly his informants believed it to be a small separate island—whereon some legendary deed of cattle stealing had been wrought, serving as the text of his tale of sacrilege.

II. The narrative which immediately follows, invites special attention. Ulysses and his party are detained in Thrinakie by the weather. Notus (the south-east, a contrary wind for men bound for Ithaca) blows for a month without ceasing. Afterwards Notus alternates with Eurus (north-east), and no favourable wind arises. At last, after the impious raid on the god's four-footed property had been perpetrated by the sailors, the wind leaves off blowing violently, *λάλαπι θύων*, and they set sail. As soon as they are out of sight of land, a raging westerly blast—Zephyrus—a land-flaw, we might suspect, from the ridges of Ætna, bursts over-head, and the vessel is struck by lightning. All are lost but Ulysses, who escapes on the broken mast. And now Zephyr ceases, and Notus—south—succeeds him—

*φέρων ἔμοι ἄλγεα θυμῷ
ὄφρ' ἐτί τήν ὁλοήν ἀναμετρήσαιμι χάρυβδιν.*

Ulysses is afraid lest this south wind should drive him back on Charybdis. A perfectly legitimate fear, if the scenery is real, and we have the right key to it. But if it is not real—if the whole is fictitious and imaginary—what put it into the poet's head to specify the south as the particular wind which exposed Ulysses to this particular danger? I venture to class this among those remarkable incidental notices which indicate reality, as it were, negatively, by excluding the contrary supposition.

III. Ulysses is accordingly driven back, after a night's drifting, on Charybdis. He reaches it in the morning at sunrise. The mast to which he had clung is submerged in the whirlpool, he saves himself by holding on to the wild fig-tree which overshadows the waves.

By mid-day the lost mast with its spars reissuing from the whirlpool, Ulysses clings to them, and drifts along again, only helping himself by rowing with his hands. Whither? A number of critics conclude, very hastily, that he continues his helpless voyage in the same direction as before—that is, from south to north, and passes on through the straits into the Tyrrhene sea, which he had previously navigated. That is a fundamental error, on which much depends—the situation of Ogygia, that of Scheria, the whole, in short, of the later wanderings of Ulysses. Very little of consideration will show why it is wrong, assuming, of course, that the poet is recounting passages from a true mariner's tale. Without sails or oars, the hero was necessarily wafted from Charybdis by the current. Now, under ordinary circumstances of weather, there are regular tides in the Faro. "When the main current runs to the northward, it is called the flood; and the contrary, the ebb. The tide runs six hours each way, and there is usually an interval of from fifteen to sixty minutes between the changes." So Admiral Smyth informs us. Therefore, Ulysses, carried northward to Charybdis by the flood-tide, must in all reasonable probability have been carried back, southwards, in a few hours by the ebb. And this is singularly confirmed by another circumstance in the (true or legendary) geography of the straits. The ancients believed (so say Strabo and Seneca) that wrecks and other floating matter swallowed by Charybdis re-appeared on the beach of Taormina, in Sicily, thirty miles to the south. Whether the notion has, or had in their time, any foundation in truth, I cannot tell. But it is remarkable that Fazello, the Sicilian antiquarian of the sixteenth century, boldly asserts the same thing, not only on classical authority, but on actual observation—"Prout usu ferè quotidiano experimur." If so, Ulysses and his bit of timber, like any other flotsam, must need have drifted back along the eastern Sicilian shore. And, to add one more link to a chain of reasoning which seems pretty complete without it; this supposition explains those two lines which some critics have (unnecessarily) marked as spurious—xii., 445:—

Σκύλλην δ' οὐκέτ' ἔασε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
 ἰσιδίειν· ὅν γάρ κεν ἐπὶ σφύγγον διπλὴν ὄλισθον.

Jove prevented him from seeing Scylla, not Scylla from seeing him, for he did not pass by her. Drifting southwards from Charybdis, he avoided Scylla, which lies more or less to the north of any supposable Charybdis, and thus—poetically, through the interposition of the Deity—escaped destruction.

IV. If we are right thus far, it is certain that the continuation of the wanderings must now be sought for in the Mediterranean, south of the Straits. In that direction Ulysses floats for (the conventional) nine days, and then lands on the shore of Ogygia, the well-wooded

island, *δενδρήεσσα*, the lonely abode of the sea-goddess Calypso, the Mysterious, the Concealer. Now, according to the geography of this world, the situation of Malta fits in precisely with the exigencies of the occasion; and Malta was fixed on by ancient geographers accordingly. At the same time it is necessary to remember that there is not in this instance anything like the weight of venerable tradition which attaches to other parts of the Wanderings with which we have already dealt. In point of fact, Callimachus the Alexandrian, of the third century B.C., is the first who is credited with the appropriation of Ogygia to Malta, if we may so interpret a not very clear passage of Strabo; for which he was censured by the Eratosthenites, and by those who held the doctrine of *εὐκαίνομος*, i.e., who transferred the scenery of the wanderings to regions beyond the ocean. But there is much plausible, if not conclusive evidence, that if general reality is to be assumed, Malta, or its neighbour, Gozo, was the spot on which the poet fixed to decorate it with the supernatural charm of his description. Malta is certainly the very *ὀμφαλὸς θαλάσσης*—the navel or centre of the “Mediterranean” sea; nearly half way between Italy and Africa, between the coast of Asia and that of Spain. Mr. Gladstone, and many with him, attribute to the island and goddess a Phœnician character; they believe that it was somewhere in the distant ocean traversed by those early navigators; that it is likely “that the Phœnicians would cast a veil over the regions of which they knew the profitable secrets;” that, in conformity with these ideas, the island of Ogygia is the island of Calypso, the Concealer, and this Calypso is the daughter of Atlas. It may be so; for my own part, I feel on very unstable ground when landed on Phœnician soil; but, if so, I venture to claim the theory as singularly corroborative of the Maltese supposition. If any spot on earth bears tokens of primitive Phœnician occupation, such are Malta and Gozo. If we may trust Diodorus Siculus, Malta was an early emporium, or trading station, of the Phœnicians for their western traffic—the very place, therefore, which jealous traders would keep dark if they could. And though the island bears strangely confused traces of all its three barbarian conquests—Phœnician, Carthaginian, Saracen—yet some of its relics, at all events, speak of very pre-Homeric antiquity. In Gozo (*Gaulos*, *Gaudos*, *Gades*, *Gaza*, Phœnician “fortress”) stands the so-called *Tor’ de’ Giganti*, a circular tower of Cyclopean construction, with remnants of buildings of Phœnician character surrounding it. Minor objections to the supposition are trifling. Some have objected that Malta is so bare of wood, the reverse of *δενδρήεσσα*, that Ulysses would have had difficulty in finding there even the twenty trees which he required for his ship-building. But this cavil would never have suggested itself either to one who is aware of the extreme difficulty of reproducing forests when once

destroyed, or by one who has walked in the existing garden of the Governor at Sant' Antonio. On the whole, I believe that the mysterious nymph might have pronounced of Malta like Ovid's King Battus of the same dominion—

“Hæc, inquit, tellus, quantula cunque, mea est.”

V. After his seven years spent with Calypso, Ulysses departs from Ogygia, bound for Scheria, the island of the Phæacians; identified by Thucydides, and antiquity in general, with Corcyra, the modern Corfu. Calypso's sailing orders to Ulysses—to keep the Great Bear steadily to his left—correspond with the direction of Corcyra to the north-east of Malta. The voyage from island to island occupies eighteen days, the number, as I have said, being doubtless conventional; but we may conjecture that the poet meant to indicate that the distance was twice as great as that from the straits to Malta, which is nearly accurate. Here, however, we must attend a little closely to our topography. Commentators seem in general to take it for granted that Ulysses made direct for the nearest part of the coast of Corcyra. This is precisely what he avoided. The city of Alcinous, to which he was bound, lay on the north-eastern side of the beautiful island, immediately opposite the continent. This is no conjecture of critical ingenuity; it rests on the simple circumstance that there is no spot there fit for the settlement of a wealthy and sea-going community, except that which is the site of modern Corfu, and was that of ancient Corcyra, and doubtless of the Phæacian city also, if that city had in the poet's mind a local existence. Now, to approach this point by sea from the south-west, a vessel must either sail round the northern or the southern point of the island. The latter is, I fancy, the course commonly taken by mariners bound for the same voyage. Ulysses chose the former. This we know, because, after the storm which had shattered his vessel, it is Boreas who brings him to shore on Phæacia. And, approaching the island in this quarter from the north-west, he first sees its “shadowy mountains”—

λίπαρο δ' ὥς ὅτε ῥίπον ἐκ' η̅ρποίδεσσι ποντῶ.

“Spread like a buckler on the dark blue sea.”

Some have denied the accuracy of the simile, merely because they neared the land of the Phæacians from some other quarter. Seen in this direction, it is most exact. At the same time, it would be fanciful to dwell too strongly on it. Many a sailor may have likened many a stretch of distant coast to the profile of a shield with its convexity uppermost. All we can say is this; that if we are induced by concurrent reasons to adopt the traditional course of the hero's voyage, then this similitude exactly suits with the rest of its particulars.

The same observation, of strong and yet not conclusive analogy, applies to the next circumstance to which attention must be called. Ulysses lands at the mouth of a "river." Nausicaa and her maidens arrive there to wash the royal linens, or rather woollens. They dry them on a flat, pebbly beach, close to the river's mouth, and amuse themselves with playing at ball. The spot must be within easy reach of the city, for Nausicaa's companions walk thither by the side of her mule-carriage. Now it happens that one spot exactly answering this description, at the mouth of the only brook in lovely Corfu answering the title of *πόταμος*, does exist, about three miles west of the modern city; insomuch that, as has been said by others, the classical tourist who sees it is ready, like Ulysses himself, to kiss the ground at once, and surrender himself to the pleasing conviction of identity. But not so fast. Let us keep in mind the canons already laid down. The coincidence, though striking, is not incidental, and therefore not conclusive. Homer wanted the details for his purpose—a placid stream, a beach at its mouth, the pebbles, and the bushes. They are stage properties of the drama which he was presenting. He may, no doubt, have seen the spot, and thence drawn his description; or the scene may have been simply invented for the occasion, although it happens to have a remarkable counterpart in Nature just at the right place.

But in the next instance which invites to the same comparison, the singularly close verisimilitude is incidental only, and therefore of peculiar force. Nausicaa, describing to Ulysses the way which he must take in order to reach her father's palace, tells him that "there is a lofty wall round the city, and a fine harbour on each side of it, and a narrow entrance" (that is, as Nitzsch well shows, a narrow isthmus between the ports, with an entrance to each by sea), "and ships are drawn up on both sides of the way." Now none of these features—the double haven, the narrow isthmus, the ships drawn up on each side of the road—are at all wanted for the poet's purpose. They are wholly immaterial to the development of the story; nothing turns on any one of them. Why, then, this accumulation of indifferent particulars, unless the poet had some real spot in his eye? And most unquestionably the site of the city of *Coreyra*—the only possible site for that of *Alcinous*, if that of *Alcinous* had an earthly one—answers the description alone and exactly.¹ And that Homer knew the scene from the eye, and not from the relation of men, seems to me the most natural and probable supposition.

We have now accompanied Ulysses through all the foreign, extra-Hellenic, and supernatural portions of his wanderings, and brought

(1) See Wordsworth's "Greece," for the suggestion of doubts even on this subject; but I cannot share them. One harbour, that to the east, has been filled up in the course of time and become a marsh, but there is ample evidence of its former condition.

him back to the point at which his connection with Grecian life begins again. The veil of separation between the two chapters intervenes, as it were, when that magical sleep falls on him in the Phæacian vessel on the way to his native island :—

*καὶ τῷ νήδυμος ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἔπικταν,
νήγρετος ἡδιστος, θανάτῳ ἀγχίστα ἰοικώς.*

“ Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.”

The remaining scenes of the epic are to pass amidst the familiar scenery of his own island—familiar, few can doubt, to the poet himself, who describes them.

“ No one,” says Bishop Wordsworth, “ can pass from the description of Phæacia to that of Ithaca without feeling that he has exchanged the ‘ meadow of Asphodel ’ and the ‘ land of dreams ’ for real and practical life. And whence this difference? Not from any objective dissimilarity, as we believe, in the things described, but in their relations to the describer and his hearers.”

And so, to sum up once more the conclusions which I endeavour to substantiate, has it been with ourselves. From Cape Malea to the haven of Phorceys we have been wandering, no doubt, in a region of dreams, but dreams not without objective reality. If we are right, and if antiquity was right, the spots visited by Ulysses were (all or most of them) real places. Those critics are not to be listened to who imagine they have disproved the reality of one particular by pointing out the imaginary character of another. Still less, on the other hand, are they to be attended to who have found in actual life a counterpart for every flight of the bard’s imagination. “ The traveller who discovers everything,” to quote again from Bishop Wordsworth, “ leaves all the world to suspect that he has in reality found nothing.”

HERMAN MERIVALE.

TAXES ON LAND.

A CURIOUS and instructive collision has just occurred between a bold and comprehensive project in the application of political economy, and one of those traditional cries in English politics which originate in some class interest, or in circumstances quite different from those which now exist, and yet colour strangely the discussion of practical reforms. I refer to the proposals of the Land Tenure Reform Association on the one side, and the agitation against local rates, or rather against the burdens on land, on the other. There could not be a wider divergence of ideas and aims than what is here discovered. The Association addresses itself directly to one of the gravest questions which can come before an old and crowded community—the question, namely, how the ownership and occupation of its narrow area should be regulated. It challenges the complete applicability here of the rule of absolute ownership which is found expedient as regards other property, and proposes, among other restrictions, to reserve to the State by a special charge a portion of the increasing value of those parts of the national soil of which individuals are allowed to have exclusive possession. In this way, it is argued, the whole community may benefit in some degree from the competition which is inevitable when a large population is crowded into narrow room. The proposal has at least the merit of coming down from philosophy to practice, and raises in a suitable manner a question of the first importance in a democratic society, where the political power is in the hands of masses who are not the possessors of the soil. The opposing cry—that the possessors of land, or that land itself, are already unjustly burdened—is of a very different kind. It has long occupied a principal place in the party politics of England, though perhaps it was never louder or more persistent than it is now. But it is based upon no great principle. Apparently it began when all taxation was heavy, and when the possessors of land, from their political influence, had a peculiar power of making themselves heard; and it has descended to our own day, partly from habit and partly from keen self-interest, the promised gain to a class from any material change being, as we shall see, very great. But whatever its history, it springs evidently from the lowest practical side of politics—the exact opposite of the rival agitation. In discussing, as I now propose to do, the question on which this collision of opinion occurs, it will probably be useful to keep in mind the contrast which is here presented.

It will be convenient to examine first the traditional cry. The native discussion, as it may be termed, is most confused, and progress will be difficult till the confusion is cleared up.

The confusion is at the very beginning. It is difficult to get an exact statement of the grievance of which so much is made. The common mode of speech is something like this:—that land, or real property,¹ has to bear more burdens, in proportion to its value, than any other kind of property. But what is meant by real property bearing burdens is found on examination to be far from clear. The case is sometimes argued as if the burdens were in the nature of an income-tax upon the owners of the property, and the rate of the tax is contrasted with the rate which falls on incomes from personal property, or on incomes which are not from property at all; but at other times there is evidently some vague notion that property, as such, should be equally taxed, and that the rule is broken in the case of land.

Whichever alternative we take, it must strike every student of finance that the principle laid down is unwarranted, even if the facts are as supposed. In either case it is a perversion of the real doctrine of equality in taxation which political economy lays down. Taking the first alternative—that it is the owners of real property who pay a larger income-tax than others,—it is no doubt true that each taxpayer should contribute according to his ability, but it would not follow that a special income-tax on a certain class would offend against the maxim. If this were so, our present income-tax would be grossly unjust, for the masses of incomes are exempt. Theoretically, however, it is obviously quite possible that to produce the final result it may be necessary to tax some sort of incomes exclusively, or more than any other sort. Say, for instance, in a country where a large part of the taxation is raised by duties on articles of general consumption, and is therefore borne by the masses of the people, and another large part by an income-tax which in conjunction with the other taxes falls with peculiar weight on the lower middle class—clearly, in such a community, there might be some reason for a third set of taxes designed to fall on the classes more or less exempt from the other two branches of taxation. And if these classes possessed almost exclusively some special kind of property, a tax on that property, supposing it could be made to fall on the incomes of its owners, would be the very thing to redress an existing inequality. I am only supposing a hypothetical case; but it is enough to show that inequality of burdens on different classes of property-owners is no part of the theory of taxation.

If we take the other alternative, which makes no assumption that taxes upon a particular sort of property fall upon the incomes of the owners, the theory of the grievance will even appear absurd. How

(1) There is, unfortunately, no single word in popular use meaning land with the fixtures upon it; but it will be understood that it is land in this extended sense which is here spoken of. The fixtures acquire the character of the thing to which they are attached, the characteristic of monopoly especially being common to both.

can it be supposed that there is any principle of political economy, when one sort of property is taxed, requiring all property to be taxed alike? *Ex hypothesi*, the ultimate incidence of the tax is not upon the owners of it, and before deciding to tax all property equally it would be necessary for a legislator both to weigh the immediate effects of his measures and the object he wishes to arrive at. In point of fact, the considerations which induce a legislator to impose or retain special taxes on property will induce him to tax some kinds and let others be exempt. As with taxes on the profits of a particular trade, with which a tax on property may be classed, his object will either be to impose some charge on the general consumer, in which case the tax will fall to be dealt with as one of the many taxes on consumption, or he will select some trade in which the limitation of the area of profit—the tax not being directly charged to the consumer—will produce the minimum of inconvenience to the whole community. The particular tax will not be unjust *per se*, but its injustice will be determined by the nature of its ultimate incidence, and the extent of its hindrance to business as compared with other taxes. Such considerations have hardly been touched on by those who complain of unequal taxes on property, but they are essential to the question when there is no assumption that the so-called burdens on property are of the nature of an income-tax upon its owners.

What has been said may be enough to prove the great imperfections in the statement of the grievance under discussion. It may be useful to note, however, that in the actual circumstances of England, on the principles suggested, there is a violent presumption in favour of existing taxes on property or profits. They are not likely to be objectionable on any of the grounds suggested. The reason is that they are the last of a heavy burden of a similar kind, and the fact that they are the last is so far a proof that they have been “distributed”—that if the persons who pay them suffered at one time, they have long since been compensated. Any long-continuing tax on profits tends to adjust itself, but in the case of England during the last thirty years the adjustment has been favoured by the remarkable growth of the country under the stimulus of the removal of many taxes. The limitation of the profit area caused by any particular tax on profits has been more than made up for by the general progress.

There can be no objection, besides, to special taxes on real property, on the ground of their hindrance to trade. Land-owning is so simple a business, that it is divorced from the very notion of trade—is considered a special occupation for trustees and widows and orphans. So simple a business can hardly be checked by easily-calculated conditions. The objection of hindrance to trade is also balanced by the consideration that the business itself is in the nature of a monopoly. The abolition of the excise duty on brewers' licences was objected to for this among other reasons, that the business had become practically

a monopoly in a few hands; to abolish the duty would have been to put money in their pockets without any real chance of its reaching the public. The passenger duty on railways is defended for a similar reason. The duty, it is said, is only a way by which the State reserves to itself the share of a monopoly. This may be wrong as regards some railways, but the principle of the reasoning is obviously sound. Now land-owning is, beyond all other callings, in the nature of a monopoly. The whole quantity in a particular country cannot be increased, and there are besides hundreds of specially favoured spots. As regards land, therefore, that condition exists in the highest degree of force, which makes it probable that any abolition of a tax on profits would not benefit the community.

We are thus a long way from the proposition so confidently assumed, that all property should be taxed alike. There are many questions affecting the regulation of special taxes on property of a very different order. We may look, then, at the particular taxes which form the gravamen of the complaint, and see what portion, if any, offend against the true principle of equality in taxation, by pressing unduly on some classes of income, and which of them, on other grounds, are liable to objection.

The maximum taxation which can form the subject of this inquiry appears to be, from Mr. Goschen's recent report:—

Stamp duties on deeds	£1,033,000
Probate and Succession duties	715,000
Land-tax	1,082,000
House-tax	1,062,000
Rates	16,783,000
	<hr/>
	£20,675,000

Besides these there is the income-tax, which the owners of real property pay like all others; but this is not an exceptional impost on income, and the only question here is of exceptional burdens.

The total of taxation affecting real property looks very formidable. In fact, it is nearly one-third of the entire taxation of the country, imperial and local, and amounts to a charge of about 3s. per pound on the estimated annual value of the property in the country.¹ But the moment we examine the items, we find how little reason there is to suppose that the burden is of the nature of an income-tax on the owners of real property, or that any part is of such a nature as to raise an overwhelming objection against it.

1. The stamp duties on deeds may very well be left out. The heaviest of them is a half per cent. charge on the sale of property *ad valorem*, a charge which is borne by many kinds of other property as well; and even a half per cent. charge is a hardly perceptible tax. It is sunk in charges of much greater magnitude, which always take place at sales. In any case, the incidence of stamp duties is so pecu-

(1) *Viz.*, £143,000,000.

liar, that it cannot be said to affect a class so much as individuals of a class, and these unevenly amongst each other. Where they are not defensible as a minute charge on transactions, like the receipt and cheque stamps,—as I think they may be now in the case of real property, though it was not always so,—there would be a case for their reduction, so as to make them minute enough for the purpose. In that case they would cease to be taxes which could be set off against others in a question of comparative taxation. It would be a mistake, however, in the meantime, to make their existence a ground for interfering with some other impost.

2. The probate and succession duties appear to me also to be a tax *sui generis*, with which no others properly come into comparison. They are charges upon a very special extension of the ordinary rights of property, its bequest or descent after death—an extension which necessitates the direct intervention of the State; and as such, the burden which they constitute cannot properly be weighed with burdens of a different nature. The subject, however, may be more properly discussed in the latter part of this article in connection with a suggestion to increase the succession duties on land.

3. The land-tax, which is next on the list, should equally cause but little controversy. It is persistently claimed as a burden upon land or land-owners; but it will not bear scrutiny when we inquire out of whose income it is paid, or in what way it causes pressure, so that its reduction or abolition would be a benefit to the community. As a fixed charge upon land for generations, it is now past all controversy a rent-charge. In many instances it has long since been redeemed, the property having subsequently changed hands; in others, inheritors of property have acquired it under the burden, have calculated their income *minus* the tax, and purchasers, in buying, invariably allow for it. To reduce it now would be to present the land-owners of England with a capital sum of nearly £30,000,000. Their estates, relieved of the burden, would become at once so much more valuable, and if they did not sell, they would pocket an additional income which they never inherited or paid for.

There remain the house duty and the rates—still a formidable amount if they are considered to fall on the incomes of real property owners, or as forming an objectionable tax on profits, notwithstanding that the burden is generally distributed. We may class them shortly as rates, the only difference being that the house duty is a fixed rate limited to certain descriptions of property, whereas the rates apply more or less to all real property, though in fluctuating proportions. But what is the incidence of these rates? Are they, in the first place, an income-tax on the owners of real property? There is one very short answer to this question. If they were an income-tax, none would be more outrageously unjust. Most properties, we are told, are incumbered, often heavily incumbered, and the residuary

owner, as we may call him, the man who would benefit by a reduction of the rates, has often but a narrow interest. Measuring the rates with his income from the property, they might be ten or fifteen shillings in the pound. Is it possible to believe that some owners of real property are subjected to any such income-tax? The inequality in itself suggests that the incidence of the tax is different—that the burden is on the property, and not on the individuals who have incomes from it.

The question remains, however, whether the rates are on other grounds objectionable. And here it should be noticed that it is by no means unanimously admitted that they are burdens on the profits of land-owning at all. A large party maintains that to no inconsiderable extent they really are passed on to the consumers—in the country districts, farmers, who pass it on as a deduction from their farming profits, and in towns, the class of occupiers, who both pay it and ultimately bear it. But granting that this transference does not take place to any material extent—a view, I am willing to admit, which I am disposed to agree with¹—granting that in consequence the whole or most of the charge falls on the profits of owners, are the circumstances such that they have any cause for complaint? The answer is that in the lowest view the business is one which has increased enormously, stimulated by other changes in taxation, and that being a monopoly, as land-owning confessedly is, the magnitude of the charge, even if it has been an increasing one, makes nothing against its propriety. In 1815 the annual value of real property—in other words, the annual return of the business—was £53,000,000; in 1843 it was £85,000,000; in 1868 it was £143,000,000. At the same time the rates have barely doubled in the last thirty years, and have not doubled if we take an earlier date for comparison.

The improvement it may be said has arisen through the investment of capital, but this statement cuts two ways. If it means anything at all, it would mean that the rates have been a charge upon the profits of the improvements, which has no doubt been the case to a large extent; but this is only a way of saying that the whole community has borne them. The only objection to them would then be that they check investment, but nothing of the sort is alleged. The fact that investment has continued is thus a proof that the burden, whatever it is, has still left a large enough margin of profit to induce a resort to this species of business. It is certain, however, that a large part of the improvement is due to the increasing value of advantageous sites, an unearned increase of value such as Mr. Mill speaks of, and

(1) The contention is that rates on houses are really a tax on the consumers of houses, but this will be so only where there is a comparatively unlimited field for house extension—the rates then being a check to house-building. Where there is little or no room for extension, and the highest charge is taken for the use of a monopoly, the rates will be a deduction from the rent which goes into the pockets of the owners. A check to the consumption of houses would also diminish rent, and indirectly fall upon owners.

therefore a kind of profit which the State may restrict with least harm. The increase of the annual value of house property in the country since 1815 has been £54,000,000, or 356 per cent., although the population has barely doubled. If we estimate that only a fifth of this amount is for extra ground-rents, that is rentals in excess of the value of the area occupied for agricultural purposes, we shall probably be far under the mark. And while this is not the only unearned increase of rental value, the increase of rental value itself does not measure the actual increase of profit with which the rating-charge should be compared. It is probably the case that as respects the bulk of property in area, the increase of rental measures the whole increase of value; but there is one kind of property, that in the suburbs of large towns not taken up for building, extending in the case of London in all directions but the east over an area of about eighty miles diameter, where the increase of rental is no measure at all of the increased value. The position of such property is in effect discounted, and near London at least, it is no exaggeration to say, its real selling value is now double what it would have been ten or fifteen years ago upon the same rental.

The question might well be left upon these broad facts, and the general principles stated, but there are other facts about the rates which affect the question of the business-profits on which they are a charge. When we look into them we discover that the increase has been far from uniform geographically, or in respect of the class of property affected. The increase has in fact been confined to that class of property in which the investment of capital has taken place to the largest extent, while as respects the remainder of the property, there has either been a diminution of the burden or no material increase. The inference is, that while the rates where they have increased have not checked investment, there is an immense mass of property which has augmented in value without any proportionate charge upon its profits. The facts speak for themselves. First of all, of the above sum of £16,783,000 of rates proper, there are upwards of £4,000,000 of comparatively recent rates which not only form a charge upon the property in which the investment of capital has taken place, but were mainly intended for the improvement of that property. The remainder, £12,689,000, is very little more in amount than similar rates have been during the present century, and the rate per pound is less.

In 1817	the rates were	£10,000,000,	or per £,	3s. 10½d.
1826	„	9,500,000,	„	3s. 8d.
1841	„	8,000,000,	„	2s. 7d.
1852	„	8,700,000,	„	2s. 7d.
1868	„	12,689,000,	„	2s. 6½d.

Thus, as respects a large part of the real property in the country, it is incorrect, strictly speaking, to talk of the increase of rates.

The second fact is, that at a time when real property was different

in its constituents from what it is now, there was an enormous diminution of the burden, precedent to the subsequent rise in proportion to the value. In 1826 the rates, house tax, and window duty together amounted to £11,849,000; in 1843, the amount was £9,436,000¹—showing an actual diminution of about £2,500,000, representing a capital sum of about £75,000,000 in the charges upon the property then existing. The transference was really greater than these figures show. In 1826 land as distinguished from house property paid £4,795,000 of poor rates, but in 1841 it paid only £3,316,000—a diminution of one-and-a-half millions in the charge upon £40,000,000 of property. The burden has never since been reimposed, as the rates, including house duty, have only risen in proportion with the augmentation of rent. The relief to the old property has been permanent.

It is thus evident, that while so much has been heard of the increase of rates, the actual fact is entirely different. The increase, such as it is, has been limited in extent, and conceals an actual diminution in the amounts levied upon part of the property which has never since been made good. To complete the statement, we need only ask ourselves what the effect would be of any such reduction of taxes on land as the principles of the agitators point to. Grant that certain rates² ought to be thrown on the Consolidated Fund, as the most eager reasoners of the party contend, or that they should be reduced one-half, which would be the effect of throwing them rateably on all the schedules of the income-tax, what would be the result? It is not difficult to see that in the former case some people would have £11,000,000 a year, and in the latter case £5,500,000 a year more than they had before. Possibly it would not all go to the so-called owners of property, for the occupiers would gain where they are dealt with on tenant-right principles, or where the consumption of houses is checked by rates; but it may be treated as mainly a bonus to owners, and, as such, it is of magnificent dimensions. In the one case, at thirty years' purchase only, it represents a capital of £330,000,000, and in the other of half that amount—to be transferred largely to a single class by a few lines in an Act of Parliament. To state such a result is to make the argument absurd. Unless it is to be contended that the State keeps out of the pockets of the class some £300,000,000 which they ought to have now, there is no call to give away the money.

Having thus examined the case against existing burdens on land,

(1) Viz. :—	1826	1843
Rates	£9,500,000	£8,000,000
House tax	1,182,000	nil.
Window duty	1,167,000	1,436,000
	<hr/> £11,849,000	<hr/> £9,436,000
(2) Viz., poor and police rates, amounting to about	£11,000,000.	

I turn to the second part of my subject—the claims urged by the Land Tenure Reform Association for securing to the State a share of the unearned increase of value. The inquiry, however, should have prepared the way for looking at the question from the Association's point of view. It has been seen that upon the general theory of taxation special burdens on this particular description of property are not unreasonable, that they are not without analogy in taxes upon trade profits, which no one thinks of altering on the ground that "other property" escapes the burden, or on the ground that they are a special income-tax on the people in the trade. It has also been shown that, if taxes on profits are justifiable in any case, the circumstances of land-owning are such as to reduce the hardship of the owners to a minimum when their profits are taxed. The business is a monopoly, and simple in the highest degree, and nowhere else can be found more favourable conditions for a tax upon profits. We are thus prepared for the inquiry, whether so peculiar a business could not be made to bear a larger burden; and for the theory of the Association, that while it is only on grounds of expediency that the State permits individual property in land at all, there is no reason of expediency against its limiting that right of individual property by a large reservation in its own favour. If there is any reason in this theory at all, the facts stated will have suggested the magnitude of the stake contended for. The augmentation of value, on which it is urged the State would have had the first claim under a proper financial system, must have amounted, in the last thirty years, to hundreds of millions sterling.

Now in theory, so far as I can see, there is absolutely nothing to be urged, and nothing has, in fact, been urged, against the principle of the Association. The soil of the nation is primarily the property of the whole nation—the common inheritance of all, regarding which the State, according to its lights, cannot help laying down rules from time to time for the common advantage. There is no other final authority, and if the action of that authority is to be limited by so-called rights, if on cause shown it may not destine the whole land, or any part of it, to any use it pleases, then we have this anomaly—that the most vital necessity of national existence is to be held, not under the direction of the State, but subject to some arbitrary limitations in favour of individuals or classes, based on a superstition of right. In point of fact, as well as theory, no such limitation has ever been admitted by English law. Year after year the national Parliament exercises in innumerable cases the right of diverting some part of the "common inheritance" from one use to another. If it so acts in part and in detail, it has clearly a right to take a wider range and exercise its discretion upon the whole or a large part of the soil of the country. The only question would be whether the particular regulations or uses proposed to it are wise.

And whatever regulations may be objected to, it seems to me that, assuming private property in land to be retained as the rule, the imposition of special charges on it, which will be in the nature of mining royalties, or a reserved rent-charge, or like the casualties under feudal tenures, will be about as innocent a way of limiting the privilege, interfering as little as possible with individual enjoyment, as could well be devised. It leaves untouched the right of exclusive possession, which is the main thing coveted, and merely keeps for the State a charge, which exactly resembles many other charges, by which the privilege of absolute possession is already limited. Of course the mode of the reservation will be an important matter; but theoretically there is no reason against reserving something.

It may be added that the more progressive a community, the more likely it is that such a reservation will be little felt as a burden. By the hypothesis, it is in such communities that competition will cause an immense unearned increase of rent and of capital value. There will consequently be a large margin for ground-rents of every description, and the State ground-rent will be no more felt than the others.

But what form should the charge of the State assume, and how much in the present condition of things, as respects property, business, and population, should the State endeavour to obtain? The problem is not free from difficulties, and I doubt very much whether Mr. Mill's own suggestion, which must be first considered, will be found, as a general measure, to answer the purpose. It is in effect a proposal to go straight to the end in view—that the State should inquire at prescribed intervals what is the augmenting rental of land, and make a charge upon the owners of some definite portion of that augmentation. If there is no increase of rental due to general causes, there will be no increase of tax, and owners who object will have the opportunity of surrendering their estate on what Mr. Mill's enemies must admit will be full compensation. One objection to this proposal is that it is almost wholly novel, in European countries at least, where the art of taxation has been most carefully studied, and is least of all fitted for a country in the circumstances of England. In most countries on the Continent, the process is for the State at a certain date to impose a lump charge on the whole land of the country in proportion to its estimated value, and then apportion this charge among the various localities and parts of soil in the country, by a carefully arranged *cadastre*. But there is nothing more tedious in fact than the completion of a *cadastre*, or unequal when it is completed. Even in France, which sets the example in these *foncier* taxes, there has been no serious attempt to make the valuations of the *cadastre* conform to the changing values of property. It is hardly possible to imagine that, even if in England, we could give that attention to the nice adjustment of competing qualities of land or

property, which could alone make the basis of French direct taxes endurable, we should be content to await the slow development of a pretentiously perfect, but really imperfect, *cadaastre* for a long period of years. It is a still more fatal objection that such taxes do not appear to draw. It is officially estimated in France that the annual value of real property has increased since 1821 from £64,000,000 to £160,000,000, which is quite comparable with the increase in England. But while the rates have risen in England from about £10,000,000 to £17,000,000, the special land-tax of France has only risen from £11,720,000 to £12,280,000, including the additional hundredths imposed for local purposes, as well as the "principal" of the tax. The special tax of England is thus more elastic than the special tax of France, which is sometimes proposed as a model. Besides, if these objections could be got over, if it could be shown that an improved *cadaastre* is easily possible, and is capable of frequent renewal, there would remain the objection that such a tax, so imposed, might interfere with the enjoyment of private property in an inexpedient manner. It would be very difficult to reassure individuals against the operations of the tax assessors. Every few years they would foresee a demand of an indefinite amount, depending on many points of taste and opinion, and they would only have the alternative of paying or surrendering their property to the State. Careful as Mr. Mill is to suggest safeguards, the essential nature of the transaction, it is to be feared, would be such as to destroy confidence in the continuity of private right in some particular plot of land. The apprehensions might in the main be unfounded, but their existence would be a public misfortune, unless the theory is admitted that the abolition of private property in land would be beneficial, which in some localities it might be.¹

Turning from this suggestion, I think there is much to be said in favour of our present special taxes on land, imperfect as we have shown them to be. They have permitted the growth of an immense mass of value in the hands of individuals only, and at a very recent date there was a sudden reduction of the burden, by which a small class received a considerable gain. But with all their imperfections they have the merit of elasticity. They are set apart for the discharge of certain branches of expenditure; and, without fluctuating so widely as to disturb property rights, they may be increased materially, and so reserve for the State some portion, however insignificant it may be, of the augmenting value of property. This is no small merit, especially when compared with the model of the continental land-taxes, which have no such capacity of expansion.

(1) To go out of Europe, the thirty years' settlements in India, with which Mr. Mill is so familiar, promise a more fruitful example; but it would be difficult to show that a system which works in a country of rude agriculture like India would be practicable here, where there are so many different and complex causes affecting the value of property. Bankers and solicitors will agree that there is nothing so untrustworthy as valuations.

It is an additional convenience that, as the branches of expenditure which are thrown specially on this property are local, local administration and local taxation can be associated. In this view the system of rates is, in fact, a tolerable contrivance, by which different and unconnected advantages are obtained in a rough practical fashion, and as it is a familiar system, we have another obvious reason for trying to make the most of it. Could not something more be made of it? It will be of some use perhaps if the discussion of the principles on which the burden is imposed makes it clear that no injustice is now committed—that the support of a certain burden of expenditure is a condition of the enjoyment of the property which the State may properly impose. But the discussion, I think, may do more, and justify the imposition of new charges which are convenient for local administration. As the tendency of the functions of local government is to increase, and the additional expense has not yet proved commensurate with the increase of the value of property, we have a security in the recognition of this principle, both for the reservation to the State of a part of that value—though, I fear, a most inadequate part—and for the safety of private property against any great disturbance. If I might venture to make a suggestion, there is one comparatively new charge which might very properly be treated as a branch of local expenditure—viz.: the army for home defence. Besides that this would be in accordance with ancient usage, it is important that a good deal of local management and self-government should be associated with the organisation of our militia and volunteers, and the charges might thus very properly fall on the rates. There is another way in which something more could be made of the present system. Under the haphazard methods and want of principle which have hitherto prevailed, the local rates have gradually been relieved of a large portion of the burden which properly falls upon them. On one pretext or another, the Imperial Exchequer has been drawn on for “grants,” amounting annually in England to a million and a quarter, by which the growth of the local burden has been retarded. The proper course would now be to institute a mode of discontinuing the grants by degrees, according to a defined scale, and so reimpose on property a burden which it has escaped.

But while the system of rates is preserved and amended, as a principal agency for securing to the State a share in the national soil, there is another mode, viz., a special succession duty, in which it seems to me an advantage of the same sort may be gained, equally without disturbing the security of private property in land. The reasons which justify succession duties in general, would equally justify a special duty on some particular sort of property.

The distinguishing feature of such duties, as has been already said, is that they are a charge for the special intervention of the State—for the authority it gives to the transmission of property from the dead to the living. It is common to consider the bequest and descent of

property as mere extensions of the right of private property, but they are not so historically, and are dealt with on a different footing. The reasons which make private property expedient during life do not apply with the same force to the transmission of it at death. It would be difficult to conceive of a large society existing without absolute ownership in the fruits of individual industry, but so long as people are secure in what they earn themselves, a very severe strain may be put on the rules for disposing of property at death, without endangering the existence of society. Instead of the absolute right of bequest and the unincumbered descent of property to individuals when there is no bequest, being an ordinance of natural right or equity, they are in fact very peculiarly the creations of the State, and have been modified in all civilised countries to suit their varying policy. For these reasons a special tax on successions has an undoubted justification. The State being their author, and having, strictly speaking, the power and right to absorb them altogether, a power which it would be infinitely less inexpedient to exercise than would be its similar power in regard to private property—the special tax becomes virtually a charge for a concession which the State grants, and which it might conceivably withhold, or at least very seriously curtail. Viewed in any other light, it appears to me wholly indefensible, for though it no doubt falls on the payer at a convenient time for payment, its pressure on individuals is most unequal, and it thus offends against a cardinal maxim of taxation.

Regarding it as a charge upon a concession however, we may recognise in the State a capacity for varying it which would not exist in the case of an ordinary tax. It may take into account, in adjusting the so-called tax, the whole policy of the law of succession and bequest, and the nature of the property itself. And the principles to guide it seem hardly to admit of discussion. The tax must not be so severe as to check accumulation, or be severely felt, so as to cause individual suffering, even when accumulation is not checked. Subject to these restrictions the State should simply take by a succession duty what it can. It follows that its charge should be most moderate where the transmission resembles most a continuance of the enjoyment of private property, or is the transmission of property which the deceased person has acquired by his own industry, and in acquiring which he may be supposed to have been influenced by the prospect of regulating the succession, and should be most severe in the contrary case, where the transmission is to strangers, or where the property has been inherited. Unless these points are kept in mind the State will not be able to levy so large an amount as would otherwise be possible for it. To make the charge uniform would simply be to limit it to the minimum possible in those cases where the succession of the dependents of a deceased person, whose income dies with them, gives the tax the appearance of a charge not upon inheritance, but impoverishment. It would be quite consistent with the principle of the

tax, however, to look at the composition of the property bequeathed—to say that as the possession of a certain kind of property over which the State had primary rights was keenly competed for, one condition of its enjoyment should be a special liability to taxes on successions. No person could complain, for there are abundant modes of investment besides land, and those who wished to have an unrestricted privilege of bequest could invest in other property. Even a minimum charge of five per cent. on successions in land, yielding to the State, in conjunction with an equivalent charge on land held by corporations, perhaps about £7,000,000 or £8,000,000 a year at the commencement, would probably present no inducement to people to keep away from land. It is very seldom that an entire fortune is thus invested (it being sheer folly so to invest it), and the total charge on a “succession,” though it is five per cent. on a portion of it, might not be much higher than it is. I need not add that if there is any reason in this view of succession duties, the singular arrangement by which land now pays least of all is more than indefensible; it is a gross neglect of the State to secure a due to which it is most fairly entitled. The arrangement is another instance of the perversity of discussions about the incidence of taxes according to the historical method in England. An illogical mode of comparison has not only enabled the owners of land to secure for themselves an augmenting value in which the State might well have had a larger share, but has enabled a class which enjoys a valuable monopoly to escape payment on its successions of the charges which other classes of the community, enjoying no monopoly, have to bear.

After all, it may perhaps be doubted whether by any process that would not be worse than the disease, anything but a small fraction of the augmenting value of land will ever be secured for the State. At the past rate of increase, the real property of England, which is now worth about £150,000,000, will be worth £250,000,000 in another thirty years. And a large part of this additional hundred millions, perhaps the half of it or more, will not be owing to any investment of capital in improvements, but to increasing monopoly value. At the past rate of increase, however, our rates will then be under £30,000,000, so that, at the outside, there will not be an additional burden of £15,000,000 to set against an additional annual value of £100,000,000, while much of that additional burden will also have fallen, not on the property generally, but on the profits of the improvements. There is little hope of touching this immense augmentation. But this is hardly a result to be rejoiced over by the defenders of private property in land. If they were wise in their generation, they should be anxious to show that the present system, besides any indirect advantages to the community it may have, is also directly beneficial to the State, because it provides a large and increasing fund for the support of national charges.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

ANNE FURNESS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

I OCCUPIED a rambling, sloping-floored chamber in the old part of the house at Woolling. I had chosen it myself. A long occupation of the guest-chamber at Woolling was dreadful to my imagination; it had been prepared for me by Uncle Cudberry's express order. He never interfered in the household arrangements, save when his wife or daughters sought to relax his tight grip of the purse-strings. But on this occasion he had, as he told me, explicitly commanded that the best spare-room in his house should be prepared for me. However, I persuaded him (after having tenanted it for one night) to allow me to change my quarters.

The best room was stuffy, low-pitched, small-windowed, carpeted, curtained, dreary beyond description; drab hangings of some thick woollen stuff excluded all air from the bed, whereon were piled feather-stuffed pillows, and a great mass of down covered with blankets and counterpanes, which it made one gasp to look upon in the hot summer weather. My new chamber was bare and poorly furnished enough; but one breathed there, and could get a pleasant peep at the landscape behind the house from the old-fashioned lattice windows in the thickness of the wall. These reasons I alleged for wishing to occupy it; but there was besides another reason which I could scarcely avow, but which was a powerful one with me. In the "best" room I should have been exposed to frequent incursions from my cousins, whereas in the old part of the house I was much more secluded and inaccessible.

I think that I rather conciliated the girls—unconsciously, I am bound to confess—by removing from the best room. My occupying it at all had been contrary to those mysterious traditional laws which governed the home life of the Cudberry family. That sacred apartment was for elder guests. I was too young, and altogether too insignificant, to have any right to the dignity which was conferred by sleeping therein.

No limit had been fixed for my stay. I was to remain, Uncle Cudberry said, as long as I liked, and the longer the better. In my own mind I had resolved not to return to Mortlands until Donald should be gone, unless any unexpected circumstance should meanwhile make my presence desirable to my mother or grandfather. But I said nothing about my resolution at Woolling.

The days passed away monotonously, but peacefully on the whole. Little sharp speeches, and the general angularity of character which

distinguished my cousins, hurt me no more as they had once done. My mind and heart were now pre-occupied with other and graver things. They all saw and said—for their candour in expressing anything unpleasant was quite perfect—that Anne had grown dull, and mopish, and “quite like an old woman.” But they would add to this observation others such as the following: “Oh, well, of course, you know, it can’t be expected that Anne should have got over all the troubles so quick!” or “Ah, I don’t suppose that you’ll ever be what you were again, Anne Furness. And perhaps, on the whole, it is for the best; for your spirit was terribly high—now wasn’t it?”

But on the whole, as I have said, the days went by peacefully. I was able to spend a good many hours by myself. The inclination for solitude had grown on me of late. The Cudberrys considered it part of my general “mopishness,” and, luckily, did not take it as a personal affront to the family. I used to sit up in the sloping-floored room I had chosen, and stare out over the landscape for hours at a time. The house would be quite silent—that part of it at all events—and the summer sunlight would quiver on the floor, and cast there the shadows of the diamond-paned lattice; and the flies would buzz around me with a sleepy sound, and the whole air would seem to be the quintessence of dreamy indolence, which entered into one’s very blood.

Once Uncle Cudberry asked me what I did up there in my room all the morning; and when I most truthfully answered, “Nothing,” he shook his head and gave me a lecture against listless idleness.

“Oh, Uncle Cudberry,” said I, “we are born not only to *do*, but to be and to suffer. Let me be and suffer. I feel a sort of vegetable life in me when I sit at the open window, with the air breathing on my forehead. I don’t know that I am altogether idle; I am being.”

Neither the girls nor poor dear Aunt Cudberry in the least understood this speech; but I think Uncle Cudberry did, for he snubbed Tilly, when she screamed out in hilarious disdain of my stupidity, “Good gracious, Anne! A vegetable life! What will you say next? And comparing yourself to a verb—‘to be,’ ‘to do,’ or ‘to suffer’! Well, for my part, I should be very sorry to get into that condition. I always had an active mind and always shall have.”

Upon which her father told her that an active mind and an active tongue were by no means the same or even similar things. And he took care that I was not molested in my solitary hours after that.

Sam Cudberry was not very frequently at home during the day. To use his own phrase, he “fought shy” of me. I reminded him of unpleasant topics. Indeed, he frankly said that he couldn’t bear being made to remember anything disagreeable; and that he couldn’t look at me without remembering how he had been “let in” by

Lacer; and he should think that *that* was disagreeable enough for a fellow, wasn't it? By Jove! In answer to some inquiries of mine, he admitted that the extent to which Gervase Lacer had cheated him was only by defrauding him of the amount he (Sam) was to have received as a bribe for holding his tongue about the fatal racehorse, whose failure had ruined us all. "He did want to borrow some ready tin," said Sam, with a cunning grin; "but I wasn't quite so green as all that comes to! Not if S. Cudberry, junior, was aware of it. But he did me all the same; because I stumped up something to make my sister Tilly hold her tongue. And she got a sort of hold upon me; and she got the money, and I got—nothing! And you catch Tilly giving up a dump when she's once grabbed it! And once when soft sawder didn't do, when I tried to coax her out of what she'd had of me on false pretences, and I tried to bully her, she threatened to go to the governor and split upon the whole thing then and there. That's a nice kind of sister for a fellow to have, isn't it? So you see, Anne, you can't wonder at my not particularly enjoying the sight of your countenance at the family dinner-table."

I very coolly assured him that our distaste for each other's society was quite mutual, but that so long as I remained the guest of his father and mother I should take care to treat him with civility. And so we remained on perfectly peaceable terms.

But coarse, selfish, and unfeeling as Sam Cudberry was at all times, something had occurred quite recently to ruffle his temper to an unusual degree. He had been paying assiduous court to Barbara Bunny, and Barbara Bunny one day point-blank refused him. There was no disguise or concealment about the fact in the family. Sam came home and complained loudly of Barbara's behaviour. It was a curious scene, and I witnessed it all very quietly from a corner behind Aunt Cudberry's arm-chair in the drawing-room, where we were all assembled after dinner.

"It's come to something, I think," said Sam, stamping about the room, and beginning to pull off a pair of lavender-coloured gloves he had donned for the occasion (for Sam had not been dining at home, but had passed the morning at Horsingham)—"it's come to something when a Cudberry of Woolling is refused by a Bunny!"

Here he gave his smart glove a violent wrench; but being suddenly restrained by prudential considerations, he stopped, looked at it, drew it off carefully, folded it within its fellow, and put them both into his pocket.

"Refused? Never!" screamed the girls in chorus.

"La my! Well there now, never mind, poor dear thing!" said Aunt Cudberry with an agitated voice, and her most gutta-perchian changes of countenance; a stranger would have supposed her to be

smiling affably had he looked merely at her mouth, and to be on the point of crying had he confined his attention to the upper part of her face.

"Never mind, ma?" echoed Tilly. And certainly it was a singular phrase wherewith to address a rejected wooer! But Tilly did not regard it merely in that light, for she proceeded, "Oh, it's all nonsense never minding! But you would see the family trampled in the mire, for all you'd care, ma. But Bunnys are not going to gallop quite over us, I hope! Not Bunnys!"

"This is your friend, Miss Anne," said Sam, suddenly turning to me. "What do you think of this?"

"Really, Sam, my predominant feeling is surprise. I had no idea that you intended to propose to Barbara."

"Well, p'raps not; but *she* had, I can tell you!"

"I have never, to speak honestly, seen anything in Barbara's manner towards you which could be taken for encouragement."

Here Henny observed, in an audible "aside," that people's notions differed, and that Anne's idea of what was encouragement to a gentleman and what wasn't might possibly vary very widely from the standard of demeanour which was expected in Sir Peter Bunny's daughter. Henrietta was always peculiarly venomous towards me; but I had not the smallest intention of allowing myself to be tempted into a quarrel with her, so I proceeded, addressing Sam—

"But though I must render this justice to Barbara, I am very sorry, Sam, for your disappointment. And if your feelings were engaged——"

"Oh, feelings be blowed! You don't fancy I'm a-going to fret myself about *her*, do you? And as to disappointment, I know whose the loss is, I flatter myself."

Well, as I thought I knew my second cousin, I stared at him in momentary surprise on hearing this speech. He caught my look, and, regarding me sideways sulkily, said—

"Well?"

"Well—I—well, then, since you are neither heart-broken nor even greatly disappointed, I confess I don't see what you complain of."

Here I was fallen foul of by the whole party. Even Aunt Cudberry shook her lop-sided cap at me, and said—

"Why, deary me, Anne, think what they sprung from, poor things, you know!"

The girls were furiously indignant, and Tilly was impelled by the excitement of her wrath to rise to quite lofty regions of eloquence. If Bunnys were to trample on Cudberrys of Woolling, what hold-fast and security remained in the world for law and order? Even virtue's self might be disdained and disregarded at that rate. And

could I—I who had the honour to be, however distantly, connected with that family—excuse and condone the presumptuous temerity of a Bunny? Tilly was sorry for my state of mind if I could do so.

“Why come,” said I, in a momentary lull of the storm I had raised, “after all the whole matter amounts to this: Miss Bunny, and Lady Bunny, and Sir Peter may all entertain the highest respect for your family, only Barbara does not like Sam well enough to marry him. You can’t pretend that she is bound to fall in love with him merely because his name happens to be Cudberry! Suppose a similar thing to take place here, would any of you think yourselves obliged to marry the first man that asked you, whether you liked him or not, just because he had a longer genealogy than you have?”

“One of *us*!” cried the three sisters in shrill scorn. And then Tilly added with extraordinary emphasis, “Oh, that’s a very different thing!”

And, what is strange but true, she really thought so.

When Uncle Cudberry came to be told of Sam’s unsuccessful suit, he displayed no such violent indignation as his children had done; but he was obviously displeased. He vented his displeasure, however, chiefly on the head of Sam, for having ever entertained the idea of allying himself with what Uncle Cudberry called “them sort of breed.”

“And pray what was you a-going to live on, S. Cudberry, junior, if I may take the liberty of inquiring?” said he at supper that evening, in his driest manner.

“Why, Barbara ’ll have something. Her governor means to shell out pretty handsome for her. Of course I found that out beforehand; and you’ve been telling me for two or three years past that, when I married, you’d make some suitable arrangement for me. You know you’ve said so.”

“Ay, ay, if so be you’d ha’ married to please me, son Samuel. And as to two or three years,—my lad, it’s a sight longer ago than that! For you are—let me see—how old is our son, Mrs. Cudberry?”

“Forty-two next Michaelmas, poor dear,” replied his wife in a plaintive tone.

“You’re a old bachelor, you know, that’s what you are. In fact,” looking round on his discomfited offspring, “you’re every one of you getting on in life. I don’t see much chance for you. Even Sam here, as can do, as you girls can’t, go and ask some ’un to have him, it’s no go. The lass sends him off with a flea in his ear! Maybe that when I’m under the turf, and Sam Cudberry the younger reigns in my stead, some woman or other ’ll marry him

to be mistress of Woolling. But on his own merits,—dash me if I don't begin to think it's a poor look-out altogether!"

It was in this way that Mr. Cudberry displayed the mortification and ill-humour which Sam's rejection had evidently caused him. His three daughters retired from the table in a quiver of speechless anger, and his wife shed abundant tears. Sam was the most unconcerned of the party.

I really pitied the girls, and would have said some kind or soothing word to them if I had been permitted to do so. But, at my first attempt, they flounced off to their own rooms. And, for once, I could sympathise with their irritated feelings.

I was sitting at the open window in my bedroom at about half-past ten o'clock that night, when I was startled by a very gentle tap at the door. At that time all was quiet. The household kept early hours, and there was no sound of voice or footstep to be heard. I had put out my candle, and there was no light in my room save a faint glimmer near the window from the starry sky.

I listened nervously, and, in about a minute, the tap was repeated. By this time my intellect had arrived at the conclusion—doubtless obvious already to the reader—that any person coming to my room with a felonious intention, would undoubtedly omit the ceremony of knocking at the door. So I called out softly, "Who is there?"

"Me!" was the ungrammatical but reassuring response; for I recognised Clementina's voice in the utterance of the monosyllable.

I immediately opened the door and admitted her. She must have groped her way up in the dark, for she held no light in her hand. And, indeed, the regulations as to the quantity of candle allowed per week to each bedchamber were very stringent at Woolling, and necessitated the greatest care if one desired not to be obliged to go to bed in the dark.

"Why, Clemmy," said I, "is it you? Come in. Is there anything the matter?"

"Oh, nothing particular. It's only—only about me."

I made her come and sit down near me by the window; and, though the night was warm, I threw a shawl over her shoulders, for she had come from her own room in her petticoat and a little thin white jacket, and had removed her shoes in order to tread noiselessly. Her hair hung down on one side of her face, and was carelessly tucked up with a comb on the other. All this I saw by the starlight, my eyes being accustomed to the dimness. And as Clementina sat down, and, leaning her arm on the window-sill, looked up at the sky, I was struck by something graceful in the outline of her face and figure which I had never noticed there before.

"Oh, Clemmy," said I impulsively, "why don't you always wear your hair loose? You look so much better."

"What, like this?"

"No, not exactly in that dishevelled fashion; but less tight and formal than you usually put it up. You have quite pretty hair. I never knew it before."

"We never wear our hair loose. We don't think it looks proper," answered poor Clemmy, with a half-doubtful shake of the head.

That "we" appeared to her to be a tower of strength.

"Well," said I, "what brought you here at this hour, Clementina?"

"Do I disturb you?"

"No; as you see, I was not thinking of going to bed yet awhile."

After a good deal of hesitation, and in the peculiar phraseology of the family, which by this time I had learned to comprehend very fairly, Clemmy at length confided to me that she had a suitor whom she "liked very well" (in non-Cudberry English, was very fond of), and who wished to ask her parents' permission to marry her. But she had always hitherto dissuaded him, on one pretext or another, from speaking to her father. And now the suitor was getting out of patience, and poor Clemmy did not know what to do, and had come to me for advice.

"But good gracious, Clementina, if you like him, and are willing to marry him, why should you not let him speak to your father?" I exclaimed.

She was silent.

"Is he very poor, or is there anything in his circumstances which would be likely to make Uncle Cudberry refuse his consent?"

"Oh, no! He's—if you'll promise not to tell again without my leave, I'll tell you who it is. It's Mrs. Hodgekinson's son."

So far as I knew, there could be no possible objection to this young man. He was an only son, and his parents were rich farmers who were much respected in the county.

"Why, Clemmy," I cried, giving her a kiss, "I congratulate you! It seems to me to be a most suitable match in every way."

It was curious to see Clemmy's newly-awakened feelings struggling with the habitual stiffness and hardness of the family manner. She first drew back quite abruptly from my proffered caress, and then returned my kiss timidly, and said, "Oh, thank you, Anne!"

"I remember that—that young Mr. Hodgekinson"—I had been on the point of calling him "Mrs. Hodgekinson's son," from the sheer force of example—"I remember that he seemed very gentle and good-tempered."

"Yes; he's very good-tempered."

"And well-looking, I think?"

"I—we all think him quite nice-looking," said Clementina, demurely.

"And his parents are on friendly terms with yours, and you are neighbours; and, upon my word, it seems to me that you could not have made a better choice!"

"Oh, but——"

"But what?"

"Why, they thought—we thought—or, at least, *she* thought—that he was going to propose to Tilly."

Then it all came out. William Hodgekinson's visits to Woolling had been interpreted by the whole family as having for their object to pay court to "Miss Cudberry." Miss Cudberry came first; that was the rule of the family. Any marrying or givings in marriage which might take place among the Cudberrys ought in right, and justice, and propriety to commence with Miss Cudberry; and the rest might follow in due succession. But perversely to select the youngest of the three sisters, and to pass by the prior claims of the two elder ones, was a high crime and misdemeanour, whose enormity weighed poor Clemmy down, and made her tremble at the prospect of revealing the proposal that had been made to her.

I consoled her and reassured her as well as I could. "Your lover"—Clemmy nearly jumped off her chair at the word—"did not deceive Tilly, by paying her any marked attention, did he?"

"Oh no. At least—— The fact is he is afraid of Tilly—awfully afraid of her. But then, of course, you know, we all thought—at least, they all thought—naturally, that she was the object of William's coming. Miss Cudberry, you know."

"Well, well, my dear Clemmy, that can't be helped," I rejoined rather impatiently. "They were all mistaken, and nobody can be blamed. People don't fall in love by the table of precedence, and I am sure it would be very unreasonable to expect that they should."

In my own mind I had little doubt that Uncle Cudberry would look on the proposed alliance very favourably, and would in no wise resent the fact that it was his youngest and not his eldest daughter who was thus sought in marriage; and I tried to convince Clemmy of this, and to point out to her as delicately as I could, that if she had her father on her side, she need not fear any other member of the family.

But Clemmy was in mortal terror of her father, and before she left me she had gained from me a promise, which I suppose was the main object of her coming to me, that I would take upon myself the task of breaking this mighty matter to Uncle Cudberry the next morning.

CHAPTER XLVII.

I EASILY found an opportunity of performing my embassy to Uncle Cudberry. I found him a little after noon in the old barn wherein our memorable interview had taken place last year. He had been tramping over the farm in the hot sunshine, and had withdrawn into the cool shelter of the barn's thick walls to enjoy his lunch, which consisted of bread and cheese and home-brewed beer in a flat stone bottle.

His first words, after silently and attentively listening to what I had to say, rather took me aback.

"The chap don't expect anything down wi' Clemmy, does he?"

"A—a—anything down? I don't know."

"Ah, but *I* must know; because I never meant to give none on 'em anything but their clothes until after I was dead. One hundred pounds to buy the trusso"—thus Uncle Cudberry pronounced '*trousseau*'—"is all she'll get in my lifetime."

I was rather surprised at the liberality of this provision for the wedding clothes. But Uncle Cudberry proceeded to explain, and, as it were, to apologise for it. A hundred pounds was a large sum, truly—a very large sum. But he calculated that his daughters cost him a considerable sum per annum, and he was bound in fairness to remember that the husbands who married them would in future take all that expense on their own shoulders. "It is but the one outlay, you see," said Uncle Cudberry, "and I don't choose that a Miss Cudberry of Woolling should go shabby into any man's house."

He was very reticent, as usual, but I gathered on the whole from his words and demeanour that, as I had anticipated, he would be very willing to allow Clementina to become Mrs. William Hodgekinson.

"There'll be a devil of a bobbery with Miss Cudberry!" said he, with a momentary spark of expression in his black eye, just before we parted.

I was silent, being puzzled how to reply to this unexpected admission; and, after pausing a second or two, he resumed still more to my surprise—

"And, mind you, *I* don't say Miss Cudberry will be altogether wrong. She comes first in the family. There's no doubt about that. But as I said to 'em 'tother day, there don't seem to be much chance of finding husbands for the girls or a wife for Sam. Sam's a lout, it's true. But, Miss Cudberry—— Well, can't be helped. It's high time as I got rid of *some* on 'em."

I communicated the result of my interview to Clementina, and although she agreed with me that it was good, it threw her into a

very nervous state, which was not diminished by hearing later in the afternoon that her father had mounted his horse and ridden over to Farmer Hodgekinson's.

Poor Clemmy's trepidation exhibited itself not in any soft, trembling, subdued gentleness of manner which called for encouragement and sympathy, but after a characteristic Cudberry fashion—she became, that is to say, exceedingly rigid, brusque, and almost snappish. And as in her anxiety she clung to me and followed me everywhere, I had not altogether a pleasant time of it.

But at length Uncle Cudberry returned. And he did not return alone. The suitor had ridden back with him, and when from the garden we (Clemmy and I) beheld two horses trotting along the pathway instead of one, I squeezed Clemmy's hand, and bade her be of good cheer, for it was plain that the course of her true love was destined to run smooth.

I reckoned a little too rashly, however, when I talked of smoothness, as will presently appear.

Clementina ran into the house and up to her own room; perhaps to recover her composure in solitude, perhaps to add some touch of adornment to her dress. And Mr. Cudberry, followed by his young guest, who looked remarkably sheepish, walked solemnly into the drawing-room.

It was tenanted only by Aunt Cudberry and Henrietta; the former writing crooked entries in her housekeeping-book, the latter playing the piano in a manner which always suggested to me that she must be hurting the instrument. I entered the room almost at the same instant with Mr. Cudberry and his guest.

"Mrs. Cudberry," said my uncle, walking up to his wife, "allow me to present to you your future son-in-law."

Aunt Cudberry let her pen fall from her fingers, and Henny ceased her relentless performance with a crash. As to the future son-in-law thus presented, he was in an agony of bashfulness, and of a glowing red colour even to the tips of his ears. But none of these things disconcerted Mr. Cudberry.

"I've been over to Hodgekinson's and settled it all with him—or, at least, with Mrs. Hodgekinson. Her husband wasn't at home. But it's quite the same. He knows all about it," said Mr. Cudberry, sitting down and wiping his head with his handkerchief.

"Oh, my! La, well now, my dear! and so you really mean it, poor thing?" said Aunt Cudberry, putting one of her hands on each of the young man's shoulders, and giving him a queer little shake as she looked earnestly into his face. This proceeding appeared to act on William Hodgekinson in the manner of a homœopathic remedy for bashfulness. Certainly it would under ordinary circumstances have put him frightfully out of countenance, but in his present

condition it seemed to give him a desperate kind of strength. For he jerked himself resolutely away from the good lady's hold, and answered in quite a loud voice, albeit with a purple-blushing visage—

"Yes, ma'am, I do mean it. I always have meant it, and I hope it'll meet with your approbation—and the other young ladies' approbation," he added, after a second's pause.

"La, yes, my dear, if Mr. Cudberry is satisfied, and Miss Cudberry, I'm sure I dare say it will all do very well. It's a very serious thing being married; but of course you must both make up your minds to it, poor things."

All this time Henrietta had fixed her intended brother-in-law with a watchful and suspicious stare. Now she rose, and advancing to the door, said—

"I'll call Tilly. She's in her own room."

"Stop a bit!" exclaimed Mr. Cudberry. "Just you understand clearly, and make Tilly understand clearly, who it is as is proposed for. Mr. William Hodgekinson has got my consent to marry my daughter Clementina."

"If I didn't think so!" exclaimed Henrietta, clapping her hands together with a noise like the report of a pistol. "I do declare I suspected it all along—there!"

"No! Never! Marry Clementina!" cried Aunt Cudberry quite tremblingly. "Why, Samuel, what in the world—why we all thought it was Tilly! La, there, my dears, whatever will Miss Cudberry say when she comes to know it?"

"Sh-h-h! Tut! What'll Miss Cudberry say? She'll offer her best wishes, I suppose. Mr. William Hodgekinson don't fancy as Miss Cudberrys of Woolling are pulling caps for him. But your foolish chat, Mrs. Cudberry, is enough to turn his head wi' conceit."

So spake Uncle Cudberry, but it was of no avail. His wife could not take the hint to sustain the dignity of the absent Tilly. She continued to assure her husband and the young man alternately that they had all thought the visits of the latter had had "Miss Cudberry" for their chief object, and to evince much agitation and anxiety as to the result of the news upon that injured young lady.

Young Hodgekinson looked about him with a bewildered and almost frightened air. I sincerely pitied him; but it was impossible not to be keenly alive to the intense absurdity of his position.

Mr. Cudberry had apparently abandoned him to his fate, and had retired behind his newspaper with an air of stolid determination, as who should say, "Fight it out, good people. I've done *my* part of the business."

I advanced to Mr. William, and held out my hand, and offered my congratulations.

"Thank you, miss," said he, giving my fingers a grip which made them tingle again.

"I think you will have a very good wife, Mr. Hodgekinson. Clemmy is a kind-hearted girl, and I hope you will be very happy."

"Thank you again, miss. I—I—desire to give satisfaction to all parties. But you know it's *impossible* to marry three young ladies. You must pick and choose. And Clemmy—well, of course, you know, when you're attached to a girl, and all that, you know, why you're naturally wishful to be on good terms with her family. But I do assure you, miss, most solemn, that I never had the least idea of making up to Miss Cudberry—never in this world, Miss Furness! I'd take my oath of it to-morrow, if that would make things pleasanter."

I assured him that I did not believe that would make things pleasanter; and, moreover, that I had no doubt any little misunderstanding which might have arisen would speedily be cleared away. But I had to bite my lips diligently to repress a smile.

"Well, I do think it's too bad for a fellow to be accused of such a thing," pursued the young gentleman, lowering his voice and speaking confidentially, as to a sympathising listener. "Miss Cudberry! Why, Lord bless you, Miss Furness! my mother would be fit to eat me without salt if I'd have thought of such a thing as bringing her Miss Cudberry for a daughter-in-law. Not but what she's a most excellent young lady, I'm sure," he added, apparently remembering on a sudden that he was speaking to a member of the family. "And I should think she'd make a most excellent wife for—for almost anybody else," said Mr. Hodgekinson, waving his hand in a vague manner, as though generously bestowing Miss Cudberry as a matrimonial treasure on some one or other of his friends. "I've no doubt that there are some who would be quite—quite delighted to marry Miss Cudberry. But as for me—— Do you think she'll—she'll blow up at all, Miss Furness? I hope you'll stand by me and Clemmy."

At this moment the three sisters entered the room—Henny, who had gone to summon her elder sister, Tilly, and Clemmy, the latter arriving from her own room.

There was an awful pause, during which Clementina edged up near to her father; Henrietta seated herself with a half-pleased, half-spiteful expression of countenance, ready to throw in a barbed word or two at need; and "Miss Cudberry" stood bolt upright, opposite to young Hodgekinson, and fixed him with a terrible glare from her eyes.

At length she spoke; but it was a peculiar and unexpected feature in her speech that she addressed her parents exclusively, and spoke

only at William Hodgekinson—never, however, releasing him from the power of her eye.

"Well, pa and ma, I should be glad to know if I have heard rightly, and whether the news about Mrs. Hodgekinson's son having proposed to my youngest sister, Clementina Cudberry, is correct."

Silence. An uneasy and furtive interchange of glances between Clemmy and her lover. Mrs. Cudberry moves her mouth and forehead spasmodically. Mr. Cudberry remains immovable behind his newspaper.

"I have always supposed, ma, that Miss Cudberry—*Miss Cudberry*—was somewhat of a feature in her own family. You know very well, pa, that that has been our rule. Miss Cudberry first and foremost. But now it appears, pa and ma, that she can't get an answer to a simple question."

"Put your question plain, my lass. Has William Hodgekinson proposed for Clemmy? Yes; he has. There—*that's* settled," said Mr. Cudberry drily.

"Thank you, pa. But it is not quite settled. I say nothing about unsuitability of birth, because this is a levelling age; and as I have often told you, pa and ma, we must move with the times. And as to comparing a Hodgekinson with a Cudberry of Woolling, that of course is out of the question. But I have one or two observations to make, pa and ma, respecting Mrs. Hodgekinson's son on other grounds. Mrs. Hodgekinson's son has been received in this family on false pretences. That is to say, *he* made the false pretences. He came to Woolling very frequently; and what was his object in coming would anybody in their senses have supposed? Why, Miss Cudberry! To whom did Mrs. Hodgekinson's son pay *marked* attention? To Miss Cudberry! With whom did Mrs. Hodgekinson's son walk and talk chiefly? With Miss Cudberry!"

Here William Hodgekinson muttered audibly, "Because you made me;" and I perceived a gloomy defiance gathering on his brow.

"Let Mrs. Hodgekinson's son understand me, pa. Don't let him run away with absurd and unfounded notions, ma. I simply regarded him with pity, for an alliance between Miss Cudberry of Woolling and Mrs. Hodgekinson's son could never have been contemplated for an instant——"

"Certainly not!" put in the young man more emphatically than politely.

"*By the former!*" pursued Tilly, ignoring the interruption. "There is a fitness in things, and that which might suit Clementina's views would of course not do for her eldest sister."

"La, there, my dear, I'm very glad you take it so well," exclaimed Mrs. Cudberry, with curious infelicity.

"But what I would have *you* consider, pa, is, whether you are justified in bestowing any one of your daughters—even Clemmy, poor thing!—on Mrs. Hodgekinson's son. Low birth, an unprepossessing exterior, a total absence of style, a mother-in-law of overbearing temper and presumptuous manners, *may* be got over," said Tilly, with extraordinary glibness, as though she were repeating a lesson learned by heart, and in a voice of ever-increasing shrillness; "but sneaking duplicity and false pretences—deliberate deception offered to Miss Cudberry of Woodling in her own home—I should think these formed an insuperable barrier between Clementina and Mrs. Hodgekinson's son."

"Oh, Tilly! don't say that!" said Clementina, half crying.

Young Hodgekinson, apparently impelled by his lady-love's distress to make a stand, began to reply to Tilly's tirade. It was curious to me to see how, when made thoroughly indignant, the timid, awkward young man, who had been kept over-long in the maternal leading-strings, displayed a rough, rustic, brute-force; and how feeble Tilly's feminine shrewishness showed beside him.

"Come, Miss Tilly," said he, "I think that's about enough. You never meant to have me, and Lord knows I never meant to have you, so we're both of one mind. And as your father's content, and Clemmy's content, I can do without your approbation. Come, Clementina, we'll go and have a bit of a walk together. Get your hat on. I rode over to have a talk with you, and I don't mean to go back without it."

At this bold assumption of authority over Clemmy, the whole family remained in dumb consternation. Even Henny forgot to say anything sharp on the occasion. Clemmy, after a timid look at her father, who nodded encouragingly, followed her betrothed out of the drawing-room, and we presently saw them stroll arm-in-arm past the window.

"Well!" exclaimed Tilly, recovering herself after a short pause, "that's a specimen of the treatment she has to expect! Poor Clemmy! Between Mrs. Hodgekinson's son and Mrs. Hodgekinson herself, she will be trampled in the mire completely. I compassionate her, but I wash my hands of the whole business, and must decline to interfere further."

And this was the position which Miss Cudberry maintained during the whole of her sister's courtship.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE old room with the sloping floor was very much tenanted by me during the following two days or three. There were bickerings among the girls on the subject of Clementina's engagement which were very disagreeable to witness. As a member of the family, they did not think it worth while to put on an appearance of union and goodwill before me. And I took refuge in my chamber as often as I could.

One evening at sunset I wandered out alone into the lane behind Woolling. It was very unfrequented, as it led merely to the cottage of one of Mr. Cudberry's tenants. The hedgerows were now in full leaf, the lane was grass-grown, and a couple of sheep with their lambs were grazing there.

I had left the family party at Woolling solemnly assembled in the drawing-room entertaining Mrs. Hodgekinson, who had come to take tea there, and to ratify, as it were, the young people's engagement by her presence. There had been sundry passages of arms already between that severe matron and Tilly Cudberry. Tilly had assumed a light and airy superiority of demeanour. She was gay, hilarious, tolerant, condescending. She gently pitied her sister, and smiled, more in compassion than scorn, at William Hodgekinson's wooing. Mrs. Hodgekinson's watchful eye was stern, and her mouth never once relaxed in its implacable tightness. Tilly might as well have tried to put the big iron knocker on Sir Peter Bunny's hall-door out of countenance by her fine airs and contemptuous badinage as Mrs. Hodgekinson. But the good lady perfectly comprehended that Miss Cudberry was endeavouring to assume a superiority over herself and her son, and to convey by her manner that she considered Clementina (in so far as she was a Cudberry of Woolling) to be a pearl cast to undeserving and unappreciating brutes, for whom acorns would be more than good enough.

And the result of this perception on the part of Mrs. Hodgekinson was to cause, in polite phrase, very considerable *tension* in the intercourse of the whole assembled company.

It was soothing to walk forth into the sweet, still air and the slanting, yellow sunshine. I went on to the point where the little grassy lane opened into another road—itself scarcely more than a lane—that led to the highway from Brookfield. By faint degrees the clattering of a horse's hoofs grew distinct out of the distance. A horseman came slowly along the road, and drew rein at the point where my grass-grown lane intersected it, turning in his saddle to look at me as I stood in the long evening shadow cast by a group of trees. The horseman was Donald.

I don't pretend to account for the positive certainty that it was he which possessed me from the first moment that I heard the sound of his horse's hoofs; but I record the fact that I had that positive certainty.

He threw himself out of the saddle, and came towards me leading his horse by the bridle.

"Oh, Anne! I am very fortunate in finding you thus!" he said very eagerly. But he bowed with undue politeness, and barely touched the hand I offered him.

"What made you come this way? I did not know you were acquainted with it."

"Not at all acquainted with it, for I nearly lost myself. I had been at Diggleton's End, and was told that I could reach Woolling by this route. But it is a labyrinth of lanes. However, fortune favoured me, for here you are."

"Did you want to see *me*?" I asked, and the next moment I felt my face burn at the stupid *naïveté* which had communicated a tone of extreme surprise to my voice, for I thought it might be mistaken for affectation:

"Yes; I wish to say a few words to you if you will allow me. Can you remain here? I will not detain you long."

I bowed my head in silence, and we began to pace slowly along side by side. Donald had let go the bridle, and his horse put down his nose to nibble at the fresh, soft grass.

"He follows me like a dog when I call him," said Donald. "He won't stray."

There was a little pause. I heard the horse's teeth cut the herbage, and the twittering of birds preparing for sleep in the foliage.

"I was more grieved than I can say, Anne," said Donald, "when I accidentally discovered that it was my presence which had driven you from Mortlands. I had accepted the statement that you needed change of air, as being a natural and simple explanation of your going. I had—to make a clean breast of it—I had perceived that my presence in your grandfather's house was not pleasing to you. But I little thought it was so utterly intolerable that you were driven away by it altogether."

I could not utter the protest that made my heart swell. I was dumb; and suppressed tears seemed to suffocate me.

He went on, after waiting an instant, as though expecting me to speak.

"Perhaps I ought not to have come to Mortlands so long as you were an inmate of it. If I had consulted only my own peace of mind I should not have done so. However, it is useless to enter into all that. I came. Only this morning, in a long conversation with Dr. Hewson, I learned the real cause of your running away from

Mortlands. And I lost as little time as possible in coming to beg you to return, and to tell you that I leave your grandfather's house to-night."

I struggled to speak; but still the rising tears almost choked me. Words and thoughts came thronging into my mind, but my tongue weakly refused to utter them.

He did not see; he could not understand.

"I fear that even my coming now is displeasing to you," he said. "You don't deign to say a word to me, Anne. Well—I meant for the best. Forgive me if I have been wrong. It was an error of judgment, and no wilful disregard of your wishes that brought me here. And believe me, Anne, that however you may treat me, I am able to do justice to all that is good in you. I have seen your unselfish devotion to your mother, your patient endurance of misfortune, your courage, and your good sense. I have heard your grandfather bless you with tears in his eyes. It is not for me to keep you away from those to whom you are so dear and so useful. Won't you say 'Good-bye'?"

Then I broke down and burst into tears. I sobbed so violently, although not noisily, that Donald was startled out of the sad, cold manner—a manner full of half-frozen kindness—which he had hitherto displayed during this interview.

"Anne! Anne! For heaven's sake don't cry so! What is the matter? What have I done? Won't you say one word to me, Anne?"

I made a sign with my hand that he should wait and give me time. He did so, but in great distress and impatience, twisting his riding-whip like a thread in his fingers, and with a face of extreme anxiety.

At length I found voice to speak.

"You say that you learned from my grandfather this morning the real cause of my leaving Mortlands. You have *not* learned it. It seems—incredible as it appears to my mind, I must believe you, I cannot doubt your word—it seems that you have not even guessed the real cause of my going away. Surely my grandfather did not tell you that I left Mortlands because your presence was hateful to me? And yet that is the cause you choose to assign."

"No; he did not say so in plain words, but I clearly gathered that it was so from what he let fall."

"And you cannot imagine any other feeling—any other reason which should make it very painful to me to continue living as we were living at Mortlands?"

"You speak with a bitter tone, Anne. There may have been—no doubt there was—pain to you in many reminiscences conjured up by my presence; but pardon me if I say that, if *I* could endure

to see and speak with you daily, it seemed natural to suppose that you might endure it also."

"Oh!" I cried, wringing my hands, "it is useless; you cannot or will not understand. But—I *will* speak. It is not just and right dumbly to endure unmerited contempt. Yes! contempt. That, and nothing less, was what your manner expressed for me. I will tell you, Donald, the reason why I could not bear to stay under the same roof with you. It was because you met me day after day with a stern face, with an icy bow, with some formal, conventional word of greeting. You were like your old self to every one but me. To me you were cruel in your coldness. If I gave you pain once, was it manly, or generous, or even just, to punish me for it so inexorably. I, too, have suffered, Donald. The pain I caused you was caused by no wrong-doing on my part. I never ceased to feel towards you as affectionately as when we were children together. Of course if I cared nothing—if the memory of the old days were as completely indifferent to me as it seems to be to you—you would have no power to make me suffer. I should meet disdain with disdain. But I will not fear to be sincere, and to tell you the truth. You have treated me hardly, Donald, and I have never merited such treatment at your hands."

His face changed as I spoke from anxiety to surprise, and from surprise to an expression I could not interpret; but it seemed to have a ray of joy in it. When I ceased to speak I turned to go away. It seemed to me that I could not bear to remain in his presence another moment. But he caught my hand and held it, crying, "Stay, Anne, one moment."

"Why? What is there to be said that it will be good to say? I had better go."

"There are many things to be said. One thing is—forgive me! Oh, Anne, I never thought of hurting you, or being cruel. I little dreamed that you cared for anything I could say or do. I was miserable, and—jealous."

"Jealous!"

"You know I can be very jealous of affection. Partly it is because I do not expect to be greatly loved. I know my own shortcomings; I have never been winning or popular. So much the more precious to me is love and kindness, so much the more wretched does the loss of them make me!"

I looked at him in bewilderment. "I do not understand you," I said. "Of what or of whom were you jealous? Of Mrs. Abram? Of little Jane? There was no one else to claim my regard, except my own dear ones."

"Do not mock at me, Anne! Don't curve that scornful lip. It is very serious to me; more serious than anything else on earth.

No ; I was not jealous of Mrs. Abram or the child. I was jealous of the absent—of the love you had given that I could not win ; and all the more heartsore because I believed that love to be unworthily bestowed."

I felt the hot blood rush up into my face ; but I would speak no word to him on that score. There was a feeling within me which rendered it impossible for me to say, "You are mistaken ; I bestowed no love unworthily ; I do not love that absent person ; he never had my heart." I could have died rather than say this to Donald.

"This morning," he went on, "Dr. Hewson told me that there was no engagement to bind you to that man. I was thankful to hear it, God knows, for *your* sake."

"Why did my grandfather volunteer such a confidence?" I said coldly ; "it was surely uncalled for." My heart was beating very fast, and the blood had left my face.

"How terribly proud you are, Anne," said Donald, looking at me wistfully. "Be at rest, Dr. Hewson did not volunteer it. He told me the truth in answer to my question."

I was silent ; and he also stood for some minutes without speaking.

"You do not love that man now, Anne," said Donald at length, in a low, hesitating voice.

"I shall say no more to you ; you have no right to question me. You *had* a right, as my playmate, and beloved friend, and almost brother. But now—you have chosen to put a barrier between us. I cannot be set down and taken up at your caprice, Donald ; and it is not an evil pride that makes me say so ; indeed it is not. I *cannot* talk to you in the old trustful way whilst I know that the old trustful feeling is dead between us. It would be too hollow, and false, and painful."

"Anne, don't you *know* that I love you with all my heart and soul?"

I leant my arms upon a gate that led into the Woolling meadows to steady myself. I felt the ground waving beneath my feet. I could only gasp out his name, "Donald!" My face must have changed greatly, for he put out his arm to support me, as though fearing I should fall ; but I held by the gate with one hand and waved him off with the other.

"Don't you know that I have never ceased to love you?—that all my cold reserve and seeming ill-humour was to hide my heart, or, rather, to defend it? But I *knew* in my conscience that that was hopeless. I tried to deceive myself ; I told myself that I was coming to Mortlands merely because it was my duty to my father's dear old friend to come ; but all the while I was trembling with the hope of seeing you. The rustle of your gown as you moved

across the room, the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, made my heart leap in my breast. And you seemed so placid, so sweet; you gave me your hand and smiled on me with your pale face as though all the past had been but a dream—as though—oh, I cannot express it, Anne, but I suffered tortures of jealousy, and longing, and self-reproach, and doubt. And then when this morning your grandfather said there was no engagement between you and that man; that, so far as he knew, there never had been any; and when I learned, or thought I learned, that you had left Mortlands to avoid me, I resolved to see you, making the excuse to myself that I had no right to keep you away from your home amongst uncongenial people, but with an insane kind of hope urging me on. Anne, if you will tell me that you never loved Gervase Lacer, tell it me with your own lips, and look at me with your true eyes, I will believe you against anything to the contrary—against the evidence of my senses. You asked me what right I had to question you. I have told you; the right a man has who loves and honours a woman above all the world. Don't be obdurate, Anne, I will trust you from my soul!"

There was a momentary struggle within me—such a struggle as I have undergone when a child—between the sincere impulse of my heart and a sort of leaden immobility—a kind of dumb demon which seemed to seal my lips and chain my limbs. But I shook it off, and stretching out my arms to Donald, fell upon his breast, and cried there, as a little child might cry who has been lost and nearly frozen in the bleak world, and thaws into delicious tears at the soft warmth of home.

"I never loved him, Donald. I was foolish, and perhaps wrong in some points. But for loving—I never loved but you, and I have loved you always!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

My aunt and cousins were a good deal surprised at my announcement, when I returned to the house, that I must go back to Mortlands the next day. Why must I go? What was the matter? How flushed my face was! How my eyes glittered! Aunt Cudberry hoped I was not sickening for typhus fever, or small-pox, or any other terrible disease. But she didn't like the look of me at all, poor thing!

I assured her that I felt quite well. But I persisted in my intention of returning to Mortlands, giving as a reason that I wished

to see my mother and grandfather, and speak to them on a matter of importance to me.

"Is that young man at your grandfather's still, my dear?" asked Aunt Cudberry.

I was startled by the singular patness of the question. But it proved to be but a random shot on the dear old lady's part; for she proceeded, when I had answered her in the affirmative: "Ah, well, that's a bad job, my dear—now, isn't it? For if you *should* have a fever or anything, it's a great trial to have a man in the house! They creak so, don't they, my dear? I mean their boots, poor things!"

Mrs. Hodgekinson here came to my rescue, declaring grimly that she thought I looked well enough. *She* could see nothing the matter with me. In fact, I had a little more life and colour in my face than usual. She supposed it was the country fare. There was a deal in feeding—more than people thought.

I could not but remember Mrs. Hodgekinson's dictum on the night of the ball, that it was best for everybody "to stay in their own houses, and eat what they'd got." However, this stern dame was gracious to me after her fashion. And I suppose I owed this graciousness to her son William's good report of me.

Mr. Cudberry took me aside the next morning to ask me if I had been vexed or offended in any way that I had made up mind to leave Woolling so suddenly. "I won't have it, mind you, Anne," said he, slowly and doggedly. "If anything has gone cross with you I'll put it straight, if you will but say the word. Miss Cudberry has been ruffled a good deal by all this business of Clemmy's, and may be she's been making herself onpleasant to you to ease her mind. Because you see women *are* like that, when they're put out. You kick them, and they'll kick the cat. But I'm master, and I mean to have my way. And if you give me the word, I'll take care you shan't be bothered underneath my roof."

I assured him that I was neither vexed nor offended, nor badly treated in any way; that I thanked him and all his family for their hospitality, and that I had spent a peaceful week at Woolling, which I should be glad to remember.

"Well, now I have a good stare at you," said Mr. Cudberry, suiting the action to the word, "I do say as you're looking a sight better than you did when you came. Why, it's quite remarkable! There's a difference from one day to another. Hang me if you was looking so bright and so bonny four-and-twenty hours ago! Well, I always knew Woolling air was the finest in England. Look at me! I haven't slept out of it one night for forty years; and though I'm not exactly 'bright and bonny,' to be sure, yet I'm as tough as a bit of yew."

"Anne Furness!" said Tilly very solemnly to me, just as I was about to step into the sociable, "I have a request to make of you."

"What can I do for you, Tilly?"

"Will you invite me to spend a day or two at Mortlands early next week?"

"Oh!—I—I'm sure grandfather will be very glad to see you. I will speak to him. You know I cannot invite people to his house without his leave. But I am afraid you will find Mortlands but a dull place."

"No matter for that, Anne. Of course I cannot expect to find a Woolling everywhere. I shall visit one or two families of distinction in Horsingham, and shall be glad of the change."

It was not a very pleasant prospect to me to have Tilly Cudberry depending on me for companionship and entertainment during some days. But it could not damp my spirits. A more serious trouble would scarcely have done so. As I drove along the leafy lanes my heart was light, and my eyes damp with delicious tears. He loved me! Donald loved me! At times I trembled to think how nearly I had lost him—how near we had been to parting for ever, and what a seeming chance had cleared away our mutual misunderstanding. Then I recalled all his words, his looks, the tones of his voice; the grave, out-looking candour in his eyes, such as we see sometimes in the self-unconscious eyes of a little child; the ringing, eager sound of his voice, which had never lost its boyish frankness; the strong, simple earnestness of manner (not always appreciated by slight, poor natures), which arose from his habitually giving others credit for being as absolutely sincere as himself. And withal—let the reader believe me or not—I saw his faults. I saw them, I believe, more clearly than I had ever seen them before. They were faults a woman who loved him might be sorry for, but never ashamed of. He was over-sensitive to any breath of coldness. He would meet no kindly advance half-way, although no one could more genuinely prize kindness. His humble judgment of himself was extreme enough to border on the other extreme of inflexible pride—as extremes will be apt to border on each other. He was trenchantly severe in his judgments, though never in his deeds. He could take few things lightly, and in some matters was impetuously impatient as a school-boy. My affection cast no glamour over my judgment, I sincerely think. I thought him no miracle of perfection, no pattern of manly beauty. But I knew him then, as I know him now, to be a noble, generous, steadfast human being, whose love made me worthier in my own eyes, and whom I could love and honour with an entire and perfect trust.

He was waiting for me at the beginning of the long elm-bordered meadow we called the Park. I stopped the sociable, and told Daniel

he need come no farther; I would walk the rest of the way to Mortlands, the day was so fine. And there was Mr. Ayrle, I could go home under his escort.

"And what'll I do wi' the box then?" asked Daniel, looking at me as stolidly as if he would not have been surprised at an order to set my little black trunk down by the road-side—as perhaps, indeed, he would not.

"Not to admire, or desire, if a man could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day, like the Sultan of old, in a garden of spice,"

sings Mr. Tennyson—or rather the hero of Mr. Tennyson's "*Maud*." Now, I do believe that Daniel admired absolutely nothing, and desired very few things.

"Oh, dear me!" said I, clasping my hands, and colouring hotly, "I forgot all about the trunk." I felt terribly ashamed. Such *étourderie* was not frequent with me, and I thought that Daniel must observe it, and make sly mental comments on it. But it was conscience that made a coward of me. If Daniel had any latent faculty of wonder in him, it was not to be evoked by such trifles as a young lady's forgetfulness.

"Ah," said he, nodding his ruddy locks, "there's where it is. And if it hadn't ha' been for me you'd ha' gone on forgetting it."

"Couldn't you drive on to Mortlands, and leave the trunk with the servants there, and say that I am coming on foot, Daniel?"

"Yes," said Daniel, "I *could*."

"And will you, if you please? Be good enough to tell Keturah that I am walking, and shall be there soon after you by the way through the Park."

"Yes, I will," said Daniel, after a little pause, as though he had been considering whether or no he should so far oblige me as to do what I told him.

"Take care of Miss Furness's property," said Donald, slipping a silver coin into Daniel's hand, "and get yourself a glass of beer in Horsingham."

"Yes, I will," answered Daniel, in precisely the same meditative tone as before; but he touched his hat and grinned, by way of thanks, before driving off.

Donald told me as we walked arm-in-arm along the meadow path-way—how dear it was to me to lean on that strong arm, and to feel that I might safely rely on its protection for evermore!—that he had spoken to my grandfather last evening on returning to Mortlands, and that he had been most kind, and cordial, and affectionate.

"He was glad for my sake, I know, Donald," said I.

"He was glad, darling—and with reason—for mine."

"Well, we will let that rest for the present; I shall keep my own opinion, of course, by right of the privilege of my sex, let you say

what you will. But tell me what you and grandfather said to each other."

"What! *all* that we said? That would be a long business. We sat talking in his study until past midnight."

"No. Don't be foolish. Not every word, of course. But—what did he say about mother?"

"He said he thought our news would make her happy, and that you had best break it to her yourself."

"Yes; that is what I wish. Dear mother! She was always very fond of you, Donald."

Then our talk wandered into reminiscences which were very sweet to us, but which would be only tedious to the reader. We spoke, too, of the future, as well as the past. Donald intended, if I approved the plan, to establish himself permanently as a physician in Horsingham. He had competence—almost wealth—secured to him by his father's will, but he did not like the idea of leading an idle life. He thought he might have the means of doing some good to his fellow-creatures by the practice of his profession. And unless I had any desire to leave that part of the country, he thought it would be well to stay in Horsingham, where our presence would cheer and comfort his dear old friend's declining days.

We talked and planned, and built castles in the air, and walked on as if through a delightful dream-world.

Before we reached Mortlands, I paused, and said—

"Dear Donald, there is one thing I wish to say to you. I was struck by your words last evening, when you declared that you would believe me if I told you I had never loved that misguided man—you would believe me, you said, even against the evidence of your senses. What did that mean, dear? I did not understand it."

He looked at me very gravely, and with the expression of one pondering on a perplexing theme; but there was no mistrust of me in his eyes.

"Dearest," he said at length, "I will tell you what it meant. I will have no secrets from you, my own one. But do not let us speak of it to-day. Let a week go by, and then, if you will, ask me for an explanation. I shall also have some explanations to ask from you. But let them rest for the present. Let me prove to you how entire and unshakable is my confidence in you, my own dear wife! See, we are close at home!"

CHAPTER L.

WE were very happy that evening at Mortlands. Our hearts were full of peace and hope. Mother's eyes beamed tenderly whenever they lighted on Donald or on me. There were no tears in them.

I had not seen her shed tears for many months. But there were still depths of unfathomable sorrow lying beneath the surface of those soft brown eyes—a sorrow too deep and settled for tears. All her passionate outbursts of grief had long since ceased, but grief had made itself a familiar home in her heart, and abode there silently. Still the news of my engagement to Donald had been very sweet and welcome to my dear mother. She kissed and blessed us both with tranquil affection.

“You know I always loved you, Donald,” said she, passing her thin hand over his forehead. “I am as proud of you as if you were my own boy, and may be allowed to confess it. No one will accuse a mother-in-law of being unduly vain of and indulgent to her daughter’s husband. So you will probably be dreadfully spoilt.”

“Don’t be afraid, dear Mrs. Furness; being made much of is the best thing in the world for my constitution; it brings out all my good points, and none of my bad ones. The fonder folks are of me, the better I grow!” replied Donald, looking across at me with a grave countenance, which made grandfather laugh heartily.

Grandfather was the most outwardly joyous of us all, and quite astonished Mrs. Abram by his sallies of gaiety. Poor Mrs. Abram offered us her congratulations with sincere affection, although in her own peculiar and low-spirited manner. It was some time before she appeared to be able thoroughly to seize upon and realise the idea of the new relations between Donald and myself. When at last she did so, she beckoned me aside, and asked me with an anxious face if she might venture to make one inquiry.

“Dear Mrs. Abram,” said I, kissing her, “of course you may!”

“Well, then, my dear Anne, I should wish to know whether Donald—whether Mr. Ayr——”

“Mrs. Abram! you are not going to change Donald’s old appellation at this special time? Of course you call him ‘Donald!’”

“Well, then, my dear child, I am very anxious to know whether Donald means to take you away from your grandfather? I mean—of course in one sense he takes you away—but I mean, away from Horsingham? Because, although no one can be more aware of my mental deficiencies than I am myself, I am sure of one thing—it would nearly kill Dr. Hewson to lose you, Anne. I know him so well. It is very strange that I should, for of course I don’t disguise from myself that my intellect is on most points very weak—painfully so at times. But whether it is my love and gratitude for your grandfather that makes me clear-sighted about him, or whether it is that I am specially permitted to overcome *his* confusions and temptations on this one point, I am quite certain that to part from you now would shorten your grandfather’s days. And I hope, I do hope, that Donald and you will continue to remain with him,

or to let him remain with you. That's all, Anne. I ask your pardon if I have said more than I ought. But it was, as it were, borne in upon me to say it," added the faithful creature, wiping her eyes, and looking at me wistfully.

I reassured her, and calmed her affectionate solicitude, and presently she was quite at peace again, and nearer to wearing a cheerful aspect than I had ever seen her.

We had resolved to keep our engagement secret for the present. Our marriage was not to take place until the spring. Mother had signified that she wished one year of mourning to expire fully before there should be any white garments or wedding feast at Mortlands; and in March nearly eighteen months would have elapsed since she had donned that widow's cap which she never more put off save on the one day of my wedding. In March, then, it was settled, with my mother's full approval, that I should become Donald's wife.

What joy it was to wander with Donald through the dear old garden, and recall our childish plays there, to discuss our plans for the future together, and to feel that I had a right to share his hopes, and his cares, and his thoughts for evermore! There was only one topic he never touched on in speaking to me during that evening and the following day—the topic, namely, of Gervase Lacer. And I waited, unwilling to be the first to break this reserve, but fully minded not to shrink from speaking freely and frankly whensoever it should please Donald to require me to do so. I also respected his request not to press him with questions as to the meaning of those words he had said to me, about believing in me and trusting me "even against the evidence of his senses." But I own that my thoughts often recurred to them with curiosity.

When we were all assembled at dinner on the day after my return to Mortlands, I suddenly remembered Tilly Cudberry's parting words to me, and, with much contrition for my negligence, repeated them to grandfather.

"I have been thinking so much of other things," said I, "that the whole matter went out of my thoughts. Pray excuse my forgetfulness, dear grandfather," said I.

"It is rather for Miss Cudberry to excuse it," returned grandfather. "And I don't know whether she is different from all other young ladies, but I think most girls would not be implacable towards you, under the circumstances, little Nancy."

"Well," said my mother, "I am inclined to think that Tilly Cudberry is different from all other young ladies. I have never met with one quite like her."

"But what is to be done about this—this invitation? What does she want to come here at all for?"

"I think she is not contented just now at home, and wishes for a change."

"Well, I—*suppose*," said grandfather, looking round upon us all slowly, "that I must ask her. Eh?"

"I'm almost afraid, dear grandfather, that, if she hears nothing to the contrary, she is capable of coming without being asked."

"The deuce she is!"

"But, of course, ~~you~~ can, if you like, send a note to Woolling, saying that it is not convenient to you to receive her just now."

"No, no! Let her come. Her father has shown some glimmering appreciation of my little Nancy. And she is of poor George's kith and kin, after all. We mustn't forget that," said grandfather in a lower voice, with a glance of ineffable tenderness at my mother. "And we are all very happy here, and our happiness ought to make us tolerant and kind to other people, so—Why, Judith! what's amiss?"

At the first mention of Tilly Cudberry's name, poor Mrs. Abram's jaw had dropped, her knife and fork had ceased to ply, and she remained gazing straight before her in a sort of trance.

"Oh, I ask your pardon, Dr. Hewson," she said humbly, and in her most muffled tones, "but I—I—was thinking of that young lady."

"What were you thinking of her? I didn't know that you had ever seen her."

"Yes, Dr. Hewson. She and her father, and her mother, and her two sisters, came here to see Anne whilst you and Lucy were away. I shouldn't have intruded, but Anne made me stay in the room."

"To be sure! Well, did Miss Cudberry make herself agreeable?"

"N—not very, I think, Dr. Hewson. But I am no judge of agreeableness, being no doubt far from agreeable to strangers myself. She had—a good deal to say, Dr. Hewson. But, to say the truth, I didn't very well understand her. And—and it did seem to me at times that there was something a little wild about her."

"A little wild, eh?" repeated grandfather, glancing at me in some bewilderment. "Well, Judith, if she does not please you, you've nothing to do but keep out of her way. I won't have you put out or troubled by anybody,—you know that very well. At the same time, my dear Judith," he added, with a certain good-humoured, brusque air of authority, which he occasionally assumed towards his sister-in-law, "let me recommend you to shake off morbid fancies, to finish the beef you have on your plate as briskly as possible, and to let me send you some more."

"What is this nonsense about Tilly Cudberry that poor Judith has got in her head?" asked my grandfather as soon as he had an opportunity of speaking to me privately. I gave him as accurate an account of the scene that had passed as I could; and he listened in a sort of serio-comic surprise.

"God bless me!" he cried, pushing his hair—now white as snow

—upright with his fingers. “She must be rather a severe infliction, this cast-iron cousin of yours, little Nancy. I hope poor Judith will remain in ignorance of the light in which the gentle Miss Cudberry regards her. I must take care to keep them apart as much as possible. Really I should almost be tempted to decline the honour of her visit. But it is too late. I sent off Havilah to Woolling, with a note, immediately after dinner. Hum! There’s something unspeakably absurd in the notion of those two women mutually regarding each other as verging on lunacy!”

That same evening Miss Cudberry arrived. She walked into the long dining-room with a mighty flouncing and rustling of silk. She had attired herself with great splendour, for the purpose of dazzling the humdrum inhabitants of Mortlands. And she had certainly succeeded in producing a startling effect.

There were in the dining-room when Tilly entered it, only my grandfather, Donald, and myself. Mother and Mrs. Abram were sitting under a tree in the garden, and little Jane was with them. Tilly advanced to about the centre of the room, and thus spake:—

“I have come from Woolling, Dr. Hewson, in our own sociable, with our own man-servant driving. Will you be so good as to allow our man-servant, Daniel, to put up our horse for an hour or two in your stable, and to return for him later? Our man-servant has a few commissions to perform for pa in the town. Pa considers him a faithful and trusted servant. Pa wouldn’t on any account have allowed any of the other men-servants to drive me in this evening; for our horse is a very valuable and spirited creature, and requires to be driven with particular care. How do you do, Dr. Hewson? How do you do, Anne? Mr. Ayrlic, I presume; although you have never been presented to me, I dare say you have heard of Miss Cudberry of Woolling. How do you do?”

And then Tilly paused to take breath.

My grandfather was incapable of displaying anything but the most delicate courtesy to a guest in his own house. But, to say truth, it was astonishingly difficult to be polite to Tilly: I despair of conveying to those who have never seen her how difficult it was. She would, at times, receive an attention, a mere simple civility, in a manner which affected sensitive persons like a sudden blow. As to Donald, he was so bewildered by Miss Cudberry’s eloquence, that he became as dumb and shy as a schoolboy; and I could not help a fit of laughter, which must have appeared contemptibly silly in my cousin’s eyes, when she confided to me, with the Cudberry candour, that she found “that young Ayrlic uncommonly dull.”

We were in the room that she was to occupy, and Eliza was engaged in unpacking Miss Cudberry’s dresses. Miss Cudberry herself was majestically seated on the side of the bed, glancing at her smart clothes with all the pride of proprietorship.

"Well, Anne," said she, "I don't see anything to laugh at. I consider it *pitiable*. The young man has no more style than our head ploughman. A mere lout! And what a coat! I should think it was cut in the year one!"

"Everybody can't have such fashionable coats as Sam has, you know," said I demurely.

"Well, I don't know,—really. Why shouldn't he? His father left him well off, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes; very well off."

"How much now should you say?"

"I cannot tell exactly. But I know that Captain Ayrle was said to have amassed a handsome independence."

"Ah!—Well I shall endeavour to draw him out a little," said Tilly after a pause of meditation, with her head on one side. "Poor young man, he has no chance of getting a little style amongst all you fogies, now, has he? I dare say he finds it awfully dull here, for—you can't mind my saying, my dear Anne, that you have grown quite a frump. Not, my dear child, that it's to be wondered at, all things considered. But it *must* be depressing for a young man, now, mustn't it?"

In pursuance of her benevolent design of rousing Donald from the lethargy of boredom which she conceived was weighing on him, Tilly set to work without losing any time to favour him with a great deal of her conversation. We all walked out into the garden before tea, and there Miss Cudberry seized upon Donald, and talked to him with an incessant volubility and shrillness which nearly drove him distracted. I was so overcome by the absurdity of the scene,—Tilly's undoubting self-complacency, and Donald's increasing gloom, which began to grow absolutely ferocious as he saw no chance of getting away from his tormentor, that I could but sit down on the garden-seat exhausted with silent laughter.

During the whole of her visit Tilly held more or less steadfastly to her intention of "drawing Donald out." But her time was not all devoted to that purpose. She announced on the first morning after her arrival that she had several visits to pay in Horsingham, and desired that a fly should be sent for, into which she mounted alone, her small person secreted within the voluminous flounces of a cheap, gaudy, silk gown, and her favourite pink hollyhocks trembling on her head. She told us at tea-time that she had been to see Lady Bunny. And when I half involuntarily expressed surprise at her having done so, she replied sharply that I showed great ignorance of the world in supposing that because Barbara Bunny would not marry her brother, she (Miss Cudberry of Woolling) was therefore bound to break with friends whose acquaintance was, to a certain extent, agreeable to her.

"Nay," said I, "Tilly, I should have had no such idea. But

you all seemed so very angry against the Bunnys that I thought you would never have anything to say to them again. To tell you the truth, I considered your anger very unreasonable all the time."

"I tell you what," she returned, with several very emphatic nods of the head, "I don't mean to sacrifice myself for the Cudberrys. The Cudberrys don't appear to have any intention of sacrificing themselves for *me*. I have hitherto identified myself, perhaps romantically, with the Cudberrys. But I shan't do so any more. Certain things have happened lately which convince me that I had better look out for myself as other people look out for *their* selves."

This was the first word I had ever heard from Tilly of disparagement of the "family" *en masse* (although she would rate each member of it separately with sufficient severity), the first hint she had ever given of an idea of separating herself from it in any way.

In my mother's presence even Tilly put a little restraint on her boisterous volubility. But there were many afternoon hours which mother passed in her own room, and these Tilly took advantage of to entertain us with the gossip of Horsingham. It was a constant marvel to me how she had contrived to pick up the news she imparted to us.

In this way I learned that Matthew Kitchen had given a large sum of money for the erection of a brick building, to be called the Tabernacle, and used as a place of worship by the dissenting sect to which he belonged. Mr. Kitchen was quite an eminent man among them, and their preachers came from distant parts of England to receive the hospitality of his house, and to speak in his chapel. He was a very rich man for one in his station, and day by day was becoming richer. He had bought shares here and there, and had dabbled in the affairs of several companies even in London; withdrawing on each occasion at an advantageous moment, so as to suffer none of the troubles which ensued when the said companies, as generally happened, collapsed into inextricable ruin.

There was a talk of some extraordinarily valuable slate-quarries having been discovered not far from Brookfield, and of a company being formed to work them, and of a "City man"—a mighty personage on the Stock Exchange—coming down to have a look at the place before drawing up a flourishing prospectus of the company. And Sir Peter Bunny had some vague idea of putting a little money into it if it looked promising. And thus Tilly rattled on with an abundance of detail, as if she had been in the innermost confidence of all the people she talked about.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN DOMINION. By CHARLES MARSHALL. Longmans.

AN account of a five months' tour in Canada. Though not wholly free from commonplace talk of the picturesque, and travellers' stories, Mr. Marshall's book is very much less commonplace than the greater part of that wordy library which the modern grand tour in the West has unfortunately bestowed on us. The writer has evidently taken real pains to collect information, and not contented himself with a record of his sensations, from those produced by Niagara to the meaner ones of the *table d'hôte*. The volume abounds with instructive matter. The chapters on the Free Grant Lands, on the Farming Interest, on Immigration, on the Great North West, are all full of facts which it is good for Englishmen to know, whether they are of the emigrating class or otherwise. Mr. Marshall is strong for the opinion that Canada cannot yet stand alone, and here, as in other matters, he gives reasons for his opinion.

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. Second Series. By J. A. FROUDE, M.A. Longmans.

A COLLECTION of reprints, the majority of which are tolerably fresh in the memory of the promiscuous reader. The paper on Calvinism is only two or three months old, while one half of the Fortnight in Kerry seems nearly as recent. Mr. Froude's contributions to the discussions of current politics, if they have not done much to form opinion in the regions where only opinion in such matters is of weight, are interesting for a certain high and emotional tone, which is usually banished with such extreme care from English politics, with results most disadvantageous. Hence some persons will be glad to have in a permanent form the two papers on England and the Colonies, and those on the Eastern Question, England's War, and the Reciprocal Duties of State and Subject. We meet again also the articles on the social questions of Education, of Progress, of the Conditions and Prospects of Protestantism. Those who believe that Mr. Froude has the requisite patience and temperament, and that he has undergone any proper discipline for appreciating either science or method, will thank him for reprinting a lecture on the Scientific Method applied to History.

A LIFE OF ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, FIRST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. 1621—1683. Two Vols. By W. D. CHRISTIE, M.A. Macmillan.

MR. CHRISTIE published in 1859 a collection of papers and memoirs relating to the first Lord Shaftesbury, and the present work is a remoulded completion of that enterprise, being a very full and laborious account of one of the most striking characters in the gallery of English politicians. In harmony with the current that sets so strongly towards the rehabilitation of personages of bad historical repute, or in other words, with the tendency that prevails so markedly to seek the better motives of men in prominent places, Mr. Christie considers that Shaftesbury has been maligned by historians and biographers, and he has taken pains to collect all the evidence on the subject. The general charges brought against Shaftesbury are his changes of side from Charles to the Par-

liament, from Cromwell to the Opposition, and thence to the king again; interesting and sinister intrigues against Clarendon; his share in the treaty of 1672 with France against Holland; and in the memorable Stop of the Exchequer; his violation of the constitution by supporting the Declaration of Indulgence; and his unprincipled and purely selfish opposition, when he fell into disgrace with the court. Macaulay has been the chief modern denigrator of Shaftesbury, and from Macaulay most people are content to take their view of him. Mr. Christie is by no means so able a rhetorician as the advocate on the other side, and his style hardly lets us see the wood for the trees, but he supplies his reader with a full and close narrative of the political facts of that most loathely time.

THE GOLDEN AGE: A SATIRE. By ALFRED AUSTIN. Chapman and Hall. MR. AUSTIN has expressed in well-turned and clever couplets some records of that wide-spread and impotent discontent with our manners and political attitude and leading men which is becoming a more and more conspicuous feature of the time. Epigrammatic verse may perhaps sting some minds into reflection, and so we may be grateful for it. Yet it can do little substantial good, unless accompanied or followed by something of practical suggestion. Mr. Austin is assuredly no Werther, but the force and point of his satire seem to end in a kind of public Wertherism, which is not truly helpful in a crisis of national character, though it may be indispensable to go through it.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON. By DAVID MASSON. Vol. II. 1638—1643. Macmillan.

MR. MASSON keeps the public long waiting, for one forgets how many years it is since we had the first volume of this truly painstaking work. But we must remember that the title of the book is a Life of Milton, "narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time," and the author acts fully up to his pretension. His work is as much a history of the time as a biography of his hero. Whether this is the most just and effective way of presenting such a man as Milton may be an open question. The wise reader is thankful for industry, fulness, and accuracy, whenever he can get these priceless and too infrequent literary virtues, without more than a trifle of strictly private cavil at defective form. The present volume covers the period between the Scotch Presbyterian Revolt, beginning in the spring of 1638, and the memorable meeting of the Westminster Assembly in the summer of 1643. It thus comprises the first years of the Long Parliament, the Grand Remonstrance and attempted arrest of the Five Members, and the battle of Edgehill, among the chief public events. Milton has just returned from his fifteen months of continental travel, and the principal points in his life in this period are his residence in Aldersgate Street, where he wrote the anti-episcopal pamphlets, and his marriage with Mary Powell, with the memorable visit paid by the new bride to her father's house, only a month after she had left it. The chief poem of these five years is the *Epitaphium Damonis*, which Mr. Masson has rendered into English hexameters.

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